

Chapter 32 Has He Realized His Mistake

Kimberly slipped into a light, white casual suit, holding her phone tucked between her shoulder and ear as she leisurely closed her laptop and tucked it into her computer bag.

The sound of Bryce's voice elicited a cold, echoing laugh from Kimberly. Her tone was deep and chilly. "Is he dead?"

"No, he's not."

"If he's not dead, then don't bother calling me. I'm busy and have no time for his antics." Kimberly held her computer bag in one hand and the phone in the other, her face expressionless. "If there's nothing else, I'm ending this call."

"Wait a minute!"

Kimberly's brow creased slightly, her voice laced with impatience as she exited the room and descended the stairs. "What now?"

"Ms. Holden, Mr. Walsh made it clear before he was hospitalized that I should contact you. He requests that you reactivate the supplementary card and transfer another seven million dollars..."

"Has he realized his mistake?" Kimberly was poised to snap back but paused, a mischievous twinkle appearing in her eyes as she responded more deliberately.

On the other end, Bryce seemed taken aback, his tone reflecting helplessness. "Mr. Walsh... Hasn't admitted to any errors."

"Well, if he hasn't acknowledged his mistake, he can't expect a penny from me! Inform Declan that he better return and comply with signing the documents. No more games. My patience is thinning."

With that, Kimberly ended the call and erupted into fits of laughter,

feeling immensely satisfied.

Her happiness stemmed from Declan's struggles.

"Ms. Holden, are you heading out?" The sound of Kimberly's laughter resonated from the living room, drawing Maggie from the kitchen, apron-clad and puzzled by Kimberly's evident joy. "Is there a reason for celebration?"

Since the early morning, there have been continuous disruptions. First, Declan created a disturbance, then his mother and Valerie escalated the situation. Who could handle such turmoil?

Maggie found herself increasingly concerned for Kimberly, especially with Declan's steadfast refusal to consider a divorce.

Just an hour earlier, Kimberly had furiously ascended the stairs, slamming the door with a resounding thud. Now, she reemerged, all smiles, leaving Maggie wondering about the swift change in her demeanor.

Kimberly sat on the bench by the entrance, slipping into a pair of black high heels. She flashed a smile. "Bryce just called. Declan's in the hospital. That's something to be cheerful about, isn't it?"

Maggie was momentarily surprised, then her face lit up with a genuine smile. "Indeed it is!"

With a twinkle in her eyes, Kimberly gracefully rose, clutching her computer bag.

"I need to handle something across the street. I'll return later for dinner."

Observing Kimberly dressed for business with her computer bag, Maggie wisely chose not to probe further and nodded.

"Take care, Ms. Holden."

Kimberly departed from the villa, pausing briefly at the damaged iron gate, her brow furrowing as she contemplated hiring a repair service.

It wasn't a matter of cost. The gate could easily be replaced, but this villa had been a special creation by her parents for her, and changing the

gate would strip away some of that sentimental value.

With that in mind, Kimberly crossed the street toward the neighboring villa.

As the gate of the villa swung open, Rocco, spotting Kimberly approaching, paused, and then greeted her with a welcoming smile. "Ms. Holden, what a pleasant surprise. Are you here to see Mr. Howard?"

Since she was counting on Rocco for treatment later, Kimberly responded with a polite smile, shedding any prior arrogance.

"Yes, I'm here to discuss a potential collaboration with Mr. Howard. Are you on your way out, Dr. Braxton?"

Rocco, accustomed to Kimberly's usual haughtiness, found her sudden politeness surprising.

"Yes, I have to hurry back to the Howard estate for the tests."

Kimberly watched as Rocco hurried off, curious about his rush but chose not to inquire.

She wasn't well-acquainted with Rocco, and prying too much would seem inappropriate. She understood where to draw the line.

Kimberly then entered the villa, closing the gate behind her, and taking a moment to survey the surroundings.

If her own villa's yard was well-adorned, this one was stark and minimalist.

Beyond the neatly parked rows of luxury cars, the yard was devoid of any extra embellishments, suggesting Chris might be residing here only temporarily, with no intentions of settling down.

Kimberly took in the scene briefly before stepping toward the villa, just as the door opened. A squad of sharply dressed bodyguards in black emerged, lining up in two neat rows, their gaze fixed forward.

Behind them, a tall, imposing figure appeared, radiating a commanding presence.



Chris, clad in a silver-gray suit, his handsome face typically stoic, looked surprised to see Kimberly at the foot of the steps. He quickly regained his composure, his stern expression softening into a faint smile.

"Ms. Holden, it's wonderful to have you here. Why didn't you give me a heads up?"

Kimberly felt slightly uneasy, thinking Chris might be criticizing her for showing up at his villa without notice. "Apologies, I was just about to knock when I bumped into Dr. Braxton, who let me in."

Chris arched an eyebrow, perceiving Kimberly's discomfort, and his expression softened. "I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable. Do you need something from me?"

"Mr. Howard, are you on your way out? I've just completed a project proposal. If now isn't a good time... I could visit another day."

"No, now is fine!" Chris responded promptly, regaining his composed manner as he offered Kimberly a subtle smile. "I just want to make sure it's convenient for you too, Ms. Holden?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm actually heading to a dinner and am somewhat in a hurry. If you're available, why don't we discuss the proposal on the way? Once we get there, I'll arrange for my driver to take you back." Chris looked slightly apologetic, his brow furrowed. "You see, Ms. Holden, I only got back into the country yesterday, and my schedule is really tight right now. If this is inconvenient for you, we can drop it..."

"It's no trouble at all, I'm quite free."

Kimberly offered a genuine smile. With plenty of time on her hands and no pressing commitments, accommodating Chris's schedule seemed like a reasonable option.

Chris's eyes brightened as he moved quickly to open the car door for her, displaying a polite, gentlemanly charm.

"Thank you for accommodating my schedule."

