

Chapter 84 Chris's Resentment

Suddenly, the space between them vanished, and they could feel each other's breath nearby.

Caught off guard, Kimberly's breath stopped short when she saw his handsome face so near, blanking out momentarily before she managed to compose herself amid her mixed emotions.

It was impossible to overlook Chris's striking good looks. His face, a flawless work of art as if crafted by the Creator, was stunning from every perspective. His eyes, adorned with long lashes and a small mole at one corner, drew particular attention.

One might be tempted to jest with him without his dignified air and authoritative presence.

As Kimberly marveled at Chris's striking features, he too was captivated, fixated on her red lips. He recalled the fleeting touch of those soft lips on his cheek, which had electrified him.

A deep desire filled his gaze, and he swallowed subtly.

He longed for her.

This thought, once formed, was relentless. Chris's hands trembled as he tenderly cradled her face, inching closer. As their lips were poised to touch, Kimberly regained her awareness, pushing against his chest with her hands. She could feel his warmth through his shirt.

"You..."

Chris's rough fingers delicately outlined her ear, igniting shivers in her. This was her most vulnerable spot, rendering her weak.

Kimberly experienced a sensation entirely new to her, her eyes widening in shock at the man before her, momentarily bewildered.

It transported her to a wild night in her former life with Declan, a night

when he, greedy, had possessed her repeatedly, each time delving deep into her soul.

In just two hours, Declan transformed from a novice to someone who knew exactly how to touch her sensitive spots with incredible skill.

The memory of Declan pressing his face into her chest, his mouth enveloping her while his hands gripped her waist and roamed her back, was vivid in her mind. During their most intimate connection, he had gently bitten her chest.

That intense feeling had haunted her memory, arousing her even now.

That had been the night she conceived, marking the last time she and Declan were intimate.

Ultimately, that was her sole experience with intimacy, leaving her with scant experience.

"May I kiss you?"

Chris's deep voice, filled with a husky tone, brought Kimberly back to the present. His forehead rested against hers, his eyes reflecting sincerity and a deep longing, his look intense yet controlled. His warm and quick breath seemed to seek her soul's depths.

"Is once alright?"

Kimberly was on the verge of agreeing, almost yielding to his charm.

However, her phone suddenly rang, disrupting the intimate moment.

Kimberly pushed Chris away and stepped back, then she pulled out her phone. Her expression turned cold as she thought about the earlier encounter.

Kimberly finally realized why her aunt had warned that Chris was a dangerous man.

He was profoundly dangerous.

Kimberly was on the verge of saying yes to him just moments before.

Chris remained motionless, his eyes darting to the caller ID on Kimberly's

phone which displayed Bryce's name. A shadow of spite crossed his face as frustration took hold of him.

For the first time, he harbored a real grudge towards the Dominguez siblings.

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Kimberly answered the phone with a cold voice. "Hello?"

Declan's voice, brimming with impatience, filled the other end. "We were supposed to meet ten minutes ago. I'm at the cafe already. Where are you?"

Checking the time, Kimberly saw it was ten minutes before two, almost time for her meeting with Declan at 2 PM.

She responded, "Why the hurry? I'll be there shortly."

She had always been waiting on Declan, who was always late. Now that it was his turn to wait, he was already calling her, unable to wait patiently until the scheduled time.

Realizing she hadn't left her place, Declan's tone grew harsh. "You mean you haven't headed out?"

"Yes, I haven't headed out to the cafe yet."

"Kimberly Holden!"

His shout filled the phone, his anger evident as he used her full name. "You were the one who wanted this meeting! Don't you have a watch? Do you understand how disrespectful and ignorant you're being?"

Despite Declan's scolding, Kimberly's expression was calm, her voice tinged with sarcasm. "Oh, suddenly you find it rude to not show up on time? I've waited for you countless times. Now it's your turn to wait for me, just this once, right before we get divorced, and you can't stand it?"

Kimberly's laughter was cold. "Mr. Walsh, can't you see your own hypocrisy?"

As Chris overheard the conversation, his gaze turned icy cold, even carrying a hint of murderous intent.

So, it wasn't Bryce who had interrupted them, but that bastard Declan!

Chris's thoughts darkened with visions of vengeance, imagining numerous ways to make Declan suffer, to make him beg for death.

Caught off guard, Declan fell silent for a moment, then said, "Cut the chatter and get over here. You want this divorce, don't you? Kimberly, when you want something you should at least show some respect. This is your last warning!"

Declan ended the call abruptly.

Kimberly stared at the now blank screen and scoffed.

How dare that rascal give her a warning?

From where did he muster such audacity?

A cool voice broke her reverie. "Are you heading out?" Chris asked.

Regaining her senses, Kimberly looked towards Chris who was standing a short distance away. The memory of their near kiss made her shift uncomfortably.

She gave a small nod and rose to her feet slowly. "I need to handle something. Let's call it a day. Might we meet again tomorrow?"

Chris watched her intently, feeling a tug at his heartstrings. Aware that Kimberly had planned to meet Declan, he was nonetheless unprepared for her to depart so suddenly.