

## Chapter 91 Care More About The Car Than Him

"Who says being in a relationship means you have to do those things? Declan, are you just using this as a reason to take advantage of me?" Kimberly looked at Declan with a hint of scorn, her lips curved into a mockingsmile. "You're not even fully recovered, and here you are, thinking about those things. Is that all that's on your mind?"

Declan's expression shifted, his body shaking with anger as humiliation overwhelmed him.

In his anger, he let out harsh words. "Don't flatter yourself, you're not my type. I have no interest in a flat-chested woman like you. I'd sooner pick someone off the streets than touch you!"

Kimberly coldly replied with a simple "Oh," unfazed by his declaration. "You might as well add that to the agreement."

She didn't believe a single word Declan said. To her, his words were nothing more than nonsense.

She had agreed to his absurd demand for two reasons: first, she wanted to end this relationship swiftly, knowing a lawsuit would drag on. Second, she was curious about Declan's real motives for seeking reconciliation.

Declan, who had previously despised her to the point of avoidance, now expressing a desire to reconcile, naturally raised her suspicions.

She was certain Declan had ulterior motives.

With that in mind, she chose to play along to discover what Declan was really planning.

Declan, visibly frustrated, gave her a cold look before he started writing something on a piece of paper.

Bryce, who had been standing at the door, sensed the tension and

< Chapter 91 Care More About The Car Than ... +120 Points at most  
nervously turned to see Chris behind him, swallowing hard.

Chris's face was expressionless, his eyes cold, his stare deep and unreadable as if holding back intense feelings.

Declan put down the pen and tore the page from the notebook, passing it to Kimberly. "Check if it meets your satisfaction," Declan said.

Kimberly scanned the document quickly, checking for any deceit. A pleased smile appeared on her face. "Not bad."

At seeing Kimberly's pleased reaction to Declan, Chris's eyes reddened, his emotions boiling over. He brushed past Bryce and entered with a determined stride.

The sudden movement startled the others. Kimberly turned and locked eyes with Chris's cold, bloodshot gaze, taken aback.

Before she could speak, Chris seized her arm, pulling her to her feet and leading her out.

"Mr. Howard?!" Kimberly gasped in shock and confusion, unsure of what Chris meant. "Please, calm down..."

"Shut up!" Chris stopped abruptly, turning around with a severe expression, disappointment evident in his eyes. His voice was stern. "If you utter another word, I might do something rash. You better come quietly with me now!"

Kimberly had never seen him this angry and was momentarily stunned, nodding her agreement quietly without resisting. "Okay, I'll follow you."

Her submissive response slightly calmed Chris's agitation. He gave her one last sharp look, then led her away.

"Chris! Kimberly! Get back here!" Declan tried to get up from the sofa, but moving caused his groin injury to flare up, sending sharp pains through him. His face twisted in pain as he collapsed back onto the sofa, his forehead beading with sweat.

All he could do was watch helplessly as Chris escorted his wife away, feeling utterly powerless and seething with anger.

"Bitch! Kimberly is such a bitch!" Declan shouted in fury. "I knew she was

< Chapter 91 Care More About The Car Than ... +120 Points at most  
up to something with Chris, and she still wouldn't admit it!"

Bryce was on the floor, pretending agony, trying to get up but collapsing again.

In reality, he was unharmed; he was merely acting.

When Chris had pushed Bryce, Bryce instinctively knew something was off and dramatically slammed into the door, creating a loud noise before falling to the ground weakly, pretending to have been badly beaten. This act was meant to distract Declan and give Chris a chance to lead Kimberly away.

"It's all my fault, Mr. Walsh. I was ineffective and couldn't prevent Mr. Howard..." Bryce said, using the wall for support as he tried to stand, looking remorseful and taking responsibility.

"It's not your fault!" Declan responded, looking at Bryce's obvious severe injuries; his voice free of blame. His anger towards Chris and Kimberly peaked, and he clenched his teeth. "The real culprits are those two villains! Chris is too arrogant! He had the audacity to take my wife right before my eyes, completely disregarding me!"

Bryce remained quiet, seemingly in deep thought, yet internally he was scoffing. So, Declan had a bit of self-awareness after all!

Declan wasn't even worthy of being Chris's lackey, yet he expected Chris to take him seriously? That was wishful thinking.

Declan was boiling with rage, the more he pondered, the more his anger grew. He felt he had to release this fury or it would overwhelm him. He vowed to make Chris and Kimberly regret their actions.

Chris pulled Kimberly toward the car parked downstairs. Before he could say anything, Kimberly quietly took out the car keys and unlocked the vehicle. He stopped, opened the passenger door for her, and helped her in, securing her seatbelt before slamming the door shut.

Kimberly felt a twinge of worry. As she watched him circle to the driver's side and climb in, she expressed her concern. "Could you be a bit more careful? If you break the door, I will have to cover the repair costs."

After all, it was one of only ten elite sports cars in the world. Even if she sent it to the dealership for repairs, waiting for parts from the

< Chapter 91 Care More About The Car Than ... +120 Points at most  
manufacturer would take forever, not to mention the sky-high repair  
costs. Just the thought of it made her heart ache.

Yet, that wasn't her primary concern. The real issue was that she hadn't gotten much use out of the car before it needed repairs, and it would be a lengthy wait before she could enjoy driving it again. The anticipation would be torture.

Chris, noticing she seemed to care more about the car than about what had just transpired between them, felt both amused and annoyed. He pressed down hard on the accelerator. "Don't worry, this car isn't as delicate as a person. It's built to withstand a little rough handling!"

Startled, Kimberly gripped the door handle, casting a sideways glance at Chris's stern expression. She sensed there was an underlying message in his words and raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Howard, what do you mean by that? I'm not following."

Chris kept quiet, and as she noticed they were heading towards the city outskirts, curiosity got the better of her. "Where are we going Mr. Howard?"

Chris let out a cold laugh. "You'll see soon enough"