

Chapter 56 Need An Explanation

Upon opening the photos that Declan had sent, Kimberly felt her heart sink a bit.

These photos were unmistakably the same ones Camila had secretly taken the previous night.

She had deleted the photos from Camila's phone, including the backups in her gallery, yet they still seemed to exist.

Kimberly's face hardened. She wasn't naive. She recognized that Kallie was the real perpetrator.

However, Kimberly had never encountered Kallie. Why was she targeting her? And why had Kallie forwarded those photos to Declan?

Her morning had been completely spoiled by this absurdity, ruining her otherwise good mood.

Taking a deep breath to suppress her frustration, Kimberly sent a casual message back to Declan before throwing her phone onto the bed. She then made her way to the bathroom to prepare for the day ahead.

The cruise was initially planned as an overnight event, but it had been extended to noon because Chris missed last night's welcome party due to being tired. Following the luncheon, they would return to Javille by evening, allowing everyone to go back to their homes.

Chris had updated Kimberly about the new schedule last night,



and she had raised no objections. Once she was aboard this so-called pirate ship, negotiating was hardly an option.

Inside a VIP ward at a private hospital in Javille.

"Declan, have an apple to get some vitamins," Samira suggested, offering a peeled apple to Declan, who took it absentmindedly while staring at his silent phone, evidently awaiting a message.

Declan had just bitten into the apple when his phone lit up with a notification. He quickly picked it up, ignoring the apple still in his mouth. As he read Kimberly's message, his face grew stern.

"Nice Photoshop skills. I must say, for someone in the energy sector, your AI face-swapping technology is quite advanced," Kimberly said, dripping with sarcasm.

Even through the phone, Declan could sense Kimberly's sharp sarcasm. Frustrated, he tossed the apple aside and clutched his phone tightly, fingers hammering the screen as he typed a quick response.

"What AI face-swap? Kimberly, stop making accusations without evidence! What's gotten into you? Can't you admit to your actions? You are the one in those photos!"

After sending the message, it seemed to disappear into the ether, unanswered.

"Damn it!"

Declan waited a few more minutes, but the silence persisted. His frustration only deepened, and his mood worsened.

"Declan, what's the matter? Why do you look so troubled?"

As Samira entered the room with a takeout bag in hand, she noticed Declan's serious face and immediately felt concerned.

Declan was about to vent to his mother when he recalled Samira's words from that morning and the anonymously sent photos. Doubting their authenticity, he hesitated, shifted his gaze, and chose to hold back his complaints.

"It's nothing, Mom. Just some problems at work. Everyone there is so incompetent! Don't worry about it. You wouldn't get it even if I tried to explain," he said dismissively.

Samira nodded, taking her son at his word. She softly encouraged him to rest and look after himself.

While eating his bland oatmeal, Declan found himself lost in thought. Restricted to soft foods, he impulsively decided to text the unknown sender of the photos.

"Who are you? Can you prove these photos are real and not just fabricated by AI? I need answers."

With technological advancements, it had become possible to create highly convincing fake photos and videos.

The photos in question were taken in a dimly lit cruise ship guest room. The poor quality image captured only half of Chris's face, while Kimberly was seen from the back, seated on Chris's lap, unrecognizable to anyone who didn't know her well.

Despite being married to Kimberly for a year in name only, Declan could unmistakably identify her silhouette.

Declan narrowed his eyes, lost in contemplation.

If the photos were a digital manipulation, he considered it a mean-spirited trick and resolved to confront the prankster. If genuine, however, they could significantly alter his leverage.

Declan saw an opportunity to use the photos as a negotiating tool with Chris.

The luxury cruise had docked at a beautiful island, where a magnificent castle loomed in the distance. The guests eagerly left the ship, heading toward the majestic structure.

Chris arrived, surrounded by his entourage clad in black suits, making his usual dramatic entrance.

He sported a burgundy suit, his hair perfectly styled to complement his handsome features, which radiated meticulous care.

Noticing Kimberly on the deck looking out to sea, Chris momentarily paused in surprise. He signaled his bodyguards to halt, and they stood still without a word.

Kimberly was dressed in a champagne-colored silk slip dress, her black hair flowing with the breeze, her complexion radiant under the sunlight.

Her stance was relaxed, yet she naturally drew the attention of those around her.

Chris walked up to her, his expression unreadable. Standing next to her, he asked, "Ms. Holden, are you waiting for someone?"

Chris seemed calm, if one overlooked how his hand clutched the railing with increasing nervousness.

Kimberly casually swept her hair behind her ear and shifted to face the tall, attractive man next to her.

"Yes, I'm waiting for you."

At her words, Chris's body stiffened, and he snapped his head to look at her, his hold on the railing growing even tighter.

Only someone who has felt unrequited love could truly grasp the flood of emotions that Chris experienced in that instant.

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 +120 Points at most

However, her next words chilled him like a splash of cold water, startling him and scattering his thoughts.

"Declan Walsh reached out to me today. He received pictures that Camila Webster took stealthily last night. I think Kallie sent them. Mr. Howard, can you provide a plausible explanation for this?" Kimberly demanded, her eyes fixed on him as she held up her phone. The screen showed a photo of Chris impulsively kissing her.


Chris glanced at the photo, his eyes losing their sparkle as his look turned deep and frosty. He gazed up at Kimberly's lovely face and managed a weak smile.

"So, you waited for me just to confront me?"

"Confront?"

Kimberly's brow furrowed slightly. She was merely seeking a logical explanation. After all, Chris had assured her the night before that he would handle everything.



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