

## Chapter 15 Getting Your Attention

After waking, Kimberly headed to the bathroom to splash her face with cold water. The remnants of her dream clung to her mind, refusing to dissipate. As she exited the bathroom and caught sight of the large bed, a cold shiver ran through her eyes.


Declan's last look in her dream was almost cruelly indifferent, his voice tinged with impatience.

The dream had felt alarmingly real, as if she had been transported back to her past life, her spirit revisiting this very room, reliving the moments she had endured with Declan and Valerie.

Reminded of the red silk nightgown, Kimberly quickly went to the wardrobe, flung open the doors, located the nightgown, and with a cold stare, seized a pair of scissors and savagely cut it to pieces!

She then threw the shredded nightgown into the trash, took a deep breath, and was beginning to calm down when she caught the faint echoes of an argument outside.

"Who are you? I am the head of this household. What gives you the right to stop me from coming in?"

It was Declan's furious voice! 

Triggered by the nightmare she had just experienced, Kimberly's eyes filled with deep hatred. She walked over to the floor-to-ceiling window, drew back the heavy curtains, and looked down.

Outside, the early morning sky was dimly lit, a misty haze enveloping the city.

Below, Declan, seated in a wheelchair and accompanied by Bryce, was confronting two tall, muscular men in black at the entrance of the villa.

Kimberly simply gave the scene a cold glance, then turned to check her phone for the time. It was 6:55 AM.

Declan had shown up unusually early.

At that moment, her phone rang. It was Maggie, probably stirred by the commotion. Kimberly picked up immediately.

Maggie's worried voice filtered through, mingled with the sound of the wind. "Mrs. Walsh, are you awake? Mr. Walsh is here! I'm not sure what's happening, but two bodyguards have appeared at the entrance of the villa. They're blocking Ms. Walsh from entering, and he's causing a scene, even threatening to call the police!"

Kimberly raised her eyebrows, slightly taken aback. "Was this your doing?"

Maggie, puzzled by the question, quickly responded, "No, it wasn't me. I don't even recognize those bodyguards. Maybe you should come down and handle this."

"Alright."

Kimberly ended the call, snatched a long beige trench coat from the closet, and quickly exited the bedroom, heading outside.

She wasn't concerned about Declan being bullied. Her curiosity was piqued by the origin of the two bodyguards and their refusal to let Declan enter.

By the time Kimberly arrived at the villa's entrance, it was exactly 7 AM. The two bodyguards looked at each other and then walked away, heading towards the villa across the street.

Bryce watched the villa across the way, where the door had just shut, then turned back to Declan, who was still on his phone. "Mr. Walsh, they've left. We should go inside and find Mrs. Walsh."

"They left? Where did they go?"

Declan had been engrossed in his phone conversation and hadn't noticed the departure of the two men.

Bryce pointed to the villa across the street. "It looks like they are



from the neighbors over there."

Declan had just finished his call and looked surprised. "The villa across the street? Are you certain? I thought it was empty. I heard the owner lives abroad."

Bryce was about to respond when he noticed Kimberly approaching rapidly. He paused and gave her a slight nod as a greeting. "Mrs. Walsh."

Declan turned to see Kimberly not far off, staring at him icily through the gate. His temper flared, and he wheeled his automatic wheelchair closer, beginning with an accusation.

"Kimberly, have you lost your mind? I heard about what happened last night. How could you throw all the Walsh family members out? Do you realize how much you've upset my mother? You clearly don't want this marriage to continue!"


"Mr. Walsh!" Before Kimberly could respond, Maggie stepped up, her face marked with disappointment. "Mr. Walsh, Cailyn was rude to Mrs. Walsh first. Mrs. Walsh was merely trying to..."

"Shut up!" Declan ignored Maggie's explanation, staring at her fiercely. "Who do you think you are? This is a private matter between my wife and me. You have no right to interfere!"

He was seething with anger, unable to hear anyone out.

The persistent pain in his groin was a constant reminder of the person responsible for his condition. His eyes were bloodshot, underscored by dark circles, indicating a restless, sleepless night.

The previous night, after hearing complaints from the bodyguards and receiving a distressing call from his mother, he had been furious enough to consider leaving the hospital to confront Kimberly. However, Valerie had persuaded him to rest and address the matter with Kimberly in the morning instead.

If it weren't for not wanting to alarm his loved one about his injuries, he would have already rushed over and confronted Kimberly the previous night! 



Kimberly's eyes turned cold. She stepped forward, positioning herself protectively in front of Maggie, her voice low and somewhat raspy. "You're the one who needs to shut up. This property is in my name. If I decide someone should leave, they must, including you."

She gestured towards a suitcase by the door. "Your belongings are packed. Here are the divorce papers. Review them, and if everything is in order, sign them."

With that, Kimberly retrieved two documents from her coat pocket and passed one through the gap in the gate.

Declan, his eyes still reddened, snatched the document from her hand. As he read and realized it was indeed a divorce paper, his expression shifted from anger to disbelief.

"Are you serious?"

Then, as if a thought struck him, Declan's expression darkened, his voice filled with accusation. "Kimberly, this might work once or twice. If you're just trying to capture my attention, well, you've got it. But let me tell you, I'm not falling for your tricks!"

Trying to get his attention?

Kimberly regarded the man at the door as though he were foolish, her tone remaining calm. "I'm not playing games, nor am I seeking your attention, Declan. Can you stop being so... Overconfident? It's disgusting."

"Disgusting?" Declan seemed shocked to hear such words from Kimberly.

Just as he was about to respond angrily, a nonchalant chuckle interjected, "Causing such a commotion early in the morning, disturbing everyone's sleep, is indeed quite disgusting."

All eyes turned toward the source of the voice. The door of the villa across the street was open, revealing Chris standing there, relaxed and casual. He leaned against the doorframe, arms

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crossed, dressed in a loose white T-shirt and light gray pajama pants, his short curly hair slightly unkempt.

As the sunlight pierced the clouds, it illuminated him, highlighting his striking appearance.

"Why is it you?"



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