

## Chapter 24 How Dare You Lecture Me

Chris's eyes narrowed slightly as he turned to face Rocco, his voice deep, saying, "He neither said he disagreed nor did he say he agreed. However, from what I can see, he doesn't want to divorce Kimberly."

Remembering Declan's reaction from earlier that day, a cold glint flickered in Chris's eyes. As a man himself, how could Chris not understand Declan's true motives?

Had Declan genuinely wanted a divorce, he would have readily signed the papers when Kimberly presented them and left Lakeview Haven Villas with his luggage.

After that, they could have quickly gone to the courthouse, finalized everything, and moved on with their lives.

But Declan hadn't reacted that way. Instead, he demanded to be let in; when Kimberly refused to let him in, he furiously ordered Bryce to break down the villa's gate.

Such actions didn't seem like those of a man eager to end his marriage.

Hearing this, Rocco was taken aback. He clicked his tongue thoughtfully and stroked his chin, puzzled. "That's odd. Declan poisoned Kimberly, after all. And from what I know, Kimberly is still... well... untouched. What's Declan really up to?"

Chris's eyes intensified. The mention of the poison in Kimberly's system being linked to Declan instantly made him lose his composure.

He grasped Rocco's wrist, his voice turning cold and forceful. "Hold on! How do you know Declan is responsible for the poison? Did Kimberly tell you that?!"

Rocco recoiled under Chris's intense stare and stammered, "N-no, Ms. Holden didn't mention anyone specifically. It was just a guess..."

Chris was momentarily speechless, his deep gaze locked on Rocco. Knowing Rocco well, Chris was aware that he didn't make careless statements. It seemed likely Rocco had uncovered something significant. "Do you have any proof?"

Rocco cautiously met Chris's stern look. Sensing Chris's irritation, he hesitated before sharing his suspicions.



"I found half a glass of milk on Ms. Holden's dressing table, with some unknown residue at the bottom. It appeared to have been mixed with some kind of powder. Consider it, who else could secretly administer a slow-acting poison to Ms. Holden? I drew some of her blood and discovered she had been poisoned for at least six months... It could only be someone close to her, someone she trusts." ②

Chris furrowed his brows, his expression turning grave.

Though he wasn't pleased when he heard that Kimberly trusted Declan, he had to admit that Rocco's theory was logical.

If Declan was indeed the one poisoning Kimberly, everything would fall into place.

"No wonder she wouldn't tell me when I asked. She was protecting Declan!" Reflecting on Kimberly's elusive answers, Chris realized the truth.

His expression turned cold with rage. He couldn't decide if he was angrier at Declan for poisoning Kimberly and putting her life at risk, or at Kimberly for knowing and yet not condemning Declan. Perhaps it was a mix of both.

"Um..." Rocco raised his hand, catching Chris's indifferent look. He retreated a bit, speaking gently. "Could it be that Ms. Holden only recently found out? Maybe she's not protecting Declan, but... given her pride, she might feel that family issues should stay private?"

"Stay private?" Chris narrowed his eyes slightly, a hint of danger evident in his gaze. He suddenly chuckled coldly. "If she truly believed that, she wouldn't have publicly exposed that adulterous pair at the party last night! Kimberly isn't as traditional as you might think." ①

Rocco found himself without a comeback. He rubbed his nose and offered an awkward smile. "Yeah. Maybe I'm overthinking it. Perhaps she is protecting Declan. Who can say?"

Chris was at a loss for words.

He wondered if Rocco was intentionally provoking him. Every statement Rocco made today was something Chris didn't want to hear.

Chris gave Rocco a sharp, cold stare and turned to walk away, not interested in further discussion.

"Hey, wait for me..." Rocco called after him.

"Why are you following me? Shouldn't you be in your lab analyzing her blood?" Chris continued towards his villa, not turning back, his voice detached and cool.

Rocco stopped, feeling slightly aggrieved. As he watched Chris's retreating figure, he complained, "Chris, you're so ruthless! You dragged me here early in the morning, didn't even offer me breakfast, and now you're sending me away. You're not acting like a friend at all!"

"Say whatever you want, just go away." Chris's reply was harsh and dismissive.

Rocco sighed and walked away from the villa, giving up on breakfast.

Just then, he noticed two women banging on the gate of the villa across the street. The one knocking was older, probably in her forties or fifties, dressed in wealthy attire, adorned with a pearl necklace and a sparkling bracelet, both clearly expensive.

The younger woman next to her was dressed in high-end designer clothes, clutching a Hermes bag that boasted a price tag in the hundreds of thousands. Her posture was delicate and seemingly vulnerable, as if crafted to garner sympathy. Clearly, this was none other than Valerie.

"Open the gate! Kimberly, you shameless bitch, come out here! I know you can hear me! Come out and open the gate! What kind of daughter-in-law treats her mother-in-law this way? Do you have no shame?" The angry middle-aged woman shouting was none other than Declan's mother, Samira Walsh!

Rocco paused, his eyes widening a bit, taken aback by the intense drama unfolding before him.

He paused for a moment, then tucked himself into a hidden corner, setting down his medical kit and secretly recording the scene with his phone.

Shortly after, a figure hurried out from the villa across the street.

It was Maggie.

Samira narrowed her eyes, her irritation mounting when she saw that it was Maggie who answered her calls instead of Kimberly. "Where is that bitch Kimberly?! Bring her out here now!"

Maggie had been about to open the gate for Samira, but hearing Samira's

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harsh words, her expression darkened, and she hesitated. "Mrs. Walsh, Ms. Holden is in the process of divorcing Mr. Declan Walsh. I'd advise you to choose your words carefully! This is not a place for your family's disturbances!" ⓘ

Samira was briefly stunned, then her face contorted with fury. "Who do you think you are to tell me what to do?"



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