

Chapter 12 Hurting The Penis

"Couldn't you be a little more careful? Eh-hem. Sorry. I didn't mean it that way. We're outside, don't do this..."

Valerie stopped, a flash of disgust crossing her eyes. She momentarily forgot that Declan's penis had been severely injured by Kimberly. Yet, her voice remained gentle and sympathetic. "Alright, get well soon, Declan. I'll wait for you at home."

It was a stormy evening.

A dense fog enveloped the city as Kimberly drove back to Lakeview Haven Villa amid a heavy downpour.

Upon parking the car, she opened the door and was greeted by the sight of a figure approaching with an umbrella. It was Maggie, who had watched Kimberly grow up and whom she considered almost like family.

"Mrs. Walsh, you must be cold dressed so lightly. Here, put on this coat so you don't catch cold," Maggie said as she reached out to touch Kimberly's forehead, noticing it felt warm. Her expression grew concerned. "You have a fever? Quickly, put on the coat, and let's go inside."

Kimberly accepted the coat from Maggie, put it on, and, leaning on Maggie's arm, they entered the house together.

She suddenly felt grateful. Life had granted her a second chance to see things clearly.

In her past life, Declan had poisoned her, leading indirectly to Maggie's demise—a betrayal Kimberly would never forget.

Inside the cozy room, Kimberly sat on the sofa, watching as Maggie

busied herself preparing some medicine. Kimberly's eyes curved into a smile, her expression bright and cheerful.

Kimberly had always been stunning. Before her marriage to Declan, she was Javille's premier socialite, celebrated for her beauty, graceful figure, and dignified, aloof behavior that naturally commanded respect.

Back then, suitors lined up from Javille to Gladiff, all believing she was hard to win over. Yet, no one could have predicted that one day she would willingly fall into Declan's hands, only to be ignored and neglected by him.

Having rejected numerous wealthy admirers in the past, when she was publicly humiliated and ousted from the banquet hall by Declan in her previous life, those same suitors looked on with insult, as though saying, "Kimberly, you had it coming!"

"Mrs. Walsh, please take your medicine. I'll try calling the family doctor again. With the heavy rain, he's been unreachable..."

Maggie offered Kimberly the medicine and water, avoiding eye contact as she hastily made her way to the phone again.

Kimberly's expression turned slightly serious. Given her second chance at life, if she couldn't assess her situation accurately now, it would all be for nothing. She calmly took the medicine, took a sip of water, and said casually, "Don't bother calling. No matter how many times you try, the doctor won't come. I'm fine. I'll just sleep off the fever after taking the medicine."

Maggie stopped in her tracks, her lips tight, her face a mixture of emotions as she regarded Kimberly, seemingly taken aback by her words.

Did Kimberly already understand that... the Walsh family no longer welcomed her?

"Or... perhaps I should call Mr. Walsh? He might be able to persuade the family doctor to come. It's not right to just suffer through this."

After Maggie mentioned Declan, Kimberly's face was incomprehensible. She finished her water in one gulp, stood up slowly, and handed her coat to Maggie, a faint smile playing on her lips.

"No need. Declan is likely still tied up at the hospital. He doesn't have the time to worry about me right now. Let's not bother him."

"What? Mr. Walsh is in the hospital? What happened to him?"

Maggie appeared puzzled. Just a few days earlier, all had seemed well. How did both end up sick after they visited the Howard family?

"Him?" A glint of amusement appeared in Kimberly's eyes, her smile filled with meaning, and her mood clearly uplifted. "I nearly crushed his penis. He's probably at the men's clinic right now."

Maggie was shocked. "What? Why would you do such a thing?"

"Because I've reached my limit with him. I'm planning to divorce him. Maggie, when you have a moment, could you pack up Declan's belongings and leave them at the front of the villa? If he stops by, he can take them. This villa was a gift from my father, and I hold the deed. If anyone should leave, it's him."

Kimberly's eyes shone brightly; despite her illness, she radiated determination. She made this assertive declaration and then headed upstairs.

Maggie remained standing there for a long while, her eyes slowly filling with tears. She wiped her eyes, overcome by emotion.

"Mr. and Mrs. Holden, if you're watching over us from heaven, Miss Holden has finally seen the light!"

Meanwhile, at the hospital.

A middle-aged doctor drew back the curtain and walked out, settling

down at his desk to write up a report.


Upon seeing Bryce supporting a hobbling Declan, he handed the report over to Bryce.

Bryce put on a show of concern and asked, "Doctor, how is Mr. Walsh doing?"

"It's not looking good. He's damaged his penis. He'll need to rest for the next six months. Any intimacy could worsen his condition, possibly causing permanent damage and loss of sexual function forever."

Bryce was caught off guard by the doctor's straightforwardness. He struggled to keep a straight face, managing to say awkwardly, "Alright, does he need to stay here for observation?"

"Observation? Of what? His penis?" The doctor didn't even glance up, oblivious to Declan's sour face, and firmly said, "No need. Just take him home and look after him."

Declan couldn't contain himself any longer and scolded, "Genitals, genitals, can't you use a more refined term?" 

The doctor looked up, surprised, and examined him for a moment before saying, "It seems he might have some psychological issues. We should keep him for observation overnight. I'll arrange for a psychiatrist to assess him later. Here are the forms. Make sure to collect his medication and settle the bill."

Just as Declan was about to lose his temper again, Bryce quickly agreed with the doctor and guided Declan out, whispering, "What's the use in arguing? He's the top specialist in this field. You're the CEO of the Walsh Group. Try to maintain some dignity..."

Declan left the room with a grim face and once they reached the hospital room, he couldn't resist cursing the doctor.

Bryce remained silent, listening until Declan had finished venting. He

then asked, "Mr. Walsh, should I go and handle the payment?"

Declan gave him a brisk nod.

Bryce promptly exited the room, and once out of earshot, he leaned against the wall, laughing so hard he clutched his sides. Declan's situation was just too funny! He finally got what he deserved. ☹

After composing himself, Bryce regained his usual reserved expression, paid the bills, collected the medication, and texted his boss to report the situation.

Reentering the room, Bryce found Declan absorbed in his phone. He approached cautiously and said, "Mr. Walsh, everything's taken care of. Would you like to take your medication now?"

Declan put his phone away, tossed it irritably to the side, and nodded. Bryce handed him a glass of water and the pills, as the doctor had instructed.

After taking the medicine, Declan spoke in a cold tone. "I just received a notification about a charge. Valerie spent thirty million on something! Call her and tell her not to stay for too long. I need someone here to look after me. Oh, and remind her to bring back the receipt. I need it to seek reimbursement from that wretched Kimberly tomorrow!"

Bryce, accustomed to such demands, presented the necessary documents respectfully. "Understood, Mr. Walsh."

In Bryce's view, Declan was always dependent on Kimberly's financial support, except for the occasional times he and Valerie needed a hotel room and condoms. ☹