

Chapter 137 Have You Fallen For Him

"Enough" Feeling the conversation veer into uncomfortable territory, Kimberly no longer wished to engage. She shoved Chris away, her expression cold and distant, her impatience evident. "Right now, all I need to know is who set me up!"

Chris's expression darkened as he felt her reject his touch. He scoffed, "Who else but your beloved husband Declan!"

Kimberly's eyes widened, shock overtaking her. "How could that be?"

She had always been wary around Declan, and there had been no direct interaction between them last night on the rooftop!

How could Declan have possibly drugged her?

Chris, interpreting her shocked look as possible residual feelings for Declan, felt a surge of frustration and jealousy, irritated by her apparent lingering attachment. Why did Declan continue to hold her affection?

"Why wouldn't it be him? Who else would resort to such low tactics?" With that, Chris retrieved his phone, scrolled through it briefly, and then threw it towards Kimberly. "Watch this and see for yourself."

Kimberly managed to catch the phone, and the screen displayed a surveillance video.

Her face hardened as she pressed play. The video captured Declan, clearly drunk, staggering out of an elevator and making his way to the hotel front desk. Despite his drunken state, his movements were hurried and seemed driven by urgency.

The camera then showed Declan at the front desk, where he was aggressively demanding room information. The young receptionist, visibly intimidated, nonetheless adhered to her professional duties and refused to give out any guest details.

Declan slammed his hand down on the counter in frustration. "The woman I'm asking about is my wife! We are legally married! Why can't you give me her room number? Do you need to see our marriage certificate?"

The receptionist, adhering to hotel policies, apologetically insisted that she could not disclose any guest information.

In a rage, Declan made a phone call. Approximately ten minutes later, Bryce appeared on the screen.

Incredibly, Declan had called Bryce in the middle of the night to fetch his marriage certificate!

As Kimberly watched this, she furrowed her brows, finding the situation utterly ridiculous.

She felt a surge of sympathy for Bryce, employed by such a ruthless boss.

Declan slammed the marriage certificate down on the counter, adamant about obtaining the information he sought.

The receptionist, feeling cornered, checked her records but found no listing under Kimberly's name.

Declan yelled, "Impossible!"

Bryce attempted to soothe him, saying, "Mr. Walsh, there might be a mistake. It's late. Mrs. Walsh might have already gone home."

"No! She definitely hasn't gone home!" Declan's eyes were red with fury. "She was drugged. She couldn't have made it through the night without assistance. She left with Chris; they have to be together! Chris wouldn't let her suffer. Plus, with the media around, if they were seen leaving together in disarray, the headlines would scandalize Kimberly for infidelity! They must still be in this hotel!"

Even in his drunken state, Declan's logic was surprisingly clear, raising suspicion that he might have had access to confidential information.

The video stopped there.

Kimberly gazed at the phonescreen, falling silent for an extended period, her fingers whitening as they clenched the device's edges.

After watching the video, what doubts could remain?

According to Chris, it had indeed been Declan who had administered a strong and hazardous aphrodisiac to her.

Kimberly had thought she was vigilant enough to prevent such an incident, yet Declan had managed to overcome her defenses.

She had believed herself free from the misfortunes of her previous existence, but the harsh reality struck her as sharply as a slap across her face.

What was fated to occur, unfolded!

A sudden thought hit Kimberly, making her look up at Chris, her breath catching in her throat. "You were aware the whole time he was going to drug me, weren't you?"

This was not a question, but a declaration.

Chris was briefly startled, caught off guard by Kimberly's astuteness.

He avoided a direct response. "How did you deduce that?"

His evasive comment all but confirmed her suspicions.

Kimberly's expression was cold, her smile tinged with mockery. It was unclear whether she was mocking her own gullibility or Chris's deceit.

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she said coldly, "Surely, you have a backup plan in place, right?"

Chris paused, then slowly nodded under her penetrating gaze, acknowledging her conjecture without a word.

"When I left to fetch the doctor, I had already instructed Leif to check the skewers and secure the hotel, ensuring no one could leave. Through the rooftop cameras and with help from the barbecue chef, Leif identified the man who collaborated with Declan. Disguised as a waiter, this man secretly sprinkled the drug given by Declan onto the skewers.

That's how you were drugged"

Upon hearing his explanation, Kimberly suddenly recalled a crucial detail and seized Chris' sleeve, urgently inquiring "Mr. Hoffman also ate a skewer. Is he alright?"

Without Chris' recounting of Declan's setup, Kimberly might have overlooked that Levi was also affected by the incident

She had the benefit of Chris' assistance to counteract the drug's effects, but what about Levi?

Chris' expression darkened. "Don't worry, he's fine! He didn't consume much. I had him tossed into the hotel's swimming pool for over three hours. After sobering up, he climbed out and returned to his room to sleep."

Kimberly's face reflected a mix of emotions as she slowly let go of his sleeve, inwardly relieved.

She suspected that Chris had used the incident to get back at Levi by making a scene of throwing him into the pool. Otherwise, he could have simply placed Levi in a room to cool off in a bathtub.

Kimberly understood the dynamics but chose to keep her thoughts to herself.

Sometimes, recognizing the truth without articulating it could prevent many complications.

"Do you really care that much about him?" Chris' voice was tinged with jealousy, and he couldn't hide his agitation as he drew Kimberly closer, his demeanor becoming intimidating "Tell me the truth. Have you developed feelings for him?"

Kimberly was certain that if she affirmed, Chris would lose all semblance of control!



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