

Heiress 1181

Chapter 1181

"Huh? Wyatt, why isn't Bella here?" Lance did not give up. He craned his neck to look out.

"No need to look. Bella is still injured and unable to greet guests. I've asked her to rest at home recently, so she won't be coming over tonight," Wyatt calmly said.

"Wyatt, this is not fair. You said you would bring Bella. Why did you go against your words? Furthermore, how are we guests? We will become a family in the future!" Lance nagged, but he felt confused. Wyatt sat down. "If you care about Bella, you'll let her rest and stop tiring her out."

Before the horse racing event, Lance met with Wyatt privately.

They had a great talk, and Wyatt was satisfied with his youngest son, patting his chest and guaranteeing that he would facilitate this marriage alliance to let Bella marry Christopher and become Lance's daughter-in-law.

Lance also considered Charles's marriage. After all, Charles was still his flesh and blood, the son he doted on the most, apart from James.

So, Lance wanted to use this opportunity to have a double celebration, proposing another marriage between the families. This time, with Amelia and Charles.

Initially, with Amelia's background as a mistress's daughter, Lance felt she was unworthy of Charles.

But now that Charles was left with one leg, he had no right to pick and choose, and the unimpressive Amelia suddenly seemed like a valid choice.

Therefore, he brought Charles here tonight to meet with Amelia.

But he could not understand why Wyatt, who had approved of Christopher as his son-in-law, did not bring Bella. Wyatt's attitude was also colder than before.

Christopher's interest was gone, and he downed a glass of wine sullenly.

Unaware, Amelia was dressed in an elegant, white-laced dress, making her skin look fairer. As she was a dancer, her posture was graceful and stunning. Her exposed calf was fair and straight, looking like a flawless piece of art.

Usually, Bella's beauty and presence were too dominant, so Amelia was easily ignored.

However, the two sisters had their own unique type of beauty.

Charles had been recuperating in the hospital for a long time, not seeing any women apart from the few nurses. Now that he saw Amelia, he could not look away.

As a man, Christopher could see through Charles' dirty thoughts at a glance. He curled his lips and sneered.

The dishes were served, but Wyatt barely touched his utensils, seemingly without appetite.

Amelia sat beside Charles, and he was attentive to her, pouring wine and helping her with dishes, but Amelia only responded politely, not touching anything he took for her. She only had eyes for Steven and felt it was a sin to even look at other men.

"Wyatt, the horse racing event is over. What we discussed..."

Before Lance could finish his words, Wyatt finally spoke. "Lance, I know you adore Bella. You have held her since she was a baby and treated her the same as your daughter. I also know that Christopher loves her. He's good to me and always does things thoroughly. He's a junior that I like very much. However, we can't force love. Bella's heart already belongs to another. I trust you know who that man is." Wyatt's words caught Lance and Christopher off guard.

Christopher's dark eyes were filled with viciousness, entangled with bloodlust, and his exquisite features were stiff and tense. Even if he said nothing, he still exuded a terrifying chill. Seeing Christopher's spectacular expression, Charles could not help but smile gleefully.

He thought, 'Christopher, you wanted to marry Ms. Bella and become Chairman Thompson's son-in-law so that you could control the Iverson Group and go against James, right? Fucking bastard. Dream on!' "Wyatt, what do you mean? Didn't we agree?!"

Lance frowned angrily, turning red-faced at Wyatt for the first time. "We've been friends for 30 years. I've treated you better than your own brothers did! Back then, you were the target of an assassination. A sniper hid on the rooftop, but we didn't even know where he was. But even so, I still dared to stand in front of you to shield you from the bullets!"

Chapter 1182

Wyatt listened silently, that frightening and life-threatening gunfight resurfacing in his mind.

He was truly grateful to Lance for that time. They were still young and got along well. Lance risked his life to save him, which showed that their brotherhood was sincere.

It was also during that time he was saved by Sasha, the daughter of the Southern Star Syndicate, by chance, which led to their marriage.

"Yes, Lance. I will never forget your kindness as long as I live." Wyatt's voice was slightly hoarse as he spoke word by word.

"I think you've forgotten it all! Otherwise, you wouldn't eat your words and take me for a fool!"

Lance became more agitated as he yelled, picking up a valuable crystal glass on the table and smashing it on the ground. His face was red with anger, and he was panting heavily.

Amelia and Celeste were stunned.

Lance was usually playful and joked around with Wyatt. It was the first time they had seen him so mad.

It was evident how much he wanted this marriage alliance to come true, so much so that he risked his thirty-year friendship with Wyatt.

"Dad! Take care of yourself and don't get too worked up!"

The two Iverson sons stood up at the same time, but Charles needed to rely on his crutches, causing him to be a step behind Christopher.

Christopher had walked to his father, lightly patting Lance's heaving back, and comforted, "Dad, calm down. You have been good friends with Uncle Wyatt for decades. Your brotherhood is something that

even the younger generation envies. Don't destroy your friendship because of my marriage. If so, I will feel guilty my whole life."

"Christopher, don't say that. This has nothing to do with you."

Lance sighed and patted his thigh. "I'm useless as your father. After so many years, I still couldn't surpass the Salvador family to become the top player in Savrow. Your Uncle Wyatt looked down on us and wanted to ally with the Salvador family, which was understandable."

"Dad, don't say that. It's not your fault. It's mine."

Christopher pursed his lips and smiled bitterly, his eyes full of pain. "I was not able to win Bella's love. We are not destined to be together. Uncle Wyatt is right. We can't force love. If so, I wish Bella a lifetime of happiness. I hope she will grow old with Mr. Salvador this time."

This time.

The casual two words sounded particularly grating to the ears.

"I understand now."

Lance got up angrily, staring at Wyatt with a disappointed gaze. "Since Chairman Thompson has made his choice, I have nothing else to say.

"All good things must come to an end. Chairman Thompson, when we meet again, we will be enemies. Christopher, Charles, let's go!" "Lance, wait."

Wyatt's brows furrowed deeply, and he slowly got up, walking to Lance. "I've always fancied Christopher to become my son-in-law, and I hoped our families could become closer. But you've seen it at the horse racing event. The whole world saw Bella and Justin's relationship; it's as good as exposed.

If we talk about marriage now, it would not be good for your Iverson Group and your son's image!"
Lance fell into deep thought.

Christopher adjusted his glasses, his cold gaze quickly sweeping through Wyatt.

What was wrong with this old geezer? Why did he feel like Wyatt was trying to push Bella and Justin to be together?

Why did this happen?

"Amelia." Wyatt suddenly called Amelia.

"Yes, Dad." Amelia snapped out of her daze and obediently walked to her father.

Chapter 1183

Wyatt stared at her with his unfathomable eyes and then looked at Lance. "Amelia is my youngest daughter with Celeste. She's also precious to me. Celeste and I were picking suitable marriage partners for her. Originally, I wanted her to marry into your family, but you wanted Bella, so I had to make other arrangements for Amelia. Now that Bella is dating Mr. Salvador, why don't we sit down and discuss the marriage between Christopher and Amelia? Amelia can marry Christopher once she graduates. What do you think?"

His words were like lightning that struck Amelia's head.

She trembled, pupils contracting as the color left her face. "Dad... I....."

Suddenly, Celeste grabbed Amelia's arm so hard that her fingers almost embedded into Amelia's flesh.

Amelia anxiously looked at her mother, who was shaking her head.

In the end, she could only lower her head timidly and aggrievedly, tears rolling around in her eyes.

Wyatt's suggestion to let Amelia marry Christopher reversed the crumbling relationship between the two families.

However, Christopher felt extremely anxious and excused himself, pacing back and forth on the balcony alone, emanating with resentment.

He panted heavily, and his eyes were bloodshot. His clenched fist punched the railing repeatedly, hurting himself until his hands were swollen and red. However, the pain could not suppress the burning anger in his heart.

What should he do?

Lance's true motive was to enter into a marriage alliance with KS Group, taking over Savrow together. Even if Bella were unavailable, he would not have many complaints about Amelia as a second choice. But now, Charles was a cripple.

Wyatt would never marry his daughter to a cripple, so in the end, the marriage alliance would fall on Christopher's shoulders.

But Christopher would never marry any woman other than Bella.

"Hahaha... Christopher, you've calculated and schemed, but you've fallen into your own trap. You bent backward to flatter Chairman Thompson but still ended up with nothing!"

Charles slowly limped over with the crutches, grinning widely when he saw Christopher's expression. "You dreamed of marrying Bella and did everything you could, but in the end, you still lost to Justin. Bella had divorced Justin once. She would rather return to him than be with you. Say, how much of a failure are you? Hahaha!"

Christopher's face was pale with anger, and his fingers gripping the rail bulged with veins.

Suddenly, he recalled how Charles tried to woo Amelia during the dinner, and a plan formed in his mind.

He smiled. "Charles, do you still have the heart to mock me? Why don't you worry about yourself? You're now crippled and can't handle most of the family business. Dad is losing patience too. Your only way to turn things around is through a marriage alliance. But now, Chairman Thompson was unwilling to let you have even his worst daughter. Of course, if I were Chairman Thompson, I would never let my daughter marry someone useless."

"Who are you calling useless? I dare you to say that again!" Charles growled with bloodshot eyes.

"Even if I can't marry the eldest daughter, marrying Amelia wouldn't be a loss to me. Either way, I'd still become Chairman Thompson's son-in-law. It doesn't matter who I marry. But you'd have to think carefully. When I marry Amelia, I'll naturally gain Dad's favor. When the time comes, will you still have a place in the Iverson Group?"

After that, Christopher smiled smugly and walked past Charles.

"Christopher! Don't celebrate too soon!"

Charles angrily slammed his crutches on the floor. "It's not up to you whether this marriage comes true!"

Christopher's lips curled sinisterly just as he left the balcony. He knew that idiot, Charles, had taken the bait. "What a bargain for you, Charles."

Chapter 1184

The dinner concluded with a suffocating atmosphere.

Upon learning about the news of her marriage alliance with the Iverson family, Amelia acted like she was sitting on needles. Her delicate face lost all color as if all the blood had been drained from her body, feeling cold from head to toe.

On the way home, she sat in the same car as her mother, not even having the chance to talk to Wyatt.

"Mom... Why?"

Tears shone in Amelia's eyes as she choked up, asking, "You know I love Steven... You know that I only want to marry him. Why... Why do you want me to marry into the Iverson family?!"

Bitterness surged in Celeste's heart, but she still replied calmly, "Your father and I think this is a more suitable marriage for you. Steven's personality is great, but we disapprove of his family. Based on what I know, the Lovett family doesn't like you and me. If you insist on marrying Steven and enter into a marriage his parents disagree with, you will suffer every day. Even your strong sister, Bella, has ended up with a divorce after spending three miserable years with the Salvador family."

Celeste continued, "Moreover, Hunter has taken a stand against our family, throwing aside the kindness we've shown him in the past and becoming Shannon's defense lawyer. I know a professional lawyer should not pick their cases, but Shannon has repeatedly tried to harm your sister and..."

Recalling the slanders and humiliation she suffered from Shannon when she was still an actress, Celeste still felt her heart ache. "Hunter's actions and his parents' indulgence are something your father and I can't tolerate. The Lovett family has lost their morals, and we don't want to become their in-laws."

"But... But Steven is different from them!"

Amelia felt as if her heart was squeezed tightly by an invisible hand, a lump forming in her throat. "Steven... Since he graduated, he has been working for Asher and Bella. Couldn't Dad see how loyal he was to our family?! If we completely deny Steven's efforts because of this, how upset would he be?!"

Being genuinely innocent and caring, Amelia did not think of her future first. Instead, she felt indignant for Steven. "Bella told me that she divorced Justin not because of pressure from the Salvador family. It's because Justin didn't love her back then and betrayed her. But Steven has never betrayed me!"

Celeste's lashes fluttered, and she pursed her lips.

Amelia added, "Steven is nice to me... He is really nice..."

Thinking of the wonderful times and moments of happiness she spent with Steven, Amelia's tears could not help streaming down her face. "Mom, I think I will never find another man that treats me so well... I don't want to lose him... I've loved him for so many years. I have had a crush on him since I was young... Now, I can finally be with him. Please convince Dad not to separate us, okay?"

"Amelia, you are a daughter of the Thompson family. Don't you think you should do something for the family? Do you want to be a sheltered flower and an irresponsible child for the rest of your life?"

Celeste had always been gentle in nature. Even when Amelia secretly applied to a film school to become an actress, Celeste did her best to convince Wyatt not to send Amelia abroad or stop Amelia from pursuing her dreams.

This time, her stern expression intimidated Amelia. "Mom..."

"Amelia, every child of the Thompson family has to contribute to the family unconditionally. Even your sister, who seemed as free as a bird, traveling around the world a few years ago, had to return to help

your father manage the hotel that was on the verge of collapse. Bella has to manage the vast KS Group in the future. You can only imagine how exhausting it will be."

Amelia lowered her head, feeling inferior, her hands rubbing against each other until they were red.

Bella was not only her sister but also her idol.

However, Amelia was never like the sisters in soap operas, envious and dreaming of surpassing their dazzling sisters. She knew Bella was amazingly talented, and Amelia could not hope to compare.

But was this the reason she had to sacrifice her love?

"Mom... I..."

"Another thing is the Lovett family's status. They are too far below us for you to marry into."

Celeste stopped looking at her daughter. She shook her head and said, "Your sister is strong enough, and your future brother-in-law is the Salvador Corporation's president. If you marry Steven, what help would it be to Bella and the Thompson family? Amelia, you always say you want to do something for this family. Now, it is your time to contribute."

When they returned to Yara Park, Amelia's eyes were swollen from crying. She stayed in the car for a while before getting out, fearing someone might see her.

Wyatt's car had arrived first, and he briskly entered the house with Quentin trailing behind.

Chapter 1185

"Chairman Thompson."

Wyatt halted, finally noticing Steven standing before him for, God knows, how long.

"Steven, it's late now. Are you not leaving yet?" He smiled faintly.

"Chairman Thompson, I..." Steven hesitated to speak, feeling a lump in his throat.

"I know you are waiting for Amelia, right?"

Having his thoughts exposed, Steven was awkward and at a loss. After a moment of silence, he guiltily said, "Chairman Thompson, I'm really sorry about my brother. But please believe me. No matter what choice the Lovett family makes, I will also choose the Thompson's side."

Wyatt curled his lips slightly. "This is your family's matter. You don't need to explain it to me. You must have a lot to say to Amelia, right? Have a good talk. I won't disturb you."

His words sent a chill down Steven's spine.

When Steven returned to his senses, Wyatt had gone far.

After a while, Amelia, who had tidied herself up, entered the gate with a dazed expression.

"Amelia!"

Steven immediately rushed forward, opening his arms wide and pulling the girl he loved in a tight hug.

"Steven, you... You're squeezing too tight. I can't breathe." Amelia acted casually and chided.

Steven's eyes were red, refusing to listen to her.

Instead, his shaking shoulders were still squeezing her tighter, and his hot lips landed on her shoulder, leaving a passionate mark. "Sorry. I've made things difficult for you because of my family." Amelia took a deep breath, tears surging in her eyes discreetly. "It's nothing. Don't overthink it."

The two young people in love hugged for a long time before parting hesitantly.

"Steven, during this time... I'll have to plan my career path, so I'll be very busy."

Amelia's voice was soft and low, her eyes flickering with a sad light. "Moreover, I've been studying at Savrow for the past four years and spent little time at Hatchbay. Now that I have more time, I want to

stay at home and spend time with my parents. You've just recovered from a serious injury, and Bella said she wanted you to join the KS Group's legal department for training. You must be busy from now on, right?" Steven's breath hitched, and his heart tightened. "Amelia, what are you trying to say?"

"We shouldn't meet for a while." Amelia forced a light smile.

Instantly, Steven's heart felt torn apart. He grabbed her shoulders. "Amelia, did Chairman Thompson pressure you?! Did he forbid you from meeting me?"

Amelia smiled bitterly. She did not dare to tell him the truth, afraid he would break down on the spot.

"No, but so many things happened recently... We should wait for Bella and Justin to handle your brother's matter and when Dad calms down a bit before we meet again. It would be better that way. You should go home, Steven. You didn't get to rest well lately because of your family. Your dark circles are so heavy."

Amelia's fingertips trembled as she gently caressed Steven's reddened eyes, a thousand emotions swirling in her aching heart.

Finally, she could not hold back anymore, standing on her tiptoes to hold her beloved man's face, pressing her lips against his with tears in her eyes.

"Steven, I love you..."

After Bella showered and came out of her room, she happened to bump into Amelia, whose eyes were swollen. Amelia was walking quickly toward her own room.

"Amelia? Amelia!"

However, Amelia pretended not to hear and quickened her steps.

Chapter 1186

Bella knew that Amelia heard her but didn't want to stop. She was worried and chased after Amelia.

"What's wrong, Amelia?" Bella abruptly grabbed her sister's arm.

Amelia slowly turned around, her eyes glistening with tears. "It's nothing, Bella..."

Bella was taken aback. "You're crying?! Why are you crying? Did you get into a fight with Steve? Or..."

"Bella, please stay happy with Mr. Salvador..."

With an unfinished sentence hanging, Amelia shook off Bella's hand and bolted down the corridor, ignoring all attempts to stop her.

Bella furrowed her brows, sensing that something was amiss. She swiftly pulled out her phone and dialed Steven's number.

"Ms. Bella," Steven's voice sounded weak, lacking its usual energy.

"Steve, what did you say to my sister? Why is she crying so sadly? Did you do something to her?!" Bella asked with her hands on her hips, bombarding him with questions.

"Amelia cried?"

Steven's heart ached, but he answered truthfully, "Ms. Bella, I didn't argue with Ms. Amelia. But when she came back earlier, she seemed really upset. When I asked her why, she only said that she wouldn't be able to meet up with me for some time. She didn't say anything else."

Bella grew increasingly suspicious as she listened.

She knew how much Amelia relied on Steven.

Besides, the couple had only reaffirmed their commitment to each other earlier that day. So, why did she suddenly decide not to see Steven?

"Did Amelia go out alone tonight? Did she tell you what she went out to do?"

Steven pondered before replying softly, "Amelia seems to have gone out with Chairman Thompson and Madam Celeste."

Upon hearing that, Bella's expression darkened.

Meanwhile, in the study, Wyatt took the medication for his cerebral infarction and slumped onto the sofa, shutting his eyes to rest

"Quentin, bring me a bucket. I feel like throwing up..."

"Alright! Please endure it a bit longer!"

Quentin rushed to fetch the bucket and kneeled beside Wyatt.

Wyatt clutched his chest, hunching over in pain. However, despite his efforts, he struggled to vomit anything.

"Chairman, this medication is too potent. You should cut down on the dosage."

Quentin watched with concern. "I'm genuinely worried about you... What if your illness doesn't get cured, and this medicine makes it even worse? What do we do then?" "As we age, our bodies inevitably get weak. Whether I take this medicine or not, it's bound to happen. Let's try to stay positive."

Wyatt sighed heavily, his once resilient spirit now faltering, showing signs of exhaustion. "But please... Don't let the kids know about this, especially Bella. I don't want her to be sad." Quentin's eyes glistened

with tears as he reassured, "Try to stay optimistic, Chairman. With today's advanced medical technology, there's still hope for treating your illness."

"I understand. I'd like to live a little longer, too. But if something happens to me, what will become of Bella? What about my three wives, who've been with me through thick and thin?"

Wyatt rubbed his throbbing temples, feeling the strain. "That's why we have to get to planning as soon as possible. Before Bella takes over the family business, I have to minimize potential obstacles and risks as much as possible."

"Although Mr. Asher isn't interested in business, I'm sure he'll sacrifice everything to assist Ms. Bella if she encounters any difficulty."

Just then, in the living room adjacent to the study,

Bella pushed the door open and swiftly walked in, her demeanor cold and determined as she made her way to the doorway.

Upon hearing the voices of Wyatt and his secretary from inside, she abruptly halted her steps, held her breath, and focused intently, pressing her ear against the door panel.

Chapter 1187

With a loud bang, Bella burst angrily through the door.

A flush of anger painted her snow-like complexion with a red hue, and her fists clenched tightly.

Both Wyatt and Quentin were shocked, feeling their hearts skip a beat.

Wyatt immediately scowled. "You disrespectful brat! Don't you know anything about courtesy and manners? Can't you knock before entering?"

"Since when have I ever needed to knock in Yara Park? Now you're lecturing me on civilized manners? Heh, you're feeling guilty, aren't you?!"

Bella trembled with anger. "Wyatt, do you think you're some emperor from the past? It's bad enough to have multiple wives, but now you want to use your daughter for business alliances to appease the Iversons! You're truly despicable as a father! I used to think you were just a womanizer, but now I realize that you're selfish and heartless! I overestimated you!"

Wyatt was so angry that he almost spat out blood.

However, his tone lacked his previous leniency this time, sounding notably stern and cold. "What do you know, brat? This is a matter of necessity."

"Selling off your own daughter, tearing apart a loving couple, and destroying Amelia's lifelong happiness—is this your idea of necessity?" Bella could not help but scoff.

Despite all the absurdities her father had done, she had not felt this enraged before.

"You're young. You don't understand the difficulties of those in power. The Thompson family is a large household, and KS Group has tens of thousands of employees. How is it possible to make everyone

happy? Before I took over the group, I endured countless frustrations and grievances too. I sacrificed a lot to build the family business we have today!"

Wyatt's brows furrowed in frustration.

"Pfft, does that mean you want me to sacrifice everything for fame and fortune?"

Bella's eyes were bloodshot. "If you're going to sacrifice Amelia now, who will you sacrifice next? You must be furious that Camilla got married early, so furious that you didn't have any more daughters to sacrifice!"

"Bella! You!"

Wyatt stood up suddenly, glaring at his most beloved daughter.

The father-daughter duo faced each other in renewed tension.

Quentin was sweating profusely, unable to bear seeing them argue.

"What's the plan then? Do you intend to turn the other three major families into our enemies? Do you think you can cope with being attacked, no matter how tough you are?!"

"I haven't even begun fighting back, and you're already doubting my abilities? Why are you underestimating me?!"

As the argument escalated, Bella grew increasingly aggravated, her eyes ablaze with fury. "Christopher is nothing but a cunning and deceitful scoundrel! He repeatedly went against Camilla and her husband in Sentania and even schemed against Justin and Asher! Are you under some kind of spell? Christopher could betray you, and you'd obediently do as he says! And now you want to throw your daughter into the wolf's den?! Have you always been so successful by using some cheat codes?!"

Wyatt's body shook in anger. Even Quentin was shocked.

But soon, Wyatt sneered suspiciously at her. "Bella, do you just shamelessly fabricate stories now?"

"Damn it! After everything I've said, you still think I'm lying?!"

Bella felt like she was about to explode with anger, her insides burning with fury. "Wyatt Thompson! Did you get bewitched by Christopher or what?!"

"Ms. Bella, this is a serious matter. Do you have any evidence?"

Quentin found it hard to believe. "You've known Mr. Christopher since you were a child, and your bond with him seemed genuine to me and the Chairman. How could he do such a thing? Given their rivalry,

it's possible that Mr. Christopher harmed Mr. Justin. But accusing him of harming Mr. Asher... What's his motive behind it? It doesn't make sense for Mr. Christopher to act like this."

"Quentin's right. Do you have any evidence?" Wyatt was aware of his daughter's cunning nature. She would likely use every means possible to prevent Amelia from marrying into the Iverson family.

"I will have evidence, but I need time!" Bella clenched her teeth tightly.

Of course, she intended to gather evidence. Evidence to fully expose Christopher.

However, that man was the epitome of cunning. They still seemed utterly powerless against him.

Chapter 1188

The only potential breakthrough was in capturing Winston's superior, Maxwell. With Maxwell's confirmation, Christopher's dark past will finally come to light.

However, Bella could not disclose all this to Wyatt, as sharing too much might raise suspicions prematurely and disrupt her and Justin's plans. Therefore, she had to proceed cautiously. "Alright. I'll reconsider my decision once you secure the evidence."

Wyatt felt a thin layer of sweat form on his forehead, drained of energy to argue further. With a cold expression, he headed toward the door.

Sensing his discomfort, Quentin hurriedly followed suit. "Wyatt! You heartless, selfish, cold-blooded capitalist!" Bella angrily yelled after her father as he walked away, her eyes filled with rage. "I hate you! hate you so much!"

Wyatt felt as though a sharp blade had pierced his heart from behind, leaving a raw, bleeding wound in his heart, causing him to stagger in pain.

It reminded him of the last time Bella had yelled at him with such intensity, expressing her hatred, when the love of his life, Bella's mother, passed away. He simply could not understand.

Ever since Bella was born, he has given her the best of everything.

He could even sacrifice every member of the family and every drop of his blood to pave the way for her and create a secure and prosperous future for her.

But why did it end up like this? How did his daughter resent him so much? "Didn't you want to be with Justin?"

Wyatt's back remained turned against her, his voice icy and distant. "The love you're pursuing isn't blessed by many, and those who oppose it will undoubtedly cause trouble. My actions serve two purposes: to fulfill your wishes and stabilize KS Group, while also ensuring Amelia's prosperous marriage. So, why wouldn't do it?"

Bella's shoulders dropped, her disappointment threatening to overwhelm her, constricting her throat and suffocating her.

"I'm not only your father but also the KS Group's chairman. cannot ignore the risks to the group for the sake of your romantic pursuits. Furthermore, the freedom I've given you is unparalleled. cannot please everyone. You should learn to be content, Bella."

Bella took half a step back, her expression bewildered.

For the first time, she realized just how formidable Wyatt could be.

On her way back to the bedroom, Bella's clothes were soaked with sweat, leaving her feeling completely drained. Her chest was filled with anguish, making her feel suffocated and bloated with discomfort.

No, she could not allow Amelia to marry into the Iverson family, whether it was Charles or Christopher. Both were not worthy of her sister!

While Wyatt did not understand Christopher's horrible character, Bella knew it all too well. Thus, no matter the cost, she was determined to prevent the marriage alliance between the two families.

Just as she contemplated seeking out Amelia to offer her comfort, Bella's phone rang.

Justin's call pierced through her troubled thoughts

However, her mood soured as she recalled the recent argument with her father, realizing that her. Amelia into a marriage alliance with the Ilversons. A profound sense of guilt gripped her like a thorny wheel grinding against her heart.

After a brief moment, Bella answered the call slowly, "Justin..." "What's wrong? You sound upset. Did you miss me?" Justin's deep voice entered her ear, tender and indulgent. Bella rubbed her eyes, feeling more upset. "Yeah..."

The man chuckled softly, his breath intoxicating even the

" en On it. Come out. Let's meet."

Bella dashed out of Yara Park without bothering to end the call or change her clothes, resembling a bird breaking free from its cage.

In the quiet night, a lone lamp casts its glow on a tall and handsome figure, enveloping him in a soft halo of light. His eyes glistened brightly with anticipation.

Despite the late hour and the forecasted rain, Justin hastily drove alone to reunite with his beloved partner after completing his duties in Savrow.

It had only been a day, yet the longing felt unbearable for him.

"Justin!"

With tears glistening in her eyes, Bella pushed open the heavy gates and ran toward Justin.

Justin's charming eyes widened momentarily, then softened into a narrow slit, his thin lips curling into a radiant and affectionate smile.

He had already opened his arms, intending to greet her, but the petite woman had already flown into his embrace. He tightened his strong arms around her, hugging her tightly.

"I rushed over as fast as I could because I was worried you'd be asleep."

Justin's warm breath tickled her ear as he wrapped his right arm firmly around her slender waist, while his left hand tenderly caressed her thin back. His voice, low and gentle, assured her. "But it's okay. I'd wait for you here all night if I had to, even though waiting until the next morning will be quite tortuous."

"Justin..." Bella sniffed, her eyes tinged with redness.

Bella felt as though she were a whale returning to the sea or a bird returning to its nest.

It felt as if no other place in the world could make her feel more at ease than in his embrace.

"Hmm? Bella, are you crying?"

Justin was surprised as he gently lifted Bella's warm face by pinching her chin.

Upon meeting her dewy eyes, a sharp pain pierced his heart, causing his brows to furrow slightly. "Are you really crying? Did someone upset you?"

Bella pressed her fingers against his chest, crumpling his shirt.

She recalled Wyatt's cruel words about arranging her sister's marriage to the Iverson family solely to facilitate her relationship with Justin. Tears continued to well up in her eyes as she asked, her voice choked with resentment, "Should we not be together?"

Justin's heart clenched instantly, his lips trembling with concern. "Bella, what's going on? Why are you saying this all of a sudden?"

"I just think that misfortunes keep coming one after another whenever we're together..."

As Bella continued speaking, her emotions intensified, prompting tears to well up. While she projected strength and authority in the presence of others, with her beloved man, she transformed into a pool of water, soft and vulnerable.

"First it was Asher, and now it's Amelia. Justin, we're not destined to be together... It feels like fate is against us!"

Justin's face was filled with fear. His heart ached uncontrollably, and his hand trembled around her waist. His voice tightened as he asked, "Bella... Please don't scare me. What's wrong? Please tell me." Bella remained silent. She bit her lower lip, unsure of how to begin.

"Bella... I'll do anything for you. Even if you ask me to give up my position in the Salvador Corporation, I'll do it without hesitation."

Justin felt like his throat was being constricted. His breath turned shallow. "Just don't leave me. Please... Please don't leave me."

They had endured many thrilling experiences together and finally came together against all odds. Bella could not bear the thought of leaving him too.

Chapter 1189

Bella dashed out of Yara Park without bothering to end the call or change her clothes, resembling a bird breaking free from its cage.

In the quiet night, a lone lamp casts its glow on a tall and handsome figure, enveloping him in a soft halo of light. His eyes glistened brightly with anticipation.

Despite the late hour and the forecasted rain, Justin hastily drove alone to reunite with his beloved partner after completing his duties in Savrow.

It had only been a day, yet the longing felt unbearable for him.

"Justin!"

With tears glistening in her eyes, Bella pushed open the heavy gates and ran toward Justin.

Justin's charming eyes widened momentarily, then softened into a narrow slit, his thin lips curling into a radiant and affectionate smile.

He had already opened his arms, intending to greet her, but the petite woman had already flown into his embrace. He tightened his strong arms around her, hugging her tightly.

"I rushed over as fast as I could because I was worried you'd be asleep."

Justin's warm breath tickled her ear as he wrapped his right arm firmly around her slender waist, while his left hand tenderly caressed her thin back. His voice, low and gentle, assured her. "But it's okay. I'd wait for you here all night if I had to, even though waiting until the next morning will be quite tortuous."

"Justin..." Bella sniffed, her eyes tinged with redness.

Bella felt as though she were a whale returning to the sea or a bird returning to its nest.

It felt as if no other place in the world could make her feel more at ease than in his embrace.

"Hmm? Bella, are you crying?"

Justin was surprised as he gently lifted Bella's warm face by pinching her chin.

Upon meeting her dewy eyes, a sharp pain pierced his heart, causing his brows to furrow slightly. "Are you really crying? Did someone upset you?"

Bella pressed her fingers against his chest, crumpling his shirt.

She recalled Wyatt's cruel words about arranging her sister's marriage to the Iverson family solely to facilitate her relationship with Justin. Tears continued to well up in her eyes as she asked, her voice choked with resentment, "Should we not be together?"

Justin's heart clenched instantly, his lips trembling with concern. "Bella, what's going on? Why are you saying this all of a sudden?"

"I just think that misfortunes keep coming one after another whenever we're together..."

As Bella continued speaking, her emotions intensified, prompting tears to well up. While she projected strength and authority in the presence of others, with her beloved man, she transformed into a pool of water, soft and vulnerable.

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Chapter 1190

But how could they change Wyatt's mind? How could they stop Amelia from marrying Christopher? Bella took a deep breath and roughly outlined tonight's events to Justin, naturally omitting the conflict with Wyatt. She chose to downplay it, afraid of making Justin feel worried and guilty.

Justin's strong arms tightened around her waist, and his expression furrowed. "So, just because you and I are together, Chairman Thompson wants to rush your sister into a marriage with the Iversons? Even if he favors them, this seems too abrupt."

"It seems sudden, but it's not so unexpected."

Bella shook her head in frustration, her anger manifesting in a sharp grip on Justin's chest. "Wyatt had been scheming behind our backs. He's never been happy about our relationship. It's possible he's already secretly arranged with Chairman Iverson to marry me off to Christopher. After the recent horse racing event, I heard from Steve that news of Wyatt's cordial relationship with Christopher was spreading. It's possible that they were laying the groundwork for the marriage alliance. It's just that they didn't expect the ordeal with the Hoffmans and Shannon getting arrested. Otherwise, Wyatt might've publicly announced my engagement with Christopher at the event. He's capable of anything!"

Justin felt a burning sensation from her grip—a slight pain that also felt like happiness. "Don't worry, Bella. Even if Chairman Thompson goes ahead with his plan, do you think I would stand by and watch you get involved with the jerk, Christopher?"

He then took her small hand, bringing it up to kiss it. His gaze was burning with intensity. "I'll do whatever it takes to get you back."

Bella thought silently to herself, 'There was no need to get me back. I have always belonged to you.'

Her lashes fluttered softly. "But it's also thanks to Zoe causing trouble that Wyatt has started to view me differently. Otherwise, he might've forced both Amelia and me to marry into the Iverson family, cutting off any chance for you. So, I believe Chairman Iverson must have pressured Wyatt into making Amelia marry his son. It's truly disgusting!"

Seeing Bella so upset, Justin felt uneasy. "Bella, although I hate to say this, Christopher was quite obsessed with you before. He might not even consider marrying your sister. If he wants to win you over, he wouldn't agree to this marriage arrangement. And now that Charles is incapacitated, Chairman Thompson wouldn't allow Amelia to marry him. There's a chance this engagement may end up nowhere." "Well, although that's true, Christopher is quite sinister when he sets his mind to it. There's no limit to what he might do."

Bella sighed as she rested her head against his chest. "Maybe this is just one of his schemes. By agreeing to the marriage, he can indirectly pressure me, making me feel intense guilt toward Amelia. Then I'll feel guilty whenever I'm with you. Even if he can't physically harm us, he still aims to torment us mentally."

"Don't worry, Bella. We'll face this together and find a solution."

As he spoke, distant thunder rumbled in the sky, followed by lightning streaking across the clouds. Within seconds, there was a heavy downpour.

Justin swiftly opened the car door, and the two hurried into the backseat.

It was uncertain whether the confined and humid space of the car cabin made dopamine secretion more likely, but they instinctively held each other close, their passionate embrace and kiss matching the intensity of the storm outside.

As heavy and intense breaths engulfed them, Justin kissed Bella until her brows and eyes became slightly hazy, her hands tugging at the man's tie clumsily.

Justin's eyes tinged with desire as his large hand hooked onto her delicate shoulder, to her waist, revealing a large area of porcelain-fair skin that captivated and overwhelmed him.

"Bella..." He could not resist any longer and leaned down, pressing himself against her. Through the blurred and misty windows, their intertwined silhouettes were visible.

Despite the constraints of the car cabin, Bella felt as if her drifted Her cheeks were flushed, and she felt like she was melting.

After their intimate encounter, the heavy rain outside gradually subsided.