

## Chapter 52 Camila Webster

"Mr. Howard, you've been drunk!"

Before Chris could respond, Kimberly swiftly broke free from his embrace and hurried towards the door. Her movements were quick and determined.

Chris watched her quickly leave, a touch of irritation in his expression as he saw her vanish from the room. He sighed and flopped down on the bed, laying a hand across his forehead and slowly closing his eyes.

Had he just driven her away?

It was all Felix's fault. Without Felix's interference, Chris wouldn't have found himself at Kimberly's door, drunk and losing his composure.

Kimberly reached the hallway and shut the door behind her, taking a deep breath of relief. Turning around, she caught sight of a woman stealthily moving down the corridor, her back to Kimberly, heading toward the far end. Kimberly's eyes narrowed.

Her instincts told her something was off.

What was this woman doing, sneaking around at this hour?

"Stop right there!"

The woman tensed up, possibly feeling guilty, and stopped in her tracks, her grip tightening on her phone which held footage she had just secretly captured.

"Turn around."

Kimberly's stern voice sent a shiver down the woman's spine. Realizing escape was futile, the woman slowly turned around. Kimberly stood a short distance away, her face stern and her stance commanding, radiating authority.

"Do you need something from me?"

Kimberly scrutinized her intently, her gaze falling on the phone concealed behind the woman's back. At 5'8", Kimberly's imposing stature, enhanced by the confident aura coming from her wealthy background, made her appear both daunting and aloof.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Were you recording something?"

Kimberly bombarded the woman with questions, not pausing for replies.

She reached out her hand. "Hand over the phone. I need to inspect it. I'll apologize if I'm mistaken."

The woman stuttered, at a loss for words under Kimberly's commanding presence. Overwhelmed by her own vulnerability, she responded defiantly, "Why should I?!"

"Like I said, I just want to verify something. If I'm mistaken, I'll apologize."

Kimberly maintained her calm demeanor, her gaze never wavering from the woman.

The woman was dressed in high-end designer clothes, clearly indicating her affluent background and likely her attendance at the event by invitation.

However, her clear nervousness hinted that she was guilty of something.

The woman let out a mocking laugh. "Who do you think you are? What right do you have to check my phone?"

Kimberly's suspicions intensified. The woman was clearly hiding something and refusing to cooperate. Her refusal only reinforced Kimberly's belief that she had recorded Chris and Kimberly.

Kimberly had been in Chris's arms earlier, sharing what seemed to be an intimate moment with him.

If this scene were to be leaked, the divorce situation could become even more complicated for Kimberly.

Kimberly's expression hardened, her gaze sharp as a blade. She stepped

closer, closing the distance between them. "So you're not going to hand it over, huh? Do you really think I can't call security?"

Kimberly's voice was low and commanding. "What if I report you for unauthorized recording? Who do you think they'll side with, you or me? Remember, this event is hosted by Mr. White to honor Mr. Howard. If this escalates, do you think your position will remain unaffected? Think about your family too. This isn't just about you."

Kimberly stayed calm, her words deliberate and her demeanor unhurried, radiating the poise of someone used to having power.

Her taller, more imposing presence left Camila Webster feeling completely outmatched.

Camila's composure finally crumbled.

Her eyes filled with defiance, her voice trembled as she retorted, "You think you're better than everyone, Kimberly Holden? Fine! I admit it! I caught you on Chris's lap. So what?"

Camila thrust her phone in Kimberly's face, displaying the message and sneering. "I've already sent the photos to my friend, Kallie Braxton. You know Kallie, right? She and Chris were practically childhood sweethearts. Everyone thinks they'll marry any day now!

And here you are, Mrs. Walsh, shamelessly cheating on your husband. What do you think will happen when this news gets out? What will it do to you and the Holden family? How will Declan react?"

She added, "Someone like you deserves to be exposed online for everyone to see the real you!"

Kimberly's expression turned even colder. Without hesitating, she snatched Camila's phone, swiftly deleted the sent message, and started removing any backups from the photo gallery.

"What are you doing? Stop!"

Camila's scream filled the air as she lunged to retrieve her phone.

In the next instant, a sharp slap resonated through the hallway.



Camila stood frozen, her hand on her reddening cheek, staring at Kimberly in disbelief.

"Did you just hit me? How dare you? Do you even know who I am? I belong to the Webster family, one of the Four Great Families of Javille!"

The Webster family was among Javille's most influential families, alongside the Holden family.

Kimberly smirked slightly, recognizing who she was dealing with. "Oh, so you're Camila, the secret daughter of Caligae Webster. Tucked away for twenty years, weren't you?"

Kimberly's gaze filled with disdain as she pieced together Camila's identity.

The Webster family's Caligae was infamous for his playboy lifestyle. He was a man who had fathered many illegitimate children, and rumors suggested he had numerous affairs during his youth. Eventually, he married the daughter of a wealthy merchant as part of a family arrangement. His wife was strong-willed and fiery, while Caligae struggled to resist temptation.

There were rumors that Caligae's wife had made him powerless, which led to a dramatic divorce. She was clever, collecting evidence throughout their marriage, which resulted in a quick divorce ruling.

But Caligae didn't stay single for long, soon bringing his mistress and their illegitimate daughter into his home.

Kimberly's memory of these high-profile scandals was vivid; though she hadn't met Camila before, Caligae's notorious reputation was enough to make the connection instantly.

"No wonder you're so full of nonsense."

Kimberly clicked her tongue, stepping back as if distancing herself from something distasteful. She threw Camila's phone back at her. "An illegitimate daughter trying to act superior? Perhaps it's time for a thorough cleansing of Javille's elite circle."

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