

Chapter 141 Desperate Ultimatum

Every compliment Kimberly showered on Chris and the way she sarcastically called Declan "darling" only stoked the flames of Declan's fury.

No man in his right mind could endure the betrayal of his wife, especially one who repeatedly lauded another man's prowess in bed.

Who could possibly stand for it? Declan certainly couldn't.

"Do you have any shred of shame left? I must have been a fool to marry such a shameless woman!"

His voice grew increasingly agitated, and his grip on Kimberly's wrist became a vise.

Still, Kimberly stood her ground, refusing to flinch despite the storm of his anger. It wasn't that she didn't feel the pain; she was determined not to show any signs of vulnerability to Declan.

With a soft chuckle, she replied, "Oh, come on! Foolish? Not at all! If you hadn't married me, the Walsh family would have been bankrupt long ago. You didn't just marry a wife; you latched onto a cash cow. When your finances run dry, all you have to do is come home and pray, and the money will flow in. It's just like hitting the jackpot, isn't it, Mr. Walsh?"

They stood in front of one of the finest hotels in Javille, a place where only the elite of high society could come and go freely.

The ruckus between Kimberly and Declan drew a growing crowd of onlookers. Passersby who had been in a hurry paused to gather around, their curiosity piqued as they watched the drama unfold at the entrance, eyes glinting with intrigue.

By the time Declan comprehended what was unfolding, a crowd had already gathered, fingers pointing and hushed whispers circulating about

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By the time Declan comprehended what was unfolding, a crowd had already gathered, fingers pointing and hushed whispers circulating about him and Kimberly. His expression darkened as the truth dawned on him: Kimberly was orchestrating this spectacle to push him into a public divorce!

"Kimberly!" Declan's eyes blazed with fury, his teeth clenched tightly. "Do you really think that making such a scene will make me divorce you? Don't even entertain the idea. You'll be Mrs. Walsh for life!"

In the past, those words would have ignited anger in Kimberly, but now, she felt something entirely different. Having come to terms with the fact that in her previous life, she was merely a pawn in Declan's game, she had fully released her attachment to him.

She looked at Declan with a calm demeanor, a subtle smile playing on her lips. "Being Mrs. Walsh isn't so terrible. I'm sure my love won't mind. This way, we can enjoy ourselves without any obligations.

When we grow tired of it, I'll just find another man, while he can marry someone from a respectable family. I won't lose anything but you, Mr.

Walsh... you might. If word gets out, people will talk behind your back. I may not care about my reputation, but I wonder if you do?"

Kimberly was well aware of how much Declan valued his image.

If rumors of her infidelity started to circulate, he wouldn't be able to bear the shame. His mother, fierce and unyielding, would undoubtedly wreak havoc in the Walsh household, compelling Declan to divorce her.

The blow to Kimberly's reputation would be a small sacrifice compared to the chaos it would unleash within the Walsh family. It was a gamble she was eager to take.

She could hardly contain her anticipation at the thought of the upheaval that would soon erupt in that hypocritical family.

As her words hung in the air, Declan's expression darkened further. Just as he opened his mouth to respond, he caught sight of Chris approaching from the edge of the crowd.

"Who said I wouldn't mind?" Chris said.

He strode over to Kimberly's side, his gaze softening as he looked down at her. Reaching out, he grabbed Declan's wrist, and with a sharp crack, the sound of a bone breaking echoed through the air.

"Ah—" Declan screamed.

Chris's voice made Kimberly's heart race. She glanced up at Chris, who held her waist, enveloping her in his crisp mint scent.

As she met Chris's warm smile, a wave of disorientation washed over her. But then the pitiful cries around them made her shrink back slightly.

Chris truly was a contradiction. His strikingly handsome face bore a gentle, innocent smile, yet his methods were ruthlessly violent. The contrast was striking.

"You..." Kimberly took a steadying breath, regaining her composure as a faint smile touched her lips. "If you mind, Mr. Howard, then I might have to think about finding someone else."

"No need to complicate things," Chris replied, his tone soothing. "It's much easier to tackle the problem at its source, wouldn't you agree?"

With that, he reluctantly released his hold on Kimberly's waist and turned to face Declan, a cold, murderous glint in his eyes.

The two bodyguards behind him moved in swiftly, effortlessly pinning Declan to the ground. Chris stepped forward, looming over him with an icy demeanor. "I'm giving you one last chance. Do you want your wife, or

the Walsh Group?"

Declan, his wrist broken and his face pale from the pain, struggled against the grip of Chris's bodyguards. He glared up at Chris, his eyes bloodshot. "What do you mean by this?"

Chris's expression was laced with impatience. He ignored Declan's question, instead delivering his ultimatum coldly. "I'm giving you ten seconds to decide. Think carefully. Ten."

"Chris, what the hell are you doing? What are you planning for the Walsh Group?"

"Nine."

"Do you really think I'll be intimidated? You're just bluffing. If you had the power, you would've acted by now!"

"Eight."

"Damn it! Answer me!"

"You're really noisy." Chris frowned slightly, crouching down and patting Declan's face with a mocking smile. "With all that fight in you, I see there's no need to give you so much time. Let's make it a three-second countdown. Three. Two..."

Declan's pupils dilated sharply. The pressure was overwhelming and he hurriedly exclaimed, "The Walsh Group! I want the Walsh Group!"

Even as he shouted defiantly, Declan was acutely aware of the Walsh Group's precarious position; it wouldn't take much for Chris to bring it crashing down into bankruptcy with a single word.

Chris appeared satisfied. "So when will you get the paperwork finalized?"

"Well... the day after tomorrow," Declan stammered.

At that, Chris's expression soured immediately, his tone taking on a menacing edge. "The day after tomorrow?"

Declan clenched his teeth. "It's late, and the courthouse staff might have already left for the day!"

"So that's the reason," Chris replied, glancing sideways at Leif, who was standing nearby.

Leif quickly understood the cue, pulling out his phone to send a few messages. After receiving a response, he turned to Chris. "Mr. Howard, it's all set. The divorce can be finalized in half an hour!"

Chris nodded slightly, looking down at Declan, who lay on the floor, as if seeking his input.

Declan ground his teeth, aware that he had no option but to comply. "I'm ready anytime!"