

Chapter 31 He Has Been Hospitalized Again

At the Walsh Group headquarters, Declan was both angry and worried after the sudden end of his phone call. He was concerned that the property management team might hurt Valerie, so he quickly dialed Bryce's number via the internal line.

"Beep... Beep... Beep..."

"Why isn't he answering?" Declan was sweating heavily, inwardly criticizing Bryce, his chief secretary, for his inefficiency.

Just then, a notification sounded. "Ding—"

Declan looked at his phone screen and saw a message from the bank. He paused, swiftly unlocked his phone, and read the message, "Dear customer, the business you initiated at our bank has been processed. Your supplementary card has been frozen, and your remaining balance is now 2.12 million dollars."

Upon reading this, Declan stood up abruptly, aggravating his lower body injury. He cried out in pain and slumped back into his chair. He was more concerned about his frozen bank card than his worsening injury. "Damn, Kimberly! She actually froze my bank card!? How dare she!?"

At that moment, Bryce picked up the phone just in time to hear Declan yell out, leaving him momentarily at a loss for words. What was this foolishness now?

Maintaining his professional demeanor, Bryce paused and then asked with concern, "Mr. Walsh, are you okay?"

Declan's face was twisted in pain. He struggled to reach over, shaking as he hit the speakerphone button, his voice full of agony and anger. "Bryce... Contact Kimberly right away and tell her to unfreeze my bank card! And... get an ambulance for me, no, you come and drive me to the hospital!"



Hearing this, Bryce's mouth twitched slightly as he fully understood the situation.

Bryce couldn't help but feel a bit speechless. Despite Declan's intense pain, his priority was still for Bryce to call Kimberly.

Bryce, still sitting relaxed in his office chair with his legs crossed, showed no hurry in his actions, though his voice was filled with urgency and surprise. "What? Mr. Walsh, are you telling me Mrs. Walsh froze your card?"

Declan replied with a pained moan, which Bryce took as confirmation.

Before Declan could say another word, Bryce cut in, his voice strained, "Mr. Walsh, I haven't had the chance to inform you, but the auction manager called earlier. Miss Walsh spent 12 million last night at the auction. The card you provided her had only 5 million, leaving a 7 million balance unpaid. Miss Walsh took the auction items last night and instructed the manager to reach out to you for the remaining amount, but now your card is frozen... What should we do?"

"What? How much did you say!? 12 million? Are you serious? Did she purchase the Statue of Liberty?"

Bryce nearly chuckled but restrained himself, clearing his throat. "Not exactly. 12 million wouldn't cover the Statue of Liberty."

Declan couldn't afford a castle, much less the Statue of Liberty.

Overwhelmed and drenched in cold sweat from the pain, Declan wasn't in a state to consider if Bryce was joking. He hurriedly asked, "What's left in the company accounts? Use that to settle the debt. We can't afford to let this news get out. If the Howard family hears that I can't cover 7 million, what will they think of me?"

"Well... the company's accounts are nearly exhausted. We only have about 1 million in liquid assets left. You transferred 30 million to our partners just two days ago, and we're still awaiting payments from several projects..."

Bryce's update caused Declan's vision to blur. As the CEO of the Walsh Group and the sole heir to the Walsh family estate, he couldn't imagine



facing such financial troubles. It was all Kimberly's doing!

Kimberly had the nerve to freeze his card after just a few harsh words from him!

Declan was filled with rage, momentarily overlooking the sharp pain in his groin. He yelled, "So what are you waiting for? Call Kimberly and get the funds! And make sure you secure that 7 million for the auction!"

"Well... Mr. Walsh... Didn't you ask me to take you to the hospital?"

"Forget that! I can call an ambulance myself! You focus on reaching Kimberly!" Declan said.

"Understood, Mr. Walsh," Bryce replied, then quickly ended the call, unable to hold back his laughter.

Luckily, he was in his own office; otherwise, if Declan had seen him like this, he likely would have fainted from anger.

Declan's face was pale, his lips quivered from the pain. He repeatedly dialed 911, well aware that hospitals were the busiest places in the world. By the time he connected, he was nearly fainting from the pain. After giving his address, everything went dark, and he lost consciousness.

The commotion in his office didn't attract the attention of the busy staff outside until a team of medical personnel in white coats rushed in and carried him out, leaving his employees in a state of confusion.

What on earth happened?

A few minutes later, there was a knock on Bryce's office door. Bryce cleared his throat and said, "Come in."

A female secretary from the CEO's office entered, visibly agitated. "Bryce, Mr. Walsh fainted in his office and was taken away by an ambulance!"

Bryce appeared slightly shocked, adopting a concerned expression. "How did that happen?"

"I don't know. How could he just collapse like that?" the female secretary responded, clearly worried about Declan's well-being. She seemed about to add more but paused when she noticed Bryce sitting calmly in his



chair, unmoving. She looked both shocked and puzzled. "Bryce, aren't you going to the hospital to check on Mr. Walsh?"

Bryce kept a serious face, waved his phone dismissively, and responded, "Mr. Walsh instructed me to handle some matters and told me not to worry about him. Since the hospital staff has already taken him, there shouldn't be any problems. You should return to your work and not disturb me while I manage Mr. Walsh's tasks!"

The female secretary hesitated, opened her mouth as if to speak, but then held back her words. "Alright, I'll get back to work."

"Mm."

Once the door closed, Bryce couldn't help but grin. He hadn't expected Declan to end up in such a predicament, lying unnoticed in his office for half an hour before being transported away by the arriving medical team.

It was just too funny.

Bryce shook his head, chuckling. Declan had it coming.

While Bryce held no sympathy for Declan the scoundrel, he didn't forget the tasks Declan had assigned him. Picking up his phone, he leisurely dialed Kimberly's number, clearing his throat before speaking.

As soon as the call connected, he adopted a serious and somber tone. "Ms. Holden, Mr. Walsh has been hospitalized again!"