

Chapter 133 Help Me

Chris was taken aback, suddenly pushed against the wall by Kimberly. His eyes became deep and intense, his strong frame rigid as he felt her pressing against him.

He was on the brink of losing control, but managed to steady Kimberly by holding her firmly, gazing into her bewildered eyes. "Kimberly, do you realize what you're doing?"

They were alone, the elevator doors shut behind them.

"I feel terrible, Mr. Howard, truly terrible..."

Kimberly's mind was alert, yet her eyes shimmered with unshed tears.

She was fully aware of her actions, yet overwhelmed by distress. Her approach to Chris was almost a reflex, driven by her agitation.

Chris's heart went out to her. He moderated his voice, which came out raspy and gentle. "I understand you're in a difficult spot. It seems like you might have been drugged. Just hang in there, I'll get you to a hospital shortly, okay?"

"I need to..." Kimberly's voice broke as she clutched at her dress, her distress evident as if she were on fire. "But I can't keep going like this, Mr. Howard. Could you help me get a room? Maybe a cold shower would help."

Chris's eyes flickered. Being asked by the woman he loved to get a room was a surreal experience.

He adjusted his tie, his throat dry.

"Alright. Are you able to stand by yourself?"

Kimberly gave a shaky nod, letting go of his arm to grasp the elevator railing for support.

Once she seemed stable, Chris quickly pulled out his phone and dialed Leif, who picked up immediately. "Mr. Howard, you..."

"Leif, I need a room immediately. I'm in the elevator. Send the room number as soon as it's ready!"

"Understood." Leif sensed the urgency in his boss's voice and refrained from asking any questions.

Moments later, Chris received a text with the room number.

He pressed the button for the correct floor, his gaze fixed on the descending numbers. When the elevator doors opened, Kimberly murmured weakly, "Mr. Howard, my legs are giving out..."

Chris pressed his lips tightly together. "Excuse me."

He stepped forward, effortlessly lifting Kimberly into his arms before striding out of the elevator. He encountered Leif, who was waiting just outside the doors.

"You..." Leif's eyes widened in astonishment as he saw Chris carrying Kimberly. He had thought his boss simply wanted a quiet night at the hotel after perhaps a bit too much to drink, but the reality was different.

"Ms. Holden has been drugged," Chris said briefly, not pausing to offer more detail. As he moved toward the room, he commanded with urgency, "Contact the nearest hospital immediately. Tell them to bring whatever they need, and make it quick!"

"Understood..."

Leif led the way to the presidential suite, quickly swiping the room card. Once inside, he slotted the key into the reader beside the door and hastily exited.

"Take me to the bathroom..." Kimberly's voice was faint, barely more than a rasp, as she weakly tugged at Chris's tie.

Chris nodded as he carried her into the bathroom of the inner bedroom. He gently set her in the bathtub, picked up the showerhead, adjusted it to cold water, and poured it over her.

Lying in the white bathtub, Kimberly's eyes were dazed, but a hint of clarity flashed in them as she heard Chris's low, worried voice.

"Are you feeling any better?"

The cold water was only mildly soothing. Kimberly still felt as though she were engulfed in flames. She looked up at Chris, her lips tightly pressed in an effort to maintain consciousness, though her mind was growing fuzzy.

"When will the doctor be here?"

She curled into a fetal position, her body wracked with the sensations of both freezing and burning.

Chris's empathy deepened, though he felt helpless. "They should be here any minute."

Just as he spoke, a loud knock sounded at the door, followed by Leif's voice. "Mr. Howard, the doctor from Honor Hospital has arrived!"

Chris swiftly turned off the water and rushed to the door.

Returning with the doctor, he found Kimberly struggling to keep her composure. Her eyes were bloodshot, and she reached out desperately toward the doctor.

After a quick assessment, the doctor looked troubled, his expression grave as he turned to Chris. "Mr. Howard, she's been exposed to a powerful aphrodisiac that's quite popular overseas. With our current medical resources, it's difficult to fully counteract its effects. The only temporary relief known for this drug involves intimate contact."

Chris frowned deeply, his emotions a complicated mix that he couldn't quite put into words. "Is there no other option?"

The doctor shook his head, signaling a lack of alternatives. "I'm afraid there's only one method. The aphrodisiac's effects can be mitigated only through the introduction of male sperm. Without that, the symptoms could persist for three days and nights. The prolonged distress is incredibly harmful."

I once treated a patient who endured until the effects naturally subsided.

but she suffered severe uterine damage, resulting in permanent infertility.

Hearing this, Chris fell silent, his gaze fixed on Kimberly who lay in the bathtub. He then said firmly, "Leif, please escort the doctor out."

"Understood." Leif's face showed a mixture of emotions as he led the doctor away.

Chris was at a loss for words.

"I heard everything" Kimberly said after a moment of silence, her gaze lowered initially but now firm as she clenched her fists, seemingly resolved. She struggled to her feet, bracing herself against the bathtub's edge, and looked earnestly into Chris's eyes. "Can you help me?"

Chris's pupils dilated, his thoughts scattering, heart pounding

He was momentarily speechless.

Kimberly, interpreting his silence, reached up to wrap her arms around his neck, pulling herself up to kiss him softly on the lips.

"Don't you care for me, Mr. Howard? I don't want to become infertile. Could you help me?"

Chris snapped out of his daze, emotions flashing in his eyes. He gripped her waist tightly, the heat from his hands palpable. "You've said it yourself. Just be sure you won't have regrets."

With that, he leaned in to kiss her, his actions silencing any further discussion. He lifted her onto the cool surface of the sink, his kisses fervent as he began to tear at her dress.

Kimberly was compelled to tilt her head back, her beautiful eyes filled with mist. She couldn't help but reach out to undress him, responding eagerly as her desire consumed her thoughts.

His kisses were desperate and somewhat clumsy, trailing from her lips to her neck, then down to her collarbone and softly rising chest...

"Kimberly," he whispered. He then continued, "I will take responsibility."

With those words, he committed fully.

Their combined breaths and soft moans filled the acoustics of the bathroom, marking the intensity of their encounter.

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