

Chapter 113 Don't Call Me Mrs. Walsh

Kimberly was speechless, her gaze locked on Archie, understanding his underlying motives.

"Grandpa, you really know how to return the favor. Mr. Howard just sent over a pile of gifts, and now you're planning to send a bunch to Mrs. Howard. Someone might think our families are merging"

What a far-fetched idea!

Archie feigned surprise, blinking innocently. "Well, our families are already collaborating. It's normal to exchange gifts, isn't it?"

He understood Kimberly's implication but chose to pretend he didn't, intentionally blurring the lines.

Kimberly's lips twitched as she watched Archie about to direct Ansell to prepare the gifts. She quickly intervened and said, "Hold on. I'm not going to the Howard Mansion to deliver gifts, and you should drop that idea, too."

Archie looked at her, puzzled. Seeing her determined look, his eyes flickered. "Why?"

Kimberly averted her gaze, looking down at the gifts on the coffee table, her lips pursed. "I'm not even divorced yet. And even if I were, remarriage is the last thing on my mind."

Archie was startled, not expecting Kimberly to have guessed his thoughts. He touched his nose, about to respond, but Kimberly stopped him.

"Grandpa," Kimberly looked at Archie with a grave expression. "Have you ever thought that marriage could be a trap? Even Declan, who supposedly risked his life to save me, ended up treating me poorly. How well do I really know Mr. Howard? Are you certain he's any different from

Declan and will treat me better?"

Kimberly's voice carried a touch of sarcasm as she continued, "Grandpa, I don't believe a woman needs to marry to live well. Isn't Auntie Mabel doing just fine on her own?"

Archie remained silent, a wave of sadness washing over him, realizing Kimberly's trust in men had been shattered by her troubled marriage.

His regret deepened, lamenting that the hypnosis had made her forget things she shouldn't and remember things she should forget.

"Kimberly, you're still young. You shouldn't view it like this..."

Before he could continue, a stern female voice rang out from the doorway. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Everyone turned toward the door, where they saw a covert figure entering. Mabel was pulling a man inside.

Kimberly's eyes widened slightly in recognition. "Bryce? What are you doing here?"

Bryce offered a sheepish smile, lifting a gift box in his hand. "Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Walsh sent me to deliver this dress and jewelry for the auction. I didn't expect to be misunderstood by Ms. Holden."

Mabel, who had initially relaxed seeing that Kimberly recognized the man, tensed up again hearing Bryce's explanation, and asked sharply, "Auction? What auction?"

Bryce paused, then responded softly, "The land auction..."

He could feel the piercing stares from everyone as he mentioned Declan's name, making him visibly uncomfortable.

Mabel looked sternly at Kimberly, who was seated on the sofa.

"Kimberly, why are you getting involved with that scoundrel Declan again? And going to some ridiculous land auction with him?"

She wanted to ask Kimberly what she was thinking. Wasn't she supposed to be distancing herself from that troublemaker?

Kimberly couldn't help but feel a bit helpless. She slowly stood up and walked over to Bryce, first gently telling Mabel, "Auntie Mabel, it's a long story. I will explain it to you later."

After a brief pause, Mabel nodded and moved to sit on the sofa.

Kimberly then turned to Bryce, her face expressionless. "Thank you for coming, Bryce, but I won't be needing these clothes. Please take them back."

Bryce looked perplexed, hesitating. "But..."

Kimberly interjected sharply, "Do you think, Bryce, that as the heiress of the Holden family, I can't afford a nice dress?"

"Of course not, Mrs. Walsh, I just thought..."

"Don't call me Mrs. Walsh!"

Kimberly was fed up with Declan's constant harassment, her eyes narrowing sharply. "Please call me Ms. Holden."

Bryce fell silent for a moment, then acknowledged respectfully, saying, "Ms. Holden, I apologize for the disturbance. I'll report your decision to Mr. Walsh. Also, he asked if you'd like him to pick you up for the auction tonight."

"No need. The Holden family has access to luxury cars that the Walsh family can only dream of." Kimberly's tone was laced with sarcasm.

She didn't mean to embarrass Bryce directly, but he was a representative of Declan, a man she despised deeply—the mere mention of his name filled her with disgust.

"Ansell, see him out."

"Right away, Ms. Holden!" Ansell stepped up, his expression cold as he looked at Bryce, clearly showing hate. "This way, please."

It was no surprise that Ansell's attitude was less than welcoming. Bryce's presence was not appreciated by anyone in the Holden household.

Bryce caught Kimberly's frosty look, feeling somewhat relieved to be leaving, yet he dared not let it show. After all, he was still officially working for Declan.

"Apologies for the intrusion." With that, Bryce quickly left.

The way they stared at him was truly terrifying!

After Bryce had left, Mabel and Archie turned to Kimberly, their expressions full of expectation, as if they were waiting for her to explain herself.

Feeling overwhelmed, Kimberly managed a forced smile and stepped forward. "Let me explain..."

She went on to detail the entire situation and her collaboration plan with Chris to Mabel and Archie.

However, she lied, claiming that the insider information came from Chris, even though the plan was her own idea.

Archie's and Mabel's faces relaxed somewhat as they exchanged understanding looks.

"If the information is from Mr. Howard, then it's reliable. Still, be careful at tonight's event. Declan is cunning and any misstep could expose your strategy," Mabel warned with a stern look. "But if this plan works, it could neutralize the Walsh family as a threat, eliminating a major competitor for the Holden Group!"

Archie nodded in agreement and said, "There are risks, but it's a gamble worth taking. It'll also put that scoundrel in his place!"

His eyes revealed a hint of satisfaction, as he genuinely believed it was all thanks to Chris!

He admired Chris for his decisiveness and efficiency, exactly the kind he respected!