

Chapter 146 Vow Of Revenge

Kimberly's gaze held a flicker of intrigue as a smile danced on her red lips. "I won't forget. You don't need to worry."

With that, she confidently linked her arm with Chris's and said, "Mr. Howard, let's go."

Chris nodded, not bothering to glance back at Declan, and guided her to the car.

As they drove away, Declan stood alone, watching the Rolls-Royce disappear into the distance, his expression a storm of conflicting emotions.

The thought of divorcing Kimberly had never crossed his mind.

He couldn't understand how they had reached this point.

On their way back, Chris took the wheel himself, steering toward the Holden Mansion while keeping a close eye on Kimberly. He noticed her staring absently at the rearview mirror, causing his grip on the steering wheel to tighten with concern.

"What's on your mind?" he asked, breaking the silence.

Kimberly blinked, startled back to reality, and glanced at his serious profile. Sensing his discontent, she pressed her lips together.

"Don't worry; it's not that I can't move on. It's just hard to believe everything was resolved so quickly," she admitted.

This issue had weighed heavily on her for a long time, and Chris's swift action had taken her by surprise.

Curiosity stirred within her, and she asked, "How did you get him to sign the divorce papers?"

She was all too familiar with Declan's petty ways.

"Take a guess," Chris replied, a teasing smile playing on his lips.

Kimberly fell silent, her disbelief evident. "If you don't want to share, that's fine. The divorce is done. Thank you, Mr. Howard."

"Come on, Ms. Holden, no need to be so formal," he chuckled lightly.

The courthouse was just a short distance from the Holden Mansion. Chris parked smoothly outside and turned to Kimberly. "Starting tomorrow, our arrangement goes into effect. When do you plan to move back to Lakeview Haven Villas?"

Kimberly's lips twitched, sensing a deeper meaning in his words. "Can't you let me rest for a couple of days?"

Even now, she felt the ache in her body, and moving around too much brought her discomfort, yet he appeared to be brimming with energy.

Chris, realizing she misunderstood his intent, looked at her with a deepening gaze. "Now you know it hurts? I told you to use the salve I gave you, but you didn't."

Noticing her lower her head in silence, Chris was filled with a blend of helplessness and concern. He unbuckled his seatbelt and reached over to gently take her hand. "I'll stay with you tonight."

It wasn't a suggestion.

Kimberly straightened up, wide-eyed with shock. "Are you crazy? This is the Holden family home!"

"Why not?"

"Absolutely not! If my grandfather finds out we're spending the night together..."

Before she could finish, Chris leaned in, placing a finger on her lips. "If we keep it under wraps, Mr. Holden won't have any idea I'm in your room. Besides, even if he did find out, so what? We're both single—there's nothing scandalous about that."

Kimberly felt a throb at her temples, almost swayed by his twisted reasoning. Just as she opened her mouth to respond, Chris leaned in and kissed her, his dazzling smile momentarily leaving her breathless.

"Let's go; get out of the car," he said, stepping outside.

Kimberly, still slightly dazed, quickly followed suit as they walked side by side into the Holden family home.

It was around nine in the evening when they strolled down the corridor toward the main house and ran into Ansell.

"Miss Holden, Mr. Howard... are you here to see Mr. Holden? He just went to bed, so it might not be a good time to disturb him," Ansell said.

Chris's expression softened as he nodded slightly. "Then we'll see him tomorrow. Ansell, would it be alright if I stayed the night?"

Ansell looked taken aback for a moment before smiling broadly. "Of course! I'll have the staff prepare a guest suite for you right away."

"Thank you."

"My pleasure, Mr. Howard."

Ansell quickly arranged for a guest suite at the end of the third-floor corridor, while Kimberly's room was located in the opposite direction.

Once Ansell had left, Chris felt his phone buzz in his pocket. Spotting Levi's name on the screen, he frowned slightly.

"You can answer that. I'll go take a shower." Seizing the chance, Kimberly made her escape.

Chris just nodded, not saying a word as the door closed behind her. He moved to the floor-to-ceiling window, drew back the heavy curtains, opened the window, and lit a cigarette.

By the time he finished, the call had already ended, but he took his time, remaining completely unruffled.

Moments later, Levi called again. Chris glanced at the phone before answering as if he had anticipated this second call.

As soon as the call connected, Levi's voice shot through the line, demanding "Did you arrange Kimberly's divorce from that scoundrel?"

Chris raised an eyebrow, the smoke curling around him, obscuring his expression. He flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"What's it to you?" he replied coolly.

Chris wasn't surprised that Levi, with his extensive connections, was the first to catch on.

"Huh..." Levi scoffed, sensing Chris's unspoken admission. "Did you use me to broker a deal with Declan? No wonder you called me out of the blue. You've got some nerve!"

At first, Chris's call hadn't seemed all that important to Levi, who had

been groggy from cold medicine and had just fallen asleep when the phonerang, jolting him awake.

Initially annoyed, Levi quickly became fully alert upon hearing that Kimberly and Declan had finalized their divorce. A nagging sense told him that Chris's call was crucial.

Levi wasn't naive. He rapidly pieced together the situation, especially considering it was the hotel staff who told him he'd been drugged by Declan. With Chris's call in mind, he realized he'd been played.

Chris wasn't shocked that Levi had caught on to being manipulated. He stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray and sank onto the sofa.

Even if Levi hadn't called tonight, Chris would have reached out.

After all, the divorce certificate wasn't finalized yet, and he couldn't let Levi jeopardize his plans.

"Yes, I promised Declan you wouldn't target him, so he signed the divorce papers."

"What gives you the right to make decisions for me?"

Levi exploded, his voice laced with derision. "Who do you think you are? Just because you say I shouldn't go after him, I'm supposed to comply? Chris, you really think too highly of yourself! Let me tell you, Declan is a dead man! I've already sent people to gather evidence against that scoundrel, and I won't let him off the hook!"



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