

## Heiress 1251

### Chapter 1251

"Heh... James, you're pretty young. If you don't know how I've made it this far, just ask your father when you get back home." Wyatt's eagle-like stare was unwavering. "Find out what happens to those who are enemies of Wyatt Thompson!"

James felt a chilling fear but managed to keep his cool, refusing to show any vulnerability.

"I'm standing here not as the seventh young master of the Thompson family, but as a police officer to inform you." With a swift motion, Ralph presented the arrest warrant in front of the Iverson family. "The police have officially arrested Charles on charges of rape, backed by solid evidence and witness testimony. The Iverson family should prepare to attend the trial of Charles Iverson."

Lance's expression turned gloomy.

This was unquestionably an official arrest warrant issued by the police. There was no way out but to accept the truth.

James wanted to fight back but was abruptly stopped by his father, who quietly urged, "What more is there to say at this point?! We need to focus on getting back and saving Charles right now."

As the Iverson father and son were leaving in shame, Wyatt stared at their backs with red eyes and yelled, "The union between our family is over! Don't ever mention it again! I will pursue the matter of Charles assaulting my daughter to the end."

Lance gritted his teeth with hatred and angrily yelled at Christopher, who remained motionless. "Christopher! Let's go!"

Although Christopher didn't want to leave like this, the icy stares from the Thompson family members made it hard for him to stay. So he shot Bella a deep glance before stepping away.

The young woman felt queasy from that look, almost making her vomit. But she was secretly relieved because things turned out okay.

The alliance with the Iverson family had finally come to an end.

On the drive home, the Iverson family sat in their spacious Bentley in a somber mood.

James gave Lance two anti-hypertensive tablets and did his best to reassure him, but his blood pressure remained high.

"Charles is such a fool! Why did he have to choose the daughter of that mistress? He could have picked anyone else, but he had to go for her. It's like asking for trouble!"

"Seriously, it's not like he's the one getting married. Why did he get into so much trouble?" Christopher fumed, glaring with resentment. "Already impotent yet still trying to mess around with women? Haha! It's ridiculous that he got labeled as a rapist."

"Shut up! How dare you speak about your own brother like that?! And why were you at the Thompson family tonight?" Lance questioned him angrily.

"Why else? Obviously, it's all about impressing the Thompson family," James mocked, taking the opportunity to harshly criticize Christopher. "Our fourth brother is really working hard to become their future son-in-law. Have you ever been this devoted to Dad since you were young? I doubt you've shown even half as much concern for Dad as you have for Wyatt."

"Is the marriage only for my sake? I'm also doing it for the Iverson family!" Christopher retorted angrily.

"Enough!" Lance angrily slammed the armrest and stared at Christopher. "You're forbidden from talking to Bella! Quit trying to win over the Thompson family and making us look bad."

"Why should I suffer for Charles' mistake? What's wrong with me being in touch with Bella?" Christopher's paranoia was making him irrational. "If I marry Bella, we can still stay connected to the Thompson family and benefit from their resources. What's wrong with that?"

"Hahaha... Christopher, are you delusional? Things have gotten to this point, and you're still dreaming about marrying Bella?" James chuckled. "Even if Justin's been turned down by Chairman Thompson and the guy is completely out of the picture, Bella would never fall in love with you."

"Actions speak louder than words. Just because you can't do it doesn't mean I can't either." Christopher said as he adjusted his glasses, a fierce determination in his eyes.

"Enough! Let's not discuss this now. Charles' situation is urgent!" Lance grabbed James's arm, his expression dark and determined. "Although Charles is being accused of rape, he didn't actually do anything with that girl. It was an attempted assault. No matter what, we have to find a way to get him out."

Chapter 1252

Early in the morning, a vibrant red sports car smoothly came to a halt and parked in front of the lounge.

Yvonne emerged from the car, showcasing her elegant and toned legs. She was dressed in a stylish black fishtail gown that highlighted her curvy figure. Her delicate high heels sparkled in the dark, exuding an air of confidence that could captivate any onlooker.

A man promptly emerged from the shadows. "Ms. Smith, he's still inside. I've been watching him."

Yvonne's eyes were as cold as the moon as she gracefully used her left hand to gather her shiny black hair, effortlessly slipping a silver hairpin with a ruby into place with her right.

Her movements were smooth and alluring, leaving her henchmen completely captivated by her beauty. "You stay here and prepare for whatever happens next."

...

In the lounge, the flickering shadow gave off a captivating vibe.

Yvonne clenched her teeth as she navigated through the lively crowd, her gaze fixed solely on Drew, who was seated at the edge of the bar.

As she approached him, her heart raced faster, and all the noise around her seemed to fade away as if she had entered a strange, dreamlike world. Yvonne raised her hand to fix her elegantly tousled hair.

Tonight, she was going to kill him by using this hairpin, her most treasured possession.

After a moment, Yvonne stood behind Drew.

Just as her delicate hand was about to touch the man's shoulder, she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her wrist, and everything around her started spinning!

"Ahh!"

In an instant, Yvonne found herself being thrown heavily against the table, the sudden pain making it hard for her to catch her breath.

'What kind of reaction was this?'

He was simply a brute!

Drew's rough hand firmly grasped her delicate wrist as his other hand strangled Yvonne's throat, squeezing it tightly.

As a seasoned top-secret agent carrying out missions abroad, he had encountered his fair share of assassination attempts from enemies. His years of living in constant danger had sharpened his instincts to the extent that he wouldn't miss even the smallest movement.

At this moment, Yvonne was pinned down by him. Her face turned red from suffocation, and tears were glistening at the corners of her eyes.

"It... It's you?"

Drew was suddenly startled, and his grip began to loosen.

Yvonne gasped heavily, and tears flowed uncontrollably.

Some onlookers saw what was happening, but they assumed it was just a couple arguing, so they dared not intervene.

"Wow, this dude might be good-looking, but he's such an asshole. How dare he publicly assault her?"

"Sigh, we should just mind our own business. If they want to fight, let them be. It's none of our concern."

Drew heard the whispers, his expression growing grim.

Yvonne coughed continuously and struggled to speak. "That hurts..."

Yvonne tried to get up, but the pain in her back made her unable to stand up straight.

"Sorry, it's an occupational disease."

Drew wrapped his arms around her waist, lifting her off the ground.

Yvonne relaxed into the embrace, her fragile arms tentatively surrounding his lean, strong frame. Their breath mingled warmly, stirring something deep within them.

However, Drew looked at her coldly. "Ms. Smith, except for my sister, no other woman is meant to hold me like that. Aren't you being a little too bold?"

"You really pamper your sister. I bet having a good-looking brother like you must make others jealous," Yvonne said with a bright smile, the kind she had rehearsed many times before and now came naturally. "I'm sure your sister is stunning, right?"

Drew couldn't quite figure out her expression as he looked at her lovely features. It made his heart stir.

She really did resemble Bella a lot. If she wore the same clothes and hairstyle as her, he could easily confuse them at first sight, not to mention Justin.

Drew's eyes suddenly sparkled with a hint of cold light as he tilted her chin upward with his fingertip.

"You and my sister are equally beautiful," Drew said, a smirk playing on his lips.

Yvonne felt her heart race as she smiled back, her voice quivering slightly. "There must be some differences. Who is the prettier one?"

Without any hesitation, he replied, "Of course, my sister is prettier."

Yvonne was speechless.

This man... It was tough to figure out if he had a serious case of typical male behavior or an obsession with his sister!

But Yvonne was not put off at all by his sincerity and honesty.

"Why are you here?"

Chapter 1253

Drew narrowed his eyes and said, "You're not here for me, are you?"

Yvonne playfully traced her fingers on his chest as she walked around him. "Sir, you have to admit that our last meeting was totally due to fate."

Drew raised an eyebrow. "Hmm, fate indeed."

"Thanks for the help last time." Yvonne held his black tie, pressing against him with her soft, curvy figure. Her eyes gleamed with desire as she said, "I've always wanted to see you again, hoping to repay you." Drew's eyes darkened, setting off an intense gaze that made her nervous, but she managed to remain calm.

His eyes were like lie detectors, capable of seeing through illusions. Yet, at this moment, he inexplicably felt that her words held a hint of truth.

Drew grinned mischievously and inched closer, asking, "So, how do you plan to repay me?"

Yvonne felt her heart pounding, her cheeks turning red. She nervously said, "I'll do whatever you want tonight... I'm all yours."

Yvonne was dumbfounded, utterly taken aback.

Drew's idea of repayment was playing a game of blocks with him!

"One turn each, and the loser takes three shots. Ms. Smith, are you up for it?" Drew asked, resting his chin on his arms as he gently added the final block to the top layer.

At this time, the bartender had already brought three bottles of top-quality whiskey to their table.

Yvonne looked at the man in confusion. This unexpected game had undoubtedly ruined her initial plans.

"Oh, right. It's not good for girls to drink hard liquor, so how about this? You take one shot, and I'll take three." Drew's eyes were as stunning as amber hidden in the ocean's depths. "Ms. Smith, will you join me?"

"I'll join you." Yvonne took a deep breath, tightening her fingers. "A deal's a deal. No backing out now."

And so, the game began.

Drew was always the fastest thinker out of all the Thompson siblings and excelled at different kinds of fun activities.

One game he loved to play with his younger sister when they were kids was building blocks. Whenever he found himself bored at the foreign special operations headquarters, he would sit alone in a corner and spend time playing with these childhood toys, finding comfort in them and using them as a way to feel closer to his beloved sister, Bella.

In the early rounds, Yvonne lost every match, quickly downing four shots of whiskey. The burning sensation traveled down her throat, setting her stomach on fire.

Yvonne's forehead was covered in sweat as her stomach twisted in spasms of pain.

Over the years, she had sacrificed everything she could for Christopher's dreams, leaving herself with only a worthless life.

She indulged in constant flattery and betrayal, even drinking until she ended up vomiting in the hospital multiple times. Despite appearing healthy and beautiful on the outside, her body was deteriorating

inside. "Looks like you've lost again, Ms. Smith," Drew teased as he shook his empty glass at her, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Despite the pain, Yvonne filled the glass once more, gritting her teeth.

As she reached for the glass, Drew leaned in and covered the entire top with his large hand. "If you can't handle it, forget about it. It's all good. I'll drink this one for you."

"No worries... I'm not ready to admit defeat. I've got this," Yvonne replied confidently.

Yvonne clearly didn't seem to appreciate it. She snatched the glass and quickly drank everything in it, her face turning red.



Drew narrowed his eyes as he smirked quietly. This woman, with her stubbornness and refusal to give up, reminded him of Bella.

In the next few games, Drew intentionally allowed her to win three times in a row.

Perhaps it was because he was in a bad mood or some other reason that Drew, who once had a high alcohol tolerance, now appeared somewhat dazed and possibly tipsy. "Yay! I did it! I did it again!" Yvonne cheered enthusiastically, raising both hands in the air with her cheeks flushed with joy like an innocent young girl.

Drew looked at the woman in front of him, his eyes locked on hers, feeling like everything else had faded away.

It reminded him of Bella when they were kids. Whenever she beat him at something, she would run around the room in joy. Little did she know he let her win every time.

He thought, 'Bella... Wouldn't it be great if you could stay young forever and just enjoy those carefree, innocent days with your brothers protecting you? Now, things are completely different. She has experienced danger and gone through the pain of love.'

Chapter 1254

"Sir, it's your turn..."

Yvonne froze, her heart skipping a beat suddenly. She was startled to see tears welling up in Drew's sorrowful eyes.

"You did it. It's great that you won..."

Drew squinted, then picked up his cup and gently clinked it against hers. "I hope you will win every time."

As he finished speaking, he emptied his cup. The liquid ran down from the corner of his mouth, tracing the contour of his masculine jawline.

Yvonne's eyes turned red. Her cold, emotionless heart was suddenly moved.

She's never been spoken to like this before. She was always being pushed, controlled, and ordered around by others. No one had ever said to her, "I hope you will win. I hope your future isn't just darkness and that you can still find light..."

In an instant, her mind went blank. Her hands instinctively reached up to Drew's broad shoulders, and her soft lips pressed against his moist lips, gently kissing him.

Drew took a deep breath, his long lashes drooping.

His large hand clasped the back of her head, softly stroking as he silently removed her silver hairpin.

The people waiting to clean up the mess were still waiting for Yvonne. She didn't show up as dawn approached, so they had no choice but to go in and look for her. They looked everywhere, even in the restroom, but Yvonne was nowhere to be found. It was like she had vanished into thin air! Even her phone was switched off!

Half an hour later, Taylor arrived at the scene, panting. He kicked his subordinate and said, "You let a person that big slip away? What are you even here for? Even a dog tied up here would have been more useful than you!"

The subordinate trembled in fear. "I'm sorry! I wanted to follow her in, but Ms. Smith insisted on dealing with that man herself, so I had to stay outside. I really didn't know what was happening inside!" "Ms. Smith is an important person to Mr. Iverson. If anything happens to her, you'll be the first one to be fed to the dogs!"

Taylor paced around anxiously. 'Drew is a top-level special agent! Yvonne doesn't stand a chance against him. She basically fell right into his trap! No, I must report to Mr. Iverson truthfully! Otherwise, Ms. Smith's life could be in danger!'

After the Iverson family members left, Steven insisted on staying at Yara Park to keep Amelia company despite his injuries.

Wyatt didn't have much to say at that point and went back to his room alone, looking really down. He locked himself in, not even letting Quentin approach.

The next afternoon came around yet Wyatt still hadn't come out to see anyone. Everyone was starting to get a bit concerned.

"Chairman Thompson needs some time alone," Quentin sighed sadly. "Although Chairman Thompson doesn't show it, I can tell that what happened to Ms. Amelia really hit him hard. However, it might be a blessing in disguise. I think Chairman Thompson won't oppose Mr. Lovett and Ms. Amelia being together anymore."

"That's great!"

Bella was so overjoyed that tears started welling up in her eyes. Her voice trembled as she spoke to Quentin. "Uncle Quentin, could you please take the opportunity to talk to Wyatt and ask him to give Steve another chance? Wyatt always listens to what you say."

"I'll try my best."

After Quentin left, Bella's gaze turned cold. She turned to Asher and said, "Next, Lance and James will definitely do everything they can to get Charles out. We need to be ready and stop them in their tracks." "Don't worry, I'll take care of it," Asher reassured, clenching his fists tightly. "Even while Charles is stuck in the detention center, I'll make sure he doesn't have it easy."

"As for Astrid." Bella's eyes turned cold. "She attacked Steve and put the blame on Charles. She'll have to deal with the consequences, too. If she doesn't face justice, I don't know what God to believe in." "Instead of putting your faith in God, why not believe in me?" Asher said as he tenderly embraced her shoulders. "Leave it to me. You tell me how you want things to end, and I'll make sure it happens." At this moment, Axel was heard yelling loudly. "Ash! Is Jerkface Justin sick?!"

Suddenly, Axel froze, as he hadn't realized Bella was over there. He quickly kept his mouth shut, but it was already too late.

"Ax, what did you say?" Bella strode over to Axel, staring at him intently. "What did you say? What's going on?!"

"Well, he's been waiting outside our house since last night..."

Chapter 1255

'Still waiting?!' Asher was utterly shocked when he heard that.

It rained heavily all night and didn't stop until later. It started raining again this morning, and the forecast said there would be a typhoon coming tonight. Has Justin been standing here the whole time without eating or drinking? Does he not want to live?

"Justin has been outside this whole time? Since last night? What do you mean?!" Bella's beautiful eyes widened in disbelief, her hands tightly gripping Axel's shoulders as she shook him vigorously. "Tell me! What's going on?! Did you all see Justin? And you kept it from me?!"

"Stop shaking me, Bella! I feel like throwing up!" Axel felt like his mind was spinning, feeling disoriented and dizzy.

"Bella! Stop it!" Asher quickly stepped forward and grabbed her wrist. He pulled her into his embrace. "Whatever Justin wants to do, it's his choice. If he wants to stand there, let him. He won't stand there forever. Sooner or later, he'll leave."

The statement had a hidden message behind it.

"Even if he turns into a statue standing there forever, it's what he deserves!" Axel felt his anger rising as he recalled the suffering his little sister had endured. "Bella, he's just trying to make us feel guilty in hopes that it will fix everything! He thinks we'll forgive him if he does this! Even if he gets struck by lightning, I will never forgive him!"

"This is between him and me! What does it have to do with you?!" Bella's eyes turned red with anger, tears welling up as she struggled to break free from Asher's embrace. "Did you see him yesterday? Did Wyatt see him too? Did you all gang up to bully him?!"

"Bella, calm down..." Asher tried to soothe Bella, wrapping his arms around her waist and patting her trembling back.

"Bella, what are you saying? Did we bully him? We were standing up for you and venting our anger for your sake!"

"I don't need it!" Bella shouted in frustration, breathing heavily with rage. "Why do you have to meddle? Is it for my own good? You're just trying to ease your own guilt by suppressing Justin!" Asher and Axel felt a pang in their hearts.

Taking advantage of Asher's distraction, Bella broke free from his embrace and dashed toward the gate of Yara Park.

Bella tossed the slippers out of the way and ran barefoot through the long and ornate corridor.

She had yet to lay eyes on the man she loved, but her heart yearned to escape and elope with him.

All of a sudden, Bella halted her steps.

Not far away, Declan's burning gaze was locked on her. His presence alone seemed intimidating, like an insurmountable mountain.

"Bella, are you going to see him?"

"Declan, please don't stop me." Bella panted heavily, her fair and delicate cheeks glistening with sweat.

Declan frowned slightly, shaking his head. "You have been a fool for him for the last three years. Isn't that enough? Stop doing foolish things. He's not worth it."

"If he's not worth it, then who is?!" Bella's chest heaved violently, tears welling up in her eyes. "When I was eleven, he saved my life! On the battlefield in Kridor, we fought terrorists side by side, and he

risked his life to protect me! Last year, we got caught in a landslide on Mount Jaglee and survived it together. On the Southern Island of Sentania, he diverted firepower to save Asher's life and even took bullets for me!"

"Declan, tell me... If he's not worth it, then who is?!"

"Bella, I know that when you were eleven, the one who saved you was Justin. You've always looked up to him because of that. It's like you see him in a different light, making it hard for anyone else to measure up. I get where you're coming from."

Drew closed his eyes and took a deep breath before opening them again. His gaze was firm and resolute. "But back then, he didn't save you because of who you are or because he loved you. It was just a coincidence."

"Drew! How could you say that?" Bella was both anxious and angry. Her voice was hoarse from emotion.

"And everything he did later on was merely to make up for his own mistakes and reconcile with you. In my eyes, those debts have long been repaid by the sacrifices you made over those three years."

Chapter 1256

"The both of you don't need to dwell on the past anymore. He's not right for you. If you hold on, you'll only end up hurting yourself more."

"Declan! Listen to what you just said. Is it even humane?!" Bella's heart convulsed with pain. Her eyes were red and swollen. "Losing my child was a complete accident! I didn't even realize I was pregnant. How could he have known? Besides, it was my decision to keep the miscarriage a secret. It had nothing to do with him! How many times do I have to say it?!"

However, Declan's expression remained unmoved.

"Bella, you're still young. There are so many men in this world who are better than Justin. What Justin gave you, they can give you too. And even if they can't, we can."

"I only want him! Declan... I'm warning you again. Don't stop me. Don't make me hate you!" Bella exclaimed.

She was like a provoked lioness. She gritted her teeth and tried to force her way through, but her slender arms and legs were no match for a soldier.

Declan's tall and sturdy figure hardly moved. His eyes darkened as he reached out his long arms to block her path, swiftly pulling her into his embrace with a strong grip around her slender waist.

The next moment, Bella's vision spun as her feet left the ground, and she was lifted into the air.

Declan effortlessly lifted her onto his shoulder, wearing a stoic expression. No matter how she hit and cursed at him, he continued to stride back to the mansion with large steps.

"Declan! You're dead meat! Put me down this instant! Ahh!" Bella pounded his back with her delicate fists, but to him, it felt almost like a tickle.

"Bella, behave yourself." Declan swiftly walked back, his gentle voice deep and soothing. "I'm doing this for your own good."

Yvonne slept until the late afternoon.

She crawled out from under the covers in a daze and rubbed her throbbing temples. Her stomach was churning and aching. "Ugh... where am I?"

Yvonne was startled. All traces of sleepiness were gone in an instant.

She glanced around and realized she was in an extremely luxurious presidential suite. If she was not mistaken, this was one of the hotels under the Salvador Corporation.

"Oh no... Drew!"

Yvonne trembled as she lifted the covers, only to find her black dress still intact on her body. It seemed Drew hadn't touched her. Her last memory from the night before was frozen like a still frame in a movie, lingering on that ambiguous yet irresistibly hot kiss. Yvonne's breathing quickened as she clutched her chest, feeling confused.

But the vast room no longer bore the carefree figure.

"Drew, what kind of man are you?"

Lost in her thoughts, a knock on the door interrupted her.

Ignoring her stomach ache, Yvonne slowly got up and opened the door.

Outside stood a waiter, smiling as he handed her a box of medicine.

"Hello, Ms. Smith," the waiter said as he handed over the package, "Mr. Brown sent this medicine for you along with a message." Yvonne took the medicine, holding it tightly in her hand. "What's the message?"

"Take two pills twice a day with meals."

With that, the waiter bowed and left.

Yvonne stood alone, stunned in place, repeatedly reciting his words. Her nose tingled, and her eyes quietly turned red.

When was the last time someone cared for her? She couldn't remember anymore.

During her time by Christopher's side, Yvonne served others with her beauty. By doing so, she had endless money to spend and expensive clothes to wear.

Chapter 1257



However, those expensive clothes were just for Christopher to see and for other men to admire. Has anyone truly cared for her and paid attention to her? But she had no way to turn back now. She had no choice. She and Drew were destined to be enemies. They were destined to be from two different worlds. Yvonne took a deep breath, wiping away a tear at the corner of her eye with her fingertips.

Just as she was about to close the door, a hand firmly gripped the edge of the door, and a pair of dark, familiar eyes appeared in the crack.

"T-Taylor?!" Yvonne's heart tightened, quickly hiding the stomach medicine behind her back.

"Ms. Smith, it's truly fortunate that you're alive!" Taylor forcefully pushed open the door and rushed into the room, causing Yvonne to stumble and hit the wall. Then, two more men followed behind, silently drawing their guns from their pockets. Their expressions were eerie and sinister, like spies in an action movie.

"Drew isn't here. He's gone," Yvonne said coldly.

"Gone?! You didn't kill him?!" Taylor looked astonished. "Then what did you two do last night? Did you both just book a room?"

Yvonne's head throbbed with pain, her breath shallow as she pressed her forehead. "I don't know... I drank too much, and then something happened. I can hardly remember anything."

"You drank with him again? Do you know who he is?" Taylor's eyes darkened with anger, his tone stern. "Ms. Smith, you've always been cautious in your years of service to Mr. Iverson, almost never making a mistake. What happened this time? It's unlike you!"

"What do you mean by that? Are you suspecting me? If there was something between him and me... I wouldn't have come alone to find him last night, wearing..." Yvonne reached for her jet-black hair, her

hear suddenly sinking!

The hairpin her hairpin!

She panicked and ran back to the bedroom, searching through the bed, sofa, and drawers, but she couldn't find her silver hairpin!

Taylor clearly didn't know what was going on with her and just kept talking to himself. "I'm not suspecting you. It's just that Mr. Iverson already knows about the fact that you and Drew both disappeared last night! Do you think I'm so capable of finding you? Mr. Iverson was the one who found the clues to your whereabouts!"

Images of Christopher's bloodthirsty eyes flashed before Yvonne's eyes, and her heart sank heavily.

"You failed to kill Drew. How do you explain spending the whole night with him now? Last night, you said you were drunk. Did you or did you not sleep with him? How can you be sure?" Taylor sighed, frustrated "You'd better think about how to explain this to Mr. Iverson when you go back!"

"No explanation is needed." Yvonne's long eyelashes trembled, crumpling the medicine box in her hand. "I've been with Mr. Iverson for so many years. He knows what kind of person I am. If he doesn't believe me, there's nothing I can do."

Yvonne and Taylor discreetly left the hotel. Just as their car exited the underground parking lot, Drew emerged leisurely from the shadows.

Just moments ago, he had installed a tracker underneath that vehicle. At this moment, the phone screen clearly displayed their whereabouts. After circling around for a while, Drew trailed them to the foot of the mountain.

To his surprise, there was a high-end club concealed within the tranquil bamboo forest. Yvonne and Taylor got out of the car and entered the club after punching in the door code.

Moonlight danced among the treetops, and the wind played with the sparse shadows. Drew stood amidst the woods, his gaze momentarily darkening. He spread out his fingers, the exquisite silver hairpin resting in his palm. Bathed in moonlight, he twisted the tip of the hairpin with his fingertip.

With a click, the ruby on it unexpectedly turned over, revealing a hidden compartment containing a potent toxin.

"Heh, petty tricks. How dare you try to play with the master?" Drew's dark eyes narrowed shrewdly and were devoid of fear. Instead, he smirked with interest and said, "Yvonne, meeting me marks the beginning of your tragedy."

Chapter 1258

Justin spent an entire day and night waiting outside the gates of Yara Park.

He was that stubborn. If he could not see the person he loved and find the answers he needed, he wouldn't be able to find peace even in death.

Last night, Justin saw the Iverson father-and-son duo arrive. He knew that they had come to stir up trouble regarding Charles, so he hid and observed, not out of fear but to avoid unnecessary trouble. He did not want Lance to think that he was colluding with the Thompson family, triggering him to cause trouble for Chairman Thompson.

He could take care of things for the Thompson family behind closed doors, but showing up in public right now wouldn't be a good idea. The sky was dark, with strong winds raging and howling around him. The powerful wind hit his body, feeling just as intense as the punches and kicks he took last night.

Justin's eyes were gloomy and sunken. There was a stubble of beard growing on his chiseled jaw, adding a touch of carefree ruggedness, as if he had returned to his military days.

Just then, his phone started ringing while it was charging in the car, briefly distracting him from his deep thoughts.

Justin opened the car door and grabbed the phone. It was Ian calling.

"Ian, what is it?" His voice sounded hoarse and barely recognizable, as if he had no energy left.

"President Salvador! I finally got through to your phone!" Ian sounded as if he were on the verge of tears. "Chairman Salvador is sick and has just been taken to the hospital! Please come back and see him!" Justin felt a jolt of panic, and cold sweat once again soaked through his already damp suit.

The Thompson brothers gathered in the wine cellar of Yara Park. They were usually a cheerful bunch, but today they were frowning as they drank in silence, especially Declan. He was drinking shot after

shot of hard liquor as if it were water, making Axel anxious just watching him.

"Declan, you can't keep drinking like this. It's really not good for your health." Asher frowned, taking away his glass.

"Yeah, you are not even married yet. Don't ruin your liver." Axel added.

Declan clenched his fist in frustration, slamming it on the table.

"You shouldn't have treated Bella like that today. You were too pushy." Asher patted Declan's shoulder, letting out a soft sigh. "You know how Bella is. She doesn't respond well to force. The more you push, the more she pushes back. I know you love her to the core. You certainly don't want her to resent you, right?"

Axel also looked worried. "Yeah, the two of you haven't had such an intense argument since forever."

"What do you expect me to do then? Do you want me to just stand by while my little sister gets involved with that bastard?!" Declan covered his face with his hands and rubbed it vigorously.

His hoarse voice was filled with despair. "I really wish they hurt me instead of Bella... I wouldn't flinch, even if I were cut into pieces. I can't bear to watch her go through so much pain. Miscarriage! She could have had a child. She could have experienced the joy of motherhood like other women! But now..."

As they thought about their niece or nephew, who never got a chance to enter this world, the brothers fell into silence. Each of them felt an agonizing ache within them.

"It's all Justin's fault... It's all his fault!" Declan, a tall and strong soldier, was now on the verge of tears.

"We should avoid bringing up this matter in front of Bella from now on," Asher said. His throat felt dry as he handed a tissue to Declan. "Not having children isn't a bad thing. Pregnancy and raising a child are tough, and there's endless worry. Let Bella live freely like a child from now on. With us taking care of her, she'll slowly get better."

All of a sudden, the cellar door burst open.

"Young Masters! Something's wrong!" Quentin gasped, panicking, "Ms. Bella has run away!"

All three brothers stood up abruptly, eyes wide with shock. "Run away?! How is that possible?"

"She's gone! Really gone! She jumped out of the window!"

Everyone quickly rushed to Bella's room. They found the window wide open, the raging wind and rain causing the curtains to be blown wildly.