

Chapter 105 Reminder Of Goodwill

"That's correct, she'll be attending the auction with me as Mrs. Walsh. Any objections, Mr. Howard?"

Declan signaled, and the bodyguard he had brought along wheeled him back to where Chris and Kimberly stood. Stopping before them, Declan tilted his head, his face breaking into an arrogant smile.

Chris handed back the invitation to Kimberly, giving Declan a brief look before focusing on her. His eyes, deep and detached, fixed intently on her.

"Is that so, Ms. Holden?"

Before Kimberly could reply, Declan added sharply, "She's Mrs. Walsh!"

"Quiet."

Chris gave Declan a cold, piercing look that was filled with intense hostility, leaving him momentarily stunned and unable to speak.

With the irritating interruption handled, Chris turned back to Kimberly. His expression softened, his eyes now calm and gentle, his voice low and rough.

"Why aren't you speaking?"

Kimberly found herself speechless.

What was she supposed to say?

Hadn't everything been said by them already?

Feeling a headache starting, she nodded slowly, avoiding Chris's gaze. "Yes, I am going to the auction with him."

At that, Declan shook off his surprise, a flicker of annoyance at himself for quivering under Chris's stare. Upon hearing Kimberly's confirmation, he

smirked, a victorious look in his eyes as he challenged Chris.

"Did you hear that, Mr. Howard? I told no lies!"

Chris's eyes narrowed as emotions swirled inside them, and his expression took on a somewhat unpleasant look.

What bothered him was not merely that Kimberly was attending the auction with Declan but that she was doing so as "Mrs. Walsh."

His gaze bore into Kimberly as if trying to interpret her thoughts.

Chris felt a deep sense of insecurity, especially after the recent dreams that felt so real. In those dreams, Kimberly loved Declan profoundly, even though her ending was tragically sad.

He feared these dreams might predict reality, that Kimberly might suffer the same fate. Despite the dreams not aligning with reality, events like Declan's request for Kimberly to join him at the auction seemed unavoidable.

He was desperate to understand Kimberly's true intentions. Did she really plan to divorce Declan, or were her declarations merely hollow?

Feeling ignored, Declan caught Kimberly exchanging a soft look with Chris, which wounded Declan. Reacting impulsively, Declan reached out and took Kimberly's hand gently.

"Darling, may I go inside and greet your grandpa before I leave?"

Declan offered a charming smile to the surprised woman, his eyes deep and assessing.

If Kimberly refused, it would appear as if she was confirming an inappropriate relationship with Chris.

Kimberly stayed quiet for a moment.

Her heart raced, and there was a cautious look in her eyes. She quietly pulled her hand away and replied coldly, "Weren't you in a hurry to get home for dinner?"

"I'm not in that much of a hurry," Declan replied, his tone softening, a gentle smile appearing on his face. "Since we're already here, it would be

impolite to leave without greeting anyone. It might give people the wrong impression about the Walsh family's manners."

Kimberly observed Declan's performance with a sarcastic smile.

It was as though the Walsh family had any real manners to speak of.

She kept silent.

Declan's smile slowly disappeared as he continued his solo act.

"Moreover, if Mr. Howard is allowed into the Holden Mansion and I, the rightful son-in-law, am not, wouldn't that seem absurd? What do you think Mrs. Walsh?"

He stressed "Mrs. Walsh," reminding Kimberly of her supposed role.

He continued, "I haven't seen your grandpa in a long time. I really miss him."

"Enough" Kimberly, tired of Declan's endless chatter, gave him a cold glance. "Do what you want. No one is stopping you!"

With that, she turned and walked briskly toward the mansion, eager to leave the suffocating atmosphere.

Especially under Chris's gaze, she felt vulnerable and uneasy.

Declan wore a smug expression, ready to signal the bodyguards to follow him into the Holden Mansion when a cold voice interrupted, "I'll take care of it."

Declan was taken aback. When he looked up, he saw Chris taking the wheelchair from the bodyguards silently and began wheeling him towards the mansion.

The path to the main house was smooth, but with Chris wheeling him, Declan felt it bumpy and uneven, as if they were navigating a rugged mountain village without any roads.

The rocky movements irritated Declan's existing groin injuries making him wince in pain, his face turning pale. He looked down at the smooth pavement, questioning his choices, and finally couldn't stand it any longer, grabbing the wheelchair to stop it.

"Enough"

He faced Chris, seeing the latter's pretended confusion, and knew it was all an act, yet he couldn't express his grievances. He gritted his teeth, forcing a pained smile.

"No need to trouble yourself, Mr. Howard. Your hands are meant for signing contracts, not handling tasks like these."

The two bodyguards quickly stepped up to relieve Chris of the wheelchair. Chris didn't resist, releasing a soft laugh as he stepped away.

"Yes, your status doesn't deserve my personal help."

Declan was left speechless.

His expression darkened immediately. He scanned the area, but Kimberly was no longer visible.

He said, "Are you finished with your act?"

Chris raised an eyebrow, looking down at him with evident hate, as if viewing something unpleasant, one hand casually placed in his pocket.

"What are you trying to say?"

With Kimberly gone, there was no longer any need to pretend around someone like Declan.

"Isn't it you who has something to say to me?" Declan gritted his teeth, his gaze sharp as he stared at Chris. "I just don't get it. With your status, you could have any woman. Yet you choose a married woman. As the esteemed heir of the Howard family, you have lowered yourself to being part of an affair. If word got out, what would people think of you?"

A sudden thought made him laugh. "I've heard the Howard family holds to strict standards. Should this gossip reach your grandmother's ears, you might find yourself in a tough spot."

At the mention of Renee, Chris's eyes narrowed, his look turning deadly. "Are you threatening me?"

"I'm a nobody, how could I possibly threaten you?" Declan offered a faint

smile. "Consider it a reminder of goodwill, so you avoid a path you might regret later."

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