

Chapter 159 How Are Things With Mr. Howard

Kimberly immediately understood from Mabel's words that she had a strategy in mind. She took a sip from her porcelain coffee cup without asking further.

Kimberly trusted Mabel implicitly. Whatever Mabel planned, Kimberly was ready to back her without needing all the particulars.

The two had a deep connection, completely trusting each other.

After Kimberly shared her vision for the company, Mabel was struck by the originality of her ideas and couldn't help but regard her with admiration, feeling like she had unearthed a treasure.

"I'll have the tech department start on your suggestions," Mabel said, reaching out to hold Kimberly's hand. "Kimberly, I'm so glad you had the courage to end your marriage. With your sharp business sense, it would be a shame not to have you making waves at Holden Group. I'm confident that together, we can take this company to greater heights!"

Kimberly's eyes shone as she squeezed Mabel's hand in return. "We will make it happen!"

Although the Holden family had been prominent for over a century, Holden Group was her parents' creation, their life's work.

She couldn't stand by and watch the Holden Group repeat past mistakes.

In her previous life, she lived with too many regrets. Now given a second chance, she was determined not to waste it on insignificance or lead a directionless existence.

Mabel then steered the conversation towards the new energy project with Kimberly, who was already interested in it and had valuable insights about the future. Their conversation flowed effortlessly.

"I thought you might settle for the path your grandfather laid out for you, overseeing the subsidiaries from a distance. I underestimated you," Mabel said, her eyes filled with appreciation and affection for Kimberly. She thought it was a shame that Kimberly had married Declan and become a housewife.

Kimberly simply smiled, refilling their half-empty coffee cups. "That would be too ordinary. I thrive on the challenge of the business world, outsmarting competitors, and not just taking the easy route. That's what truly living means to me."

"Great minds think alike," Mabel said with a chuckle, fully agreeing. Then, something occurred to her. "Oh, by the way, I heard you bought that land on the outskirts. What's your plan for it?"

Kimberly's demeanor brightened at the mention. "I've been giving it some thought. What do you think?"

In her previous life, a struggling businessman had purchased that land for real estate development. Unexpectedly, six months later, the area was designated as an economic zone, complete with a new high-speed rail station and airport nearby, which significantly increased its prosperity. The mid-range real estate project he developed saw its value rise tenfold.

Since acquiring the land, Kimberly had been considering whether to pursue the same path or devise a new plan.

Just then, a cheerful voice interjected, "What's got you two so happy?"

Kimberly looked up to see Letitia approaching with a plate of freshly baked pastries, their sweet scent filling the air.

She couldn't help but feel enticed.

"Just chatting. That smells delicious."

"You little foodie," Letitia joked, sitting down beside Kimberly and setting the pastries on the table. "Try one. Do they taste as good as before?"

Kimberly eagerly picked up a pastry, still warm. She blew on it gently before taking a bite, her eyes closing in delight.

The pastry dissolved in her mouth, its sweetness enhanced by the subtle floral notes of osmanthus.

In Kimberly's opinion, Letitia's baking was unmatched. She had never found anything comparable elsewhere.

"It's delicious," she said.

Mabel watched with a hint of amusement as Kimberly happily munched on the pastries like a squirrel tucking away nuts for winter. She handed Kimberly a napkin, chuckling, "Take it easy. They aren't going anywhere. If you want more, just ask Letitia. She adores you; she'd make a whole batch just for you."

Letitia was indeed fond of Kimberly. Watching her enjoy the treats brought a smile to her face. "When have I ever refused you osmanthus cakes when you've asked?"

Basking in the warmth of family love and savoring her favorite sweets, Kimberly felt a deep sense of happiness, her eyes twinkling with joy.

It felt wonderful to be home.

Letitia and Mabel continued to chat, mainly about the company's affairs and gently advising Kimberly not to push herself too hard at work.

The topic of work always sparked Mabel's passion. She was a dedicated career woman who had thrown herself wholeheartedly into her job for years.

"You two carry on. I just remembered something at the office that needs my attention," Mabel said suddenly, rushing off.

"Mabel is always so immersed in her work. She's in her thirties, beautiful and smart, yet she doesn't seem to think about dating or settling down. For many, getting married is seen as the natural course." Letitia sighed as she watched Mabel hurry away.

She then turned to Kimberly, her eyes alight with curiosity. "Kimberly, don't mind me being a bit of a gossip, but how are things with Mr. Howard?"

Kimberly was momentarily caught off guard.

She hadn't planned on answering but Letitia's question took her by surprise, causing her to choke on her coffee and blush. She quickly sipped more coffee to compose herself.

"Ahem... Why are we suddenly talking about me?" she asked, clearly embarrassed.

Letitia, genuinely concerned, patted her back and leaned in, eager not to miss any detail.

"I'm just concerned about you. Tell me, I'm really curious."

Kimberly was at a loss for words. What could she say?

She knew Letitia, being a typical homemaker, believed that no matter the professional success, it didn't measure up to the fulfillment of a good marriage.

However, her current relationship with Chris was complicated, and she wasn't sure how to explain it.

Trying to maintain her composure, Kimberly dabbed at her lips with the napkin and pretended to sip her coffee, masking her true feelings. "Mr. Howard and I are just friends."

"Really? It seems to me Mr. Howard might have deeper feelings for you."

