

Heiress's 323

Chapter 323

On the ground floor, within the main hall.

Asher and Axel, alongside Ralph, who had donned a sophisticated suit, and the two madams, had graciously received Lance and his second son, Charles Iverson, into their residence.

“Asher the CEO and Axel the prosecutor! My, you two have grown into such fine young men! Oh, is this Madam Mila’s younger son? The last time I saw you, boy, you were still so small and playful. Now, you’ve grown to be so handsome! Where are you working these days?”

Lance Iverson, the chairman of the Iverson Group, warmly approached the Thompson brothers and enthusiastically shook hands with them.

“I am currently serving as a police officer, assigned to the criminal investigation department, Uncle Lance,” Ralph replied with a faint smile.

“Really... A police officer?” Lance expressed a degree of surprise, a glint of shrewdness flickering in his eyes.

From the perspective of this business magnate, a police officer was the lowest rung among public servants, earning meager wages, constantly putting themselves in danger, and engaging in a variety of gritty and strenuous tasks. More importantly, the career trajectory was limited. The pinnacle would be a senior police commissioner, far from the significance of inheriting a multi-billion-dollar family business.

“My son lacks talent. I’m sure his career choice has given you a good laugh.” Mila displayed a hint of embarrassment. Her younger son’s chosen profession had always been a source of concern for her.

Among Wyatt’s wives, Mila held the highest social status because she was from the Larson family. She did not want to compete with Wyatt’s other wives or partition the rest of the Thompson family, but her upbringing had instilled a strong sense of family honor.

Thus, Mila aspired for her children to be exceptional individuals, subjecting them to particularly stringent expectations.

Yet, her youngest son, Ralph, happened to be an unambitious person and insisted on dedicating his life to criminal investigation, deviating from the path she had envisioned for him. It truly caused her a considerable headache.

“Mila, you’re being too humble!”

Sasha, who had always been forthright, stepped forward and proudly patted Ralph on the shoulder with a beaming smile. “How is Ralph lacking talent? At the age of 27, he achieved first -class merit and three second-class merits for consistently solving major cases. He’s genuinely the pride of the Savrow Police Department!”

“Not only that, Ralph is now the captain of the Savrow First Criminal Investigation Division. He’s also the youngest captain in the history of the division, Uncle Lance.” Axel added. He joined in with support, as he did not want the Iverson family to look down on his impressive seventh brother.

“Haha... Truly a promising young talent, indeed!” Lance chuckled in agreement.

Ralph, upon hearing the accolades from his family, was even more pleased than receiving

merits. He shyly scratched his head and grinned.

“Lance! Oh, my...”

Accompanied by Celeste and Quentin, Wyatt approached Lance and his son. His smiling eyes concealed a hint of teasing. “It’s been quite a while since you paid me a visit! I was starting to think some part of you malfunctioned and you went overseas for maintenance, afraid to face me.”

“Oh, that’s rich coming from you!” Lance briskly approached, sporting a playful frown. “Two months ago, I invited you to go horseback riding with me, and you came up with some excuse about being busy. What happened to the enthusiasm you used to have for horseback riding? It made me wonder if your

legs aren't nimble enough to climb onto a horse anymore due to your age. Were you afraid I'd make fun of you, so you declined my invitation?"

"Haha... You really worry about inconsequential matters. My body is still agile!" Wyatt mischievously curled his lips. At 60 years old, he could still exude such arrogance.

"When we are both elderly, toothless, and residing in a nursing home, I am certain I will be the one pushing your wheelchair. Just wait and see!"

Observing the two brothers banter like in the old days, everyone could not help but chuckle on the side.

Tonight, Lance adorned a meticulous four-piece suit, featuring a charcoal gray base and a silver-white tie with fine black stripes as an accent, radiating finesse.

Unexpectedly, Wyatt did not adhere to the usual conventions. He chose to wear a white silk long robe with delicate embroidery, which added a touch of luxury. He looked effortlessly handsome in such casual attire. Not a single strand of white hair adorned his temples, and his posture remained as straight as it was twenty years ago. It was genuinely exasperating for

Lance.

Lance and Wyatt were both individuals who placed special emphasis on their appearance. Since their youth, they have dedicated considerable effort to dressing and skin care. They had engaged in this friendly competition for more than twenty years, seemingly determined to outdo each other until they were both in their coffins.