

## Chapter 145 The Divorce

Levi had spent an exhausting three hours in the pool the night before. Even though it was summer, the temperature drop in Javille at night could be quite jarring. Losing track of time in the water could leave anyone feeling unwell, and he was no exception.

When he finally woke up in the afternoon, a wave of dizziness washed over him. His body felt feverish, and his throat was sore, making him feel utterly miserable.

Relief came when his private doctor arrived to administer an IV. Just as the needle was withdrawn, Chris's call came through.

Levi struggled to shake off the fog in his mind long enough to answer. "Mr. Walsh? Which Mr. Walsh?" he mumbled, incredulous that Chris would be so polite as to introduce him to a business partner.

A sudden thought crossed his mind, and he narrowed his eyes, lowering his voice menacingly. "You're not talking about that bastard Declan, are you?"

On the other end, Chris had put the call on speaker, and Levi's agitated tone rang through clearly.

Chris raised an amused eyebrow, glancing at Declan, who wore a deep scowl. "It's him," Chris confirmed.

Levi's voice burst through the phone, brimming with fury. "That bastard drugged me and has the audacity to ask for my cooperation? Chris, tell him to watch his back! If I see him, I'll make sure he pays for this!"

"No need to pass along your message; he's right here listening," Chris replied with a teasing smirk.

"Declan, you've got some nerve! Just you wait! You're going to pay for this!" Levi spat before disconnecting the call, enraged.

"Mr. Hoffman, let me explain, I..."

Declan's face went pale. While provoking Chris was risky enough, angering Levi as well—two of the most powerful figures in Javille—could spell disaster for the entire Walsh family!

A deep sense of dread washed over him.

"He hung up," Chris said, setting his phone down on his lap, his long fingers tapping lightly against it as a faint smile played on his lips. "Looks like Levi isn't interested in cooperating with you."

Declan's expression shifted between pale and furious as he clenched his teeth. Faced with the gravity of his situation, he realized he had no choice but to swallow his pride.

"Mr. Howard, I... I was reckless and overstepped. Please, have mercy on me!"

Chris held the power to wipe out the Walsh Group with just a word, and Levi's grudge against Declan only added to the pressure. For Declan, this was a disastrous start.

Even a fool wouldn't dare challenge Chris. If the Walsh family fell, he, as CEO, would surely go down with them!

With this grim reality sinking in, Declan buried his pride and forced a flattering smile as he retrieved a pen from his pocket.

"Didn't you want me to sign the divorce papers? If you promise not to go after the Walsh Group and convince Mr. Hoffman to let me off the hook, I'll sign them right away. What do you think?"

Chris raised an eyebrow, a faint smile dancing on his lips. "Mr. Walsh, your scheming is painfully obvious. Using divorce papers to save your neck? Quite the strategist you are. Aren't you going to accuse me of trying to take advantage of the situation and steal your wife?"

"I wouldn't dare..."

Declan's smile was rigid, and he bit back his words. He was not only willing to sign the divorce papers, but he'd also consider handing Kimberly over to Chris if it meant ensuring his own safety!

His thoughts were a whirlwind, particularly with Levi's warning ringing in his ears, indicating that Levi suspected him of orchestrating the drugging incident.

With Levi's uncle being the second most powerful man in Javille, it wouldn't be difficult for him to eliminate Declan.

Facing Levi's wrath felt far more terrifying than Chris's.

At least Chris had reservations since Kimberly was still technically his wife, but Levi would show no mercy!

If Levi had evidence of the drugging Declan could be facing jail time at any moment.

When it came to his own interests, Declan wouldn't hesitate to abandon Kimberly. In his eyes, nothing mattered more than his own survival!

Chris regarded him with disdain, a mockingsmile playing on his lips.

He wished he could freeze this moment and show it to Kimberly, to reveal just how blind she had been to fall for such a selfish, hypocritical man.

"Alright," Chris finally said, "as long as you finalize the divorce today and sign the papers, I'll find a way to keep Levi off your back."

Declan's eyes brightened with eagerness. "Okay! As long as you keep your word, I'll be on my best behavior!"

Chris's smile vanished as he looked at Declan with cold indifference, slightly raising his chin. "Sign it."

Without a second thought, Declan turned to the last page of the documents and quickly scrawled his signature. He then offered the signed papers with both hands, his smile eager and obsequious.

"Mr. Howard, it's signed."

Chris took the papers, glanced over them, nodded, and opened the car door to step out. Declan rushed to follow, closely trailing behind.

Inside the courthouse, they found Kimberly seated alone at the service window, already filling out her forms in the empty hall.

Chris approached her quickly, his expression softening as he handed her the divorce papers.

Kimberly took the papers, surprised as she glanced at them. She looked up at Chris, about to ask a question, but he gently urged, "It's getting late. Let's get this done."

"Okay." She nodded obediently, handing over the divorce papers, the form, and her ID to the staff. "I didn't bring my marriage certificate. Can you..."

The staff instinctively glanced at the man standing beside her. Chris

expressionless, said coolly, "Process it for her."

"Okay." The staff complied, taking the completed form from Declan, checking it, and stamping it before instructing them to return in a few days to collect the finalized divorce certificate.

As they exited the courthouse, Kimberly walked in a daze, astonished by how easy the divorce had been.

"You..." Declan looked at the beautiful woman beside him, a complex mix of emotions flickering across his face. Seeing her and Chris both look his way, he halted mid-sentence, forcing a smile tinged with reluctance and bitterness. "It's getting late; you should head home and rest. In a few days... Don't forget to come with me to pick up the divorce certificate."



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