

Chapter 140 Reclaiming Happiness

"Mr. Howard!" Curt quickened his pace, desperation etched on his face as he tried to catch up with the tall, imposing figure striding ahead.

Chris stopped and turned, his gaze cold and devoid of emotion. "Is there something else?"

At six foot three, Chris commanded the space around him, making the hotel corridor feel unnervingly cramped. Beside him stood Leif, flanked by two intimidating bodyguards, all of whom turned their steely eyes on Curt.

Curt felt the air grow thin, and he forced a nervous smile, rubbing his hands together. "I, um... have something important to report... The drug I gave Ms. Holden came from Mr. Walsh, and I've run out. So, Mr. Howard ..."

His motives were obvious—he was angling to get more of the drug from Chris.

Chris regarded him with an impassive stare. "That's your problem. Deal with it yourself."

To Chris, the process mattered little—only the outcome did.

With that, he turned to leave. Leif was about to follow when he noticed Curt trailing behind. He paused and shot Curt a warning glare.

The intensity of Leif's look sent a jolt of fear through Curt, who shrank back in response.

"Mr. Howard is a man of integrity and doesn't get mixed up in shady business. If you need the drug, sort it out with Declan yourself. Leave Mr. Howard out of it!"

Curt's anxiety escalated. If he could obtain it himself, why would he even ask for help?

He was terrified of Chris.

If he had the means to get the drug, he wouldn't have dared to provoke Chris.

"But if I ask Declan, he might not give it to me. Besides..." The drug was meant for Declan!

Leif's piercing gaze seemed to read Curt's thoughts. He sneered, cutting him off. "Don't think I don't see through your scheme. You want the drug from Mr. Howard because you're scared of being exposed and having Declan come after you. You're trying to shift the blame!"

Caught in his deception, Curt fell silent, his eyes betraying his guilt.

Leif smirked at the sight. "I suggest you stop scheming. Remember, your confession is in our hands. If I turn it over to the police, do you really think you'll still be standing here?"

His voice dripped with threat as he stepped closer, lightly patting Curt's cheek. "Mind your manners, brat. I'm not as forgiving as Mr. Howard. If I find out you're up to something again, you'll wish you hadn't."

After years at Chris's side, Leif had mastered the art of intimidation, and his menacing warning left a lasting impact. Without another word, he turned on his heel and departed with the bodyguards in tow.

Curt's face went pale, fear tightening his chest. It took a few moments for him to catch his breath, and he cursed under it, bitterly muttering, "Damn it!"

Regret gnawed at him. If he'd known that chasing a quick three hundred thousand would lead to this nightmare, he'd have never agreed to Declan's request.

Now, he stood on the brink of losing everything—and possibly facing prison.

As this grim reality sank in, a surge of resentment flashed through his eyes, and he clenched his fists tightly.

It was all Declan's fault! If it weren't for him, Curt wouldn't be teetering on the edge every day now, living under constant threats and intimidation.

Meanwhile, at the hotel entrance, Kimberly met the sight of Declan blocking her path. With icy disdain, she said, "You still have the nerve to come find me?"

Just moments after stepping outside, she'd come face-to-face with

Declan—her so-called husband. He looked disheveled in his wrinkled suit, unshaven, and utterly worn down.

Declan's appearance was haggard, as though he hadn't slept all night. His eyes, rimmed with dark circles, fixed on Kimberly, and he quickly noticed the telltale marks on her neck. His gaze turned wild and bloodshot.

He lunged forward, grabbing her arm with a grip so fierce it felt like he wanted to crush bone. "You slept with him, didn't you?"

Kimberly's expression tightened as she tried to wrench herself free. But the more she struggled, the harder Declan held on. She swallowed down the wave of disgust that rose within her. "Yes, I did. Is there a problem?"

Declan froze, her words hitting him like a slap, igniting a blaze of fury. "Kimberly, you shameless woman! I'm your husband, and you stand here, admitting you've slept with someone else?" He spat out the words, his voice raw with anger.

Kimberly regarded him with icy indifference, a faint, mocking smile playing on her lips. "You asked the question, and I answered. So why the sudden outrage?"

Did he truly expect her to crumble?

Seeing his composure shatter brought her an odd satisfaction.

The more furious Declan grew, the more content she felt.

It proved happiness could be reclaimed.

Kimberly took a step forward, her smile brightening as her eyes hardened with seething resentment.

"I didn't realize how satisfying sex could be. No wonder you rush off to Valerie's every day after work. If you hadn't drugged me, I'd never have known what a real man like Mr. Howard is capable of."

She spoke with a sense of triumph as she recounted the events of the previous night, seemingly oblivious to the fury boiling in Declan's expression.

"Not only did we have a night together; he wore me out completely. By morning my legs were like jelly, yet he wasn't done... A man who's attentive and passionate? That's rare these days. So thank you, darling—without you, I'd never have discovered such a gem right beside me."

Declan's jaw clenched, and his temples throbbed as his face turned a deep, furious red. "Stop it..."

"What's wrong, darling?" Kimberly continued her voice dripping with derision. "Is it because I enjoyed a night with someone else? Or... are you simply envious of Mr. Howard's...capabilities?" 

"I said, enough!" Her words cut into Declan like daggers, each one driving deeper. His eyes reddened with rage as he roared, unable to contain it. He had expected Kimberly to be shaken, to try to placate him, maybe even plead for his forgiveness, blaming the drug for what had happened.

But instead, she threw it all in his face, reveling in every word.



Win a free reading opportunity! >>>

Check

