

## Chapter 118 The Counterattack Of Kimberly

Declan's face turned red with fury, a wave of anger surging through him.

"Damn it!"

Chris was far too arrogant!

How dare he tell his subordinates to mock him!

This was something he simply couldn't overlook!

With fury burning in his chest, Declan could hardly wait to exit the car as he rushed to the entrance of Javille's top hotel.

A long red carpet was laid out from the hotel steps to the park outside, lined by reporters from various media outlets. The relentless flashing of cameras filled the air.

Kimberly and Chris had arrived shortly before. Since Kimberly was waiting for Declan, Chris had proceeded inside. When Declan arrived, he spotted Kimberly waiting, while Chris was already moving towards the hotel.

As soon as the media noticed Chris, they flocked towards him like bees to honey.

Declan's eyes narrowed as he briskly walked over to Kimberly, seizing her wrist and pulling her along.

Startled, Kimberly scowled and struggled to free herself from Declan's grip.

"Let go of me, Declan!"

"Shut up!" Declan snapped back irritably, fixing her with a fierce glare. His intense expression made them look more like sworn enemies than a married couple.

A nearby reporter captured this moment, pausing in shock at the image she had just taken, falling silent.

Kimberly's frown deepened. Unable to break free from Declan's grip, she

reluctantly followed him. She couldn't fathom how Declan had become so forceful so suddenly.

Was it the adrenaline from his anger?

"Mr. Howard!" Declan called out to Chris.

The reporters turned to see Declan dragging Kimberly along. They were momentarily taken aback, then quickly began snapping photos with renewed interest.

Declan's profile in the business world was on the rise. While the Walsh family's influence didn't rival the Holden family's, they were certainly making an impact!

Chris paused and turned around. Seeing Declan aggressively pulling Kimberly toward him, he slightly furrowed his brows, his normally calm eyes sharpening.

"Mr. Walsh, Ms. Holden, I trust you are both well."

He couldn't bring himself to address her as "Mrs. Walsh," even if it were just for appearances.

Declan scoffed, perceiving Chris's civility as pretense. He positioned Kimberly between them and spoke derisively, aware of the media's attention.

"Didn't we just see each other half an hour ago? I must express my gratitude for you giving my wife a ride, which made it impossible for me to catch up."

Upon hearing that, the crowd gasped, sensing an intriguing story.

Chris narrowed his eyes, taken aback by Declan's public confrontation. He clicked his tongue, releasing a cunning chuckle.

"I merely happened to see Ms. Holden by the roadside, apparently waiting for someone, so I offered her a ride. Did you say you couldn't keep up with my car?"

Chris raised his chin, his height giving him a natural advantage over Declan, looking down at him with a subtle air of dominance. His demeanor, though arrogant, did not seem to alienate the onlookers; it appeared almost natural for him to stand above others.

He smiled and asked mockingly, "Could it be that your car just isn't fast enough?"

Around them, reporters suddenly connected the dots, murmuring among themselves.

"Mr. Howard's vehicle is a limited edition Rolls-Royce Phantom, valued at over eighty million. I just saw Mr. Walsh driving a BMW that costs just over a million..."

"No surprise he couldn't keep up. The disparity is just too vast!"

"Indeed, one of Mr. Howard's car tires could buy a fleet of Declan's cars. How could he even pose such a question? If it were me, I'd be too ashamed to ask. It's quite embarrassing!"

Declan's face turned red.

He had hoped his hints would cast doubt on Chris and Kimberly's relationship, but Chris's tactful response not only countered his attempt but also leveraged the disparity in their assets to embarrass him further!

"You..."

Declan was momentarily speechless.

Chris looked at him with indifference and asked, "Am I wrong?"

Following this, the onlookers began to openly criticize Declan.

"Mr. Walsh, you're being unreasonable. It's obvious your car isn't up to par, yet you shift the blame to others. Moreover, Mr. Howard was merely being courteous by offering Mrs. Walsh a lift. You should ponder why you weren't there sooner, leaving Mrs. Walsh to wait alone roadside, instead of criticizing others!"

"Exactly, I've never seen such a petty individual. Even if he ascends the social ladder and becomes a business mogul, so what? I can't imagine what Ms. Holden saw in him back then!"

The murmuring continued.

Chris allowed a slight smile to play on his lips as he listened to the crowd's biting remarks towards Declan, effectively diminishing him. His gaze was full of hatred as he briefly looked at Declan before turning to walk away.

He was aware that these journalists were erratic, their opinions swayed by the prevailing winds. They weren't actually siding with him to suppress Declan; they were merely swayed by his influential stature and family connections.

But did it really matter?

As long as he maintained his influential position, a mere whisper from him could tarnish Declan's reputation!

Such was the power of influence and status!

Kimberly observed Declan's growing discomfort and found it rather amusing.

This was a prime example of a plan spectacularly backfiring.

"Honey, this is on you. I give you millions every month, can't you manage to save enough for a decent car?"

Kimberly's delicate features showed her disappointment. Her voice was soft and sweet as she called Declan "honey," an alluring tone that made the men present weak in the knees and stirred their anger towards him even more.

"Really, Mr. Walsh, how can you justify living off your wife's finances? Isn't that a bit shameful?"

"Disgraceful, a stain on your family's honor!"

Even the guests passing by to attend the auction couldn't help but stop and point at Declan upon hearing this.

In the realm of the affluent, maintaining one's dignity was paramount!

Even common men prided themselves on being the breadwinners, let alone those from illustrious families who would never dream of depending on their wives' wealth!



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