

Chapter 90 His Most Capable Assistant

"Sandra, please... As your brother, I'm pleading with you, don't hurt yourself, okay?"

The moment Chris left the private room and entered the hallway, he noticed Bryce by the floor-to-ceiling windows at the corridor's end, phone to his ear, speaking in a subdued earnest tone. Chris paused, observing the tension in Bryce's form as he approached, overhearing bits of Bryce's distressed conversation.

Chris's expression turned grave, his lips pressed tightly as he quietly watched Bryce from behind.

Chris had earlier noticed Bryce seemed concerned, which led him to suspect that Sandra might have reached out to Bryce to vent. What Chris hadn't foreseen was Sandra taking such extreme actions over her dismissal from his team.

Unaware of Chris approaching, Bryce remained engrossed in his phone conversation, his voice laden with emotion. "Just listen to me, I'll talk to Mr. Howard and try to sort things out. Stay home and rest for now, and I'll visit you after work. Take care."

After ending the call, Bryce's expression was one of deep concern. He was still absorbed in his worries when he suddenly heard Chris's steady, calm voice behind him, saying, "Bryce."

Startled, Bryce turned to see Chris standing a mere step away, his initial shock giving way to relief as he quickly scanned the area to ensure they were alone.

Instead of confronting Chris about firing Sandra, Bryce expressed his concern about the potential repercussions of being seen together. "Mr. Howard, it's not a good idea for you to be out here with me. If Ms. Holden or Declan sees something amiss, it could jeopardize your plans."

Chris's expression softened as he regarded Bryce, taking a moment before he inquired, "Sandra... is she okay?"

Bryce, momentarily caught off guard and realizing Chris might have overheard his conversation, managed a weary smile. "She's fine, Mr. Howard. Don't worry, I'll speak with her tonight and ensure everything is settled. I assure you, I won't let Sandra cause any disturbances for you and Ms. Holden."

Chris appeared surprised by Bryce's assertiveness. He raised an eyebrow, puzzled. "You're not going to advocate for your sister?"

Clearly remembering Bryce's commitment to speak on Sandra's behalf, Chris was taken aback by Bryce's firm stance.

Bryce's determined response caught Chris off guard. Chris looked intently at him. Without a doubt, Bryce was his most capable assistant.

Chris deeply valued loyalty, recalling how Bryce had loyally worked for him abroad, even taking a bullet for him. Now, back in the country to fulfill his mission, Bryce had climbed from the bottom at the Walsh Group, facing numerous challenges to gain Declan's trust.

Chris remembered Bryce's loyalty, which was why, despite being aware of Sandra's feelings for him, he had chosen not to dismiss her but rather keep her close under his watch.

Bryce's eyes flickered with a mix of emotions as he attempted a light-hearted smile and said in a casual tone, "After eight years working together, Mr. Howard, I understand your ways well. Even if I were to plead with you, you might not accept. So, I'd rather not say anything that could put you in a tough spot."

Chris gave him a prolonged, meaningful gaze. "What makes you think I wouldn't agree?"

Bryce was momentarily taken aback by Chris' probing question, a wave of emotion washing over him. He recognized that Chris' question suggested a willingness to reconsider Sandra's situation.

His eyes locking with Chris', Bryce responded earnestly, "You might agree, but I shouldn't ask. You saved Sandra and me from a dire situation, gave us a new life, and ensured our education. You've allowed us to learn by

your side, a kindness I'll never forget. Even if you asked for my life, I'd give it without hesitation.

Mr. Howard, please be lenient with Sandra. She's young and still learning. Her feelings for you are a mistake, born from her own misguided desires. I know you've shown her patience.

Though I'm not fully aware of today's events, I assume Sandra did something to upset Ms. Holden, pushing you to a breaking point, which led to her dismissal. Your decisions are always just, Mr. Howard. I support them unconditionally, whatever they may be."

Chris's gaze softened, moved by Bryce's steadfast loyalty.

Since Bryce had begun to work for the Walsh Group, their interactions had primarily been digital, with private face-to-face conversations being a rarity.

Chris had never discussed Sandra's feelings for him with Bryce, yet Bryce had consistently demonstrated understanding from a distance.

Chris sighed softly, gently patting Bryce's shoulder and straightening his slightly askew tie, his eyes warm and sympathetic. "Don't stress too much. Handle the situation with Sandra as you see fit. If she can reassess her feelings towards me, I'm open to considering her return as the executive assistant."

Bryce's eyes slightly widened, a surge of emotion evident as he grasped the significance of Chris's leniency.

Chris's decisiveness was a hallmark of his leadership, with his resolutions seldom revisited.

"Understood, Mr. Howard. I'll handle everything."

Chris gave a soft nod, his face gentle as he gave Bryce's shoulder a comforting pat. "Let's head back now."

Bryce acknowledged with a nod, making his way to the private room door. As he was about to enter, he paused, overhearing the heated exchange inside.

Declan, his expression tense, accepted the notebook and pen from Kimberly, his tone resolute. "If you doubt my intentions, I'll pen down a

Kimberly, her posture relaxed but authoritative, arms crossed and leaning back against the sofa, said deliberately, "To clarify, during these ninety-nine days, you are not to touch me—not even a single finger. And we must keep a one-meter distance at all times."

Declan's anger flared as he slammed his hand down on the table, his voice raised in frustration. "Kimberly, this is too much! We agreed to act like lovers for ninety-nine days, yet you forbid any physical contact and demand a distance? How does that resemble 'acting like lovers'?"