

Heiress's 137

Chapter 137

Drew thought, 'Look at that! This old man is cursing his son to die as soon as I see him!'

"I don't think that's necessary."

Drew's eyelids were half-closed. He raised his eyebrows and said, "I'll make sure to keep myself alive just for you. Otherwise, I'm afraid that everyone in this family can't pull the plug on you when the time comes. In the end, you'll still have to count on me to pull the plug."

"You bastard! How dare you pull the plug on me?! I'll beat you up!"

Wyatt was furious. He shouted for Finley to get his whip while wanting to take off his handmade leather shoes to throw them at Drew's irksome smile.

Asher and Axel pulled the two away from each other to prevent a fight. Mila and Sasha also came up to console Wyatt, but Wyatt was still infuriated.

Suddenly, a gentle and soft voice interrupted them.

"Um... Dinner is ready. Shall we start eating?"

The noise died down when everyone turned their heads in unison.

Wyatt's third wife, Celeste, was wearing an apron and holding a spatula as she stared at everyone in confusion.

At this moment, Wyatt's stomach growled in response.

“Let’s eat! I’ll only have the strength to deal with this little punk after I’ve filled my stomach!”

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief and followed Wyatt to the dining hall for dinner.

“Drew, you went too far with your joke. Dad is easy-going, but you shouldn’t have said that.” Asher looked at Drew sternly.

“Who said I was joking? I meant it.” Drew raised his eyebrows.

“Drew Brown.” Asher’s expression suddenly turned grim and cold.

“Tsk! Why are you so mean to me? He was the one who cursed me first! I was just returning the favor. Ugh, fine. I won’t say anything if you don’t want me to. Just stop looking at me like that. I’ll get nightmares tonight.”

Drew shuddered and muttered under his breath as he walked toward the dining hall.

Asher’s eyes softened again, and he trailed behind with a helpless sigh.

“Tsk, ts! Everything has its vanquisher. Only you can make Drew surrender. One glare from you, and that punk behaves like an obedient puppy.”

Axel imitated his elder brother’s expression. His thick eyebrows knitted together, and he narrowed

his eyes, dramatically trying to glare at Asher. “It looks like I’ll have to practice your lethal glare whenever I’m free. That way, Drew won’t dare to disrespect me!”

Bella glanced at Axel in disdain. “Stop practicing. You look cross-eyed.”

Wyatt was in a particularly good mood tonight. His face was flushed from drinking one glass after another of wine. Mila tried to persuade him not to drink so much but to no avail.

Even though there was no communication between Wyatt and Drew, who were sitting at opposite ends of the dining table, everyone could tell that Wyatt was excited that Drew had come home to visit him. Wyatt often glanced at Drew when others were not paying attention. It was as if Drew was the one he missed the most.

Drew was keenly aware of his father's gaze, but he deliberately ignored it.

Wyatt was inevitably disappointed.

Bella was very observant, so she noticed these details and felt a little uneasy.

She knew that Drew was still holding a grudge and that he still resented their father for not being loyal to their mother.

The Thompson family had such a big business empire that their wealth surpassed that of some countries. Wyatt had hundreds of billions of dollars in assets, so his nine children would inherit more than what most people could earn in a lifetime. He could even have nine more children and still have more than enough to give.

As the chairman of KS Group, Wyatt was charismatic, personable, and affectionate. When Wyatt was young, he was almost assassinated many times. By the time he was in his fifties, he had created

several miracles in the business world.

Such a man was almost perfect. His only flaw was his philandering habit.

After all, no one was perfect.

When Bella was young, she would cry, make trouble, and complain about her stepmothers like Drew did. However, as she grew older, she learned to let it go.

Since she could not change reality, it was better to let it go.

Bella would not ask Drew to forgive Wyatt, nor would she make excuses for her father's scumbag

behavior. She just hoped that Drew would let go of his grudges so that he could live a normal life. That was the only way he would be able to come out of his childhood trauma.

After dinner, Drew burped with satisfaction.

"Well, I have to admit that your mistress's cooking is delicious. I ate three bowls of pasta tonight, so I

will have to exercise more tomorrow."

"Drew, don't call her a mistress. Aunt Celeste is a pitiful person." Bella took a sip of red wine. Her

eyes were complicated.

"No matter how pitiful she used to be, she is now Wyatt's proud mistress. That's a great reputation that most people won't look down on."

Drew narrowed his charming eyes and said with a cold voice, "Bella, isn't our mother the most pitiful person? We're all acting like one big family. Has Wyatt ever thought about his wife when he's thinking about which mistress he wants to sleep with each night?"