

Chapter 76 What Is The Condition

Chris was desperate to leave, to escape from this overwhelming situation with Kallie.

Kallie was nearly in tears, biting her lower lip tightly as she watched Chris, her eyes showing a flicker of resentment. She was uncertain whether this resentment was aimed at Chris or at Kimberly.

"Chris, what kind of family are you to me? Have you forgotten that my parents died trying to save you?" Her voice was thick with tears, anger, and reluctance.

Chris's steps came to an abrupt stop, his legs feeling as heavy as lead, unable to move another inch.

His hand tightened on the doorknob.

The tragic cruise incident years ago had taken not only his parents but also Kallie and Rocco's parents, who had perished diving into the sea to save him.

Chris's gaze was deep and dark, his face pale. After a lengthy silence, he slowly turned back, his eyes swirling with emotions that were hard to read. "So?"

Kallie wept bitterly, looking utterly distraught. Her red eyes fixed on Chris as she clumsily wiped her tears.

"When my brother and I were desperate and taken in by your grandmother, she expressed her hope that I would marry you when I grew up. I've had feelings for you since I was a child, so I naturally agreed. It was a promise I made with your grandmother. I thought you were aware, and that's why you've always been so kind to me."

Chris's expression remained forbearing as he said, "I wasn't aware. My grandmother never told me about this. Had she informed me, I wouldn't

have allowed you to have this misunderstanding for so long."

"Misunderstanding?" Kallie's eyes widened, tears welling up. She asked in disbelief, "Chris, what do you mean? Are you rejecting this marriage because of Kimberly? I won't allow it!"

As she mentioned Kimberly, Kallie's expression filled with bitterness and defiance. "I've stood by you through everything. Why should she, who came later, be more important? Chris, does our bond of over twenty years really mean less to you than the short time you've known her?"

Kallie was visibly shaken. She had always believed Chris was hers, and that she could be unstable because Chris tolerated her urges. But since Kimberly had entered Chris's life, he seemed captivated, always talking about her.

She found it unbearable that Chris's heart and attention were now focused on another woman when he used to care only about her!

Chris felt nothing but helplessness. Since he had entered the room, he had only brought up Kimberly once, yet Kallie seemed obsessed, unable to stop bringing her up.

It suddenly clicked for him why Kallie seemed so different tonight. Her look was not that of familial support but one of possessive desire for a man.

"You're overthinking this. Simply put, I won't marry you. Please don't say such things again. You'll always be family to me."

Chris raised his hand to rub his forehead, seeing Kallie's emotional restlessness and not wanting to upset her further.

As for Kimberly, she was the woman he had loved deeply for fifteen years, his true love. He didn't want to involve her in the conflict with Kallie, as it would only bring her unnecessary trouble.

"It's late. You should rest."

Chris opened the door and stepped out, closing it behind him, leaving behind a decisive silhouette.

Kallie could no longer hold back her tears. She sank to the floor, sobbing

She didn't try to stop Chris from leaving because she knew him too well. She understood that trying to hold him back would only strain their relationship further.

That would just push him closer to her rival!

She was not about to let that happen.

Chris had just left the room, taking a deep breath. He had always thought of Kallie as sweet and sensible, and he had enjoyed their time together. But now, understanding her romantic feelings, he felt awkward around her.

Suddenly, a familiar male voice called out, "Chris."

Chris stopped and turned to see Rocco standing at the door of the adjacent room, looking at him with a complex expression and holding a medical report.

Chris had almost forgotten that Rocco's room was next to Kallie's.

It was clear that Rocco had overheard their argument.

They shared a prolonged gaze before Rocco broke the tension with a forced smile, lifting the medical report in his hand.

"Here is Ms. Holder's medical report. Do you want to discuss it in my room?"

Chris was surprised. He had expected Rocco to confront him about the argument, not to bring up Kimberly's health. Without hesitation, he nodded. "Sure."

They entered Rocco's room, which was clean and simply decorated, a stark contrast to Kallie's flashy style.

Chris sat on the sofa, taking the report Rocco handed him, scrutinizing every line as if reviewing an important contract.

Rocco silently poured two glasses of water, sitting opposite Chris on a single sofa, sliding one glass towards him. Observing Chris's focused demeanor, Rocco couldn't help but give a sarcastic smile, thinking about his sister's earlier outburst.

Despite knowing how important Kimberly was to Chris, and that Chris had always seen Kallie as family, Rocco still felt annoyed.

"I have only one sister, my last remaining family," Rocco said seriously, his eyes fixed on the composed man across from him. "The toxins in Ms. Holden's body are unique. I need time and resources to research them. I assure you, if you let me treat her, I can cure her. But if you go to another doctor, I can't promise the same results."

Chris finished reading the report and looked up at Rocco with a complex expression. "What's the condition?"

Having grown up together, they understood each other well. From Rocco's initial words, Chris sensed there was a catch.

Rocco hesitated, not wanting to complicate things for Chris, but considering his sister Kallie, he braced himself. "I want you to ensure she's happy until she gets over her feelings for you."