

Chapter 115 A Collector Of Discarded Items

The Walsh residence, second floor, a certain bedroom.

Declan was propped against the headboard, his mother, Samira, seated beside him. She was holding a bowl of aromatic soup, offering a spoonful to Declan. "Declan, take another sip. This soup is very nourishing. A little more won't hurt."

A drop of soup fell with a "plop" onto the papers Declan was reviewing. His expression soured immediately, his voice tinged with annoyance. "Mom, I'm trying to work!"

He lifted his hand to push Samira's away. "It's always soup, soup, and more soup. I'm swimming in soup here! I don't want any more. Please, just leave me alone!"

Samira became anxious at his reaction.

She wasn't put off by Declan's bad attitude; she was concerned about his health! "How can you say that? At least finish half the bowl..."

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted their heated argument.

Declan's gaze shifted to see Bryce entering, a glimmer of relief in his eyes. "Bryce, come in, you..."

He then noticed the gift boxes in Bryce's hands, and his expression shifted. "Why have you brought those back again? Was Kimberly not at home?"

Bryce stepped into the room, paused by the bed, and after a brief silence, said with a tone of resignation, "Ms. Holden was home, but... she said the Holden family doesn't need the money. She didn't even glance at the clothes and jewelry you picked out for her and just dismissed me."

Declan was caught off guard by this response. He snapped the file shut

and tossed it angrily to the floor.

He felt utterly humiliated by Kimberly! "The jewelry set I sent her cost three million at an auction, and she still turned it down?"

Samira's expression twisted as she heard that the jewelry was worth three million. She set down the soup bowl and snatched the jewelry and clothes from Bryce, gripping them tightly.

"How could you give such valuable items to that ungrateful bitch, Declan! Clearly, that bitch knows she isn't worthy of these clothes and jewelry! It's better she didn't take them, or you'd have wasted so much money. Declan, you're being stupid!"

The thought of these million-dollar gifts being offered to Kimberly pained Samira, but seeing Declan so upset, she softened her tone.

Declan's expression was dark, his frustration evident. "What an ignorant bitch!"

"Exactly, that bitch is ungrateful and ignorant! She doesn't deserve someone like you, Declan. You should divorce her as soon as you can!" Samira never missed a chance to push Declan towards ending his marriage with Kimberly.

"Declan dear..." A gentle voice interrupted from the doorway. Valerie entered with a tray, and as everyone turned to her, she hesitated slightly before placing the tray on the bedside table. It was laden with freshly sliced fruit.

Declan's mood lightened a bit. He was tired of the endless soups, but thankfully, Valerie was there with something different.

He reached out to hold Valerie's hand. "Why didn't you let the maids handle this?"

Valerie flinched, and Declan was startled. He quickly looked down and noticed a bandage on Valerie's finger. Concerned, he asked, "What happened here?"

Valerie forced a weak smile, pulling her hand back. "I just nicked myself while cutting the fruit. It's nothing I've already taken care of it."

"You should be more careful!" Declan felt a twinge of guilt. An idea then

struck him, and he turned to Samira. "Mom, give the clothes and jewelry to Valerie."

Samira was taken aback, her brow furrowing in disapproval, but Declan cut her off. "Mom, Valerie has been looking after me all this while, as you've seen. When I'm feeling better, I'll buy you something even more gorgeous."

Hearing this, Samira's face softened slightly. Reluctantly, she handed the items to Valerie. "This set is worth three million! Be careful with it, make sure it doesn't get damaged!"

Valerie bowed her head, and hidden from view, her smile tightened, a glimmer of jealousy and resentment flashing in her eyes.

Why should she accept what Kimberly had rejected? Was she just a collector of discarded items? Despite her thoughts, Valerie inhaled deeply and when she raised her head again, she pretended to be surprised. "So expensive?"

She then offered Declan a sweet smile. "Thank you, Declan."

Declan's heart lightened at her grateful smile, soothing his earlier frustration. He returned a soft smile and said, "I'm glad you like it."

Like it? What a joke! Who would want someone else's unwanted trash? Valerie's smile wavered momentarily, yet her eyes sparkled playfully. "Of course, I love it. Especially since it's from you, Declan."

On the sidelines, Bryce watched Valerie's reaction, his eyebrows raised in intrigue. It seemed Valerie had overheard their earlier conversation, yet her composure was unexpected!

Holden Mansion.

After lunch, Archie went out for a walk while Mabel accompanied Kimberly to her room, curious about the gift Kimberly had prepared for her.

No matter how much Mabel hinted, Kimberly refused to reveal anything. Finally, the moment to reveal the mysterious gift arrived, and Mabel was undeniably thrilled.

Kimberly approached her desk, pulled open a drawer, and handed a paper

bag to Mabel with a smile. "Go ahead, take a look!"

Mabel eagerly tore open the paper bag, extracted the documents inside, and gasped as she scanned the bold lettering on the cover. She quickly flipped to the last page, noting Chris' signature and the Howard Group's seal, her excitement bubbling over as she embraced Kimberly tightly. "Kimberly, I love you so much!"

Kimberly's smile widened subtly as she patted Mabel's back. "I'm glad you like it."

This was just the first step in Kimberly's plan for revenge, but it was a significant one!

The contract symbolized hope for the Holden family's future and a testament that change could be achieved with effort.

Kimberly planned many more surprises for Declan and Valerie. She vowed to make them pay.

Once Mabel had calmed, she sat on the sofa, pouring over the contract with joy. But as she reached a particular clause, her smile vanished, and she looked up sharply at Kimberly, who was calmly sipping her coffee, and pointed at the document. "Kimberly, isn't there an issue with this clause? Did you notice it when you signed?"