

Chapter 87 He Is Unable To Refuse Her

"Enough" Chris's typically calm expression turned fiery as he stepped forward, positioning himself protectively in front of Kimberly. His formidable aura swept over Sandra like an overwhelming wave.

Usually, Chris kept his anger in check, not wanting to frighten Kimberly. However, today his fury had become unmanageable.

Sandra's accusation of Kimberly being a seductress had ignited his temper.

Sandra turned ghostly pale. She had never witnessed Chris this enraged. Known for his impeccable control over his emotions, Chris rarely let anyone see what he truly felt. Even those close to him often struggled to decipher his thoughts.

Yet now, Chris had erupted over a single derogatory remark towards Kimberly, plunging Sandra into despair.

"Apologize!"

Sandra's complexion lost even more color. A scornful laugh escaped her, her eyes shimmering with pain and disbelief. "Chris, has she cast some kind of spell on you? Are you so charmed by her that I can't voice a single critique?"

"You have no right to make such judgments!"

Chris's expression hardened. He remained unaffected by Sandra's informal call of his name, his tone cold as he commanded, "Apologize to Ms. Holden. I will not tell you again."

"No! Why should I apologize to her? I've said nothing incorrect!" Tears began to form in Sandra's eyes, her voice trembling.

She seemed on the brink of breaking down. "Am I mistaken? You've only

known her for a brief time, yet she already has such an influence over you! You even canceled a meeting with an important client just to dine with her. Chris, you're not the man I used to know. What has she done to you? Has she bewitched you?"

Sandra's distress escalated. She seized Chris by the arms, her pleas turning frantic.

"It has to be her. She's tricking you! How else could you be so taken with a married woman in just days? This wicked woman!"

Sandra's spiteful gaze darted from Chris to Kimberly, filled with venom.

If glares had the power to harm, Kimberly would have surely fallen there and then.

Kimberly could hardly suppress a laugh, struck by the absurdity of the situation.

Sandra's claim of a spell seemed so ludicrous that Kimberly briefly questioned her mental stability. It appeared Sandra might be suffering from delusions.

Impatient, Kimberly looked up at Chris standing guard in front of her. Her voice was cool and detached. "Mr. Howard, are you collecting sisters now? Just how many do you have?"

Chris's expression darkened. With a swift gesture, he pushed Sandra aside. Sandra tripped and collapsed on the floor, her eyes wide with shock as she looked up at Chris, whose stare was chillingly cold.

"Sandra, you're fired."

With that declaration, Chris hit the elevator button, turning away from Sandra without another glance.

"No! Chris!"

Sandra's emotional breakdown was complete. She couldn't grasp the reality of being cast aside by Chris. She made a desperate attempt to reach him, but it was futile. The elevator doors shut, and it started its descent.

Sandra crumpled to the floor, her strength gone, tears cascading down

her cheeks.

He had really fired her, all because of Kimberly.

How could he be so ruthless, so merciless?

Inside the elevator, Chris slowly turned to face Kimberly, his face grave as he met her eyes. Kimberly sported a taunting smile, and he felt a wave of helplessness wash over him.

"I don't have any sisters. I'm an only child."

"Really?" Kimberly's tone was teasing. She was well aware that Chris was the Howard family's only son, without any siblings.

What irked Kimberly was how many people claimed Chris as their brother. "What about Kallie? Didn't you tell me she was like a sister to you?"

"Not by blood. Kallie's actual brother is Rocco."

"And Sandra? Whose sister is she? Another one of your close friends?"

Chris's gaze turned cold at the mention of Sandra. His voice softened apologetically as he replied, "I'm sorry, I can't discuss Sandra's brother right now. But she definitely isn't my sister."

Chris had always considered Kallie as nothing more than a sister. Unbeknownst to him, Renee had secretly orchestrated an engagement between him and Kallie, leading their family to view her as his prospective wife.

Chris, of course, was oblivious to this arrangement until recently.

Chris had stopped seeing Kallie as a sister.

How could he, when she clearly had feelings for him?

Kimberly appeared confused by his change in tone. Throughout her acquaintance with Chris, he had always been direct and approachable in their conversations. However, his vague responses about Sandra's brother now only heightened her curiosity.

Yet, despite her curiosity, Kimberly decided it was best not to press Chris further on the matter.

"Okay."

Kimberly looked away, adopting an indifferent demeanor.

Chris internally sighed with relief.

He was grateful that Kimberly didn't ask any deeper. He was worried that more questioning might break his resolve to keep silent.

Chris found it especially hard to refuse Kimberly anything. Just one glance at her bright, expressive eyes, and his defenses weakened. Keeping secrets from her felt nearly impossible.

Unbeknownst to her, Kimberly had a significant impact on him.

The elevator doors opened again as they reached the lobby. Stepping out, Chris guided Kimberly to a golf cart and drove her through the complex.

A sleek black McLaren was stationed by the curb, with its driver poised and ready. As Chris and Kimberly neared the vehicle, the driver came forward, extending the car keys toward Chris with both hands.

"Mr. Howard, the keys are ready for you."

Chris acknowledged with a subtle nod, accepting the keys and then walked over to the passenger side of the McLaren. He opened the door for Kimberly, who paused briefly to take in the sight of the car, excitement bubbling within her.

After Chris settled into the driver's seat, Kimberly fastened her seatbelt, her curiosity getting the better of her. "This is the limited edition model, isn't it? There are only ten of these in existence, correct? It's incredibly cool!"

Chris secured his own seatbelt, giving her a surprised look. "You're familiar with cars?"

Feeling a bit undervalued, Kimberly tilted her head slightly upward. "I don't just know about cars, I race them. Maybe we could have a race sometime?"

Chris's laugh broke the earlier tension in his gaze. "Absolutely."