

Chapter 6 Devastating Counterattack

The wet, slapping sounds of skin against skin echoed off the vaulted ceiling of the ballroom. The audio was so loud it vibrated the crystal glasses on the tables.

An elderly socialite in the front row dropped her champagne glass. It shattered against the marble floor.

For three agonizing seconds, the hundreds of Wall Street elites, politicians, and socialites were frozen in absolute, horrified silence.

Then, the room exploded.

Kevin, who was standing near the front table with a smug smile, turned into a statue. The blood drained from his face so fast he looked like a corpse. He stared at his own naked ass bouncing on the ten-foot screen.

In the back corner, Chantelle let out a blood-curdling scream. She threw her hands over her face and dropped to her knees.

Hyman snapped out of his shock. He sprinted toward the soundboard like a madman.

"Turn it off! Cut the power right fucking now!" Hyman roared, grabbing the sound engineer by the collar.

The engineer slammed his hands against the keyboard, his face pale with panic. "I can't! The system is locked from the outside! It's a hard override!"

On the screen, Kevin's voice boomed through the speakers.

"That disgusting ugly freak... the thought of touching her makes me sick. You're so much tighter..."

The words hung in the air, completely destroying whatever dignity the Garrison and Wyatt families had left.

Camera flashes erupted like a strobe light. The financial journalists in the room, smelling blood in the water, aggressively snapped photos of the screen and Kevin's horrified face.

Arsenio Wyatt's face turned a violent shade of purple. The humiliation was too much. He marched up to Kevin, pulled his arm back, and slapped him across the face with a sickening crack.

"You piece of shit!" Arsenio screamed. "This is how you treat my family?"

Kevin stumbled back, clutching his bleeding lip. He didn't fight back. He

ripped off his suit jacket.

Chantelle, realizing she was about to be eaten alive by the press, rolled her eyes back and collapsed onto the floor, faking a dead faint.

Kevin grabbed her, wrapped his jacket around her head, and dragged her out the side door, fleeing the room like a beaten dog.

In the middle of the chaos, Isidora stood perfectly still.

She lowered her head. Her shoulders began to shake gently. To everyone else, she looked like a heartbroken, humiliated woman crying silently.

But from the stage, Cedrick could see her perfectly.

She wasn't crying. The corners of her lips were curled upward in a cold, victorious smile.

Cedrick's grip on the microphone tightened. His blood ran hot. The sheer audacity of this woman was intoxicating.

Hyman, realizing the computer was useless, grabbed a heavy metal barstool. He swung it with all his might and smashed it directly into the center of the LED screen.

Sparks flew. The glass shattered. The screen finally went black, but the moaning audio continued to echo for another ten seconds before dying out.

Hyman turned around, chest heaving, facing a room full of disgusted investors.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a malicious cyber attack ..." Hyman tried to say, his voice cracking.

No one cared. Three major hedge fund managers stood up, buttoned their jackets, and walked out without a word. The Garrison stock was going to bleed tomorrow.

Arsenio walked over to Isidora. He didn't hug her. He leaned in, his eyes filled with venom.

"Don't think I don't know this was you," Arsenio hissed. "You better pray this merger doesn't fall through, or I will end you."

Isidora looked up, her fake tears gone. "I just showed them the truth."

On stage, Cedrick tossed the microphone to the floor. He walked down the steps, his bodyguards flanking him.

He walked straight toward Isidora, his massive frame blocking Arsenio's view.

Cedrick leaned down. His lips brushed against her ear.

"Beautifully done, Miss Wyatt," Cedrick whispered, his voice dark and dangerous. "But are you ready to pay the price?"