

Chapter 78 Hello, It's Your Husband

Kimberly certainly couldn't confess that her sleeplessness was due to Chris's late-night return to the Howard Castle. With a light smile, she teased, "Mr. Howard, how come I never noticed you were so narcissistic before?"

Chris was merely teasing. He didn't really expect such a reaction from Kimberly. He smiled gently. "Having trouble sleeping?"

He did have feelings for Kimberly, a sentiment he had buried in his heart for fifteen years.

Kimberly nodded slightly, her mood a bit subdued.

She had been upset earlier because Chris hadn't responded to her message, planning to confront him about it once he did.

Restless and unable to sleep, she realized she had a developing crush on Chris, though she wasn't sure exactly when it began. Maybe it was when Chris defended her against Declan, or perhaps during the cruise when he held her close, looked into her eyes, and expressed his feelings.

But seeing Chris now, her previously anxious heart felt at peace, and she relaxed completely.

Noticing he was still in the car, Kimberly narrowed her eyes playfully and asked, "Did you just come from the Howard Castle?"

Chris reclined comfortably in his seat, legs crossed, and casually confirmed with a simple "yes."

After her question, Kimberly went quiet, observing the composed man on the screen. Noting his neat, unruffled attire, she assumed he hadn't been up to anything inappropriate.

Still, she wasn't completely convinced. She wanted to ask more but felt

"Not really, just wondering what time you'll be in the office tomorrow and when you might be free."

So, it was about work.

Chris felt a hint of disappointment but concealed it quickly. "Come by around noon."

It was already around 1 a.m., and he hoped Kimberly would get some more rest. Meeting at noon also meant they could perhaps have lunch together.

Thinking of lunch with her, Chris's eyes lit up with excitement. He suggested, "Try to get some sleep. I'm almost home at Lakeview Haven Villas. See you tomorrow."

Kimberly gave him a thoughtful look, her feelings complex. She nodded and then abruptly ended the call.

She lay in bed a while longer, restless and unable to sleep, so she got up, went to her desk, and started revising the project proposal.

She diligently addressed the issues Chris had pointed out earlier.

By the time she finished, dawn began to break outside. Worn out from a night of work, she closed her laptop and collapsed onto her cozy bed, falling asleep almost instantly.

The next morning around 10 a.m., at Javille's Andrology Hospital, Declan, dressed in casual attire, sat in a wheelchair wearing a grim expression. He attempted several times to call Kimberly.

She didn't answer any of his calls.

Declan's expression darkened with fury, wondering if Kimberly had blocked his number as well.

He looked up at Bryce, who was standing nearby, and said through clenched teeth, "Try calling her, see if she picks up for you!"

Bryce was momentarily surprised, then slowly took out his phone, asking with a deliberate tone, "Mr. Walsh, do you think Mrs. Walsh might have blocked your number too?"

This only intensified Declan's irritation. He glared at Bryce and said, "Just call her. Cut the conversation."

Bryce responded with a casual "okay," but as he dialed, a sly grin briefly crossed his face. He had purposely asked the question to provoke Declan.

When Bryce looked up again, his expression was serious, giving nothing

away. He placed the phone on speaker.

The waiting sound from the speaker was irritating to Declan's nerves.

The first call went unanswered. The second call was also ignored.

By the third attempt, as it appeared Kimberly still wouldn't pick up, Bryce was about to break the news to Declan when her cool, slightly husky voice suddenly came through, sounding as if she had just woken up, relaxed and enticing. "Mr. Dominguez? What do you want?"

Caught off guard and about to mock Declan, Bryce paused, the amusement draining from his eyes. He had been ready to tease Declan with his next words!

"Well, Mrs. Walsh, today is Mr. Walsh's discharge day. He's hoping to meet and have a serious discussion with you. Can you come to the andrology hospital to pick him up?"

Declan, initially relieved to hear Kimberly's voice, frowned as Bryce emphasized "andrology hospital." He even felt a twinge of discomfort below.

"Discharged already?" Kimberly's sleepy mind snapped to alertness, amused. She said sharply, "Is he cured already? Maybe you should suggest he stays at the andrology hospital a little longer for further recovery."

Bryce offered a polite smile. "You're right, Mrs. Walsh. However, Mr. Walsh is keen to return to work... and to see you. He insisted on leaving the hospital, and I was unable to stop him." His pause was barely noticeable.

A cold laugh echoed from Kimberly's end. "Oh, has he finally decided to sign the divorce papers?"

Bryce hesitated, glancing at Declan whose expression was severe, silently asking for guidance.

"Hand me the phone." Declan's expression was tight as he reached for Bryce.

Bryce, with some reluctance, passed the phone to Declan, watching him cautiously, half-expecting him to throw it in frustration.

"Hello, it's your husband."

As soon as Kimberly heard Declan's voice, her expression immediately turned cold, and she prepared to hang up.

"Don't hang up!" Declan, careful not to come across as arrogant, having

finally reached out to Kimberly, said with a sense of helplessness, "Could you come and pick me up?"

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