

Chapter 156 Akin To Courting Disaster

Chris really appreciated everything about Kimberly.

The other members of the Holden family exchanged looks. While they couldn't catch the specifics of Kimberly and Chris's conversation, Kimberly's expressions made it clear they were in the midst of a minor disagreement!

Letitia nudged Christian, her expression bright with intrigue. "This young couple is truly close! It's clear Mr. Howard is quite fond of Kimberly. He's far more genuine than that Declan! Remember when Declan visited to propose? He was so stiff; it looked like he was being forced.

But Mr. Howard, even if Kimberly is upset and dismissive he stays calm. He keeps close, never straying from her side. It's impressive! You should have seen the way your father looked at Mr. Howard earlier. It seemed like he wanted to marry them off on the spot!"

As he listened to his wife's chatter, Christian gazed at her with a look of helplessness. He turned his head to look at her and noticed the envy in her eyes, which he found rather amusing.

"Don't get too excited. I'm worried you'll start holding Mr. Howard up as the ideal when picking a son-in-law."

Every family had its own challenges, and Christian felt a headache brewing at the thought of his wife's recent attempts at matchmaking their daughter, who was back for summer vacation.

He was quite sure she was eyeing someone like Chris for their daughter!

Letitia, feeling deflated by his statement, shot him a glare. "What's wrong with that? Is it wrong to aspire to have a son-in-law like Mr. Howard? Would you rather our daughter end up with someone like Declan?"

"She wouldn't dare!" The mention of Declan caused Christian's mood to

sour instantly, his teeth clenching. "If she brings someone like that home, I'll break her legs!"

Letitia pouted as she continued to speak with him in hushed tones, her gaze still tracking Chris's tall and upright figure. Indeed, the more a mother-in-law looked at her ideal son-in-law, the more satisfied she felt.

"We should really find a son-in-law like Mr. Howard. Beyond his appearance, his devotion to Kimberly is clear. He hasn't looked away from her once. They look perfect together!"

Christian's lips twitched as he watched his wife's enthusiastic gaze, feeling compelled to temper her expectations.

"No matter how ideal Mr. Howard seems, he's taken. Don't set yourself up for disappointment. We won't find anyone like him in all of Javille!"

Even the most patient person would struggle with the constant dampening of their spirits by someone close, and Letitia was no exception.

She gave her husband a sharp look, her frustration evident. "Our daughter is just as deserving, you know? It's your responsibility to find a son-in-law like Mr. Howard. If we don't, it's on you!"

Christian was at a loss for words, a touch disheartened. How had this become his fault?

Despite the slight tension between Christian and Letitia, the rest of the Holden family continued their ritual. They each took turns offering flowers, with Chris going last.

Aware of his position, Chris deliberately chose to be the last to offer flowers. He wasn't officially a member of the Holden family, so he was careful not to assume too much.

Chris stood by the tombstone, his stature tall and commanding, his silhouette defined by a narrow waist, long legs, and a robust build. His physical appearance was undeniably striking.

Kimberly observed him from behind, her thoughts drifting, barely registering Chris's words. She had to admit, he looked quite handsome.

"What are you daydreaming about?"

Suddenly, a graceful hand waved in front of her eyes, pulling Kimberly back to the present. She looked up to see Chris bending down to catch her eye, his gaze warm with a smile. The light breeze ruffled his hair, and his eyes, deep and loving, mirrored the speckled sunlight and her own reflection.

Kimberly was momentarily captivated by the beautiful sight, but she quickly collected herself. Staring into Chris's eyes, she noticed how they always seemed to reflect her image, an intimate and affectionate gaze that could stir any heart.

She slightly furrowed her brows, covering his eyes with her hand to calm the flutter in her heart. Only then did she remove her hand, offer a smile, and take his hand.

"Let's go. We shouldn't keep Grandpa waiting."

Chris arched an eyebrow, curious about her previous gesture, but he followed her lead down the mountain.

Unseen by Chris, Kimberly's smile slowly vanished as she reminded herself to keep her guard up.

For most girls her age, falling for someone like Chris, wealthy, attractive, fit, and from a prominent family, would feel natural and exciting. He embodied the ideal many dreamed of.

But for Kimberly, falling for someone was akin to courting disaster!

Her past marriage to Declan had scarred her deeply. Reborn with a heart laden with grievance and bitterness, to her, love was a lavish indulgence enticing yet elusive.

She was genuinely scared.

She feared that falling for someone again could bring even more pain, dragging her into despair.

So, she chose to suppress her feelings, unwilling to confess them or risk as much as she had before. She couldn't muster the blind courage of her younger years.

Though it wasn't fair to Chris...

Kimberly sighed inwardly. She decided to treat him better in the following six months to make up to him.

Chris was completely unaware of what Kimberly was thinking. As they returned to the car and she instructed the driver to raise the partition, he looked at her expectantly, thinking she wanted to discuss something.

But her next actions took his breath away.

Kimberly straddled him, her hands cradling his face, and pressed her lips to his. Her usual composed expression was now flushed with a touch of seduction, her beautiful features suffused with color, a sight to quicken any pulse.

With their foreheads touching, Kimberly looked directly into his eyes, her allure undeniable.

"You..."

Chris's eyes deepened to a dark crimson, his hands tightening on her waist, his body already responding. His voice deep and rough: "You're not upset anymore?"

Kimberly couldn't resist a playful retort, finding his earnestness slightly amusing. "How could I not be?"

"Then what does this mean?"