

Chapter 144 Divorce Agreement

As Chris and Kimberly melted into a passionate kiss, the gentle hum of the moving Rolls-Royce faded as it came to a stop. From the front seat, the driver tapped on the partition, his voice politely breaking through the moment. "Mr. Howard, Ms. Holden, we've arrived at the courthouse."

The sudden interruption jolted Kimberly back to her senses. She blinked and found herself staring into Chris's intense gaze. Flustered, she pressed a hand to his chest.

"Ouch..."

Finally pulling apart, she touched her lip and noticed a faint sting—a smear of blood on her fingertip. She shot Chris a vexed look as he adjusted his clothes, the smallest smirk tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Did you have to bite so hard?"

Chris's eyes glinted with amusement. "Guess I got a little too into it," he murmured, unapologetic.

Rolling her eyes, Kimberly climbed off him, straightened her dress, and stepped out of the car.

As she got out, her gaze landed on Declan, restrained by bodyguards about fifty meters away.

Their eyes locked, and Kimberly's expression shifted subtly as Declan took in her slightly swollen, bitten lip. Realization sparked in his eyes, and he erupted.

"Kimberly! Are you that desperate?"

Declan lunged forward, seething but the bodyguards held him firmly, his movements wild and unrestrained, like a caged animal.

"Let go of me! Let me go!" he snarled, struggling furiously.

Kimberly's expression remained unbothered, a slight smirk on her lips. Declan's public outbursts were nothing new, and his words no longer affected her.

She was about to respond when a low, commanding voice came from behind her.

"Let him go."

At Chris's order, the bodyguards released Declan, though they stayed alert, watching his every move.

Declan's gaze flicked from Kimberly to the Rolls-Royce, and when he saw Chris inside, his fists clenched with rage.

"Mr. Walsh, do you have a moment?" Chris asked, coolly. "Why not join me for a chat in the car?"

Declan sneered, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "Do I have a choice?"

Dragged here by Chris's men, Declan seethed at the apparent pretense of civility.

Chris hadn't exactly left Declan with any options, yet he wore a mask of feigned politeness.

With a casual glance at Declan, Chris turned to Kimberly, whose expression was tinged with concern. He offered her a reassuring smile. "Please, just trust me on this. I need to have a word with him. You go ahead and find the staff."

"But—"

"Be good. Just trust me."

His gentle gaze was so warm and sincere that it was almost overwhelming, drawing her in like a comforting embrace.

Kimberly found herself momentarily lost in his eyes before clearing her throat and nodding. "Alright, but make it quick. It's getting late, and I don't want to hold up their closing time."

With that, she turned and walked briskly toward the brightly lit

courthouse, her red dress billowing elegantly in the evening breeze—a captivating sight under the gentle illumination of the streetlights.

Chris watched her retreating figure until a shadow fell beside him, breaking his focus. "Didn't get enough of a look last night?" Declan sneered, taking a seat next to him.

Chris shifted his gaze, taking in Declan's disheveled appearance with an amused smirk. "Mr. Walsh, have you not slept a wink in the last twenty-four hours?"

Declan's anger ignited his bloodshot eyes narrowing as he glared at Chris, gritting his teeth. "What do you think? I never thought the illustrious heir of the Howard family could be so shameless—sleeping with someone else's wife and forcing her to divorce! Haven't you heard? It's worse to tear apart a marriage than to demolish a building. Your reckonings on the horizon!"

Chris maintained a cold smile, watching Declan vent his frustrations.

"Are you done? Let's talk about the divorce agreement."

As his words faded, the car window began to rise slowly, and the driver quietly exited, leaving the two men alone.

"Divorce agreement?" Declan echoed, his anger simmering down a notch. He frowned. "What do you mean?"

Moments later, a bodyguard knocked on the car window. Chris lowered it, took a document from him, and handed it to Declan before raising the window again to shut out prying eyes.

"Take a look."

Declan, cautious and on edge, took the document and flipped through its pages. When he reached a specific clause, he shot a furious glance at Chris, his anger boiling over as if he were ready to rip the document in half.

"You want me to return the money? That's impossible!"

"If you destroy this contract, I can guarantee that within a year, Walsh Group won't have any partnerships," Chris replied coolly, his gaze unwavering.

Declan froze, glaring at Chris with a mix of rage and disbelief. "Don't push me, Chris! I refuse to believe you can control everything in Javille! Don't you have rivals? Oh, right—the Hoffman family. I'm certain Levi would be eager to stand with me!"

A glimmer of hope flickered in Declan's eyes at the mention of Levi from the Hoffman family. Everyone knew that Levi and Chris were sworn enemies.

Chris raised an eyebrow, a knowing smile playing at the corners of his lips. "Not too foolish, I see—you're seeking out the Hoffman family as your shield."

Feeling he had the upper hand, Declan laughed triumphantly. "They say you can't fight the authorities. With the Hoffman family backing me, do you really think you can take me down?"

He seemed completely convinced that Levi would side with him.

Chris nodded thoughtfully, then retrieved his phone and dialed a number, flashing a knowing smile at Declan as he showed him the screen. "Let's find out if Levi is ready to step up as your protector."

Chris radiated confidence, navigating the situation with effortless ease, which only fueled Declan's irritation. He smirked and replied, "Sure!"

Without hesitation, Chris pressed the call button.

A few seconds later, an impatient voice answered on the other end. "Speak up, or hang up!"

In the presidential suite of a hotel, Levi lounged against the headboard, his expression icy. He took a glass of water and some pills from his private doctor, swallowing them just as Chris's teasing voice came through the phone.

"Mr. Walsh is interested in collaborating with you. I'm calling to get your thoughts on it."

