

Chapter 77 He Won't Spare A Glance At Others

Chris paused, his expression chilling as he fixed Rocco with a stern gaze. With a hint of disgust, he said, "I can't believe you would propose something so absurd."

Chris and Rocco had grown up together, attending the same schools until Chris moved abroad. Despite the physical distance, they had always kept in touch.

Seeing that Chris hadn't immediately dismissed his request, Rocco's stern expression softened slightly, and he managed a strained smile.

"I'm sorry, Chris. She's my sister, and I can't just stand by and watch her suffer like this. Could you possibly keep her happy for a while? Once she moves on from you, things can return to normal, okay?"

Confronted with Rocco's earnest plea, Chris experienced a whirlwind of emotions. He scoffed and responded, "Don't you see the impossibility of your request? I'm not so arrogant as to believe Kallie has profound feelings for me. But you're asking me to make her happy, to ensure she isn't sad, and then to wait for her feelings to fade. The very condition contradicts itself."

Rocco's face drained of color, frustration flickering across his features as his hands balled into fists then slowly unclenched. He felt a deep sense of helplessness wash over him.

He knew his request was irrational, taken out of concern. As Chris had highlighted the condition was inherently contradictory and fundamentally unattainable.

If Chris tried to make Kallie happy, her affection for him might only deepen, perhaps to the point of no return.

Conversely, if Chris remained indifferent, Rocco hoped that Kallie would eventually realize the truth and overcome her feelings.

Yet, this process would undoubtedly be painful for her and require considerable time to recover.

After all, Chris was Kallie's first love. People often said it was dangerous to fall for someone so extraordinary at a young age. Rocco, who had always been devoted to his research, finally understood the meaning behind that saying.

Observing Rocco's struggle, Chris exhaled slowly, folding the crumpled medical report and slipping it into his pocket. He stood up, his gaze now looking down at Rocco.

"I can't make her happy."

His heart belonged to another, and for the first time in many years, his feelings were reciprocated, a dream realized he couldn't lose.

Chris's voice softened, tinged with regret. "But I can try to help Kallie move past her feelings for me. Would that be acceptable?"

Rocco snapped his head up, his eyes reddening with emerging anger as he scoffed bitterly. "Kallie is your sister too! Chris, are you really willing to hurt her for a romanticized idea of love? What do all these years of friendship mean to you?"

He hated Chris's coldness and indifference. "You are so heartless!"

After his close friend accused him, Chris's eyes darkened for a moment before he reverted to his typical cold and restrained demeanor.

He absentmindedly twirled the faded silver ring on his finger, a remembrance of his mother retrieved from her lifeless body.

"I'll say it one last time. I've always seen Kallie as a sister, nothing more. You know this. I don't have any romantic feelings for her. My parents taught me from an early age to marry the woman I love. Marriage shouldn't be solely about meeting daily needs. It should be built on love! So, I'm sorry, but I cannot marry your sister, nor can I pretend to make her happy against my own feelings. It wouldn't be fair to anyone involved—it would be cruel."

Chris gave Rocco a meaningful look, having said all that needed to be said. "It's late. You should get some rest. I'm heading back."

With that, he decisively turned and left the room.

Rocco sank onto the sofa, burying his face in his hands, consumed by guilt.

He knew Chris's character better than anyone—stubborn to a fault, unwavering in his principles. Once Chris made up his mind about something there was no changing it, regardless of the challenges.

Chris had held feelings for Kimberly for fifteen years, and now that they finally had an opportunity to connect, how could he possibly consider another?

Rocco let out a bitter chuckle, closing his eyes in agony. He understood that Chris would never marry Kallie.

Unless Chris had never met Kimberly, and she had been content as Mrs. Walsh, maybe then Chris might have considered Kallie.

But with things as they were, that seemed unthinkable unless... Kimberly passed away, or she got back together with Declan.

At this thought, Rocco stopped short, a flicker of uncertainty in his gaze.

As a doctor, the thought of Kimberly dying was unbearable, but... maybe he could help her reconcile with Declan?

After all, Kimberly had once loved Declan deeply, a fact known to all, expecting nothing in return.

Unaware of Rocco's internal conflict, Chris walked out of the imposing castle and got into the Maybach waiting at the entrance, radiating a cold vibe.

The driver, who had been dozing, snapped to attention, asking cautiously, "Mr. Howard, where to now?"

"Back to Lakeview Haven Villas," Chris answered without looking up.

He activated his phone and noticed the message Kimberly had retracted, his brow furrowing in confusion. After a brief pause, he texted.

"What did you retract?"

Realizing his tone might seem harsh, he added, "Sorry, I was tied up earlier and missed your message."

Assuming it was very late and Kimberly would be asleep, he didn't expect a reply.

But almost immediately, a video call from her came through.

Chris' eyes widened, surprised, and a spark of excitement flickered in his dim expression. His heart raced.

With shaky hands, he accepted the video call. Kimberly's face appeared on the screen—bare-faced and breathtakingly beautiful. She leaned against the headboard, the room dimly lit by a soft lamp that cast a captivating glow on her features.

Her hair was tousled, possibly from sleep, with one cute strand sticking up.

Seeing her in such a casual, intimate setting, Chris felt a warmth spread through him, his stern expression melting like ice under the sun. He smiled warmly, his eyes filled with tender intensity. "Why aren't you asleep yet? Were you waiting for me?"