Heiress's 50

Chapter 50

Axel's photo was found on the Supreme Court's official website three years ago.

In the picture, Axel was wearing a ceremonial robe as he stood righteously in court, debating passionately.

With this software that Justin developed, he could search for someone's information within three to five minutes by uploading a picture. It was much faster and more accurate than regular search engines.

However, the search for Axel took a full ten minutes. This showed that Axel did not appear in the public eye often and did not upload photos of himself on social media.

If Axel was just a prosecutor, why was he so mysterious?

"Asher Thompson... Axel Thompson..."

Justin thought about it for a moment. Suddenly, he had an epiphany. His eyes widened in shock. Could he be..."

Great!

Justin narrowed his eyes. It looked like a storm was brewing on his face. His throat felt so constricted that he found it difficult to breathe.

'Anna Brown, how can you be such a player after leaving me? You went to Asher right after signing the divorce papers, and now you have such an illicit relationship with his brother! Who do you think you are?!'

At this time, the roar of the sports car came from behind.



Axel bent down and looked at Bella, who was sitting languidly in the passenger seat. He smiled endearingly and reached out to pinch his sister's soft cheek.

"It looks like Steve is taking really good care of you these days. Your cheeks are getting a bit chubby."

"No, they're not!" Bella pouted angrily.

"Yes, they are. You're even cuter when you have chubby cheeks. Haha!"

Axel said that Bella was chubby as soon as he saw her. How tactless! No wonder he was single for 30 years!

Justin, who was hiding in the shadows, saw this scene and thought that Bella and Axel were flirting with each other.

His handsome face turned dark. He clenched his fists so hard that his knuckles turned white.

lan glanced at the rearview mirror apprehensively and shook in fear.

He thought to himself, 'Well, it's normal for the young madam to be sought after by so many men. She's such an outstanding and beautiful lady! Only my boss is blind enough to miss out on a treasure like her...'

"How was it? Don't you think I look so cool today?" Axel raised his eyebrows smugly as he fished for compliments from his sister.

"Yes, yes, you were so cool. You certainly gained a lot of fans this time. All those girls online are looking for information about you. You've made the top search!"

Bella propped her arms on the car window and looked up at Axel with admiration. She looked so lively and girlish.

Justin stared at his ex-wife for a moment with mixed emotions.
For some reason, he wanted to stand in Axel's position at this moment so that she could look at him.
like that.
He wanted to see her beautiful eyes and playful gaze. He noticed that she had never smiled like that at
him.
"Tsk! So what if the whole world worships me? I just want my baby sister to worship me. That's
enough for me." Axel preened.
"Pft! I'm getting goosebumps. Axel, you can't play the devoted brother. You're better off playing the cool brother! Haha!"
The Thompson siblings joked and circled back to the main topic.
"Axel, I probably need to trouble you later for the next steps."
Bella raised her eyebrows and added, "Don't let that asshole get away with a light sentence."
"Don't worry, he will be punished for all his crimes. It'll be at least three years in jail! I won't give him a chance to reduce his sentence or let him out on bail!"
Axel looked at her approvingly. "But you've done a good job, baby sis. You're so good at predicting when Zeke will fall into your trap. He's such a cooperative prey. If only all bad guys could fall into traps so easily, us judicial officers would have saved a lot of trouble."

Indeed, Zeke was so stupid that Bella felt bad for him.

The reason KS Group could successfully sue Zeke was because Michael was finally willing to come forward as a witness and confess what Zeke had done. Zeke had used Michael to make illicit money from the hotel in the past two years.