

## Chapter 42 None Dared To Feel Attraction Toward Him

Inside the banquet hall, beneath the bright lights, guests gathered, their glasses clinking as they engaged in lively conversations that filled the room with energy.

Many guests continued to murmur about the recent uproar.

"I've never seen Mr. Howard get so angry before. Just the thought of his intense look is scary... Do you think he defended Declan's wife because he has feelings for her?"

"Are you out of your mind? How can you even say that?" The person listening was taken aback by the suggestion, hastily checking around to make sure they weren't overheard, then exhaled with relief and leaned in to whisper, "It really looked that way. Did you see how Mr. Howard was staring at Mrs. Walsh? It's hard to think there's nothing going on there."

The concurrence from his friend seemed to energize the first man. "Exactly! That's exactly what I was thinking! With Mr. Howard's reputation, he could pick any woman he wants. Mrs. Walsh is definitely one of the most striking women in Javille, always looking elegant even with minimal makeup, but she is still..." He scoffed scornfully. "She's still a married woman. No matter how much she flirts, I'm not interested. I can't understand what Mr. Howard sees in her."

His companion laughed suggestively. "Well, if she doesn't interest you, she does me. I've never met a woman as enchanting as her in Javille. A night with her would be unforgettable."

The two shared a smirk, as if sure of their appeal to Kimberly.

Chris entered from a side door, partly concealed by an ornately carved column. He overheard every crude word, and his expression immediately darkened into a grim, threatening look as he observed the pair.

Leif, trailing behind, sensed the tension and felt a cold shiver. He quickly looked at Chris, saw his severe displeasure, and braced for trouble.

"Mr. Howard..."

Before he could step in, Chris snatched a wine bottle from a table and marched towards the two men, crashing it over the head of one!

The sound of the glass breaking and the man's scream of agony hushed the crowd, turning all eyes their way.

Chris then turned a chilling look towards the second man, holding the broken bottle as he stepped closer.

The man was overwhelmed by fear, his legs failing him under Chris's daunting approach, and he collapsed to his knees, crying and begging, "Mr. Howard, I'm so sorry. I spoke out of line. Please, let it go just this once. Our families still do business together..."

"The partnership ends tonight." Chris halted before the man, casually threw the bottle aside and reached out his hand.

A nearby affluent man hesitated briefly before carefully offering another wine bottle.

Chris accepted the bottle without a second thought and promptly smashed it over the man's head!

The man crumpled to the floor silently. It was uncertain if he was alive.

The scene stunned the surrounding group of privileged heirs and heiresses. Their faces turned white, and some of the more delicate ladies let out sharp screams.

Leif exhaled deeply, wiping his forehead as he looked over the chaos, feeling a mix of emotions.

He moved forward, knelt beside the two men to check if they were breathing, then stood and said quietly, "They're still alive."

Observing the slight redness in Chris's eyes and the intense ferocity there, Leif realized his boss was in the midst of a severe reaction.

Chris looked down at the two men sprawled on the ground, his striking face emotionless and his voice chilling as he commanded, "Tie them up with ropes and throw them into the sea to cleanse their foul mouths."

"Understood." Leif gave a small nod and signaled. Four strong bodyguards emerged, as if from nowhere, and hauled the two men away from the banquet hall. They left behind what could be blood trails or perhaps just wine.

The assembled crowd watched in disbelief, their hearts racing.

Chris then turned slowly, still clutching the jagged bottle, his eyes sweeping over the crowd with a daunting presence that filled them with dread.

"Curious why I treated those men so harshly?"

Silence fell. No one dared respond, the room tense as they all stared at the figure not far off. Many had heard rumors of Chris's brutal reputation.

Yet, they had never seen such behavior firsthand. Most had attended the charity auction the previous day and had seen Chris's suave, charming demeanor. Such a sharp contrast to the brutality they witnessed tonight.

Who would have guessed that behind his handsome features lay the capacity for such raw violence?

Chris's smile then softened the harshness in his deep, expressive eyes, which, though beautiful, radiated no warmth.

He lifted the broken bottle, his fingers delicately tracing its sharp edge.

Even though he smiled, it sent a chill through everyone.

"Because they spoke out of turn, about someone they shouldn't have targeted. I expect none of tonight's events to be mentioned. Of course, if you have videos of the Walsh siblings, feel free to circulate them online for all to see. But, let there be no discussion of Kimberly. Is that clear?"

Everyone nodded apprehensively, clearly grasping that the punishment of the two men was for their disrespectful remarks about Kimberly, and they quickly confirmed their understanding to Chris.



Chris's smile grew, showing his satisfaction. "Good."

He tossed the bottle to the ground, where it shattered, breaking the silence, his smile widening. "Please, continue. I hope I haven't subdued your enjoyment."

He gestured, and Leif handed him a glass of champagne without a word.

Chris lifted the glass, toasting the crowd, who quickly fetched their own drinks from nearby tables to join him.

With a smile, he tilted his head to finish his drink in one gulp, then passed the empty glass back to Leif. "Have a good time, everyone. If you need anything, Mr. White will assist you. I'm a bit tired, so I'll be excusing myself."

With that, Chris turned and made his way toward the outdoor deck, his tall and broad silhouette radiating a compelling charm.

The women in the room turned pale. None dared to feel attraction toward such an intimidating figure. Unless they were completely reckless...

After Chris's departure, the hall fell silent for an extended period before slowly regaining its former vibrancy, as if the incident had never occurred.