

Chapter 149 Chris, Are You Out Of Your Mind

Chris stood before the mirror, his bare chest reflecting his dedication to fitness. His skin was pale and his muscles defined, evidencing his regular gym sessions.

Droplets of water trailed from his damp hair, meandering down his collarbone and over his sculpted abs.

He turned slightly, catching sight of scratches on his back, and his eyes narrowed in realization.

No wonder he had felt sore all day. He hadn't noticed just how wild Kimberly had been the previous night.

After taking a deep breath to calm the stir of emotions within him, he exited the bathroom.

Dressed only in loose pajama pants, he thought his appearance might catch Kimberly's interest.

But he found Kimberly had fallen asleep!

Chris paused beside the bed, observing her. A touch of helplessness appeared in his eyes as he noted her clutching a contract, sleeping deeply and peacefully, a soft smile on her lips.

He stood watching her for some time, then exhaled quietly, resigned to a night without sleep.

Deciding on a course of action, he returned to the bathroom and fetched a tube of ointment. He then carefully loosened the belt of her robe after he lifted the blanket.

The sight of her bare, curvaceous form made his breath hitch.

Chris hesitated, his gaze narrowing as he clenched the ointment tube.

She was not wearing any underwear!

Noticing the remnants of their previous night together on her skin, he inhaled deeply, trying to suppress his rising desire.

He sat on the bed, gently spread her legs, applied the ointment, and started massaging the tender area with his calloused fingers, his expression one of gentle concern.

"Hum..."

The strange sensation woke Kimberly from her slumber. With her mind still hazy, she noticed Chris sitting by the bed, gazing intently at her groin.

Her eyes shot open in disbelief, and she snapped fully awake.

"What are you doing Chris? Are you out of your mind?"

Kimberly's body tensed as she felt his fingers inside her. She bit her lip, overwhelmed by a mix of embarrassment and anger.

Chris simply opened his eyes wider, giving her a profound look, continuing his gentle motions, his middle finger deeply engaged, slowly swirling.

"Am I out of my mind?"

Kimberly issued a soft whimper, her discomfort mounting. She bit her lip, determined not to make another sound, her eyes silently conveying her protest.

Seeing Chris's mocking smile, she felt a surge of anger so intense she wished to strike him, but her limbs now felt like jelly.

Chris clicked his tongue, conceding first. "Stop looking at me like that. I might lose control..."

He then slowly removed his finger, pausing to inspect the wetness on it, and gave a knowing laugh.

"No wonder they say women are as deep and unpredictable as the ocean."

"Enough" Ashamed and furious, Kimberly managed to sit up, clutching her robe to shield herself. "Get out!"

"Why the rush?"

Chris looked at her with a playful gaze, picked up the ointment, and applied a bit more to his fingertip. "Let me finish with the ointment before you send me away."

Kimberly was speechless for a moment.

Kimberly's expression turned blank as she realized Chris's intentions weren't as she had feared.

"I can do it myself, you... Hmm!"

Despite herself, she arched her back, her dark hair spilling over the pillow, and her graceful neck flushed a deep red. Caught up in the feeling, she glanced at the man beside her bed through half-closed eyes, biting her lip.

Chris watched her intently, his eyes hinting at mischief. After he finished applying the ointment, he pulled back his hand, his attention on her flushed face, and chuckled quietly.

"All done."

His voice was deep and raspy, his eyes tinged red with the effort of holding back.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Do you want more?"

"No way!" Kimberly snapped out of her daze, both embarrassed and annoyed. She tightened her robe and buried herself under the blanket, curling up tightly, too ashamed to look at him.

It was utterly embarrassing!

She had reacted to Chris's touch...

Chris was full of surprises!

She pondered where he had acquired such techniques.

She hadn't considered that it might not be Chris's skill but her own body's responsiveness.

Observing her reaction, Chris couldn't suppress a chuckle. He set the ointment down on the bedside table, moved closer, and playfully provoked her.

"Really? But your body seems quite eager, judging by how responsive you are."

Kimberly abruptly tossed off the blanket in frustration, her hair tousled, and shot him a glare. "That's just a natural bodily reaction, okay? And you, Mr. Howard, with your vast experience, how many women have you practiced on to perfect your techniques?"

Chris was taken aback for a moment, his eyebrows knitting together. He looked at her earnestly, his expression serious. "I swear, you're the first and only woman for me."

Kimberly was skeptical, her eyes filled with doubt. "How can I believe that? You promised not to touch me, yet here you were, hands all over me while I was sleeping."

Chris found himself without a retort, his eyes widening a bit. "Listen, be reasonable, okay? I applied the ointment because you were in pain and wouldn't do it yourself. How can you fault me for your reaction?"

Kimberly suddenly sat up, her eyes quickly scanning his crotch. His loose gray pajama pants barely concealed his arousal.

With a cold smirk, as if she had caught him in a fault, she retorted, "And you dare to criticize me? You're not so different."

Chris was speechless.

Confronted by her defiant stare, he narrowed his eyes further, his throat working as he swallowed. He leaned in suddenly, his hands bracing on either side of her.

"Yes, I was affected. I can't control myself around you. So, Ms. Holden, would you be so kind as to help me out?"

His eyes, deep and captivating, seemed to pull her in, making it difficult to refuse his request, especially given his strikingly handsome face.