

Chapter 74 It Is A Warning

The grand and majestic castle towered above, and on its third floor, a bedroom decked out in a whimsical, fairy-tale style held an open balcony through which a gentle evening breeze flowed, causing the white gauze curtains to dance lightly. A tall, commanding figure stood out on the balcony.

The man wore a black shirt with the collar undone slightly, revealing a noticeable Adam's apple and distinct collarbones. His sleeves were rolled up to display muscular arms. His broad shoulders narrowed down to a slim waist, highlighting his six-foot-three height.

"Chris... I warmed some milk for you. Would you like to try it?"

A hesitant voice came from behind him. It lacked its usual lightheartedness as if she feared the man.

Chris' eyes flickered briefly. He turned around slowly and gazed at Kallie. She had grown into an elegant young woman dressed in a white cotton nightgown with her chestnut curls loosely hanging over her shoulders, her look innocent and charming.

The longer Chris stayed silent, the more nervous Kallie became. She bit her lip, and her face showed discomfort. She tried a reassuring smile, stepped forward, and extended the cup in her hand. "Chris, are you still mad at me?"

Chris accepted the cup emotionlessly and sipped the milk slowly. His stomach, empty except for the alcohol he had consumed with Felix the previous night and devoid of food all day, welcomed the warm milk.

"Should I not be?" Chris' gaze intensified as he pulled a stack of photos from his pocket and tossed them at Kallie. Observing her slightly shocked expression, he continued in a cold, low voice, "Kallie, how dare you lie to me?"

His tone was even, showing no changes, yet it felt like a stern warning to the person before him.

"See for yourself," Chris said indifferently as he took another sip of milk, his demeanor distant, contrasting with the Chris Kallie remembered.

Kallie's face became even paler. She bit her lip, refusing to surrender, bent down, and picked up the photos from the floor. Her pupils shrank involuntarily upon seeing their content.

How could this be...

The initial photos were the ones she had received from Camila the previous night, and the final ones depicted Camila entering a private investigator's office.

Kallie hadn't anticipated Chris acting so swiftly. She had only planned with Camila that morning to use these photos against Kimberly, yet by the evening Chris was confronting her with irrefutable evidence!

Chris casually put the cup on a nearby table, his eyes fixed on Kallie's ashen face, each word he spoke carrying a heavy sense of pressure. "I remember telling you during our video call last night to delete those photos. Do you recall what you promised me? Kallie, not only did you break that promise, but you also secretly sent those photos to Declan using deceitful methods. Kallie, tell me, why did you do this?"

After confirming Kimberly's safety, Chris hurried back to the Howard Castle specifically to confront Kallie.

He was infuriated by Kallie's deceit and her shameful actions against Kimberly, yet Kallie was someone he had seen grow up. Their relationship spanning over twenty years was not easily dismissible.

Though he had lived abroad for many years, he and Kallie had maintained constant communication. No matter his schedule, he always responded to her messages and even made arrangements to fly her out for vacations, ensuring they spent time together.

For Kallie, he had always managed everything personally, never depending on others.

Chris truly thought of Kallie as his sister.

Ever since discovering his mother had died saving him while pregnant with the little sister he had always wanted, Chris had been burdened with deep, pervasive guilt. This guilt manifested as intense anger and depression over the years, only beginning to heal when Kallie entered his life. He transferred all his unspoken guilt and regret into caring for her.

That was why, when Kimberly expressed her doubts, Chris' initial reaction was to deny them. He believed without question that Kallie would not

betray him.

However, the reality hit him hard.

When he uncovered the truth, he felt profound embarrassment, as if he had been sharply scolded.

These intense, unfamiliar emotions were all brought on by the person he trusted and loved as family.

"You investigated me?" Kallie's expression was stern as she slowly looked up, her eyes filled with anger as she asked Chris, "Chris, you looked into my background and doubted me because of that married woman? Have you completely lost your mind? Chris! What spell has that woman cast on you?"

Chris' eyes showed a flicker of surprise. Before arriving, he had imagined many possible reactions from Kallie. He thought she might apologize or try to charm him into forgiveness, but he never anticipated Kallie's resentment, her refusal to acknowledge her fault, and her acting as though she was justified.

At that moment, he felt truly disappointed in Kallie!

Chris said with almost no emotion, his tone cold, "I've taken care of the private investigator you hired. This ends here. I don't want those photos leaked again. This is not just a reminder, it's a warning. If it happens again, you'll be out of the Howard family. I'll no longer consider you my sister."

Kallie's eyes grew wide in shock as she looked at Chris. She could barely believe that those words had come from him.

"You... You'd send me away? For Kimberly?"

Chris frowned with impatience. He couldn't understand why Kallie was so focused on Kimberly.

His frustration wasn't even primarily about Kimberly; it was the lies Kallie had told him.

Seeing that Kallie didn't understand why he was so upset, Chris felt even more irritated and chose not to elaborate. "If that's your take, then I can't help you."

With that, Chris looked away from her, stepping past her to leave. Behind him, Kallie's voice, full of anguish, called out, "Chris, you can't do this to me!"

Chris ignored her plea, his hand on the door handle, ready to leave. Suddenly, he felt footsteps approaching quickly. Kallie rushed up and embraced him from behind, pressing her forehead against his back. He could feel her tears soaking through his shirt.

"Chris, don't leave. Stay with me, please?"