

Chapter 43 How Do You Know I'm Good In Bed

Kimberly was overwhelmed with frustration but her thoughts remained sharp.

She had no desire for small talk with Chris and the other wealthy guests in the banquet hall. Seeking comfort, she changed her outfit and headed to the deck to enjoy the fresh air.

The recent rain had left the deck damp, with small puddles here and there.

Clutching a wine glass, Kimberly, now in hotel slippers, wandered to the railing to take in the vast ocean view. The salty breeze kissed her face, the moist air enveloping her.

She appreciated the rain but not the muggy air that made her skin feel sticky.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed, and a notification sound rang out.

Placing her wine glass on a nearby table, Kimberly casually picked up her phone and unlocked it.

She was curious to see who might be messaging her so late.

When she noticed the message was from Valerie on WhatsApp, she squinted slightly and hesitated before opening the conversation.

They had added each other on WhatsApp but never actually communicated, leaving their chat history spotless, which made the video Valerie sent seem unexpected.

With the deck mostly deserted and just the occasional server passing, Kimberly felt safe from eavesdroppers and played the video right there.

The video was a minute long, and her expression grew colder as she

listened to Declan's words.

"I do like Valerie. I haven't been intimate with her because... I respect her. I want to keep her chaste until our wedding night."

A mocking smile crept across Kimberly's face as she stared at her phone, finding the situation absurd.

She wasn't naive. It was clear to her that Valerie was trying to provoke her. She responded simply with a question mark and hit send.

Valerie replied quickly: "You're with Mr. Howard and still have time to reply?"

Even through the text, Kimberly could detect Valerie's sneering tone. She responded, "How does it feel to be left hanging at a lighthouse?"

On her side, Valerie had just gotten home and was about to take a shower when she received Kimberly's pointed message. Her face twisted into a scowl as she read it, her grip on her phone tightening as if she might crush it.

"What are you so proud of? Kimberly, do you really believe Declan will keep up with a faithless woman like you staying as Mrs. Walsh?"

Kimberly responded immediately, "Already upset? Maybe you should spend your time convincing your beloved Declan to finalize the divorce quickly instead of texting me."

Kimberly was merely killing time, and since Valerie had shown up to embarrass herself, Kimberly felt unusually inclined to engage.

She hadn't anticipated that a simple reply would trigger such a dramatic reaction from Valerie.

Kimberly found Valerie's behavior baffling. Having lived with Declan for over a year, it was likely they had shared more than just a home. Why then was Valerie so fixated on her?

Was she just bored and self-destructive?

What Kimberly didn't realize was that Valerie's insecurity came from her failure to fully secure Declan's commitment, despite their closeness.

Hearing Declan speak of saving her first time for marriage showed his hesitance to leave Kimberly.

If this stalemate went on, who knew how long it would take for them to get divorced?

Valerie's anxiety grew as she noticed how much Kimberly had changed recently, almost as if she were someone else entirely. Kimberly appeared indifferent, but who could really tell?

Was Kimberly trying to recapture Declan's attention by playing hard to get?

The more Valerie pondered, the darker and more resentful her thoughts became.

She had to concede, if that was Kimberly's strategy, it was working.

Nearby, a tall, imposing figure approached. Spotting the elegant silhouette by the railing, the man paused.

Chris stopped sharply, causing Leif, who was following closely, to almost collide with him. Leif halted just in time, his heart racing with the knowledge of Chris' injury.

Leif mopped the sweat from his brow and was about to speak when he noticed the figure. With a glance, he grasped the situation and cautiously asked, "Mr. Howard, would you like me to accompany you back to your room?"

Chris' eyes were locked on the distant silhouette, ignoring Leif completely with a neutral look on his face. "No need, it's late. You should head off to rest."

Leif gave a small nod and silently exited the deck.

Chris walked towards Kimberly, noting her attire—a sleek black Chanel slip dress. A small smile played on his lips.

It suited her perfectly.

He found it hard to pull his eyes away from her long, shapely legs, his heart racing with excitement.

Approaching her from behind, Chris noticed she was absorbed in her phone. He raised an eyebrow curiously and leaned in slightly to sneak a glance.

The chat history was lengthy, but he quickly spotted the message Kimberly had just sent. She said, "Yes, yes, you're right. I am secretly seeing Mr. Howard. And let me tell you, Mr. Howard is much better than Declan could ever hope to be in bed. It's only you who puts Declan on a pedestal, that weak man. I hope you two have a blissful life together."

Chris found himself momentarily speechless.

Chris' expression grew complex, and he playfully asked, "How do you know I'm that good in bed? Have you had a chance to find out?"

Kimberly jumped at the sound of his familiar voice, shivering and nearly dropping her phone. She spun around quickly. Seeing Chris' amused and handsome expression, she instinctively hid her phone behind her.

"Weren't you supposed to be at the banquet?"

Chris arched an eyebrow, his interest piqued by the flustered woman before him. He advanced a step, causing Kimberly to back up until she was pressed against the cool railing.

"I just showed my face there. I was uneasy leaving you by yourself, but I didn't expect to find you here."

As Chris moved closer, Kimberly forgot everything else. She placed her hands on his chest, feeling the solid warmth of his muscles through the fabric. She swallowed hard, uncertain of how much he had seen.

"I was only kidding around. Please, don't take it the wrong way."

"And what if I take it seriously?"

Chris looked into her eyes intently, a soft smile on his lips. He brought her hand to his cheek, his rough fingers gently caressing her smooth skin.

The air between them was filled with intimacy.

Kimberly attempted to pull her hand away, but Chris held on firmly. She looked at him with mixed feelings and said, "You know, I'm close to

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divorcing Declan."

"And then?"

"Then, I won't be the married woman you seem to fancy anymore!"



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