

Chapter 36 Who Are You Calling Leftover

The sound of rain blending with Kimberly's sharp questions echoed in Valerie's ears, leaving her visibly shaken. It took Valerie some time to collect herself. Under the scrutiny of the crowd, she chose to side with Declan. "Kimberly, what are you talking about? You're the one being dishonest. How can you say Declan is lying?"

Valerie was well aware of the truth about Declan and Kimberly's relationship. When Declan first claimed he had been intimate with Kimberly, Valerie believed him momentarily. But now, she realized he had made those claims just to disgust Kimberly, to tarnish her reputation by depicting her as someone disposable.

After all, who would believe that Kimberly and Declan had been married for over a year without being intimate?

Kimberly regarded Valerie, who looked frail and tearful, with a cold chuckle. "You two are truly alike. But you can't conceal the truth. Lakeview Haven Villas is fully monitored. Everything about whether Declan stayed there overnight is recorded."

Valerie, caught off guard, looked desperately towards Declan. "Declan..."

"And what does that prove?" Declan, about to lose his cool, regained his composure when he heard this. He wiped the blood from his mouth corner and sneered, "It only shows we weren't intimate after the wedding. Who's to say you didn't sneak into my bed before then?"

His eyes burned with deep hatred. After being humiliated by Kimberly, he was intent on dragging her down as well.

As Kimberly's legal spouse, he felt entitled to define her reputation.

Kimberly, outraged by his audacity, raised her hand to slap him once more.



Declan's expression turned sinister as he quickly grabbed her wrist, ready this time, unlike the previous unexpected slap.

"Still not satisfied, huh? Kimberly, face it. You're just someone I've used up!" Declan dropped all pretenses, laughing cruelly.

He used his strength to pull Kimberly closer and addressed the elegantly dressed young elites on the ship, saying, "Look closely, everyone. This woman is my wife! Don't be deceived by her innocent face."

She's untamed in bed. If I ever divorce her and she's available again, be wary. Don't pick up the leftover I've thrown away. It might bring you shame. Who knows, it could even lead to a disease. Consider yourselves warned!"

The suggestion that Kimberly might carry diseases made the crowd step back in revulsion, as though merely breathing the same air as she might contaminate them.

Someone whispered "disgusting," sparking Chris's anger. His eyes turned frosty as he stared at the speaker, then he stepped off the ship, umbrella in hand, and moved towards Declan, passing the umbrella to Kimberly. "Take this. Don't get soaked."

Kimberly automatically took the umbrella handle at his directive.

Chris then took off his expensive watch, worth millions, and tucked it into his pocket. He seized Declan by the collar, effortlessly lifting him into the air. "Who are you calling leftover?"

Declan panicked, flailing helplessly in mid-air as he struggled to break free from Chris's grip.

Feeling humiliated and enraged under the watchful eyes of all, Declan yelled, "Kimberly! It's Kimberly! She's the worn-out rag! Isn't that the truth?"

With a heavy thud, Chris forcefully slammed Declan to the ground, the sound of flesh meeting concrete resonating around them. Chris advanced calmly, his presence dark and ominous, his demeanor in the chilling rain reminiscent of a demon from the underworld, instilling fear in the onlookers.



He pressed his foot onto Declan's face, grinding it against the wet ground, his suit drenched. His eyes glowed with lethal intent, yet his voice remained steady and harsh. "Who are you calling leftover, huh?"

Declan, still healing from his injuries, felt his body ache as if it were falling apart. Dizzy and pale, he looked at Chris and forced a smile. "No matter how many times you ask, my answer is still the same... What, do you want my leftovers, Mr. Howard?"

The crowd was stunned, murmuring in disbelief. Had Declan gone mad from the fall?

How could he say something so reckless? Was he out of his mind?

With a blank expression, Chris removed his foot and delivered a sharp kick to Declan's stomach, propelling him like a ragdoll into the icy sea with a crash.

"Ah! Someone fell into the water! Hurry..."

"Enough with the noise." Chris's frown sent a shiver through the crowd, silencing the alarmed shouts immediately. The crowd stood motionless, gripped by fear.

Chris then focused his attention on the sea, observing Declan struggling to reach the shore. He bent down, seized Declan by the hair, and forced him to meet his gaze, his expression fierce. "Who are you calling leftover?"

Chris asked the question for the third time.

Now truly terrified, Declan's eyes widened in pure fear. Desperate not to die, he caved completely.

"I am. I am the leftover! Mr-..."

Chris smirked slightly, then pushed Declan's head back under the water. "Leftover belongs in the trash, but I'm merciful. I'll rinse you off before I throw you out!"

The crowd watched in muted horror as Chris tormented Declan, intermittently pulling him up for air only to submerge him again, continuing until Declan was nearly unconscious. Finally, Chris ceased his brutal game.

"Declan!" Valerie finally intervened, rushing to him and embracing him tightly. She looked up at Chris, her eyes filled with terror, as if seeing a monster. "You... Mr. Howard, this is against the law! Even if you are a Howard, you can't just disregard the law!"

Chris raised an eyebrow, his gaze on Valerie devoid of empathy. He laughed softly, fastening his watch, and said indifferently, "Miss Walsh, perhaps you aren't aware, but my influence in Javille is significant."

He turned to the crowd, smiling as he said, "Let's put it to a vote... Guys, did I break the law?"