

Chapter 158 Seeing Ambition In Her Eyes

"Isn't that so?"

Archie was relieved to see that Chris hadn't left due to a disagreement with Kimberly. His eyes crinkled with amusement as he found the humor in the situation.

"Grandpa!"

Archie chuckled warmly, affectionately tapping her on the forehead. "You, my dear, are getting a little too cheeky and bold from all the attention Mr. Howard gives you. That's not the best habit. You need to work on that."

With those words, he turned and walked toward the Holden Mansion, the family falling in line behind him, leaving Kimberly momentarily taken aback.

Archie's words enlightened her!

Kimberly furrowed her elegant brows, her expression thoughtful as she bit her lip.

Was she really acting like that?

Reflecting on her recent behavior, she acknowledged that her time with Chris had made her less reserved, and perhaps her temper had become a bit more...

She often lost her patience with him.

But Chris was in no way a person to be trifled with. Even Archie showed him a level of respect not afforded to most younger people.

The realization sent a shiver through Kimberly. Grandpa was right. She had been acting carelessly lately, particularly around Chris.

She couldn't quite remember when this shift had begun.

Feeling a mix of emotions, Kimberly quickly snapped back to the moment and hurried to join the others, lingering at the back of the group unnoticed. She missed Letitia's occasional concerned glances in her direction.

By the time they reached the main house, the dining table was laden with a spread of fine dishes. With William and his wife absent, the atmosphere at the meal was light and enjoyable.

After lunch, Archie and Christian retired to the chess room. Letitia saw this as an opportunity to have a private word with Kimberly, but before she could speak, Mabel got up from her seat.

"Kimberly, your grandfather has introduced a new variety of imported red roses. I remember how much you love red roses. Would you care to join me for a walk in the back garden?"

Kimberly glanced up at Mabel, her eyes smiling warmly. "Sure."

She was aware that Mabel wanted a private conversation, but with Letitia around, it wasn't the right time for open discussions, so she welcomed the diversion.

Letitia appeared slightly irritated but then smiled and stood up. "I'll come along too. I'm free right now."

Mabel, linking arms with Kimberly, was just about to head towards the back garden when she paused, surprised, and glanced back at Letitia.

She and Letitia usually maintained a polite distance, typically acknowledging each other with a nod at family gatherings, keeping up a facade of friendship.

This was the first time Letitia had made an effort to engage her in conversation.

Despite being taken aback, Mabel quickly noticed Letitia's eyes flicking towards Kimberly frequently. She raised an eyebrow.

So the interest was in Kimberly, not herself!

That was intriguing.

Still, Mabel found Letitia more agreeable than Theodosia.

Mabel didn't immediately respond but instead looked at Kimberly, seeking her input. Catching Mabel's questioning look, Kimberly responded with a neutral, polite smile.

"Alright, but Aunt Letitia, I've really been missing your homemade osmanthus cake. It's been more than a year since I last tasted it. How about making some for us? We could enjoy it with our afternoon tea in the garden. What do you think?"

Letitia paused, her gaze deepening as she observed the two women, who were close in age. She understood that Kimberly was tactfully sending her away.

Her interest was primarily in Chris, not their conversation. She quickly agreed and said, "Of course, I'll prepare some now. You two go ahead and enjoy your walk, and I'll catch up with you later."

With a warm smile, Letitia headed towards the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, ready to bake.

"Let's go."

Mabel watched Letitia walk away, then she and Kimberly left the main house, strolling down the pebble pathway in the back garden.

The Holden Mansion spread over a large area, with the residence itself taking up only a third of the estate. The rest was devoted to a sprawling back garden and an orchard at the very back.

The back garden offered a scenic retreat, shaded by willow trees, adorned with extensive flower beds, and a lotus pond. A stone pavilion on the bridge provided a perfect spot for relaxation. Wandering through the grounds felt like stepping back into an era of magnificence.

Mabel settled onto a stone bench, poured two cups of coffee, and took a sip from one, her eyes resting on Kimberly who leaned against the bridge railing. Kimberly's long, elegant legs caught the sunlight, drawing a silent recognition.

It was no wonder someone like Chris was so taken with her niece. Kimberly's beauty, poise, and stature made her the very picture of a noble

lady from a distinguished family.

Who could resist such allure?

Kimberly lounged on the bridge legs swinging leisurely. She occasionally scooped some fish food from a porcelain bowl and sprinkled it into the pond below, watching the fish dart across the glittering water, her thoughts adrift.

Even animals scramble for their survival; similarly, it was natural for humans to vie for their interests.

"Kimberly, come here. There's something we need to discuss."

Kimberly replied softly, "On my way."

She passed the porcelain bowl to a servant, dismissed her with a wave, and walked into the pavilion to sit opposite Mabel. Noticing her aunt's unusually solemn demeanor, Kimberly's curiosity piqued.

"Is this about Uncle William?"

Mabel nodded appreciatively, cleared her throat, and said in a hushed tone, "I'm considering removing William from active management in the company, making him a passive shareholder like Christian, who doesn't engage in key business decisions. I've spoken with your grandfather, and he agrees. I would like you to step into the role of general manager. What do you think?"

Kimberly's eyes lit up. This aligned perfectly with her aspirations. She had been looking for a chance to involve herself in the Holden Group, not just to assist Mabel against the treacherous William but also to carve out her own significant path.

She smiled slightly and responded, "It sounds like an excellent plan, but I suspect Uncle William won't concede easily."

Mabel regarded her with a steady gaze. Having held a high position herself for several years, she recognized the spark of ambition in Kimberly's eyes. She smiled back and said confidently, "He won't have much say in the matter."

Ambition was a trait Mabel admired, not something she viewed

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negatively.

+120 Points at most

Seeing such ambition in Kimberly was deeply satisfying for Mabel.

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