

Chapter 53 What Are You Shouting About

Kimberly was baffled by Camila's boldness and confidence in confronting her.

After all, Kimberly was the legitimate firstborn of the Holden family, whereas Camila was merely the daughter of a mistress from the Webster family. The disparity in their statuses was vast and undeniable.

In high society, it was well-known that children born out of wedlock were often scorned. Prestigious families viewed them as blemishes and embarrassments, treating them like outcasts. Their social standing was even below that of adopted children, like Valerie of the Walsh family.

After his divorce, Caligae's reckless nature became routine for the Webster family, who ignored it since he had no other children except for his one biological daughter.

"Kimberly Holden!" Camila's face turned pale with rage, her anger obliterating her composure. "You keep labeling me as illegitimate! Where is your decency? Is this how the Holden family raises their daughters?"

"Am I not merely stating the truth?"

Kimberly observed Camila with a detached amusement, her voice light but provocative.

"Everyone is aware that your mother was just a mistress. She knew he was unworthy, yet she still chose to bear his child, indulging in secretive and dishonorable acts. Like mother, like daughter. A woman who wrecks homes and lowers herself, and her daughter is no different. Look at you, sneaking around taking photos at night. What a revelation today has been."

Content with her outburst, Kimberly turned and walked towards her room, dismissing the interaction as a waste of her time.

She had already erased the photos Camila had taken. There was nothing left to concern her.

Kimberly's harsh words deeply wounded Camila, who felt her eyes fill

father would allow her to enjoy the life of a rich heiress, a stark contrast to her previous cautious existence. However, she soon recognized this as mere fantasy.

No one in her family, not even her own kin, showed her any respect.

Camila retorted, "And what about you? Do you think enticing a prominent family's heir will secure you a better future? Keep dreaming! That heir is my friend Kallie's! I've heard Renee is already planning their wedding.

You think by securing the heir's support and demeaning your husband, you can marry into the Howard family? Have you even considered how you compare to him? You're nothing more than Declan's ex-wife, a divorced woman fantasizing about becoming Mrs. Howard. You're just... Stupid!"

Kimberly had just reached her room door, her hand lingering on the handle.

Somehow, the news that Chris was considering marriage with another woman unsettled her.

With a frown, Kimberly chose to block out Camila's loud protests and pushed the door open to enter.

At that moment, the adjacent door swung open.

A deep, cold voice asked, "What's all the commotion?"

Kimberly stopped and looked up sharply to see Chris standing imposingly in his doorway. He was dressed in light gray silk pajamas, his handsome features marked by annoyance and impatience, suggesting his rest had been interrupted.

She had assumed that Chris, having drunk heavily, would be asleep by now, especially given the luxury cruise ship's reputed soundproofing.

Camila turned ghostly pale. While she had the audacity to challenge Kimberly, confronting Chris was another matter entirely.

"Mr. Howard, I... Don't you remember me? I'm Kallie's friend, Camila Webster!"

Upon Chris's appearance, Camila pulled back, displaying now a refined demeanor. Having seen Chris's stern actions earlier, yet with Kimberly still in sight, she held onto a faint hope by identifying herself, hoping for leniency due to her connection to Kallie.

Chris's expression darkened at the mention of the familiar name, and he looked at Camila with evident scorn.

"Am I supposed to remember you?"

Suddenly, quick steps resonated from the hallway. Four sturdy men in black suits rapidly approached, their presence commanding respect.

"Mr. Howard, do you want us to handle this individual?"

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Kimberly, leaning casually against the doorframe, observed the scene. Recognizing the men as Chris's staff, she quirked an eyebrow and inquired, "Did you summon them?"

"No." Chris gestured dismissively with a wave of his hand and instructed his team, "Get rid of her. I don't want to see her again."

"Right away!"

The bodyguards efficiently escorted Camila out without further delay.

With the disturbance resolved, Chris turned his attention to Kimberly, his expression softening.

"Was she bothering you? I heard your name being called, so I stepped out to check."

So, the noise had roused Chris from his sleep.

It seemed Chris' men had been on hand the moment he stepped out, likely having observed the whole incident.

Kimberly gave a nonchalant shrug, transparent about the events. After all, concealing anything was futile. Chris would easily uncover the truth.

"It wasn't really bullying, just some shouting at me a couple of times. It didn't bother me."

Chris maintained a calm exterior but was inwardly a bit anxious, assessing Kimberly. Her composed appearance suggested she hadn't been troubled. Meanwhile, Camila sported a clear slap mark on her face.

He let out a quiet sigh of relief.

His primary concern was Kimberly's well-being.

"As long as you're okay. What set her off?"

"She secretly took pictures of us and threatened to share them online. I confiscated her phone and deleted the images. Oh, and she forwarded them to your supposed girlfriend."

Kimberly detailed the incident casually, observing Chris for any reaction, but he remained unflappably calm, his face giving nothing away.

"I can clear things up with your girlfriend. I hope she doesn't spread the photos or post them online, as it could complicate my ongoing divorce

proceedings with Declan. We're collaborators, Mr. Howard. Surely, you wouldn't want a scandal to erupt just as we've begun working together, would you?"

Kimberly's tone was persuasive, mindful that she was soliciting his assistance.

Chris seemed taken aback for a moment.

His brow furrowed, he was silent for a few seconds before responding in a low tone, "Ms. Holden, I'm not involved with anyone. May I ask who you're referring to as this girlfriend?"