

Chapter 150 Paying Respects To Her Parents

"How can I assist?" Kimberly stared intently at Chris's striking face, finding it hard to look away, only for her eyes to settle on his inviting lips. They were perfectly shaped, neither too thin nor too bulky, just irresistibly enticing. They seemed so tempting to kiss.

They were so close that she could even spot a little mole on Chris's prominent nose, which only added to his enchanting appearance.

His warm breath caressed her ear, sending a chill through her. His voice, slightly breathless, whispered close, "What do you think?"

His hand was warm, clasping her wrist, directing her hand towards the hardness of his arousal. She could feel the tension radiating from his body.

"Kimberly, I want your help."

Kimberly found herself unable to resist.

Two hours later...

Kimberly lay on the bed feeling numb, her wrist sore and hanging limply over the edge.

She was completely drained.

This was more than any person should have to endure!

Hearing movement from the bathroom, Kimberly quickly turned her back to the door and reached to turn off the bedside lamp, squeezing her eyes shut to pretend she was asleep.

The darkness brought her a strange comfort. After all, whenever she and Chris were intimate, the lights were always on.

For her, turning off the lights marked the end of their encounter.

Footsteps neared, and the soft mattress sank slightly beside her. Kimberly's heart fluttered as a warm body pressed against her back, and a strong arm wrapped around her waist.

"Chris, I'm tired. I need to sleep..."

His tone was tinged with helplessness. "I'm not keeping you from sleeping. I just want to hold you."

Kimberly remained quiet, her nerves stretched tight. She no longer felt she could believe Chris's words.

Time ticked by slowly. Ten minutes later, once she felt only the steady hold of Chris and nothing more, she began to relax. Her tensed nerves unwound and she drifted towards sleep.

Half an hour later, Chris opened his weary, bloodshot eyes, overcome with a sense of helplessness.

He found himself unable to sleep!

To him, Kimberly was overwhelmingly enticing even minimal contact made it difficult for him to restrain himself.

He had seen how worn out Kimberly was earlier, so he had compelled himself to stop, worried she might be too fatigued to even handle basic tasks the next day.

He couldn't sleep, yet Kimberly was deeply asleep. He exhaled softly, tenderly stroking her smooth hair, his gaze filled with affection.

Even though his body was still yearning for her feverishly, his heart experienced a profound sense of satisfaction, brimming with warmth and sweetness.

After some time, he gently kissed her hair and then closed his weary eyes, tightening his hold around her.

"Don't leave me again. I can't bear it..."

He would sacrifice anything to keep her by his side!

The next morning there was a knock at the door.

"Ms. Holden, are you awake?"

Kimberly's eyes flew open, startled by the sound. She instinctively looked beside her, only to find the space empty, there was no sign of Chris.

She felt disoriented for a moment as if the events of the previous night were merely a dream.

"I'm awake!"

Ansell, standing outside, let out a relieved breath and informed her, "Ms. Holden, Mr. Holden requests that you get ready quickly. He plans to take you to the cemetery today to pay respects to your parents."

Kimberly quickly came to her senses, her mood sobering. She sat up and began to tidy her tousled hair.

"Alright, I understand. I'll get ready now."

With that, Ansell departed.

As his footsteps receded, Kimberly bit her lip, her eyes resting on the neatly folded men's pajamas at the end of the bed, her expression shifting.

It wasn't a dream after all.

Without hesitation, she reached under her pillow for her phone. As the screen lit up showing the date, her face clouded over.

Today was the first anniversary of her parents' death.

Each family honored its traditions. In the Holden family, visiting the graves of deceased relatives annually was a cherished practice.

Remembering that in her past life, she had only visited her parents' graves shortly after their deaths, and never again, Kimberly felt a sharp twinge of regret. She took a deep breath, flung off the covers, and headed straight to the bathroom.

It was time to honor her parents.

The day dedicated to visiting her parents' graves was a significant occasion for the Holden family.

Early in the morning the families of Christian and William, along with Mabel, hurried to the Holden Mansion, anxious not to be late and upset Archie.

Kimberly made her way down the spiral staircase in a long black dress, her silky hair and red lips a striking contrast to her delicate and elegant features, carrying herself with grace and poise.

As she stepped into the living room, she found her uncles' families gathered there, all eyes turning to her, creating an air of subtle tension.

Caught off guard, Kimberly was about to address the gathering when she caught Mabel's eye, signaling her to hold back. She paused and then looked towards the dining room, where she saw Archie and Chris casually enjoying breakfast.

Chris?

Her eyes widened in surprise at the sight of him, and she quickly approached in her high heels. "Mr. Howard, why... why are you still here?"

Chris stopped and looked up at her, a hint of surprise in his expression. "Ms. Holden, do you really wish for me to leave?"

It was confusing. Today was an important day for the Holden family, and he had no formal ties to them. Why was he still around?

"Kimberly!" Archie interrupted with a slight frown, indicating his displeasure with her approach. "Mr. Howard was about to leave, but I asked him to stay. Please, don't hold it against him."

"Grandpa," Kimberly responded, perplexed as she sat next to Archie. "Aren't we going to the cemetery later? Why did you ask him to stay?"

Before Archie could reply, Chris interjected, "I asked to stay. I regret missing your parents' funeral, and I wanted to pay my respects today."

Kimberly was taken aback and sharply turned to Chris, asking "Mr. Howard, in what identity are you paying respects to my parents?"

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She had no intention of deepening her ties with Chris. Their relationship was merely a practical arrangement.

She had already decided that once their six-month deal ended, she would separate from Chris and go back to being friends.

Kimberly found Chris's actions baffling and was wary of contemplating the motives behind them!