

Chapter 130 Romantic Interest

"It's still early, just half-past eight! Why don't you come up for a drink? Let's celebrate our meeting today!"

Levi looked at Kimberly with longing eyes, not ready to part ways just yet.

When would they have the chance to meet again? Now that Chris was an investor in the Holden Group, he would certainly keep Kimberly under close surveillance, doing all he could to prevent their meetings.

With Chris currently out of the way, Levi saw this as a perfect opportunity to improve his standing with her.

Since Levi was committed to pursuing her, he was prepared to tackle any challenges that came his way with courage.

"Well..."

Kimberly paused, considering how much Levi had assisted her and his status as her "creditor," she finally said, "Alright then."

Levi, overjoyed and unaware of Kimberly's initial hesitation, guided her towards the elevator. "Let me tell you..."

Levi might have had his quirks, but he was genuinely amusing around someone he liked, always managing to engage her with interesting topics.

Kimberly found herself charmed by his humor and felt quite comfortable in his presence, quickly warming up to him.

Declan, whistling a tune as he exited the banquet hall with a contract in hand, caught sight of Levi and Kimberly stepping into the elevator together, laughing and chatting.

His smile disappeared instantly.

"Mr. Walsh."

Bryce walked in from outside the hotel, noticing the same scene. He

looked in their direction, his expression flickering briefly before he turned away.

Watching his wife leave with another man stirred a sense of anger in Declan, even if he wasn't particularly attached to Kimberly. Snapping out of his reverie, he handed the contract to Bryce with a cold demeanor.

"Make sure this contract is well taken care of. You go ahead and drive back."

Bryce took the contract with a moment's hesitation. "Aren't you going to need a ride later?"

"I'll be staying here tonight."

Declan dismissed him with a wave, leaving those words hanging as he headed towards the elevator. His right hand dipped into his pocket, gripping a packet of powder, replaying the image of Kimberly and Levi together, a cunning look in his eyes.

"Kimberly, you were heartless first, so don't blame me for what comes next!"

Declan had hoped that if Kimberly cooperated tonight, he might reconsider his plans, but...

Tonight turned out to be a complete embarrassment for him!

And it was all Kimberly's doing!

Furthermore, not only was her connection with Chris notably close, but even the notorious Levi seemed to think highly of her!

When Kimberly's card was declined earlier, Levi didn't wait for anyone to react. He quickly pulled out his card and paid for her.

A billion!

Levi didn't hesitate to part with such a large sum.

Such grand gestures of generosity are often reserved for a man's romantic interest!

Therefore... Declan was determined to assert his power over Kimberly

that night ensuring all the guests recognized her as his wife.

Even if he couldn't win her heart, possessing her physically was sufficient for him!

He wasn't about to simply hand her over to Chris or Levi without a fight.

Declan rode the elevator up to the elaborately decorated rooftop, adorned with festive lights and ornaments, a setup of grilled skewers, and a rock band playing energetically—a scene evidently tailored for the younger crowd.

He had no interest in the festivities. His eyes swiftly found Kimberly and Levi by the railing, sharing laughs and beers, their interaction filled with cozy glances and an intimate vibe.

Declan's expression grew even more severe, his hands balling into fists.

"Mr. Walsh! Over here!"

An urgent voice called from a corner. Snapped back to reality, Declan stealthily moved to a more hidden area, handing over a packet of powder to a man.

"Slip this into her food when nobody's watching!"

The young man winced, hesitant. "Mr. Walsh, they're drinking from cans. How do you expect me to mix this in?"

Declan, glancing around with impatience, noticed Levi approaching the barbecue to speak with the chef before returning to Kimberly.

Seizing the man by the collar, Declan directed him towards the barbecue. "Levi just ordered some skewers. Just wait there, and when the chef hands them over, dust this powder on them. Make sure you use a good amount!"

The man faltered, then exhaled deeply. "But Levi will also eat those skewers. He's not the type to cross lightly. If he catches on, he won't let this slide!"

Levi's reputation for ruthlessness was well-known in Javille, feared for his unyielding methods.

Declan, running out of patience, smacked the man's head. "What are you scared of? I'll increase your payment! 500 thousand! Succeed, and I'll write you a check on the spot. After that, you can leave Javille. Fuscialdal is vast; it's unlikely Levi can track you down!"

At that, the man's demeanor changed as his eyes gleamed with the prospect of doubled payment.

He smiled obediently.

"You're correct, Mr. Walsh. I'm not originally from Javille. I could take this opportunity to move back home and open my own business. You don't have to worry about me exposing anything," the man said.

Declan narrowed his eyes, his voice laced with a threat. "Remember, I have your home address. If you mess this... Isn't it true that your mother has been ill for a long time?"

A look of fear and panic washed over the man's face, taken aback that Declan knew even this detail.

He begged, "Mr. Walsh, please have mercy on my elderly mother. I'll follow through with your plan. If I'm caught, I won't drag you into it!"

Pleased, Declan gave the man's cheek a condescending pat. "Proceed. I'm anticipating good news."

The man nodded hurriedly and slipped away from the corner. He sensed Declan's piercing gaze on him as he approached the barbecue stand. With a raspy voice, he asked, "Sir, could you check if Mr. Hoffman's skewers are ready?"

The chef, focused on grilling, gave a quick glance at the man in the server's uniform. Thinking he was a part-time hired by the hotel, he nodded and handed him a plate of skewers.

"They're ready. Take them over."

"Understood."

The man took the plate, discreetly sprinkled the powder onto the skewers as he turned, then slipped the packet back into his pocket. Attempting to look casual, he made his way towards Kimberly.

