

## Chapter 51 Would You Take Advantage Of Me

The sudden knock on the door disrupted Kimberly's thoughts. She raised her eyebrows, a blend of curiosity and confusion washing over her.

Who could be visiting at such an hour?

The knocking intensified, compelling Kimberly to put down her wine glass and check her watch. It was about 3:30 in the morning.

Had it not been for the nightmare that jerked her awake, she wouldn't have been up at this hour.

"Who is it?" she called out, rising and moving towards the door.

The person outside seemed not to hear her, continuing to knock insistently. The sound was beginning to irritate Kimberly. Opening the door, she found Felix supporting a highly inebriated man. Felix flashed a grin at her, the strong scent of alcohol following him.

"Hey Kimberly... Ms. Holden, good evening!"

As a skilled perfumer, Kimberly's sense of smell was particularly sharp. She wrinkled her nose a bit. "How much did you two drink?"

Before she could see clearly, Felix laughed and nudged the man towards her. Caught off guard, Kimberly quickly steadied the man. Looking up, she locked eyes with Chris's drunken, dreamy gaze. His eyes were deep and held a look of profound affection as if she were the only person in his world.

Kimberly was initially startled but quickly regained her composure. She noted Chris's flushed face and his unfocused eyes—he was clearly drunk.

"We had quite a bit to drink. I'm so dizzy I can hardly stand. I noticed Chris's back wound started bleeding again, and I wasn't sure I could manage it on my own, so I had to bring him to you, Ms. Holden," Felix said

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"We had quite a bit to drink. I'm so dizzy I can hardly stand. I noticed Chris's back wound started bleeding again, and I wasn't sure I could manage it on my own, so I had to bring him to you, Ms. Holden," Felix said with a weary smile, waving dismissively. "I've brought him here; now I need to go rest. I'm too exhausted to stay awake."

With that, he rubbed his eyes and began to walk down the hallway, not waiting for Kimberly's response.

Kimberly's mouth twitched in disbelief. What was she supposed to make of this situation?

Noticing her struggle to support him, he straightened up a little and placed his hands on her shoulders. His deep, affectionate eyes met hers, and his voice came out deep and hoarse, laced with a hint of restraint. "Would you take advantage of me?"

Taken aback by his intense look, Kimberly hesitated for a moment before returning to her senses. While she had been drinking, it was only to aid her sleep, not to become intoxicated.

"No," she answered earnestly. "I'm a decent person."

A flicker of disappointment passed through Chris's eyes. He let out a soft laugh, stepped closer, and, using his drunkenness as an excuse, pulled her into his embrace. He buried his head in the crook of her neck and inhaled deeply, savoring her alluring scent.

"Perhaps Felix trusts that you wouldn't do anything, so he felt safe leaving me with you."

Kimberly felt a ticklish sensation and shifted slightly, retorting, "I think it's just because my room is next door to yours. Mr. White is known as Javille's playboy. He's probably too used to these scenarios to bother."

She assisted him to the bed in the next room, pausing to retrieve a small bag of medicine from the cabinet. When she returned to his side, she found Chris obediently lying on his stomach, his head turned, watching her attentively.

His broad shoulders and slim waist, defined by smooth muscular lines, could rival those of a top international model.

Kimberly swallowed subconsciously, the mood becoming subtly charged.

"Do you think poorly of Felix?" Chris asked, his mind still alert despite being drunk, picking up on Kimberly's slight aversion to Felix.

At the mention of Felix, Kimberly's expression tightened as she began to change the bandages on Chris's body, applying new medication. Her voice carried a note of detachment. "I don't think badly of him. I just find him unreliable, unlike you."

Unlike him?

Chris was intrigued by Kimberly's view of him. What did she really think of him?

"Oh? And what sort am I?"

"You..." Kimberly paused, then responded, "You seem mature and stable, very dependable."



Just then, a voice whispered through the tiny Bluetooth earpiece in Chris's ear. "Is that just another way of calling you a 'nice guy'?" Felix's voice held a mix of displeasure and amusement. "You know, 'nice guy' often comes up right before someone breaks up with you. In our circles, it's hardly a compliment—it's like being always the second choice."

Upon hearing Felix's comment, a shadow passed over Chris's striking features. He discreetly removed the Bluetooth earpiece and slid it under the pillow, promptly ending the call.

A nice guy? Always the second choice?

These unflattering labels lingered in his thoughts until a soft female voice interrupted. "All done. Try not to drink or move around too much. Rest up. I need to get some rest as well," Kimberly instructed, heading for the door when a strong hand caught her wrist. Suddenly, she found herself drawn into a tight, comforting embrace. Looking up, she locked eyes with Chris's intense stare.

He asked with a hint of seriousness, "Ms. Holden, are you labeling me as a 'nice guy'?"

Kimberly paused, associating 'nice guy' with qualities like sincerity and reliability. She raised her eyebrows slightly and said, "Pretty much."

Chris's eyes narrowed a bit, he gently lifted her chin, bringing her face closer to his, their breaths intermingling.

"So, when do you see me becoming your backup plan?"

Her backup plan?

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise. She might have misinterpreted Chris's understanding of 'nice guy', but the implication of being a backup was clear.

"No, that's not what I meant. You..."

Chris cut off her response with a kiss, his gaze swirling with emotion. He gently pressed his lips against hers, his breathing deep and filled with desire.

He was careful not to bite too firmly, cautious of causing her any pain.

Kimberly was taken aback, staring blankly at his handsome face, which now appeared to show a hint of grievance.

"Actually, I wouldn't mind," he said.

Mind what?

"If it's with you, I wouldn't mind at all."

Kimberly suddenly grasped his meaning. He was saying he wouldn't mind being her backup plan!