

## Chapter 79 Declan Has Some Conditions

"You really think I'll come to pick you up? Keep dreaming!" Kimberly scoffed, her voice heavy with sneer.

She was on the verge of ending the call when Declan's irritating voice came through again. "Are you sure you won't come and pick me up, Kimberly? Do you think filing a lawsuit will easily grant you a divorce from me? Don't be naive. It'll be drawn-out and exhausting. And on what grounds do you plan to divorce me? Lack of affection?"

Declan's voice took on a mocking tone as if he was amused by her supposed foolishness. "Keep dreaming. To get a divorce, we need to be separated for a certain period of time. I might not stay at your place often, but I make it a point to visit every couple of months.

You're desperate to divorce me, aren't you? Because you've already found someone else and you're eager to join the Howard family, right? You'll have to wait for quite a long time. I can wait. But can you? Even if you can, do you think Chris will wait that long?

He's just playing with you. Once he's bored, he'll leave you for a decent, untouched woman. Why would he settle for a divorced woman when he could have a fresh start? Do you really believe Chris has genuine feelings for you? That's ridiculous!"

Declan had held these thoughts back for a while. Finally letting them out made him feel a rush of joy.

He was filled with a vengeful satisfaction.

Declan failed to notice the change in Bryce's expression, which had turned notably colder. Although Bryce had always known Declan was a difficult man, listening to him now still sparked a sense of disgust.

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Declan didn't even deserve to be in Chris's shadow.

"So?"

A cool voice came from the other end. It was detached and emotionless as if Declan didn't deserve Kimberly's attention.

"What are you trying to say exactly? Why did you call?"

Declan's smirk disappeared. He wasn't prepared for Kimberly's indifference. He frowned, confused. "Aren't you upset?"

"Why should I be?"

Kimberly's tone remained cold. To her, Declan's outburst was no more significant than the noise of a barking dog.

Once a woman stopped feeling for a man, she became unmovable. No level of provocation or hateful remarks could disturb her peace.

Declan was caught off guard, a surge of frustration boiling up inside him.

He was momentarily lost for words, overwhelmed by a strong sense of defeat. He even felt a flicker of anger. Why wasn't Kimberly reacting with anger? Why was she so composed and indifferent?

He had observed how Kimberly dismissed other suitors with mere indifference. So, when she had pursued him with passion, he had felt a mix of pride and joy.

It seemed like the woman who was out of reach for others was easily won by him.

Declan believed that marrying Kimberly, along with the considerable amount of money she brought, would gain him respect from others. He envisioned praises for having captured such a sought-after prize. Instead, those spiteful tabloids labeled it as "taking advantage of his wife". That irritated Declan.

Although Declan was drawn to Kimberly, he also resented her. He hated her pride, her privileged background, and how she constantly had men chasing after her. Most of all, he despised her air of superiority.

But now that Kimberly was treating him like just another suitor, Declan's hatred seemed irrelevant. All he felt was profound fear.

"Where are you? I need to see you!"

Declan's voice wavered slightly, revealing his tangled emotions.

"Unless it's about the divorce, I see no reason for us to meet."

Kimberly glanced at the clock; it was already eleven in the morning. She remembered her lunch appointment with Chris. Sitting up in bed, she prepared to wrap up this hopeless conversation and honor her commitment to Chris.

"If there's nothing else, I'm ending this call."

"Don't hang up! If you truly want a divorce, don't disconnect!"

Kimberly was puzzled by Declan's erratic behavior. One moment he taunted her, the next, he seemed desperate.

Her irritation started to rise. "What do you want?" she demanded.

It seemed divorce was not an option for him, yet he continually brought up pointless discussions. Did he really think they could go back to how things once were?

She nearly laughed at the thought. What a joke!

Declan took a deep breath, working to calm the panic rising in his chest. He forced himself to sound composed, even as his nerves felt frayed.

"We can get a divorce, but I have a few conditions," he finally said.

Kimberly's eyes widened in surprise, not expecting him to give in. Her voice brightened slightly with anticipation. "What conditions?"

"Let's meet and discuss it."

Kimberly exhaled in frustration and paused before responding. "I'm busy right now. How about two o'clock this afternoon? I'll send you the address. We can meet there."

Kimberly agreed to meet, and Declan's anxiety began to subside; the tension in his forehead softening a little. His voice became gentler.

"Alright then, I'll see you this afternoon."

Declan's tone shifted briefly as he made another request and said, "Unblock me on your phone and messaging apps, Kimberly. It's exhausting

not being able to contact you directly."

Kimberly rolled her eyes, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Isn't that what your assistant is for? Just keep Bryce by your side; you'll get through to me eventually."

Without waiting for Declan to reply, Kimberly abruptly ended the call and tossed her phone aside as she walked to the bathroom to get ready.

Staring at the now-blank screen, irritation welled up inside Declan. He tossed the phone to Bryce, who caught it effortlessly. "Have the driver bring the car around!" Declan commanded.

Bryce quickly took out his phone to call the driver. Soon, a Bentley smoothly pulled up in front of them.

Declan had no illusions that a simple phone call would bring Kimberly back to him.

She was no longer the woman she had once been.

He had learned that the hard way, having been outsmarted by her repeatedly. He was no longer the naive man he used to be.

With Bryce's help, Declan got into the car, while Bryce folded the wheelchair and stored it in the trunk before taking his seat in the front.

"Back to the apartment?" Bryce asked, looking at Declan in the rearview mirror.

Declan paused, his focus drifting for a moment. He knew Bryce was referring to the upscale apartment he had bought for Valerie, where Declan had been staying for the past year.

A peculiar feeling surged through Declan, and he found himself not wanting to return there today to face Valerie. After a brief hesitation, he said, "Take me back to the family residence."

Bryce observed Declan's expression briefly in the rearview mirror but chose to remain silent as he directed the driver.

As they headed to the Walsh family residence, Declan scrolled through Kimberly's social media feed, finding it devoid of new updates. He experienced a renewed sense of frustration.

She really wasn't planning to unblock him, was she?

"She's heartless," Declan murmured to himself.

He tossed his phone aside, glancing at the back of Bryce's head, the irritation clear in his voice. "Bryce, explain to me, how can someone change so drastically in such a short time?"

Bryce, who had been in the middle of texting Chris, flinched a little when he was suddenly pulled into Declan's thoughts.