

Chapter 107 He Can Afford To Wait

Chris and Declan entered the mansion almost at the same time.

"Chris, hurry up! We've been waiting for you to start dinner..."

Archie was smiling, but his smile quickly disappeared when he spotted Declan, replaced by a surge of anger.

He seized a porcelain cup, flung it towards Declan, and yelled, "Who let you in here? Get out now!"

Right after Archie spoke, rapid footsteps could be heard approaching and more than twenty bodyguards emerged, encircling Declan and his bodyguards.

The previously warm and welcoming atmosphere shifted to one of tension and hostility.

Declan ducked to avoid the cup, which smashed at his feet. He then raised his eyes to meet Archie's, which were blazing with fury. Nearby, Kimberly sat calmly, sipping her tea without any sign of stepping in to defend him.

It was as though they were mere acquaintances, not intimately connected spouses.

Declan suppressed the hurt he felt, managing a polite smile. "It's been a while. You're just as passionate as always."

With a gesture from Declan, one of his bodyguards stepped up and set a finely wrapped gift box on the floor.

"I brought this gift for you."

Archie didn't even look at it, his tone seething with anger. "Take your gift and leave!"

Declan's mouth gave a slight twitch.

His tolerance was fading, his eyes narrowing. "Do you really despise me that much? I am your granddaughter's husband, after all. Even if you have no respect for me, you shouldn't humiliate me like this in front of others, for Kimberly's sake."

If Archie weren't Kimberly's grandfather, would he have bothered trying to calm him like this?

It had been over a year since they last saw each other. Before his marriage to Kimberly, Archie always had grievances against him. And even after a year of being married, Archie's hate for him remained unchanged.

Archie burst out laughing bitterly. "Are you trying to tell me what to do?"

He gestured dismissively, and commanded, "Remove this embarrassment from my sight and don't let him inside the Holden Mansion ever again!"

"Yes, sir!" The bodyguards responded in agreement, promptly handling Declan's men. As they began to escort Declan out, he resisted, pushing them back, his eyes filled with rage.

"Archie, even if you don't see me as your grandson-in-law, I saved Kimberly. I'm a benefactor to your family. You shouldn't treat me like this!"

Archie's eyes narrowed, his hands clenched at his sides. "What do you want, then?"

"At least allow me to stay for dinner before I leave!"

"Do you think you deserve that?" Archie scoffed, resuming his seat with a cold demeanor, and commanded, "What are you waiting for? Get them out of here now!"

The bodyguards sprang into action, seizing Declan before he could say another word. They forcefully escorted him out.

Declan and his men were roughly thrown out from the Holden Mansion, his wheelchair carelessly thrown to the ground. The head bodyguard yelled, "Get lost!"

The grand black gates slammed shut with a loud thud.

The Holden Mansion sat in the wealthiest district, and by this time, it was around seven or eight in the evening.

Neighbors curious about the disturbance peeked out, while people taking their evening walks pointed and murmured about the mess.

Declan's face flushed with humiliation as he struggled to his feet. He had never felt so humiliated in his entire life.

"Help me up, now!"

At his command, two bodyguards hurried over, assisting him into the car. They quickly put away the wheelchair and drove off, leaving in utter disgrace.

Declan's expression was grim, his eyes seething as he stared back at the Holden Mansion, his hands gripping his knees tightly.

"Just wait, Archie and the Holden family."

He vowed that by tomorrow night, he would make Kimberly regret her very existence.

As they drove away from the Holden area, Declan pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

The call was answered promptly with a respectful tone, "Mr. Walsh, what can I do for you?"

Declan narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "Prepare a powerful aphrodisiac for me, the strongest you have. Just a small amount should be irresistible."

"Understood. When do you need it?"

Declan's mouth twisted into a sly grin as he planned ahead. "As soon as possible. I need it for tomorrow night."

After ending the call, a sinister smile crept across his face, envisioning the next night's events. The thought of Kimberly, overwhelmed with desire beneath him, sent a thrill through him.

Kimberly wanted a divorce.

Before that, he would completely possess her, turning her into his "used goods."

Moreover, he planned to have all the attendees at the auction witness her humiliation, effectively ruining her reputation as a disgraced woman.

It was crucial that Chris witnessed this too!

Declan doubted Chris would continue to hold any affection for Kimberly after seeing her compromised in such a manner.

This was his carefully planned revenge.

After Declan left, the dinner continued as though nothing had happened.

As the meal concluded, Chris got up to leave. Just before he exited, Archie covertly placed a piece of paper into Chris's jacket pocket, unnoticed by Kimberly.

Chris glanced at Archie, puzzled. "What's this?"

Archie gave him a reassuring pat on the shoulder and whispered, "I've written down my secret recipe. Make sure to study it; it could be useful one day."

Chris caught off guard, chuckled, almost having forgotten about it.

"Alright, I'll be sure to learn it."

Archie looked at the handsome young man before him with approval. Reflecting on the recent events, he squinted slightly and advised, "Chris regarding Declan, I hope you won't dwell on it. Last night at the family dinner, Kimberly firmly told me she was intent on divorcing that jerk. Once she's free, you'll have your opportunity."

Chris's expression brightened upon hearing this.

"Don't worry, I can wait."

Archie's words comforted Chris deeply. Since Kimberly had voiced her intentions at the family dinner, it confirmed her genuine desire to leave the disastrous marriage.

After holding on for fifteen years, a few more days seemed minor.

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