

Chapter 148 Please Stay Away From My Daughter

Upon hearing this, Kimberly quirked an eyebrow. Being relatively inexperienced in romantic matters, she naively asked, "Just a hug and a kiss?"

Chris's eyes twinkled with mischief as he replied softly, "That's all."

"OK. You can use the bathroom." Kimberly paused for a moment, then gently pushed him away. She walked over to the wardrobe, opened it, and retrieved a light gray men's pajama set, offering it to him.

Chris scowled, eyeing the pajamas without making a move to take them. His suspicious gaze fixed on her striking face. "Why do you have men's pajamas in your room?"

Kimberly seemed momentarily caught off guard, her eyes dimming before she regained her composure, skillfully dodging his question.

"Do you want them or not?"

"Answer me!" Chris seized her wrist, pulling her close, his gaze intense and no longer smiling. "Did you get these for him?"

He was referring to Declan.

The thought that Kimberly might have bought comfortable pajamas for Declan before their supposed marriage sparked a fierce jealousy in Chris, unsettling him deeply.

Chris suddenly empathized with Levi's earlier sentiments, feeling a strong impulse to confront Declan.

Kimberly was taken aback by his fierce reaction. Noticing his eyes turning slightly red, she realized she might have provoked him too much.

With a resigned smile, she confessed, "How could I? These were meant

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for my father as a Father's Day gift, but I never had the chance..."

Mentioning her late parents brought a sharp pang of sorrow. She looked down at the pajamas, her face clouded with grief. She mustered a weak, bitter smile. "I never got to give him this Father's Day gift."

Chris, taken aback, slowly let go of her wrist, his expression filled with regret. "I'm sorry. I didn't know... I misunderstood. Do you really want me to wear these pajamas?"

Kimberly nodded quietly, taking a deep breath to hold back her sorrow. Looking up, her eyes shimmered with tears. She bravely smiled and pressed the pajamas into his arms.

"A gift that's never given holds no value. It's nothing precious, so you might as well use it."

Chris clutched the pajamas closely, his expression softening as he smiled slightly.

"It does hold value. I'm sure your father can still feel your love, even though he's gone." He reassured her.

Kimberly was visibly moved. Although she knew he meant to comfort her, the guilt and regret that had been buried deep in her heart welled up as grief, and she began to cry uncontrollably.

Seeing her like this, Chris's heart ached. He sighed gently and drew her into his embrace, his voice soft but earnest as he said, "Have I ever told you that you don't need to pretend to be happy if you're not? I hate seeing you force a smile. It's not appealing. You look more beautiful when you cry."

Initially, Kimberly felt moved by his comforting words, but his final remark abruptly halted her tears, leaving her dry-eyed.

In a playful act of defiance, she wiped her tears on his shirt. Noticing his stern look, she cracked a smile. "I think you look better with a serious face!"

Chris's heart warmed entirely at her smile. He affectionately patted her head. "I'll go shower now. Will you wait for me in bed?"

Kimberly nodded meekly and turned toward the inviting bed.

Chris watched her walk away, his eyes brimming with affection. He had put on a stern face intentionally to draw out her smile, disliking the sight of her tears. Although her crying had a certain allure, it stirred in him a strong desire to comfort her.

He cleared his throat to refocus and swiftly made his way to the bathroom.

Once inside, he shed his clothes, revealing a fit body. He settled into the bathtub, letting the steamy, warm water soothe his tense muscles for a moment.

Chris recalled that Kimberly had always been resilient. He had seen her cry only once before, at her parents' funeral.

He had been informed of her tears through photos sent by a contact he had dispatched back home.

At that time, Chris was collaborating with Interpol to take down a drug lord's stronghold, during which he was gravely injured and spent three months recovering in a hospital. The severity of his injuries was considerable.

He had heard about the car accident of Kimberly's parents three days after the event. He managed to send someone back in time to attend the funeral.

His representative offered condolences on his behalf at the funeral.

Reflecting on this, Chris reached for his wallet from the clothes he had set aside, pulling out a photograph. It showed Kimberly in black attire, standing desolately in a corner of the funeral hall, clutching her parents' framed picture, her eyes puffy from crying.

Despite her haggard look, her beauty shone through her fragile appearance, invoking a profound sense of sympathy.

Chris looked at the photo with a complex expression, tenderly tracing Kimberly's image with his thumb, filled with remorse. "I'm sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Holden. I have yet to keep my promise."

Fifteen years earlier, after being rescued from the sea and spending three days unconscious in a hospital, Chris awoke with thoughts of that girl.

By chance, shortly after, he saw her and her parents at the hospital.

But as he got closer, the girl's father, upon realizing his intentions, refused his request to visit Kimberly, his expression filled with complexity.

Caiden explained that Kimberly had suffered from high fevers and nightmares since witnessing tragedies on a cruise ship, leading them to use hypnosis to erase those traumatic memories.

"If you truly care about her well-being please don't come looking for her again! Please stay away from my daughter. I don't want her to relive those painful memories. I beg you!"

Confronted by the earnest, weary man, young Chris could not refuse.

Realizing his presence would only revive Kimberly's painful memories, he accepted Caiden's request and left.

Chris regained his composure and returned to the Howard family. After his parents' funeral, he quickly traveled abroad. He couldn't stand staying in the same city as Kimberly, feeling the urge to keep tabs on her life.

Thus, he chose to leave.