

Chapter 20 The Milk

Kimberly had given her consent for Chris to have Rocco treat her, in an effort to preserve the alliance between their families. Yet, she had not anticipated Chris's enthusiasm to surpass her own.

Who was the one who got poisoned?

To an outsider, it might appear as if Chris, not Kimberly, was the one suffering from poisoning.

"Um..." Kimberly started, her expression showing disagreement. But before she could conclude her thought, Chris looked at her sharply and interjected, "Are you going to say that my being here is inconvenient for you?"

Seemingly worried that she might decline treatment once more, Chris's smile was gentle. However, to the onlookers, this gentleness seemed tinged with a hint of threat.

"I'll be waiting downstairs," he said. Then, turning to Rocco with a subtle smile, he added, "Rocco, please ensure Ms. Holden is well cared for."

With that, Chris departed, thoughtfully closing the door behind him, which left Kimberly with no opportunity to object.

Only Kimberly and Rocco were left in the expansive room, sharing looks of confusion.

Remembering how Chris had pretended to be calm earlier, despite actually being the most nervous person there, Rocco let out a chuckle. He stared at the still-confused Kimberly, smiling slightly. "Ms. Holden, you've seen it. Mr. Howard has given his order, so kindly don't complicate my task. Our priority is to get you treated properly."

Kimberly paused briefly, then exhaled deeply, accepting her circumstances. "So, what's your treatment plan, Dr. Braxton?"

"First, tell me about your symptoms in detail. I will take a blood sample and conduct some tests," Rocco explained as he prepared his medical kit. He applied iodine on a cotton swab and started cleaning Kimberly's arm for the blood draw.

Kimberly observed him with interest. She recalled how Rocco had earlier diagnosed her poisoning using a traditional method. Now, she wondered



why he was adopting a modern medical approach.

Noticing her intrigued look, Rocco chuckled lightly without glancing up. "I'm trained in both modern and traditional medicine."

Clearly, Rocco was no ordinary doctor, which explained why Chris trusted him so much. Kimberly thought to herself. Resolved to undergo proper treatment, she no longer resisted and recounted the worsening symptoms she had experienced in her past life to Rocco.

As she spoke, Rocco listened closely, taking her blood. He inspected the vial carefully, then neatly packed away his equipment. Looking at Kimberly earnestly, he said, "So, before marrying Declan, you were rarely sick. But afterward, your health worsened, marked by frequent episodes of weakness, dizziness, and fainting. Is that true?"

Kimberly nodded, eager to learn more about the poison affecting her.

Rocco pondered for a moment, then replied, "Your blood is darker than usual, indicating long-term poisoning. The symptoms are mild, suggesting the poison was given in small, consistent doses. I can't determine the poison type yet; further testing is required. Once I identify the poison, we can start the treatment. Does that work for you?"

"Thank you, Dr. Braxton."

"You're welcome, Ms. Holden." As Rocco packed his kit and got to his feet, he quietly looked around the room. Everything appeared normal, but he paused for a moment, studying the vanity table. He approached it, his eyes drawn to the bowl and the half-full glass of milk that remained, leftovers from the night before.

Kimberly, noticing where Rocco was looking, felt her face grow warm with embarrassment. She had forgotten to ask Maggie to clear those items away.

"That was my dinner from last night... Is there a problem with it?" she asked.

Rocco lifted the glass of milk, inspecting it briefly before setting it down. He faced Kimberly, his smile not quite reaching his eyes. "Ms. Holden, you should watch what you eat and drink. It's easy for poison to be administered through your meals and beverages." ①

He then continued, his voice growing firmer, "The individual harming you must be someone you know well. Until we catch this person, you need to be very careful with what you consume, Ms. Holden."



"Thank you for the warning, Dr. Braxton. I will bear it in mind." Kimberly rose from the bed, feeling revitalized after some rest. With a smile, she offered, saying, "Allow me to accompany you to the door, Dr. Braxton."

Rocco nodded, accepting her offer as he understood that such gestures were expected in wealthy families. He moved towards the door.

Leaving the room, Kimberly gave one last wary look at the half-full glass of milk before shutting the door and walking Rocco downstairs.

Initially, she had been suspicious of the nutritionist Declan had hired, but now she realized... The issue was with the milk she consumed every night before sleep!

It made sense why Cailyn always seemed condescending yet insisted on bringing her that nightly milk!

Down in the living room, Chris was absorbed in a magazine.

The sight of him made Kimberly's heart flutter as she descended the stairs!

"So soon?" Chris looked up from his reading upon hearing footsteps, his eyes lingering on Kimberly with an intent expression.

Feeling a sudden nervousness, Kimberly grabbed her skirt, but quickly composed herself and released the fabric. She approached, noting the magazine in his hands, and said casually, "I didn't realize you had an interest in perfumes, Mr. Howard."

"Just browsing," Chris responded, tapping the magazine lightly, his expression thoughtful. "This particular fragrance caught my eye. It's supposed to embody the ocean and human emotions. I can't quite grasp how they blend. Are you familiar with this perfume, Ms. Holden?"

Kimberly's pulse quickened. She looked at the magazine page, smiled weakly, and said, "I've heard of it but never actually seen it."

"That's understandable. It's a rare piece by the famed perfumer Kiley Dury, launched six years ago as a limited edition. Its value has skyrocketed to millions per bottle. Such a fragrance is not easily found."

Chris laughed softly, closing the magazine and setting it aside as he stood up, his robe falling neatly around him. He looked intently at Kimberly and said, "If you owned this perfume, Ms. Holden, you could sell it and clear up your financial issues without needing my family's support."



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Kimberly remained silent, pondering if Chris had uncovered something.

"Wait, this perfume... It seems familiar. I think I've seen it somewhere before."
Rocco, looking at the magazine page too, furrowed his brow in thought.

Kimberly felt a twinge of anxiety once more.

Just as she was about to respond, Maggie's voice called from the doorway.
"Ms. Holden, breakfast is prepared. Mr. Howard, Dr. Braxton, will you be joining us?"



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