

Heiress's 48

Chapter 48

After Bella finished eating the chocolate, she playfully put the remaining half of the chocolate bar into Steven's suit pocket and patted his chest.

"Hm. You're pretty fit."

Steven's heart skipped a beat. His cheeks were warm, and his mouth was dry because she teased him.

Steven was four years older than Bella. Back then, Steven's father was the head of KS Group's legal department and had always been highly regarded by Wyatt. So Steven often visited Yara Park when he was a teenager.

Steven still remembered the first time he met Bella in the back garden of Yara Park. He saw a beautiful little girl decked out in a costume, prancing from afar.

He thought that he was hallucinating, so he rubbed his eyes. But that little angel "flew" to him. She was wearing a pure white angel costume, and she looked ethereal.

"Hey, do you have any candy?" Bella got off her skateboard, stepped on the edge of it, and grabbed onto it in one smooth motion.

"Huh?"

Steven panicked. He secretly cursed himself for having impure thoughts about a little girl.

But that girl was stunning. She looked like a goddess. Anyone who looked at her would be fascinated by her.

"Never mind..."

Bella sighed in disappointment, put down her skateboard, and was about to leave, but Steven grabbed her arm.

Her arm was so thin that his fingers could encircle it.

“Wait.”

Steven pursed his lips, took out a piece of chocolate from his pocket, and handed it to her. “Is this okay?”

“Yes! Thank you so much!”

Bella smiled broadly, took the chocolate, opened the wrapper, and took a bite.

Her charming eyes squinted in joy.

From then on, every time Steven went to Yara Park, he always brought chocolates or candies with him, just like a mobile snack cart.

He kept up this habit until today.

As long as Bella wanted something sweet, she would go to him.

The press conference was intense.

Zeke was agitated. He stared at the reporter and said angrily, “I will say it again for the last time.

There are no quality issues with Gold Corporation’s products! I swear on my life!”

“Since it’s not a quality issue, why did KS Group hotels across the country cancel all of their orders with your company overnight? Mr. Gold, you ought to give the public a reasonable explanation for this matter.” The reporter’s eyes were sharp, and he refused to drop this topic.

The comments on the live broadcast were incessant.

[He swears on his life, huh? It seems like he’s telling the truth if he’s so serious about it.]

[Perhaps his life isn’t worth a penny.]

[Anyway, I will still return those products regardless of the quality issue. Just look at his pesky and haughty face! Whoever is in their PR department should find a better speaker.]

“You want an explanation, huh? Fine, I’ll give you an explanation!”

Zeke’s eyes suddenly became sinister. “I’ve reflected on myself because of this incident, and it is indeed negligence in my management. After all, there are hundreds of Alia Furniture stores across the country, and I can’t possibly check them all. A few of my employees harmed the interests of my company due to their own selfish desires. I have already dealt with the people involved and punished them seriously as soon as I found out. I have also thought of all possible ways to make amends. But as the saying goes, it takes two to tango. If it hadn’t been for someone in KS Group bribing my staff, would things have turned out this way? KS Group now wants to put all the blame on my company. Don’t you all think that it’s overboard?”

Everyone was shocked to hear this.

“Zeke can really lie without a conscience. How could he pin the blame on KS Group? How shameless!” Ian looked at Zeke’s shameless face and began to feel sorry for the Thompson family.

Justin’s eyes were gloomy and sharp as knives.

“Expose the evidence I collected!” Zeke ordered.

In an instant, a photo and bank statement appeared on the projector.

“These are the chat records between Michael Gordon, the vice president of Savrow’s KS World Hotel, and the general manager of Alia Furniture. There are also photos of private meetups and evidence of the kickbacks and bribes Michael received. All this has nothing to do with the Gold Corporation. Michael, a senior executive of KS World Hotel, secretly colluded with my employees to purchase cheap products. That was why this ruckus happened. My family is the victim here! KS Group tried to protect themselves by dragging us into the quagmire. How could a big conglomerate like them bully small enterprises like us? We must protect our rights and interests by using the law against them!”

Zeke became more enthusiastic. His face was flushed, and he was also convinced by his speech.

He thought, ‘That Thompson bitch never would’ve seen this coming, right? I bet she’s dumbfounded!’

Michael was the lamb he had planned to sacrifice early on. Thus, Zeke had left traces and collected evidence from the very beginning of their interaction, waiting to use it at a critical moment to make a thorough comeback.

Ian clenched his fists. “It’s over. All of a sudden, the public is criticizing KS Group again, saying that they’re monopolizing the market and not allowing small enterprises to survive.”

Justin frowned. His face became frigid.

Just as Zeke was getting carried away, the speakers in the banquet hall screeched.