

Heiress 1201

Chapter 1201

All around, there were countless sighs.

Bella lifted her long lashes and gazed into Justin's deep, starry eyes. A slight tremble ran through her body as he held her close, and her skin warmed up slowly.

Justin's fiery breath brushed against her nose as he gazed down at her.

He stubbornly intertwined his fingers with hers, elegantly raising his right arm while wrapping his left arm around her waist.

His sweaty palm rested against the curve of her back, separated by a thin layer of silk. His hand moved up and down her back, tracing the alluring curves that excited him. Her body tensed as he elegantly spun her around.

Bella knew how to dance, but at this moment, her entire body felt limp, and her breath quickened as she clumsily followed his steps. Her awkward actions only served to bring a smile to Justin's lips. "What... What are you doing?" she stammered.

"If I don't come, are you going to dance with the wolves?" Justin whispered into her ear, his breath heavy.

Blushing with embarrassment, Bella bit her lip, her cheeks flushing slightly. "Am I not dancing with one right now?"

"Yes, indeed, I am a wolf. One that will eat you." Justin tilted his jaw slightly, his tall figure spinning her around, dominant and effortlessly controlled. "Focus, Bella. You should only look at me." This perfect pair made a striking appearance in the banquet hall, outshining everyone else.

Except for Zoe, all the women at the venue believed that only Bella was suitable for Justin, and vice versa.

Zoe felt intense anger, as if her hair were ready to ignite in flames. Her eyes were blazing with resentment, yet she could only stare helplessly without being able to do anything about it.

On the other hand, Wilson Jr. stopped in his tracks, and his fury reached its peak.

Just then, a steward brought over a message from Wilson and respectfully whispered to him, "Young Master, if you'd like to pick a dance partner, you can choose Ms. Hoffman. She's a suitable match in terms of status, even though she might not have the elegance of Ms. Thompson. She won't embarrass you."

"Choose her? That one in the flashy outfit? No thanks. I'd rather not dance at all!" Wilson Jr. was irritated and had no interest in Zoe, so he stormed off angrily.

Bella was suddenly taken away by Justin, leaving Amelia standing alone, feeling somewhat at a loss.

Seeing that Ms. Amelia was left alone, the men's gazes on Amelia became predatory, ready to approach and snatch her away.

At that moment, a figure limped toward Amelia.

"Hey, look! Isn't that Charles, the second young master of the Iverson family?!"

"Indeed! It's been quite a while since he last appeared in public. I thought he..."

"I heard he got into a really bad car accident and nearly died. The Iverson family sought the renowned Dr. Brown to help with his injuries, but sadly, he ended up being crippled."

"Sigh, Charles Iverson always thought so highly of himself and looked down on others. Being crippled like this must've really hit his pride hard, right? Can't be so cocky now, can he?"

One week ago, Charles started hitting the gym more and also made sure to dress sharp and style his hair perfectly, all just to leave a good impression on Amelia.

He also wanted to prove to the world that even though he lost a leg, he was still the noble Iverson family's second young master.

Amelia's heart raced when she saw him, even taking a step back.

"Ms. Amelia, I..." Charles stood before her, only then realizing he couldn't dance anymore without his leg. He could only force a bitter smile and change his approach. "You seem bored here alone. Mind if I hang out with you and have a chat?"

Amelia's entire body tensed up. While she was hesitating, her phone vibrated. She looked down at the screen, and Steven's name caused a sudden pang of sadness in her heart.

Chapter 1202

Ever since the day Amelia asked to have some space, Steven has not stopped looking for her. He made countless frantic calls and spent nights standing guard outside Yara Park, only to leave feeling disheartened time after time.

The look of being trapped by love and enduring heartache was no different than when Justin pursued Bella.

Amelia dared not step out. She locked herself in her room every day. She forgot to eat or drink, becoming increasingly skinny. Her pillows were drenched with tears day after day.

Whenever she missed Steven, she would stand by the window at the end of the corridor, open the curtains, and steal a glance outside. Whenever she yearned for him, he was there.

Steven stood tall in the wind, as strong and unwavering as a pine tree, his eyes fixed on her room. Just thinking about him caused her pain, which seeped into every part of her body and tugged at her heart day after day.

She believed she had deeply hurt Steven and felt guilty about it. But was there any way for her to make things right?

In the end, she realized she was being selfish. She struggled with choosing between Steven and her family, but in the end, she chose her family.

Charles became curious when he saw Amelia staring at her phone with a blank expression, so he leaned in to take a look. His expression suddenly turned gloomy, but he still managed a dry smile as he stepped back and said, "Ms. Amelia, if it's urgent for you to attend to something, I won't bother you. Carry on with your tasks."

"No, it's fine." Amelia hesitated before hanging up the phone. Worried that Steven might contact her again, she simply turned off her phone.

Amelia thought, 'I have to be tough. Even if Steven feels sad for a little while, it's better than leading him on and then disappointing him later. It's best to end things now rather than dragging it out and hurting him even more in the long run.'

Charles's eyes gleamed with excitement, his voice trembling as he said, "Then... Can I sit here?"

Amelia gave a slight nod and moved to the side, keeping her distance.

Charles took a few cautious steps forward, but then suddenly tripped and lurched forward.

"Hey! Be careful!" Amelia instinctively reached out to support him.

She was a kind-hearted person and didn't give it much thought. She would often help elderly people cross the road, so when she saw a person with disabilities about to fall, her natural response kicked in. Without missing a beat, Charles firmly held onto Amelia's arm, feeling the warmth of her soft skin under his touch. It touched his heart and stirred something inside him.

He took a deep breath and looked at her with deep gratitude. "Thank you... Thank you so much, Ms. Amelia."

Not far away, Wyatt was chatting amiably with Lance.

"Hey, Wyatt! Look over there!" Lance excitedly patted Wyatt's shoulder.

Wyatt casually lifted her eyelids, seeing Amelia and Charles sitting together. They seemed to be engrossed in a conversation, and their eyebrows were slightly furrowed in confusion.

"It seems like your daughter and Charles are getting along better." Seizing the opportunity, Lance jumped in and said, "Christopher has always been really into Bella, and everyone knows it. If we let Amelia marry him, they'd both be miserable, and it wouldn't be fair to Amelia."

He continued, "Charles has told me a few times in private that he really likes Amelia. You know, Charles has never openly admitted his feelings for any girl to me before, but his affection for Amelia seems real. Arranged marriages usually don't turn out well, Wyatt, I was thinking... maybe..."

"I think it's not right." Wyatt cut in coldly before Lance could finish. "You've seen Charles's situation. It's a marriage without real love. Do you want my daughter to marry out of duty and become your son's emotional support for life?"

Lance was speechless.

Chapter 1203

Lance thought, 'Damn! This old man is really blunt today.'

Wyatt continued, "And also, neither of your sons is Amelia's type. So why not pick one who's a better match for her?"

Lance wanted to keep discussing it, but when he saw that Wyatt didn't want to continue the conversation, he could only sigh in frustration.

Charles always enjoyed socializing with women. When his leg wasn't injured, he fancied himself as a casanova. He always had a knack for charming girls with his slick talk. Since Amelia didn't immediately turn him down, he tried hard to entertain her with his witty remarks.

But Amelia was different from any other girls he had met. She always appeared uninterested in what he said, showing no interest at all. He couldn't seem to get through to her, no matter how hard he tried. His throat felt dry, and frustration simmered inside him.

Charles thought, 'She's just the daughter of a mistress. If it wasn't for my injury, why would I choose her? What's so special about her anyway?!'

Astrid could see that things were not going well and felt worried for her brother. Some sneaky tactics were needed to make this work.

At that moment, Charles's secretary rushed over, but Astrid intervened. "Hey, where do you think you're headed? Can't you see Charles is occupied?"

"Ms. Iverson, there's a little problem." The secretary's words were vague.

"Just spit it out. Why beat around the bush?"

"It's... Ms. Thompson's previous secretary. He's waiting outside right now."

Astrid's eyes flashed with a sinister look. "Steven?"

"That's right! That Steven guy! Isn't he the one who's into Ms. Amelia too? I have a feeling he's here to cause trouble for Young Master Charles. So I wanted to give him a heads-up and figure out how to deal with it. Right now, he can't just walk in without an invitation, but if Ms. Thompson gets involved, she'll probably help him out. Then Young Master Charles will be in a really tough spot, right?" The secretary was a loyal lackey, always thinking about what's best for his boss.

"Hmm, you've done well. I'll handle this matter. You can leave Charles alone for now," Astrid said in a relaxed manner.

"Yes, Ms. Iverson."

After the secretary left, Astrid's eyes gleamed with mischief as she pulled out her phone and sent a message to Charles.

[Astrid: Hey Charles, your competition is here trying to mess things up. I'll handle it for you. How are you going to show your gratitude?]

[Charles: Little sis, haven't you always had your eye on that ruby-studded necklace? I'll get it for you.]

[Astrid: Oh! Thanks so much, Charles- XOXO!]

[Charles: But since he's come knocking, it wouldn't be right for our Iverson family's hospitality to let him leave empty-handed.]

Astrid replied with an "okay" gesture and a sly smile playing on her lips.

The villa was brightly lit inside, while the outside was cold and deserted. Steven's phone battery died, and his shaking fingers nearly shattered the screen.

The brilliant lights felt like sharp blades, cutting into his heart over and over again.

Without an invitation, he could only wait outside. He could have called Bella to get in, but he hesitated because this was a personal matter and he didn't want to involve her.

Steven glanced downward, his throat bobbing as he battled with feelings of inadequacy and remorse.

Was he simply reaching too high?

The person he loved was inside. He missed her so much that he thought he might go crazy. Yet the harsh reality of his status left him stuck outside the fortress walls, unable to even see her. "Hey there, who are you? You look quite familiar."

Chapter 1204

A sharp, sarcastic voice rang out, causing Steven to abruptly raise his head.

Astrid emerged from the villa, along with her secretary and bodyguards. She stood a few steps higher with her arm crossed and looked down on Steven.

Astrid sneered. "Who do we have here? Oh, if it isn't Ms. Thompson's secretary and my sister-in-law's ex-boyfriend."

Steven's gaze turned cold. "What are you talking about?"

"So, you still don't know anything. How pitiful!" Astrid clicked her tongue and shook her head. She then handed her phone to the secretary. "Take it, let this poor little secretary have a good look, and wake up." The secretary took the phone and walked over to Steven, placing the screen in front of him. It was a picture of the moment when Amelia helped Charles.

Due to the camera's angle, their behavior looked incredibly ambiguous, with their bodies pressed closely together.

Steven felt like everything went dark, as if he had been struck by lightning. The thought of it was tearing him up inside.

"It's impossible... How could this be?" Steven murmured in disbelief.

"Why is it impossible?" Seeing Steven's devastated expression, Astrid couldn't contain her laughter. "Our families have already agreed to the marriage alliance. My father and Uncle Wyatt have already decided on it. Ms. Amelia is going to be the Second Young Madam of our Iverson family. Look, they get along so well. Love requires the blessings of both families. Otherwise, it's just mutual torment and a waste of everyone's time."

"You liar!" Steven trembled all over, his eyes bloodshot with uncontrollable panic.

"Don't believe me? Go ask Amelia yourself," Astrid said, squinting her cunning eyes. "Ah, I suppose Amelia no longer wishes to contact you. Otherwise, why would you be standing here alone, unable even to see her?"

Those words pierced through Steven's heaving chest like a bullet.

"I don't believe it... I won't believe your nonsense! Amelia would never be with Charles!" Steven roared as he stormed towards the gate. At this moment, his mind was blank, and all he wanted was to confront Amelia in person!

No, he wouldn't ask anything.

He didn't believe that Amelia, who loved him deeply, would agree to such a marriage. He wanted to take her away.

"Stop him!" Astrid commanded, and the Iverson family's bodyguards rushed toward Steven.

Steven charged ahead with reddened eyes, throwing punches wildly. He was a black belt in Taekwondo, so he had no trouble dealing with these bodyguards. But he had only recently recovered from severe injuries sustained in the fight between Bella and Winston, and his fighting prowess wasn't what it used to be.

Under the onslaught of the group, Steven gradually lost his ground.

While he was distracted, one of the bodyguards took out a baton and struck Steven's old shoulder injury directly. The pain caused Steven to groan loudly, and his sweat soaked his suit. Then, another kick landed on his abdomen, forcing him to step back half a step, but he gritted his teeth and stood firm.

Astrid's eyes darkened with malice as she sneered. "Who do you think you are? What does your family amount to? You were just the Thompson family's watchdog before. Do you think you can snatch a woman from my second brother? Why would anyone marry into your lowly Lovett family? Stop fantasizing about things beyond your reach and let go of this idea. Just go back and continue being Bella's obedient dog."

Steven seethed with hatred, his eyes blazing with fury and his fists clenched tightly, ready to strike again. But his shoulder hurt like hell, and he couldn't lift his arm.

The bodyguards stood in front of him like an impenetrable wall.

Astrid hummed a tune as she turned and walked away, gesturing with her finger, and the secretary hurried over.

"That kid is injured and not your match. Take care of him properly."

Chapter 1205

At the end of the quiet corridor, the soft moonlight illuminated a pair of graceful figures. "Ah, It hurts... It hurts so much..." "Sorry, Bella... I'll be more gentle."

Bella leaned against the wall, her fair and delicate skin glistening with a layer of dewy radiance. Her long lashes fluttered like butterfly wings. The sight of her gently biting her red lips added to her alluring charm.

In front of her, Justin kneeled on one knee and removed her burgundy high heels. His large hand firmly held her slender ankle, while his other hand grasped her toes, massaging them with great care. "You're so annoying. Why did you dance so fast? only sprained my foot because tried to keep up with your steps. You don't feel my pain at all." Bella pouted, complaining in a coquettish tone. "It's my fault, Bella. You can hit me as much as you want when we get home to vent all your frustrations. Or... You can hit me now," Justin said, feeling guilty and somewhat at a loss, poking his finger against his chest. "Hit me here, hard."

Bella clenched her delicate fist, raising it high, and then lowered it gently. " won't hit you. Your chest muscles are like iron blocks. Hitting you would hurt me instead."

Justin looked at her with a faint smile, knowing she couldn't bear to hurt him.

He was skilled with his hands, and although Bella had felt some pain at first, now her ankle felt less sore. Justin gazed down at her small feet, taking a small gulp as he did so.

How was his woman so beautiful? Even the skin on her feet was smooth and delicate, each toe so adorable, making him unable to let go.

"Bella, your feet are beautiful."

"You're such a pervert! Who stares at a girl's feet?" Bella blushed, her toes curling in his palm. "Justin, just admit it, you're a stinking scoundrel!" "Okay, admit it. Does it still hurt?"

"My personal masseur is quite skilled. guess you made up for your previous mistakes." Bella narrowed her beautiful eyes.

Justin helped her put on her high heels, then stood up straight. In an instant, his left arm pressed against her head, and his right hand hooked around her waist, eagerly sealing her lips in a deep kiss. He had been wanting to kiss her for so long. His whole body was burning with desire, roaring within him.

Bella's eyelashes fluttered shyly, but she wrapped her arms around his neck, responding to his affection and passion without reservation.

Their tongues intertwined, their lips melding together. Every time they kissed, they wished they could devour each other, yet it never felt like enough.

Bella gasped for breath as she parted from Justin, but he once again held her jaw. His moist lips chased after hers, clearly not ready to stop.

"Mm... How about we don't make it official tonight?" Justin suddenly paused, obviously feeling a bit nervous. "Bella, what's wrong?"

"Don't overthink it. just feel like we don't need to be so high-profile about our relationship during tonight's event," Bella said, pressing her lips together. Then she carefully adjusted his bow tie.

"Just now, when Wilson Jr. made a move on me, Wyatt intervened, announcing the news of my engagement. That was already quite embarrassing for the Reeds, and it stole the limelight. know he was secretly looking at you at that moment. Everyone knows that no one but you can be my fiancé."

Justin's heart raced even more intensely at her words.

"So you don't need to rush things. Besides, everyone knows you belong to me. As long as I understand ; as long as Bella said, tiptoeing to lightly peck his lips. "I don't care about what you say. I only care about what you do. Let's just focus on ourselves. I don't care about those superficial matters."

Justin's voice was thick with emotion. "Bella, what are you scheming?" "Nothing."

"Are you afraid that if I make it public, it will anger Wilson and his son and affect the cooperation between your father and Journey Ventures?"

Justin used to find her unpredictable, but now he understood her quite well. Bella had her eyes on the money, and her mind was filled with business ideas.

Bella's almond eyes flashed with a dark light. "If there are profits to be made, who wouldn't want to make some money? The hotel at the racetrack is our first domestic attempt and it's a hugely profitable project. If KS Group secures this major project, it will lay a solid foundation for our expansion into Savrow. By then, KS Group will be able to swallow up Iverson Group's market share in Savrow, putting pressure on them to weaken gradually and lose their ability to counterattack."

She clenched her teeth while calculating. "In the future, it won't just be the Iverson the your Salvador family in Savrow. I'm confident that given time, I will crush the entire Iverson Group right under my feet."

Chapter 1206

Justin understood Bella's intentions and hugged her tenderly. "I know you're doing this for Amelia. Everything you do is to prevent her from marrying into the Iverson family."

His understanding made her feel bittersweet, and she murmured in his arms, "I just hate myself for not being strong enough. This is the only way I can think of. Do you think I'm ridiculous?"

Justin felt a tingle in his nose as he gently stroked her back. "No, I think you're very smart. At the moment, this is the best way. And I don't think Wilson will hold a grudge against Chairman Thompson for this. A true businessman weighs the pros and cons. He should still choose KS Group. Even if you can't cooperate with Journey Ventures, don't worry. With me in charge, Iverson Group won't have an easy time."

Bella was moved, her eyes brimming with tears. Although she had a father who was a top businessman and brothers who were capable, she was stubbornly independent. She had always dealt with difficulties on her own and did not rely on anyone. She did not want to worry her loved ones.

Justin was the first person she wanted to rely on, and she wanted to lean on him for the rest of her life.

Suddenly, the tranquil atmosphere was shattered by a loud noise.

"Who is it?" Both of them frowned deeply, turning to look in the direction of the sound.

At that moment, a figure flashed past.

"Justin, we must catch the person hiding in the dark. He might be eavesdropping!" Bella's eyes narrowed coldly. "Our conversation just now involved business secrets. If it reaches the ears of the Iverson family it will be troublesome!"

Justin nodded sternly, his handsome face cold and resolute as he dashed in the direction the shadow had disappeared.

Justin was skilled and had excellent eyesight, quickly catching up to the person. "Stop! Don't make me attack you." The person stood with his back to him, slightly bent over. The man was panting heavily and was in a bad state. Justin furrowed his brows, feeling a sense of familiarity with the man. "Who are you?"

"Mr. Salvador."

The man turned around slowly.

In the moonlight, Justin saw the man's heavily scarred face, and his pupils widened in astonishment. "Steven?!"

At that moment, Bella rushed over as well.

She noticed that Steven was covered in dust. His suit was tattered and torn, his clear face marred with bruises, and his left eye was swollen and bloodshot.

"Steve!" Bella ran to Steven in panic, her trembling hands gripping his shoulders and her voice hoarse with anxiety. "What happened... What happened?! Who did this to you?!"

Steven gritted his teeth, turning his face away in embarrassment. He didn't want her to see his miserable state, but there was no avoiding it.

"Talk to me, Steve... Damn it, talk to me!" Bella's eyes turned red with urgency as she shook his battered body forcefully.

"Bella! Please calm down!" Justin quickly wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, holding her tightly. "Steven is injured. Shaking him like this will only hurt him more!"

Bella's chest ached, feeling both pained and suffocated. She was gasping for breath, yet she couldn't calm down.

"Steven, now that things have come to this, do you still want to hide it?" Justin held the trembling woman tightly, his voice solemn. "Do you think hiding it is good for Bella? This way, she'll only feel more miserable and tormented!"

"Ms. Bella... Can you please not let Amelia marry Charles?" Steven couldn't hold back anymore, tears streaming down his cheeks unconsciously. "As long as Amelia doesn't marry Charles, I'll do anything!" Bella instantly understood, her eyes turning bloodshot. "Were you attacked by someone from the Iverson family?"

Justin also came to the same conclusion, and his fist clenched involuntarily.

Chapter 1207

Not many people knew about the relationship between Amelia and Steven, and the Iverson family is one of them. The Iversons must have some courage to dare lay a hand on Steven! "Steven, how did you manage to get in?" Justin asked worriedly.

"I was swarmed by the Iversons' bodyguards, but I found a way to break through and snagged an access card from one of the bodyguards and forced my way in," Steven replied, his face pale with sweat dripping down his forehead.

"Hmph! The Iverson family really went to great lengths to stop you!" Justin's eyes flashed with anger, but he kept his emotions steady in front of Bella. His tone was cold. "Your injuries are serious, especially with your old wounds. We can't waste any time. I'll have Ian take you to the hospital right now."

"No! I can't leave! I must see Amelia! I have to get her out of here!" Steven's voice was hoarse, almost desperate.

"Steven, please think this through." Justin raised his eyebrows and said, "Originally, with Bella's help, you might still have a chance to be with Ms. Amelia. But if you cause such a scene tonight, you might anger Chairman Thompson and ruin any chance of being together."

"Chance? Chairman Thompson has already agreed to the Iverson family's proposal. It's a done deal! Amelia is soft-hearted and timid. She will compromise for her parents and for the family. If I don't fight for it, then what chance do we have?"

Justin looked into Steven's desperate eyes and felt his pain as if it were his own. As the president of Salvador Corporation, Justin had power and influence. Even with his grandfather's support, he had risked everything to be with Bella today.

Steven was just Bella's subordinate, and his family background was nothing in front of the Thompson family. Even if he and Amelia were truly in love, the difficulties they faced were no less than his own. "Steve, who sent people to attack you?" Bella, burning with anger, was single-mindedly bent on avenging him.

Steven shook his head. "I originally wanted to force my way through, but I was stopped by Astrid and her bodyguards. The person with her was Charles' secretary. I don't know whether it was Charles or Astrid who really ordered the attack."

Infuriated, Bella burst into laughter. Her beautiful eyes glinted with cold light. "They both share the last name, and their veins are filled with the same filthy blood! Since we can't tell them apart, let's just take them all down!"

Meanwhile, Amelia remained oblivious to Steven's ordeal. However, she was burdened with her own thoughts.

No matter how much Charles attempted to win her over, Amelia remained indifferent. She couldn't bring herself to listen to anything he said. In her heart, there was only Steven. It was impossible to accept anyone else.

Lost in her thoughts, Amelia's phone slipped from her hand to the ground. As she bent down to pick it up, Charles also moved to assist her, and their hands accidentally collided. Amelia hastily retracted her hand, but to her surprise, Charles boldly grabbed her hand!

"Ah!" She exclaimed, jerking her hand away abruptly and standing up indignantly. "Mr. Charles, what are you doing?!"

"I'm sorry... I'm sorry, Ms. Amelia. Your hand is truly beautiful. I couldn't help myself... I was out of line." Charles quickly adopted a look of anxiety, his eyes misting over.

"I'm sorry, but... I really like you, Ms. Amelia. My younger brother has always loved your sister. You know that. Marrying him would ruin your life. He won't treat you well! But I'm different. I really like you. Why don't we be together? That would be for the best!"

"Enough, stop talking!" Amelia's face was flushed with shame and anger, and her heart was filled with indignation. "Even though my birthright was officially passed to my father, you shouldn't treat me so disrespectfully! I'm not interested in you or your fourth brother. But at least your brother doesn't disrespect me like this. He's better than you! Don't waste your efforts."

Chapter 1208

Amelia endured Charles's disrespect but dared not tell her father or elder brothers. She quickly left the banquet hall alone, tears streaming down her face.

In the midst of leaving through the crowd, a waiter accidentally bumped into her. Amelia felt a brief sting in her arm as if a bee had stung her, but it quickly faded away.

The waiter promptly apologized. "Ah, I'm sorry miss."

"It's... It's okay." Amelia shrugged it off and turned to leave quickly.

As the waiter watched her walk away, a hint of a smirk crossed his face.

...

Amelia was standing on the deserted balcony, feeling the evening breeze in her hair and looking at the moon.

She was wiping away her tears, thinking about Steven and how he always protected her. If Steven was here, he would never let her suffer even the slightest grievance or endure the slightest bullying. But she had already made the painful decision to let go.

From now on, there would be no Steven in her life... Should she have one final conversation with him to clarify everything and have closure?

After much deliberation, Amelia finally mustered the courage. Her hands were trembling as she turned on her phone. As soon as the signal connected, countless missed calls and messages flooded her screen. Steven had never stopped trying to reach her, every word filled with deep affection. Amelia pressed her fingers onto her chest, where her heart seemed to have shattered into pieces. Biting her cherry lips until they bled, she couldn't stop the tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Steven... I don't want to be separated from you."

Suddenly, she felt her vision blurred by tears. Her delicate body swayed violently, teetering on the verge of collapse.

"Ms. Amelia, what's wrong with you?" A nervous voice reached her ears, but Amelia's mind was muddled, her ears ringing. The next moment, she was fiercely pulled into someone's embrace. She could even feel the restless palm on her tender shoulder, lewdly caressing her.

"Who are you? Don't touch me!" Amelia trembled, trying to struggle but unable to muster any strength. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Heh heh, don't be nervous. Just relax." The man smirked, his lips lasciviously brushing against her cheek, which he had long coveted. "I will take good care of you."

As the CEO of KS Group, Asher was mingling among the powerful and influential.

While he was engaged in a conversation with the guest, a sweaty bodyguard who was following Amelia rushed over and pulled Asher aside. "Mr. Thompson, there's bad news. Ms. Amelia is missing!" Asher's heart tightened, and his handsome face darkened. "How is that possible? Security here is top-notch, and you've been with her the whole time. How could my sister disappear?"

"She was within our sight the whole time, sitting there talking to Second Young Master Iverson..."

"Charles?" Asher suddenly had a bad premonition, his brow furrowing deeply.

The bodyguard stammered in fear, wiping sweat from his forehead. "But... A group of people passed by from the dance floor, and Ms. Amelia suddenly vanished. Second Young Master Iverson is missing too!" "Useless!" Asher's eyes glare with fury, his anger palpable.

The bodyguard was so terrified that his legs almost gave way. "Mr. Asher! We need to find her now! If we can't..."

Veins bulged on Asher's forehead, and his voice was hoarse as if torn. "Search discreetly. Don't inform Chairman Thompson for now. Spare him the worry. If we don't find my sister before the end of the banquet, you can think about how you'll face your demise!"

The Thompson family's bodyguards scattered throughout the castle immediately, launching a thorough search. Asher was no longer in the mood for socializing and joined the search himself.

Though Amelia was not his biological sister, he, being the eldest, loved all his siblings equally and would not stand idly by. He also dared not tell Bella, knowing her explosive temper. Bella might just turn the Reed family's event upside down!

He thought, 'Amelia, please be safe!'

Chapter 1209

As the quickened pace of leather shoes echoed across the corridor, Asher ran in a cold sweat while trying Amelia's number.

Though the call went through, it was unanswered.

Suddenly, Asher stopped in his tracks and heard the ringing of a cell phone.

His heart raced as he followed the sound to the balcony.

Amelia's phone sat on the ground, unattended. The screen displayed his name due to the call.

"Amelia! Where are you, Amelia?"

Standing on the balcony, Asher shouted her name, but his screams went unanswered.

"Ash, how did Amelia go missing?"

Bella and Justin rushed to the scene. Behind them was an injured Steven. "The security is tight here. All guests are registered before leaving and entering the castle. How did Amelia go missing? I can't believe it. Amelia has to be somewhere in the castle. She can't possibly leave the place."

Driven by panic, Steven was on the verge of a breakdown. His bloodshot eyes welled up.

"It's my fault! I was careless." Blaming himself, Asher pounded his fists on the railing.

"Ms. Amelia will be okay. With Chairman Thompson around, I doubt anyone would lay a finger on his daughter unless the person is looking for a death wish." Justin gripped Bella's trembling shoulders, his lips pursed. "Since her phone is found here, we should start by retrieving the surveillance footage from this area."

Asher's eyes were red. "I'll get to it right now."

"It will take too long. Every minute we waste puts Amelia in further danger." Bella gritted her teeth, sweat forming on her forehead. "Give me a computer with good functionality, Ash. I'll hack into the system. I can cripple not just the surveillance but the security system of the castle too."

Emotions got to Asher and Steven, so it only occurred to them now that Bella was a top-notch hacker.

Drew, a special agent, took Bella under his wing and taught her all she needed to know about computer programming.

Justin stared at Bella in shock, his eyes reflecting his utmost appreciation for her.

His woman was an angel on earth.

He should have been used to the fact by now.

Asher sent his men to deliver the best laptop on the market as soon as possible.

Bella's eyes fixed on the screen as her fingers fleeted across the keyboard.

Three men stood behind her with their heads hung low, staring at her without missing a beat.

Bella inputted countless green codes and hacked into the system without a hitch.

When Justin was in the military academy, he excelled in every training and course, including hacking. However, he doubted he was at Bella's level.

Ten minutes later, the surveillance footage came on the screen.

They were soon stunned.

Several cameras captured Amelia hugging and flirting with a man, and the man was Charles.

"He's an animal!" Justin's eyes were bloodshot.

The strangest thing was Amelia's attitude toward Charles.

Amelia clung to the man's waist, nestling her head on his chest with a smile.

They were too cozy with each other.

Bella's breath hitched as chills went down her spine.

"Amelia and Charles..."

Steven's heart sank, and he shook his head violently. "No... Amelia couldn't possibly accept a vile man like him."

"We know the person Amelia is. I'm sure something fishy is going on."

Bella watched as Amelia and Charles went to the top floor and disappeared after taking a turn.

"Oh, no! Charles is going to do something to Amelia. We must stop him." Unlike his usual composure when handling things, Asher freaked out. Steven felt his world crumbling. Emotions swept through him.

He vowed to kill Charles if the latter were to touch the love of his life. Even if he could not, he would castrate Charles and make Charles wish for death.

Chapter 1210

Steven even prepared himself for the worst-case scenario.

He would not turn his back on Amelia, even if she was no longer a virgin. He made up his mind that Amelia was the only woman for him. Regardless of what happened, Amelia was perfect and pure to him.

Bella cursed as regret washed over her. "That animal! Had I known of his intentions toward Amelia, I would've left him dead on the surgical table."

"I assigned my men to apprehend Charles' associates covertly."

Justin sprung to action. "Charles is limp. He can't do this on his own. I'm sure his minions would know what is going on."

A light flickered in a flash.

No one saw how Asher drew his dagger.

His gaze was chilling. "My blade hasn't seen blood in a long time. Charles is asking for it. Who am I to deny Charles' punishment?"

Charles carried Amelia, who was not in the right state of mind, into a guest room.

She was thrown into bed, her mind muddled. She wriggled restlessly and panted with difficulty.

Amelia was a delicious sight.

Charles licked his lips as his eyes ravished her. He eagerly removed his clothes.

"Fuck! What the hell?"

He quickly realized a horrible problem. He could not get it up.

Charles took heavy breaths, but try as he may, he could not get an erection.

Before, Charles was known to keep it up for extended periods of time. However, he could not even take the right form to begin the rigorous exercise. How was he supposed to live up to his reputation? Amelia would regain consciousness once the drug effect subsided. When that happened, he would be accused of assault instead.

Charles started to hate Bella's guts. He believed she must have struck the nerves that connected to his manhood.

Nevertheless, he had to nail Amelia. This was his only shot.

Since sleeping with Amelia was no longer an option, Charles simply tore her clothes.

She was voluptuous. Even so, Charles could not get it up.

"Fuck! I really want to fuck you!"

Suddenly, a thundering noise came from the back. Nearly wetting his pants, Charles slipped under the covers.

"Who's there?"

"Your worst nightmare."

Three figures barged into the room.

Before Charles knew it, Justin took strides toward the bed with grimacing eyes and grabbed Charles by the hair to drag him from under the covers.

"Ahhh! Ow! It hurts! Let go, bastard!" Charles cried out in agony.

He sprawled across the floor, his bottom and left prosthesis showing.

Justin pushed his tongue against his cheek before lifting his foot to stomp on Charles' back. His eyes were downcast to hide his aggression. "Don't look, Bella. I don't want you to see this." "It's just a butt."

Bella spat on Charles, ran to the bed, and lifted the covers with shaky hands.

Her heart broke to pieces, and she shouted hysterically, "I'm going to kill you, Charles!"

"Amelia!"

Steven rushed over in a flurry, his eyes welling up. He held his woman over the covers with trembling hands.

Even now, he could not bear to look at or touch her.

Steven wrapped his arms around Amelia, with the duvet separating them. His injured hand patted her back in an offer of comfort.

"Don't be scared. I'm here. No one can hurt you anymore."

Amelia gradually regained consciousness and opened her eyes listlessly.