

Chapter 153 Feeling Soft-hearted

"What should we do if he refuses?" Mabel asked.

She thought of the betrayer, William, and her expression darkened.

She had long intended to strip him of his role as general manager. Previously, with the Holden Group scrambling for investors and overcoming technical challenges, and with Archie's feelings to be taken into account, she had delayed addressing this issue.

Now that the Howard Group was potentially partnering with them, bringing ample resources, talent, and funding she saw no reason to keep William around.

Why retain a traitor only to risk being betrayed again?

The Holden Group was already struggling and couldn't afford another of his betrayals.

He needed to be removed from the company!

But first, she required Archie's approval.

"Refuse?" Archie responded with a scoff, giving Mabel a knowing look. He patted her shoulder reassuringly. "There's only one general manager position. Only one leader is needed. Mabel, you and Kimberly proceed as you see fit. If any issues arise, I'll support you."

Mabel, initially surprised by Archie's response, felt a surge of gratitude, her eyes moistening. "Dad... with your backing I'm much more confident."

Since the death of Kimberly's parents, Archie had been devastated and withdrawn from company management, allowing William's ambitions to emerge unchecked. By the time she noticed, it was almost too late.

William had even betrayed the Holden family by sharing crucial new

energy project data with the Walsh Group, conspiring with Declan to try to demolish the Holden Group.

This was the last straw for Mabel. She was no longer willing to tolerate his actions. It was time for him to go.

Archie's decision was clear: he stood by her side.

Mabel felt a wave of relief wash over her, her gaze steady.

"William, if you can be so cold-hearted, don't blame me for my ruthlessness," she murmured under her breath.

Meanwhile, William and Theodosia were talking.

"Honey, what's the story with Kimberly and that Howard family heir? I can't seem to understand these young people."

William squinted thoughtfully, stroked his chin and after a moment, said, "Regardless of their relationship, my primary goal now is to disrupt the collaboration between our families. If that fails, I'll need to wait for my sister to develop something else of value, then pass that data to Mr. Walsh."

Theodosia's frown deepened, reflecting her concern. "Are you planning to continue betraying your family? Actually, the partnership between the Holden Group and the Howard Group might not be such a bad idea. We could maintain our alliance with the Walsh Group quietly and observe how things unfold."

William, however, was not convinced. "What do you understand? I'm already entangled in Declan's plans. Do you think he would just let me walk away if I tried to back out now? And my sister, she's become wary of me!"

In this, William felt both resentment and helplessness. He wished he could manipulate both sides to benefit regardless of the outcome.

But for him, there was no way out.

He had cornered himself previously, and Declan had incriminating evidence against him. Declan was a smart man; if William crossed him, he would surely use that evidence to expose him to the Holden family.

branding him a traitor.

Theodosia, grasping the depth of their dilemma just by listening, sighed deeply, her expression turning stern.

"It looks like we have no other option but to go after Archie."

William was taken aback, turning abruptly to face his wife. "You mean..."

Theodosia's smile was chilling, her eyes gleaming with a dark intent.

"Yes. I'm thinking of administering the same drug to Archie that I used on your mother. If we don't act quickly, Kimberly might outmaneuver us. She's in his good graces; who knows if he'll end up giving her all his shares, funds, and properties in a moment of joy?"

If that were to happen, they would be left with nothing all their efforts wasted while Kimberly benefited.

"I don't want to go after my dad..." William hesitated, his wife's ruthlessness frightening him.

"Feeling soft-hearted?" Theodosia scoffed, her voice sharp. "How can you become more cowardly as you get older? Remember, you and Declan engineered your brother and sister-in-law's car accident. I poisoned your mother, leaving her comatose, and that was your plan. Now you hesitate to deal with Archie? Have you played the dutiful son so long that you've lost yourself to the role?"

William fell quiet, his expression troubled.

Visions of his past misdeeds haunted him—he saw his brother's and sister-in-law's desperate gazes during the crash, and his mother's eyes, full of despair and betrayal, as she convulsed and reached out for her medication, only for him to stand idly by.

His past actions had trapped him; there was no reversing his course.

William closed his eyes and remained silent for a long time as if he were trying to make up his mind. He then opened his eyes, retrieved a packet of powder from his briefcase, handed it to his wife, and warned, "My father is more vigilant than my mother was. Make sure he doesn't catch on."

Theodosia waved off his concern with a sneer, twirling the packet of

powder in her fingers.

"Don't worry, I'm skilled at this."

She had already poisoned three members of the Holden family undetected; one more wouldn't be out of her capabilities.

An hour later, the grand procession pulled up at the cemetery on the city's outskirts, and everyone disembarked.

This was the Holden family cemetery, a meticulously kept site backed by mountains and blessed with scenic views.

Kimberly quietly retrieved a prepared basket from the trunk and followed Archie into the cemetery, the mood somber and reflective.

Chris walked quietly beside her, occasionally glancing at her. Seeing her pale, solemn expression affected him.

He wanted to offer some comfort, but he felt that any words might be inadequate at such a somber moment.

