

Chapter 27 The So-called Family Heirloom

Samira chuckled coldly. "You said it yourself, you brought it into our family. Since when do you take back what you once gave? Plus, we didn't skimp on your wedding gift."

Upon hearing this, Kimberly couldn't remain passive. She slowly sat up, her expression cold. She slid off her bracelet. "This bracelet, you mean?"

Her laughter was tinged with anger. "To my knowledge, this bracelet isn't even worth two hundred thousand. Do you really think you can swap this insignificant bracelet for a hundred million? You shameless old witch, how did I not see your true nature before?"

A trace of fluster crossed Samira's eyes. She obviously didn't expect Kimberly to know the bracelet's actual value. Before she could respond, Valerie intervened, unable to stay silent any longer. "Kimberly, you're going too far! This bracelet may not be very valuable, but it has been in the Walsh family for generations. It symbolizes the lady of the Walsh house. For that reason alone, it's priceless!"

Valerie watched Kimberly closely. She had kept quiet until now because she wanted to avoid a complete fallout and the ensuing discomfort.

Kimberly's influence was undeniable. With her recent decision to step down as Mrs. Walsh, Valerie saw no reason to keep targeting her.

Ultimately, Valerie's concern wasn't Kimberly herself, but the powerful Holden family backing her!

Everyone was aware that Mabel Holden, Kimberly's aunt, led the Holden family. Their bond was reportedly very strong. Though the Holden family wasn't confronting Declan directly at the moment, overpowering Valerie, an adopted daughter of the Walsh family would be a simple task.

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However, hearing Kimberly insist that Declan return her money pushed Valerie beyond her limits. After all, it was about a hundred million! Not just a hundred, not a thousand, but a hundred million!

Given that the Walsh family's annual profits were merely seventy to eighty million, Kimberly's demand would force the family to tighten their belts for an entire year!

Such a heartless woman!

Kimberly was completely lost for words. She reclined once more, popped an imported grape into her mouth, and nonchalantly passed the bracelet to Maggie, who was fanning her.

"Since you value this bracelet at a hundred million, I wouldn't dream of keeping something so treasured. I'll sell it to you. Just make sure to transfer a hundred million to my account, or else..." Kimberly glanced at Valerie with a faint smile, though her voice chilled. "The Holden family's legal team is quite serious. Maggie, please hand the bracelet to Miss Walsh."

"Yes, Miss Holden!" Maggie smiled, grabbed the bracelet, and strode over to Valerie, holding it out with both hands, and gently said, "Miss Walsh, when will you transfer the funds?"

"Kimberly!" Valerie's face turned crimson with rage, and her tone was sharp as she addressed Kimberly. She seized the bracelet, poised to hurl it to the ground.

Just then, Kimberly interjected, "If you dare destroy it, I'll notify the police. Remember, as you put it, this bracelet is valued at a hundred million. Not even Declan can shield you. Do you think I can't make sure you face severe legal repercussions?"

Valerie's body shook, and she quickly pulled back her hand. Her eyes red, she bit her lip and turned to Samir. "Mom! Look at her, she's being so domineering! This bracelet was a gift from Grandma to you. You wore it always. You gave it to Kimberly as a kind gesture, but she didn't value it. I merely spoke a few words, and she treated me harshly..."

Valerie's words were filled with sorrow and quickly ignited Samira's fury.

But before Samira could respond, a flurry of footsteps sounded. Four men in suits were approaching quickly; they were from the property management.

The lead, the property manager, hurried up, respectfully bowed to Kimberly through the gate, and said, "Miss Holden, apologies for the delay."

Kimberly gave a soft snort and, with a glance, instructed the property manager, "Find a way to get that old witch's arms out and make her

leave."

She knew better than to expect Samira to willingly return her money just from their conversation, aware of Samira's stingy nature. Samira would rather face death than give back a hundred million, and she didn't have the final say in the Walsh family. The real negotiation needed to be with Declan.

"Understood." With a nod from the property manager, the men carrying toolboxes moved in to start their work.

Samira looked on grimly, keeping quiet in front of the staff. After all, she was Mrs. Walsh, a figure of status, and she needed to maintain her composure in public.

She also knew better than to air family grievances in public.

The property team labored under the intense midday sun. As the heat intensified, Samira could no longer contain her frustration and shouted, "Are you finished yet!? Under this scorching sun, are you trying to roast us alive? Do you realize who we are? If we get heatstroke, your lives wouldn't cover the compensation!"

Samira was drenched in sweat, and the property staff were no less uncomfortable, particularly in their suits. One of the workers, overwhelmed by irritation, threw his tools to the ground. "We can't release her! Not without breaking the gate down!"

Before the property manager could respond, Kimberly's cold voice cut through, saying, "No way!"

Everyone turned as Kimberly rose from her lounge chair and approached, a formidable and cold presence about her.

She moved against the sunlight, her long, slightly wavy hair flowing behind her, her features striking and captivating.

The property team paused, taken aback.

Kimberly halted before them, hands casually tucked in her pockets, her demeanor poised but expressionless. She said calmly, "Who will cover the costs if the gate is damaged?"

Her eyes then settled on the property manager as she inquired, "Will your team be responsible?"

Her gaze shifted slowly towards Samira and Valerie. "Or will it be them? This gate isn't ordinary. It was custom-made by a renowned designer and imported from Fusha. It's worth five hundred thousand."

A memory seemed to flicker across Kimberly's mind, a slight smirk playing on her lips as she looked with disdain at the bracelet in Valerie's grip. "This gate is worth far more than some so-called heirloom that's been handed down through generations."

At her words, the atmosphere shifted. The property manager and his team wore expressions of concern. Five hundred thousand! That amount nearly equaled four years of their wages. How could they possibly afford that?



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