

Chapter 139 As Long As It's Not Murder Or Arson

"Last night, he was the waiter who served you the barbecue. Ms. Holden, do you remember him?" Leif asked.

Kimberly studied the man's face more intently, then shook her head slightly. "I don't really remember. I had a few drinks last night so I wasn't very observant."

Leif nodded understandingly, his smile polite. "It's understandable. After all, who really notices a waiter?"

The man had such an ordinary appearance that he easily blended into the background which likely made it difficult for anyone to remember him specifically.

Leif had encountered considerable difficulty himself in locating this individual in the hotel's storage area.

Kimberly maintained a neutral expression. "You handle it. I need to leave."

Noticing that she was about to leave, Leif quickly stepped aside and said respectfully, "Goodbye, Ms. Holden."

Despite his status, his deference was unusually pronounced. Kimberly tightened her lips as she walked away, conscious that Leif's respect was influenced by Chris.

She knew that Leif was probably aware of what had transpired between her and Chris the previous night.

Watching her leave, Leif sighed deeply before turning and delivering a firm slap to the face of the man, Curt Cortez, his expression stern.

"Don't think your actions are unnoticed. I suggest you keep in line and cut out the tricks!"

The impact of the slap was forceful.

Curt, restrained by two bodyguards, tasted blood in his mouth. His face swelling on one side, he looked up at Leif with a mix of fear and despair.

He had recognized the woman as soon as she walked out of the room, hoping she might provide some way out of his trouble. However, he never expected Kimberly to walk away just like that, without even a hint of curiosity! He certainly faced a disappointing end!

One of the bodyguards gasped, realizing why Leif was so angry. Curt had been quite calm until he spotted Kimberly, at which point he suddenly became agitated and struggled fiercely, nearly escaping their hold!

But what he really couldn't grasp was why Leif showed such respect for Kimberly.

"Leif, who exactly is that lady?"

Leif gave him a cool look, wiping his fingers with a handkerchief. "What do you think?"

Considering the woman had just come from Chris's room, the bodyguard put on a flattering smile and guessed, "Could she be the future wife of our CEO?"

They all worked under Chris, and Leif felt it was crucial to remind them, to ensure that no one with poor judgment would dare disrespect Kimberly.

Leif scoffed softly, not bothering to correct the guess. "Smart."

Both bodyguards looked at each other in surprise, apparently not expecting to guess correctly.

Both had been recruited by Chris from overseas and had been through many challenges with him. They knew their boss was typically distant and reserved.

The idea that he might soon have a wife stunned them.

"You two stay here and wait for my instructions." Leif indifferently threw the handkerchief into a nearby trash bin and then headed into the presidential suite.

The door was slightly open and muted sounds came from inside.

Chris, having just exited the bathroom and noticing the absence of Kimberly, looked puzzled. Seeing Leif enter, he asked in a deep tone, "Did you see her?"

"Are you referring to Ms. Holden?" Leif responded respectfully, "She has

She had left?

A look of sadness briefly crossed Chris's face. He pressed his lips together, sat down on the sofa, and after a long pause, he asked, "Did you bring the person?" He meant the one who had drugged Kimberly.

"Yes, they're outside waiting. Should I bring them in?" Leif interpreted Chris's silence as affirmation and immediately ordered, "Bring him in!"

The two bodyguards brought the man inside and secured him to a chair with ropes.

Seeing the distinguished man seated on the sofa, Curt immediately submitted, allowing them to tie him without resistance.

He understood very well that the man on the sofa was far beyond his challenge.

Chris slowly raised his eyes, his gaze now icy and devoid of any warmth, as he quietly surveyed the young man bound before him. His legs were crossed, his fingers tapping lightly on the armrest, radiating a tough aura.

Leif stood by, his tone unemotional. "This person is Curt Cortez, not from Javille. He's originally from a county under Kroikvale in the south. He admitted that he met Declan at a bar last night. I've checked his bank transactions and found that a few days ago, he received a hundred thousand from the Walsh Group."

"A hundred thousand," Chris murmured, rising slowly and walking over to stand in front of Curt, his figure towering over the trembling man. His voice was cold. "You risked everything for a mere hundred thousand to engage in illegal activities? Do you understand the consequences of your actions?"

Curt looked up abruptly, fear evident in his eyes. He began to struggle, making muffled noises.

Chris simply watched him with cold eyes, and a bodyguard quickly stepped forward to take the towel from his mouth.

"I don't want to die, and I don't want to go to jail. Please, give me a way out... I'll do anything you ask!" Curt pleaded desperately.

Chris arched an eyebrow, observing the man's pleas, a sinister smile touching his lips. "Is that so?"

Driven by desperation, Curt nodded vigorously. "As long as it's not murder or arson, I'll do anything!"

Chris let out a laugh. He had already planned how to handle this man, but an intriguing idea now occurred to him.

"We don't need murder or arson. I just despise being deceived. However Declan plotted against her, and that's how I want to retaliate. Will you help me with that?"

Curt hesitated briefly, then quickly grasped the implications and nodded earnestly. "I will!"

"Good." Chris signaled for them to release Curt. "Have him write down every detail of his involvement, and then... let him go."

