

Chapter 64 Kimberly, Welcome Home

The Rolls-Royce dashed through the night, only decelerating as it approached a mansion situated in Javille's upscale district. It then came to a gentle halt.

"Ms. Holden, we've arrived," Lana murmured, peeking out at the dark night beyond the car window.

Gradually, Kimberly opened her eyes, feeling sleepy still. She rubbed her eyes before taking in the view outside.

Having sped across the sea for over three hours to reach Javille, Kimberly felt quite worn out. A recent argument with Lenard had left her both physically and emotionally drained, leading her to fall asleep in the vehicle.

Outside, a stately mansion stood proudly with its white walls and black tiles, its grandeur undeniable. The name 'Holden Residence' was inscribed on a plaque in a beautifully flowing script.

This was the old Holden family estate, set in a district renowned for its unreasonably high property values. Several high-value luxury cars were parked by the entrance, which was guarded by a grand, open black gate and two bodyguards dressed in black.

The once-thriving prosperity of the Holden family was apparent.

Kimberly had spent over two decades living here, making her deeply familiar with every aspect of the estate.

As she fully woke up, Kimberly's gaze hardened when she saw the luxury cars at the entrance. "It looks like Uncle Christian and Uncle William got here first." She opened the car door and stepped out. Noticing Lana still seated, she raised her eyebrows in puzzlement. "Aren't you coming with me, Lana?"

With Mabel now at the helm of the Holden family, Lana, her chief assistant, had the freedom to come and go from the Holden estate and participate in family events without restriction.

Yet, Lana had her reservations. She offered a gentle smile and tactfully declined, saying, "Given that it's a family event, my presence might not be fitting. Please go ahead, Ms. Holden. I'll be leaving now."

Kimberly lifted her eyebrows but chose not to push the issue. She knew Lana's professional boundaries well. After closing the car door, Kimberly stood watching as the Rolls-Royce disappeared into the night.

As Kimberly turned toward the estate, her phone vibrated. She pulled it out to find Declan calling. Her expression chilled as she rejected the call and set her phone to "Do Not Disturb." Only then did she proceed into the venerable Holden estate.

"Good evening, Ms. Holden." Various servants greeted her as she entered. Kimberly gave a slight nod, her face expressionless, as she made her way straight to the main hall.

She could barely hear the servants murmuring behind her.

"Ms. Holden has returned? This is her first appearance at a family event since her wedding. Why is she by herself? Where's her husband?"

"Keep it down! Don't let her catch you speaking! I've heard that things aren't going well between Ms. Holden and her husband since they married. He doesn't bring her to business events, but he's seen publicly with the Walsh family's adopted daughter... Do you think there's an affair?"

"How is that possible? If that's the case, it's disgusting! The Walsh family ought to remember that without Ms. Holden's marriage to their son, they wouldn't enjoy the prestige they have today."

As Kimberly moved farther away, the whispers around her faded, her face stoic, though her grip on her purse tightened.

It was evident that her troubled marriage was not as hidden as she had hoped.

Even the household staff knew that her marriage had not been a fairy tale and that her life since the wedding was less than joyful. Despite her efforts to keep up appearances, it seemed her unhappiness was an open secret.

She felt increasingly foolish. She had believed that by acting convincingly happy, she could hide the reality of her failing marriage.

But now, it seemed that belief was merely a delusion.

A flicker of self-derision crossed Kimberly's eyes. Indeed, as Declan often pointed out, her pride and ambition were justified. She was a capable individual with both the confidence and means to back it up.

She had feared others perceiving her as having made a poor choice in partner, leading an unhappy life, so she had hidden her true feelings. Now, realizing the futility of her facade, she walked with her head held high towards the main hall.

If her distress was common knowledge, why keep up the pretense?

She was tired of pretending. Acknowledging she had naively married the wrong person, she decided to let others think what they would. After all, a divorce was imminent!

Once, Declan had been a source of pride; now, he was a stain on her life.

The thought of him filled her with revulsion.

Navigating the long corridor, Kimberly reached the grand hall of the estate. The sounds of laughter and conversation echoed from within. She crossed the threshold and entered.

Instantly, the laughter stopped, and the once vibrant atmosphere turned cold.

Kimberly scanned the familiar setting with a touch of wistfulness. It had been her home growing up, yet she hadn't been back in ages.

"Kimberly!"

The grand hall was spacious, divided into left, center, and right sections. Entering put one directly in the center, flanked by wooden chairs. At the center sat two chairs and a coffee table. The left section was designated for beverages, and the right was a cozy lounge with sofas and a TV.

Currently, the Holden family was gathered in the right lounge area. The sofas were occupied by Kimberly's elder uncle, Christian Holden, and her younger uncle, William Holden, along with their spouses and children.

Kimberly slowly turned towards her family, noticing their shocked faces. She offered a faint smile. "Sorry for being late, there was some traffic. I hope you elders don't mind my tardiness."

She was dressed simply in a camisole top and shorts, her long black hair loosely tied up, allowing a few strands to frame her face. Her skin



glowed against her black hair and red lips, her delicate features striking. Despite her casual outfit, she radiated a distinctive allure and elegance.

Everyone was briefly taken aback, their expressions flickering with surprise, particularly a young man on a single sofa. He glanced up casually at first but found himself captivated by Kimberly's appearance.

"Absolutely not!" Letitia Holden, Christian's wife, stood quickly and approached Kimberly with evident excitement. She clasped Kimberly's hands firmly, her gaze soft and affectionate as she scrutinized Kimberly, her voice tinged with emotion. "Kimberly, welcome home."

Kimberly responded with a genuine smile, the warmth in her eyes clear as she held Letitia's hands. Letitia had been a part of her life since childhood and had always shown her kindness.

"Aunt Letitia, I've returned."

This simple declaration stirred various emotions within the Holden family, particularly Letitia, whose eyes brimmed with tears of joy. "It's wonderful to have you back. Your Uncle Christian, Grandpa, and I have thought of you every day."

"And me! I've missed you too, Kimberly!" A young, attractive woman hurried over and enveloped Kimberly in a heartfelt embrace.

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