

Chapter 25 Done With Him And Want Out

"Huh! The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?" Samira mocked, "I suggest you bring Kimberly out here. I have no time to waste on a disrespectful servant like you!"

Maggie frowned, regarding Samira with hatred. "Are you deaf? I already told you, the Walsh family has nothing to do with Ms. Holden anymore. Leave now, or I'll have security remove you!"

"You damn bitch!" Samira immediately erupted in anger and reached out to grab Maggie's face. However, she was too bulky, and her arm got wedged in the gate. Struggling only made her more stuck.

"Valerie! Quick, help me!" Samira's tone shifted from confrontational to desperate, calling for her daughter's assistance.

Valerie snapped to attention, grasping her mother's arm. "Mom, just hold on, it'll be over quickly..."

As she finished her sentence, she yanked forcefully.

"Ah!" was the piercing scream that followed from Samira.

Valerie believed Samira's arm was free, but when she realized it was still stuck, her eyes widened, a hint of disgust flashing in them. Still, she kept a gentle and concerned expression. "Mom, you're too big! It won't come out!"

Pain twisted Samira's face, and Valerie's comment about her size visibly upset her. Yet, unable to scold her daughter, she turned her frustration towards Maggie, who stood by watching. "Get Kimberly out here now! If I get hurt, my son won't let her off! And you! What the hell are you staring at?"

Maggie gave a cold laugh, stepping back. She knew Samira was looking for a confrontation. "Serves you right! Why don't you stay stuck, you damn fat old witch? Why should Ms. Holden come out? She's not a doctor. Even your own daughter can't help you, and you expect Ms. Holden to? Keep dreaming!"

Samira, infuriated, had not expected even a maid like Maggie to stand up to her so boldly. Her rage was close to boiling over. "You bitch! Open the gate if you dare, and see if I don't take you down myself!"

"Hey! Mind your language!" Valerie interjected, visibly upset, "Regardless, my mother is still Kimberly's mother-in-law. How can you treat her this way? Do



you want me to call Declan to handle this?!"

Valerie was merely bluffing and had no intention of calling Declan, since she and Samira hadn't even told him about their visit.

And regarding Samira's arm being stuck... What did that have to do with Valerie?

It wasn't Valerie's arm that was caught, nor was she the one feeling the pain.

She was convinced that Kimberly would come out after hearing such a commotion!

"What's all this noise about?" came Kimberly's cool, displeased voice from behind.

Maggie turned to see Kimberly and stepped aside, her expression regretful. "I apologize, Ms. Holden. Did we interrupt your rest? I should have managed this situation better..."

"Don't worry about it." Kimberly approached briskly, her tone reassuring as she said, "It's not your fault. It's hard to find peace with a dog endlessly barking outside, isn't it?"

Upon hearing this, Samira, who had been confidently waiting for Kimberly to come and assist her, was stunned and enraged upon realizing Kimberly was referring to her. "Kimberly! You bitch! Who are you calling a dog?!"

Kimberly looked at Samira indifferently, a hint of amusement in her eyes, her red lips curling into a smirk. "Why take it personally? Only a dog would respond."

Samira's face turned a shade of deep red, and she shouted at Kimberly, "I'll have Declan sort you out! You'll pay for this, you bitch!"

Kimberly observed Samira with a cold, mocking smile. "Sorry, but you won't get that chance."

She flung a document at Samira's face. "Here, take this back and have your son sign it!"

Valerie, with sharp eyes, caught sight of the large letters on the document's cover. She gasped, swiftly grabbing the paper. Upon reading the words clearly, she couldn't contain her joy. "Mom, look! It's a divorce agreement! Kimberly truly wants to divorce Declan. That maid wasn't making it up!"



Valerie quickly passed the document to Samira. Initially taken aback, Samira soon snapped back and retorted, "What are you talking about? It's not Kimberly who wants to divorce Declan; he's the one who wants to divorce her!"

"Yes, let's rush back and give Declan the good news, Mom!" Valerie was overjoyed. She alone knew how eagerly she had awaited this moment, overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events!

She had suggested to Declan the idea of divorcing Kimberly and marrying her, but each time she mentioned it, Declan would pretend not to understand and change the subject. Valerie had to maintain her image, so she never pushed him to explain. She understood that Kimberly, unlike herself who was merely adopted by the Walsh family, was the cherished biological daughter of the Holden family!

Valerie figured that Declan, recently solidifying his role within the Walsh Group, was cautious about Kimberly's prominent status and feared public backlash, hence his reluctance to broach the topic of divorce.

But she was convinced that, deep down, Declan truly wished to divorce Kimberly!

Regaining her composure, Samira looked at Kimberly with a complex gaze. "You... Why have you suddenly decided to let go of my son? Are you having an affair?"

Kimberly's abrupt shift was startling. Samira eyed her intently, unable to hide her mixed feelings. In her eyes, her son Declan was irresistible. Although she scorned Kimberly for her apparent desperation to be with Declan, she couldn't deny feeling a sense of pride.

After all, before marrying Declan, Kimberly was the most desired socialite in Javille!

Kimberly's status, beauty, elegance, and charm were beyond criticism!

Such a woman being devoted to Declan was a point of pride!

But Samira never anticipated that Kimberly would suddenly seek a divorce from Declan!

What an ungrateful bitch!

Kimberly's brow furrowed slightly, clearly taken aback by Samira's

accusation, and she responded coldly, "Do you really think your son Declan is that appealing? I'm done with him and want out. Is that not allowed?"

"Shut up! How dare you speak ill of my son! Kimberly, you can go to hell!"



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