

Chapter 157 Don't You Know Whether I Can Cook

Frankly, Chris was baffled by Kimberly.

One moment she was cold, the next she was enthusiastic, her moods swinging wildly between anger and seduction.

She played him like a puppet, delighting in his torment.

Despite this, he was undeniably captivated by her, his heart responding to each gesture, each fleeting smile.

Chris worried that if things didn't change, her antics might genuinely wear him down to sickness.

Yet, as she leaned against him now, her breath sweet as she murmured, "Mr. Howard, do you appreciate my ways of showing affection?"

Chris averted his gaze to the window, battling a storm of emotions with a calm appearance. In a raspy tone, he said, "I do."

"Then why are you avoiding me?"

As Kimberly playfully traced his earlobe, observing him intently, she sensed the tension in his body betray his excitement. He was clearly stirred, yet deliberately subdued his impulses.

Almost immediately, his grip tightened on her wrist.

Chris faced her, his eyes swirling with fierce desire, his tone sharp as he demanded, "Why is it you only show this side in public? Kimberly, you must be doing this deliberately!"

It was apparent to him that Kimberly was provoking him knowingly aware that he was too principled to react impulsively in such a setting, yet she continued to challenge him.

Chris was at his limit!

Kimberly remained mute.

It dawned on her that perhaps she had been too accommodating.

Trying to extricate herself, she murmured, "I simply felt an impulse to kiss you. Isn't it really a matter of your self-control? Why shift the blame to me?"

"Stay right there!"

His expression intense, Chris seized her waist and drew her back against him, his voice rough, saying, "This is what you're provoking"

He then drew her close, his hand securing her head, pulling her into a deep, fervent kiss.

"Hmm!"

Kimberly's eyes briefly widened as she saw his face so near, immediately regretting her playful taunts.

Once the Holden convoy stopped, Chris burst from the car, striding with urgency towards a parked Rolls-Royce, swiftly entering the vehicle.

His departure was fast, as if escaping imminent danger, his figure a blur against the setting sun.

The other members of the Holden family were visibly perplexed and intrigued.

As Kimberly emerged from the car, their inquisitive stares struck her with a twinge of remorse, though she was relieved she had refreshed her lipstick just moments before. With a veneer of naivety, she queried, "What's with those looks? I didn't provoke him."

Archie's gaze was reproachful, clearly irked by her antics, and he steered her toward the Rolls-Royce. Inside, Chris swiftly shed his suit jacket, draping it over his lap, inhaled deeply for calm, and rolled down the window, offering Archie a smile and a nod.

"Mr. Holden, can I assist you with something?"

Archie had noticed that Chris no longer wore his suit jacket, now dressed only in a thin black shirt, which struck him as unusual. However, he dismissed the thought, attributing it to the warmth, and failed to see the jacket draped over Chris's lap.

He laughed lightly and inquired, "Mr. Howard, did Kimberly give you a hard time again? Are you leaving already? Stay for lunch before you go!"

Archie missed the subtle cues, but Kimberly caught them. She saw the jacket on Chris's lap and instantly understood the situation, giving him a provocative look with a playful twinkle in her eyes.

No wonder Chris had hurried from the car as if someone were after him, desperate to reach his own vehicle before his embarrassment became apparent.

She inwardly clicked her tongue, thinking Felix must be blind to see Chris as cold and detached, uninterested in women.

Chris remained silent for a moment.

Confronted with Archie's warm invitation, Chris's expression was conflicted. He saw Kimberly's amused glance, which only added to his irritation.

He smiled and responded, "I might have to pass on your generous offer, Mr. Holden. An urgent matter has come up at work that I need to address. I can't stay for lunch, but why don't I have you over to try my cooking another time?"

He felt a twinge of regret. He had really wanted to join them for the meal. Even though Archie wasn't the one cooking Kimberly had spoken highly of the Holden family chef's culinary talents, which Chris had enjoyed that morning.

But given his current predicament, standing up would surely expose more than he wished!

Archie expressed his surprise asking, "You can cook?"

This was the first Chris had mentioned any culinary skills. Even though Archie had once shared his special recipe for red snapper with ponzu sauce with him, he hadn't imagined Chris as the type to cook, especially

given his young, successful profile.

Kimberly, hearing this for the first time, raised an eyebrow and teased, "Really? You can cook?"

Chris narrowed his eyes slightly, then, with a knowing smile, he said, "Don't you know if I can cook or not?"

Caught by his insinuation Kimberly's cheeks flushed, and she stammered awkwardly, "How would I know?"

"I seem to have made an oversight. Next time, I'll ensure you get to enjoy my culinary talents."

Archie, clearly confused, felt disconnected from the subtle interplay between the younger two. He shifted his gaze between Chris and Kimberly, his expression one of concern. "Kimberly, your cheeks are quite red. Are you feeling too warm?"

Before Kimberly had a chance to respond, Chris chuckled. "I think it's merely the warmth. Mr. Holden, it would be prudent to escort Ms. Holden indoors at once. I must address some pressing issues."

"All right then, drive safely. And Chris, be sure to message Kimberly to confirm your safe arrival, just for her peace of mind."

When Archie realized his attempts to keep Chris from leaving were unavailing, he stepped back alongside Kimberly, his demeanor showing a mix of kindness and wisdom as he spoke to Chris.

From an observer's perspective, Chris could have been mistaken for his actual grandson.

With a nod and a friendly smile, Chris said, "I must be going now, Mr. Holden. Until our paths cross again."

Outsmarted and without words, Kimberly remained quiet.

As the Rolls-Royce and two Mercedes vans rolled away, Kimberly turned to Archie with a look of defeat. "Grandpa, am I really that difficult?"

Bewildered by Archie's assumption that she had somehow upset Chris enough to make him leave, she questioned inwardly, "Does he really think I take pleasure in making people upset?"

