

## Chapter 104 Kimberly, Don't Mess Around

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Upon hearing this, Declan was taken aback. He looked up at Kimberly, noticing a flicker of amusement in her eyes that unsettled him. He furrowed his brows, ready to speak, when he saw her expression shift to one of impatience.

"Is there anything else? If not, please leave!"

Kimberly was clearly indicating that he should go.

Just the sight of Declan now made her stomach turn.

Time was passing and she was eager to return to the kitchen where Archie and Chris were, looking forward to joining them for dinner.

Declan's lips twitched, displeased with how quickly Kimberly was trying to dismiss him without even a brief invitation inside.

"Is this the way the Holden family treats their guests?" Declan asked, his eyes flicking to the butler standing behind Kimberly before returning to her. "After all, I am still the son-in-law of the Holden family. Aren't you going to invite me in? I've come all this way. I should at least greet your grandpa before I leave."

Kimberly became slightly anxious as he showed reluctance to leave. "There's no need for that! My grandfather doesn't want to see you, and besides, we're getting divorced soon. You won't be part of the Holden family much longer, so there's no reason for you to interact with my family."

Declan's displeasure grew as she mentioned divorce repeatedly, his brows tightening.

"Is this your decision or your grandpa's?"

Unable to stay silent any longer, the butler stepped forward and

responded sternly, "Ms. Holden's decision aligns with her grandfather's! Mr. Walsh, you are not welcome here. Please leave immediately!"

The butler had been with Archie for decades, his words effectively echoing Archie's sentiments.

He knew the gossip circulating and had seen Kimberly grow up, regarding her almost as a daughter.

At the family dinner the night before, Kimberly had made her intentions clear about divorcing Declan. Although she hadn't laid out the reasons, both he and Archie had surmised it was due to Declan's poor treatment of her, which had left her disenchanted.

Archie had originally instructed the butler to notify him immediately if Declan showed up.

The memory of Archie clenching his teeth while issuing this command was still clear, reflecting his dwindling patience with Declan, and his desire to teach him a firm lesson.

Yet, Kimberly had instructed the butler not to notify Archie.

The more the butler pondered over the situation, the more irate he became. His glare at Declan was as sharp as a blade, fueled by Declan's thinly veiled threats towards Kimberly. He was itching to confront Declan directly!

Declan's expression grew stern, his brows knotted in displeasure. He scoffed, "Like master, like servant. That saying fits perfectly. Now even the Holden family's butler dares to defy me. Kimberly, aren't you going to control your dog?"

"Who are you calling a dog?" The butler was instantly enraged. Throughout his long service, no one had dared to insult him so blatantly!

Kimberly frowned and intervened to calm the butler, who felt a sudden coldness, staring at her in disbelief, assuming she would take Declan's side.

"Ms. Holden, you..."

"Let's not sink to responding to every bark. I'll handle this," Kimberly said, her voice steady and composed as she addressed the butler.

The butler was elderly, and considering Declan had arrived with two bodyguards, Kimberly worried the butler might be at a disadvantage.

Realizing he had misunderstood Kimberly, the butler felt somewhat embarrassed and stepped aside, placing his trust in her.

"Alright, Ms. Holden."

Kimberly's sharp eyes fixed on Declan as she descended the stairs, moving towards him.

Declan, recalling a previous painful encounter where Kimberly had kicked him, felt a twinge in his crotch and instinctively wheeled his wheelchair back in alarm, retreating to the safety of his bodyguards.

"Kimberly, what do you want? I suggest you think carefully before acting!"

The two bodyguards, sensing potential trouble, promptly moved to protect Declan, adopting a defensive posture.

Kimberly stopped about a hundred meters away, her amusement evident at Declan's visibly shaken demeanor. Her gaze pierced him, tinged with mockery.

"Are you really that scared of me?"

Declan swallowed, feeling embarrassed and angry at her words. He replied in a low voice, "Who's afraid of you? Kimberly, don't flatter yourself!"

Kimberly replied with a cold "Oh" and a faint smile. "Weren't you planning to come in as a guest? Do you still wish to?"

She understood Declan too well. He was the type to bully those weaker than himself and cower before the strong, always treading carefully. Without surety of safety, he would never risk endangering himself.

Perhaps her prior confrontations had left a lasting impression on Declan, and with the butler's stern gaze and Archie's well-known disdain for him even before their marriage, Declan felt that stepping into the Holden family's home would be like walking into a lion's den.

Declan swallowed hard, trying to muster some courage but eventually

waved his hand dismissively.

"Forget it, it's late. I should head back for dinner."

With that, he began to wheel his wheelchair to leave, but a resonant voice called out from behind.

"Ms. Holden, your grandpa wants you back for dinner."

Hearing this familiar voice, Declan stopped in his tracks, turning to see Chris, dressed in an apron, strolling out of the mansion as if he belonged there.

A wave of anger washed over Declan. "What's he doing here?"

This question was aimed at Kimberly.

Kimberly remained silent for a moment.

She felt a headache brewing.

Just a bit longer, and Declan would have been gone.

But just at this crucial moment, Chris had shown up!

Struggling to contain her irritation, Kimberly fixed a stern gaze on the man who had halted beside her.

Chris, aware of her annoyance, returned her look with a calm, detached expression, his eyes carrying a hint of coldness.

He then glanced at the invitation she was gripping tightly, took it from her hands, and briefly looked it over.

With graceful movements, he closed the invitation and stared down at her, his face devoid of emotion. "Are you planning to go to this auction?"

Kimberly, not one to be easily fooled, picked up on Chris's disapproval and grew even more vexed. She was about to reply when Declan interjected.