

Chapter 26 Return The Money

Samira felt her anger surge, her whole body pulsing with irritation. She reached out her other hand, aiming to scratch Kimberly's face, but this arm of hers also became trapped in the gate, unable to move an inch.

Samira was completely shocked.

Valerie, too, was shocked, hardly believing that Samira could be so rash as to get caught the same way twice!

Observing this absurd scene, Kimberly was initially taken aback. Then, unable to contain herself, she erupted into laughter.

The image of Samira, appearing as though she were in handcuffs, was truly funny.

When had the formidable and assertive Samira ever been in such a dilemma?

Samira's face flushed a deep red. Seeing Kimberly laughing so openly at her expense, she screamed in a fit of rage, "Shut up! Kimberly, stop laughing! If you laugh again, I'll..."

She stopped mid-sentence. Her usual threat involved Declan potentially divorcing Kimberly.

It wasn't a novel threat but had always been effective.

But now... Kimberly seemed completely indifferent.

"You will? You'll have your son divorce me? Please do, I would welcome it," Kimberly said, a playful smirk on her face, the amusement clear in her eyes. Noticing Samira's furious gaze, she chuckled and turned to Maggie. "Call the property management to bring some tools to deal with this."

"Yes, Ms. Holden," Maggie responded, struggling to hold back her own laughter. She promptly contacted the property staff and then fetched a lounge chair for Kimberly, also preparing a fruit platter.

Thus, Kimberly relaxed comfortably on the chair, spearing a slice of fresh watermelon with a fork and savoring it. Maggie stood beside her, and they both enjoyed the spectacle of Samira's hopeless anger.

"Bitch, bitch! If I had known, I would never have allowed you into the Walsh



family. Just because you have a bit of money, you believe you can look down on my son after bringing a hundred million? Who the hell do you think you are?"

"Yes, absolutely, Mrs. Walsh, you're quite right. Therefore, when I divorce your son, I would appreciate it if he returns my money," Kimberly responded, not with anger but with a sweet smile, requesting to return the money she had brought into the Walsh family.

In the past, such humiliation from Samira would have enraged Kimberly, given that Samira was her mother-in-law.

Kimberly had been born into wealth, enjoying a carefree existence for her first twenty years. Her parents adored her, giving her a monthly allowance of ten million—more than she could ever spend. Surrounded by wealthy friends who indulged and complimented her, she had always been the center of attention, never needing to concern herself with others' opinions.

Perhaps her life had been too easy, lacking any real challenges, which fostered her proud and ostentatious character. She was like a dazzling star, bright and brilliant.

Her only real brush with adversity came at age eight, during a summer camp organized by her elite elementary school. They experienced a terrorist attack on a luxury cruise ship!

Her school charged fifty thousand in annual fees, and the camp included a cruise to a private island near Javille, owned by the Holden family.

As one of Javille's four major families, the Holdens had a century-old legacy and profound connections.

With such a distinguished background, Kimberly was a standout at school. Not only did she come from a prominent family, but she was also stunningly beautiful, with an exceptional figure and presence.

She was intelligent and talented, excelling in her studies and consistently ranking first in her grade. She mastered various forms of art, including classical dance, and possessed a flexible, slender physique. She had even participated in national competitions and won championships.

Kimberly was the epitome of the "perfect child" from a young age, destined to be in the spotlight.

At eighteen, when she competed in a nationally broadcast event, her performance captivated the entire country. This was why someone as



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notable as Felix could claim that she could enchant the entire high society with just one smile.

Yet, out of all her admirers, she chose Declan, all because of that cruise ship terrorist attack.

Her repeated forgiveness only led to more betrayals. How could Kimberly not resent Declan?

She longed to tear Declan apart, discard him, and scatter his remains in the sewers!

"Dream on!" Samira retorted when she heard Kimberly's demand for the return the money. She glared at Kimberly and said, "You insisted on giving that money to my son, and now you want it back? No chance!"


Kimberly's thoughts snapped back to the present, her expression darkening. "That was my money! Regardless, the Walsh family has risen above its modest origins. I'll overlook the projects my family supported, but the one hundred million, you must return it to me."

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