

## Heiress 1301

### Chapter 1301

Wyatt was lost in thought, thinking about Yara's last words.

"I've never really lived for myself at any point."

"I hope that our children, especially Bella, have the freedom to choose their own path. Unlike me, she deserves the right to find happiness on her own."

Wyatt thought to himself, 'Find her own happiness? But, Yara, has our daughter's decision really brought her happiness? What should I do? If you know something, wherever you are, could you send me a sign in my dreams?'

At that moment, there was a knock from outside the study.

Before Wyatt could respond, Sasha barged in with her voice, loud and urgent. "Wyatt! Mila! That crazy girl from the Iverson family is here and insists on seeing you and Celeste! I didn't let her in, but she's causing a scene outside! Her body reeks of alcohol, so she's probably pretty drunk."

"Wait, are you referring to Astrid, Lance's daughter? What is she doing here?" Wyatt exhaled a breath of frustration. "What kind of upbringing does the Iverson family give their children? A young lady from their household is showing up unannounced late at night, as if our house is a public market. Where are their manners?"

Sasha crossed her arms, clearly irritated. "I tried to ask her what she wanted, but she was so drunk that all she did was ramble incoherently. She just kept saying it wasn't her fault without explaining what she meant."

"Huh, so it's not her fault? She actually has the audacity to claim that?" Mila narrowed her beautiful eyes as she abruptly stood up, her attitude turning cold. "She's only interested in seeing Celeste

because she thinks Celeste is soft-hearted and can be easily manipulated with some sob stories. Does she really think she can just talk her way out of what she has done? As if it never happened?!"

Wyatt was surprised. "Mila, what exactly happened?"

"At the banquet the other day, Amelia was tricked by Charles and was almost raped. Astrid played a big part in that plan."

Mila was furious, her eyes turning red. "At that time, Steven wanted to rush in to find Amelia, but Astrid and her men held him back and even caused Steven to be severely injured. His shoulder was slashed with a knife, and his left eye was almost blinded!"

"Blind?!" Wyatt and Sasha were dumbfounded, in disbelief.

These past few days, they had seen Steven with his left eye bandaged, but they had never imagined that he had been injured so grievously.

"Yet even so, Steven didn't think about himself at that moment. He quickly joined Bella and the rest to save Amelia from grave danger. After Charles took Amelia away, Astrid intervened to stop Steven. She must have been aware of what Charles was up to. It seemed like she was actively helping him!"

"Damn it! That dirty and evil woman! She deserves to eat shit!" Sasha fumed, clenching her fists tightly and considering reaching out to Elias once more.

"Absolutely evil!"

Wyatt exploded with rage, his temples throbbing visibly. He grabbed an expensive antique teacup and forcefully threw it against the wall. "Those Iverson siblings are really terrible—so full of spite! How dare that girl shamelessly bully my godson?! I'll teach her a lesson myself!"

Before he could even finish speaking, the two ladies immediately held him back.

"Wyatt, why bother with her? You're of noble status, and you don't need to lower yourself by meeting her. She's not worth it."

Mila looked at Sasha with a dark and intense expression and said, "Sasha, get the butler to kick her out. We can't have that filthy animal bother Celeste and Amelia or ruin the peace at Yara Park."

In the courtyard, Astrid would not let go of the butler. She grappled with the butler, screeching like a shrew, and demanded to see Wyatt and Celeste.

Initially, the butler stayed polite, but he eventually lost his temper and ended up pushing her too hard, which made her stumble to the floor.

"Ah!"

#### Chapter 1302

Astrid was already drunk, and her legs gave way. The next second, she collapsed into an awkward squat, her skirt riding up in an embarrassing display. The butler immediately looked away, worried that he might get an eye infection from what he saw.

Just then, a splash of grimy yellow liquid came pouring down from above, soaking Astrid completely from head to toe and sending a chill down her spine. Soon after, a revolting smell filled the air. She lifted her arm to sniff it and almost vomited from the strong odor. It was enough to make her feel queasy! What was that smell?! It was so pungent and unpleasant that it made her feel sick to her stomach.

Astrid howled angrily at the sky. "Who?! Who did this? Who?!"

"Heh, who asked you to keep causing a scene here and ruining the peace?" Sasha slightly lifted her chin and confidently strolled out of the main gate. "Look, even the heavens find you annoying, tossing water to wake you up. Shut your mouth and go back to where you belong."

"It was you! You threw it on me!" Astrid glared furiously, her teeth chattering from the cold wind.

"How can you be so sure it was me? Rain falls from the sky, so why can't it rain sewage? Some people seem to attract bad luck on their own. Maybe one day, they'll get struck by lightning while strolling down the street."

Sasha liked sauerkraut and kept jars of it in the pantry. The fermented sauerkraut water from last year finally came in handy. At first, she thought about using actual sewage to throw on Astrid, but since it was her own courtyard and not worth messing up for someone so insignificant, she held back.

"Sewage... Sewage water?! Ugh..." Astrid went pale and covered her chest as she uncontrollably gagged.

"You know exactly what you did. We haven't called you out on it, but you should have just stayed quiet instead of making a scene here. Chairman Thompson doesn't even want to see your father anymore, let alone you. So, just go away and don't make a bigger fool of yourself." Sasha pinched her nose in disgust as she spoke.

Astrid's heart sank as she realized she was about to leave empty-handed. Frustrated and embarrassed, she angrily spat on the ground before reluctantly departing from Thompson's place, looking unkempt and smelling unpleasant.

"No wonder..."

Having listened to Mila's story, Wyatt had a sudden realization. "I was curious why the Iverson family seemed secure, and then suddenly Lance's son-in-law became the focus of the investigation. So, was Justin behind all this?"

"Yeah, Justin orchestrated it all. It was his way of seeking revenge for Amelia and showing the Iverson family that none of our children should be messed with."

Wyatt's expression relaxed as he fell silent, lost in thought.

Mila watched his face closely and felt a small shift in his attitude toward Justin.

This was the little task that Bella had left her over the phone the day before yesterday. Bella had asked her to find an opportunity to talk to Wyatt about the situation behind Theodore's arrest and the problems the Iverson family was dealing with, crediting it all to Justin, in hopes of improving his image.

Initially, Mila was unsure how to start this conversation. Luckily, Astrid's unexpected visit tonight provided just the right material for her to leverage.

"Hmm... Wait a minute."

Wyatt's brows furrowed again. "But isn't it a bit off? Axel was the one who made the arrest. If everything was Justin's setup, how did Axel end up involved? It would make sense if Bella arranged it."

Chapter 1303

"This way of making people feel hopeless and unhappy is not exactly like Justin's style. Instead, it's more like Bella's way of handling things."

Mila looked over as she took Wyatt by the arm and said, "Wyatt, it's getting late. You should go to bed now."

These days, Bella was afraid that Wyatt would find her in Savrow, so she did not stay in a hotel and had been living with Justin at Ryan and Carrie's place. The happiest of all was undoubtedly Carrie.

Carrie had always adored her sister-in-law immensely. Due to their infrequent meetings, she missed Bella dearly. Now that she had finally seized the chance, she wished she could stick to Bella all day long, like a little shadow.

This left Justin to realize that the only time he could spend alone with his beloved Bella was late at night before going to sleep.

So, every night, he passionately made love to her in bed, determined to satisfy her completely until she was exhausted and begging for mercy before letting go. It was as if he wanted to make up for all the missed chances to make love during the day.

Bella was truly at her wit's end.

She had met people who were frugal, but she had never come across someone who kept track of every intimate moment so closely.

The last time Carrie wanted to bake a cake, Drew's unexpected arrival threw her off. Tonight was special, with everyone gathered. Carrie put on a pink apron and was ready to impress by baking a big cake for her sister-in-law and brother.

Meanwhile, Bella had gone to bed early, watching TV while waiting.

As the night went on, her stomach rumbled with hunger, and there was no sign of progress from Carrie. Unable to wait any longer, Bella headed downstairs to check things out.

As soon as she walked into the living room, before even reaching the kitchen, she was stunned by the sight that greeted her.

Ryan had Carrie's delicate, slender body pinned against the kitchen counter, his hand holding her wrists above her head, almost growling as he passionately kissed her with fervor as their flushed lips were locked together.

Carrie gave in to his advances and let out a quiet, sensual moan.

At that instant, Ryan, completely turned on, raised her left leg.

'Ah! That bastard! The little white rabbit is about to be devoured by the big, bad wolf!' Bella's mouth hung open in shock, her cheeks turning red, and her heart pounding.

Just when she did not know what to do, a warm hug came from behind, surrounding her with their powerful and alluring scent.

"Don't be surprised, Bella. This kind of thing happens all the time around here."

Justin whispered into her flushed ear, his gaze gentle, "Let's just let them do their own thing without interrupting. Okay?"

"But... I mean..."

Bella leaned helplessly into his hug, feeling a mix of emotions.

"It looks like my little girl has grown up and become a real woman," she said with a blend of amusement and sadness. "Ryan is in for a big win tonight. Lucky guy!"

Justin suddenly tensed up, taking deep breaths as he lifted the petite woman in a princess carry.

"Bella, we've got to move fast," he said urgently.

Bella held onto his neck, her heart pounding and cheeks turning red. "What do you mean?"

He lightly kissed her forehead several times and spoke in a husky voice.

"I want my big win too."

Chapter 1304

In a blink of an eye, the day of the press conference arrived.

By 5:00 p.m., the reporters from different media outlets gathered in the largest hall of the hotel, setting up cameras and adjusting angles, eagerly waiting for Astrid to arrive.

"By the way, I thought it would be Lance or James, but I didn't expect Astrid to be the one stepping up. She's really impressive. Her husband is behind bars. How does she still manage to sleep at night and have the energy for a press conference?"

"Oh, those men of the Iverson family are sly. They're just using Astrid as a shield, letting her take the bullets!"

"Sigh, these rich people really are so inhumane. Astrid is really having a rough time."

"Rough? Councilman Savoy allegedly took in tens of millions of dollars in bribes. That's certainly enough to keep him behind bars for good. Do you really think none of that cash found its way into her hands? It's every person for themselves when trouble hits!"

At 7:00 p.m., Astrid approached the stage with a solemn expression, clad in black attire and bowing her head as she faced a cluster of microphones.

The bright camera flashes highlighted her tired face as she bowed deeply to the countless reporters.

The journalists started firing tough questions.

"Ms. Iverson! The sudden arrest of Councilman Savoy has shocked the nation! After all, he was a leading candidate in the Savrow mayoral election. Were you aware of his actions?"

"I didn't know..."

Astrid portrayed herself as an innocent, helpless woman with tears in her eyes and a face full of sorrow.

"I'm just an ordinary housewife. I took care of my husband and children every day without getting involved in his work. I didn't know anything about his private affairs or any bribes he might have received! I come from the Iverson Group, one of the four big families, so there's no way I'd compromise my conscience for such petty sums and ruin my reputation!"

"Do you really have no knowledge about what Councilman Savoy did?"

A male reporter suddenly spoke up, catching everyone's attention. "It's no secret that Councilman Savoy's career has taken off remarkably, from a regular prosecutor to a potential mayor. The Iverson family has undoubtedly played a significant role in his success. I've secretly interviewed sources close to you both who claim that you, Ms. Iverson, have been the brains behind Councilman Savoy's operation, guiding and advising him every step of the way to help propel Councilman Savoy forward using the influence of your family name. Are you truly innocent?"

Astrid shot a fierce look at the journalist, tears still flowing as she firmly denied, "No, that's not true. I don't know which media you represent, using these baseless accusations to target me and my family. As I said, I had no knowledge of my husband's actions! However, as his wife, I bear some responsibility, as I should have kept a better eye on him. That's why I am holding this press conference to apologize to the country for what he did."

Just as she was about to finish, the journalist pulled out a recorder and played a recording. It turned out to be a statement from someone who had worked closely with Theodore, confirming exactly what the journalist had described!

Before she could finish, the journalist took out his voice recorder and played a recording.

It was a testimony from someone who had worked closely with Councilman Savoy. He corroborated exactly what the journalist had described!

The crowd looked at Astrid suspiciously, waiting coldly for her explanation.

"He's lying! He's just taking advantage of the situation, attacking me when I'm vulnerable!"

Astrid's legs were trembling under the table, and her face was drained of color. She could no longer hold up under the immense pressure. "He's intentionally trying to tarnish my reputation! After seeing my husband fail, he must have been influenced by our competitors. That's why he'd make such ridiculous claims! Who exactly is this person?! Does he dare not admit it? Tell me, who said this? I must sue him." Before she could complete her sentence, a sudden, piercing screech echoed throughout the room.

Then, a clear recording began to play over the speakers.

"Mrs. Lee, the girls you've set me up with lately are really attractive, and the big bosses are very satisfied. Plus, their style seems to be a perfect match for our guests, bringing in good luck. You know what these powerful and influential people are like. They take this stuff seriously. It's no wonder your business is doing so well."

"-Haha, my business is doing great, all thanks to Ms. Iverson's loyal support over the years! You have brought in a lot of wealthy clients who have been really generous."

"It's a win-win situation. Don't forget to send me any eligible ladies you know of. We can always discuss the price."

The recording caused a commotion among the audience, their angry stares piercing Astrid like sharp thorns, causing her deep distress.

Who would have imagined that a woman of such elevated status and elegance—a lady from a prestigious family—would be linked to prostitution?

Chapter 1305

The Iverson family had raised a disgusting bunch of pigs!

"No, it's not true!" Astrid's face quickly turned scarlet all the way down to her neck. She almost screamed hysterically, "This recording is fake! It's completely made up! I don't know any pimps. That's not my voice! It's all made up! Someone is trying to frame me!"

"Trying to frame you? So, Ms. Iverson, how would you explain this?"

The reporter displayed his phone once more. At that exact moment, every reporter's phone in the room began to ring and buzz!

All at once, they lowered their heads to check their screens as a news alert popped up on Twitter. There it was a picture of Astrid meeting secretly with the pimp, Mrs. Lee, and giving her money. Even though it was obvious that the photo was taken without Astrid's knowledge, her wrongdoing was completely exposed for everyone to see.

"Ms. Iverson!"

At that moment, a bodyguard hurried over, grabbed Astrid, who was frozen in place, and pulled her toward the door. "Mr. Iverson sent me. Things look bad. Come with me quickly!"

Before he could finish speaking, the grand entrance to the auditorium swung open.

Ralph burst in with a group of undercover cops, his serious expression and powerful presence hushing the room and leaving everyone breathless.

"Police!" Ralph's eyes, cold as frosty stars, shone with a sharp fierceness. Under the watchful eyes of all, he flashed his police badge. "Astrid Iverson, you are under arrest for bribery, forcing women into prostitution, and illegal detention. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can be used against you in a court of law. Take her away!"

Two police officers stepped forward and took hold of the nervous Astrid with handcuffs. They escorted the terrified woman toward the door, one on each side of her.

The media present were broadcasting live through official channels, and by now, the number of viewers watching had gone over ten million. It was a frenzy.

[Oh my goodness! Is it really that tough to be in the upper class? A daughter of a wealthy family resorting to pimping to build her fortune?! It's utterly surreal!]

[Is the Iverson family just faking it among the upper class? They're still acting like they get along with the Thompson family, boosting their image. They really know how to pretend!]

[HAHAHA! Astrid's posture is spot-on, just like her husband when he got arrested! These two really have something in common!]

[I can't believe they would do something so terrible! We need to keep looking into the Iverson Group. I'm sure there's a lot more shocking stuff we haven't found yet!]

[Hey, did you see that young police officer leading the charge? He's really good-looking, like he could be in a fashion magazine or something!]

Ralph shoved Astrid into the police vehicle, not bothering to shield her face or conceal the handcuffs on her wrists, making it obvious for everyone around.

[Rich people don't get any special privileges. When rich people break the law, they are held to the same standards as everyone else!]

Astrid faced justice, but this dramatic act of payback was nowhere near finished.

The reporter, who had been harshly criticizing Astrid at the scene, slipped away to a quiet spot, removing his glasses, wig, and fake beard. As he peeled off his elaborate disguise, Ian's clear and bright face was revealed.

Ian threw the costume in the garbage and quickly called Justin, his enthusiasm shining through.

"Mr. Salvador! Did you and the young madam watch the live press conference? What did you think of my performance?!"

"Your young madam said she was impressed with your acting skills. I will treat you to dinner tonight."

Smooch-

Ian clearly heard the sound of a kiss through the phone, his face instantly flushing. "T-Thank you, Young Madam for dinner!"

Chapter 1306

"Mr. Salvador, what's your reward for me?"

"Reward you? Isn't this part of your job as a secretary?" Justin's tone was nonchalant, like a lion that was just fed.

Ian was lost in his thoughts. His face blushed. "But... But even the Young Madam rewarded me. Aren't you worried she'll think that you're stingy?"

Justin snarled, "Are you threatening me?"

"Never! I wouldn't dare!" Ian immediately straightened his back, sweat starting to form on his forehead.

"You haven't rested for a long time. I'll give you an extra ten days of annual leave. Go wherever you want and have a good time."

"Uh, Mr. Salvador, I'm single and don't have any family to take care of. Even if you gave me maternity leave, I wouldn't know what to do with it," Ian said with a playful smile. "Mr. Salvador, how about throwing in a little extra bonus instead? I promise not to take any annual leave in the future and to work extra hard for you and the Young Madam!"

What a money-minded guy!

"Aren't you satisfied with your million-dollar salary? Look around the entire Salvador Corporation. Besides the shareholders, how many people have a higher annual salary than you?"

Justin scoffed lightly, "With such thick skin, you're better off as a car salesman."

"Mr. Salvador, even though I'm not married yet, I still need to set some money aside for my future wife. I've been working hard for you every day, even doing extra detective work when needed. My whole

youth has been dedicated to the Salvador Corporation! I'm so busy that I don't even have time for dating. Please cut me some slack as a single guy who's got nobody to love or care for."

Ian knew very well that Justin and Bella had just reconciled and were immersed in their happy love.

It seemed like the perfect time to ask for a raise!

Before Justin could speak, Bella's gentle and sweet voice suddenly came through, sounding so close it almost felt like you could hear her breathing.

"Mr. Salvador, don't be so stingy. Ian hardly ever asks for anything. Just let him have it."

'Oh my... Is the Young Madam flirting with Mr. Salvador?'

This playful behavior was making his bones go numb. Who could resist it?

Justin's breathing soon became heavy and deep once more. His low, captivating voice turned husky. "Yes, yes... I agree with whatever my Bella says." The call abruptly ended.

Ian gazed at the darkened screen, perplexed as he scratched his head. "So, is he going to approve the raise or not?"

Ralph sat in the passenger seat of the police car, escorting Astrid, as they headed directly to the police station.

At this moment, Astrid was finally free from the cameras and media, her true colors being exposed. She dropped the act of being pitiful and started going off in the car like a crazy person.

"How dare you arrest me?! Do you know who I am? I'm the daughter of the Iverson Corporation's magnate! My father is Lance Iverson! Do you have any idea how much Iverson Group contributes to

Savrow's annual GDP? How dare you low-lives arrest me? You better believe me when I say I'll strip off your police uniforms!"

Ralph, who was sitting in the front seat, smirked and casually dug his ear as if he were trying to dig out all the nonsense she had said.

The female police officer escorting Astrid firmly took hold of her arm and warned her. "Behave yourself! If you don't behave, I'll charge you with assaulting a police officer, and the consequences will be even worse!"

"Ha! Do you think I'm afraid of you?!"

Since Astrid's upper body was restrained, she resorted to kicking wildly. Her feet pounded against the backrest of the passenger seat. "Which police station are you from?! Tell me your name! How dare you arrest me? The Iverson family will make sure you regret it!"

"Alright, then tell your dad and brother to hurry up. I can't wait any longer."

Ralph turned around with a sly smile on his face and casually said, "I'm Ralph. Ralph Thompson."

The next moment, Astrid stared in disbelief and felt a shiver run down her spine.

Chapter 1307

Back in the villa, the two couples sat in the living room with their eyes fixed on the TV.

They were all watching the news channel.

After a few minutes, the news segment began with the headline of the day. Astrid Iverson was arrested!

In the new broadcast, there was a replay of the comical scene of Astrid being escorted away by the police. It was still amusing enough to elicit laughter.

"Huh? This handsome police officer looks familiar, like I've seen him somewhere..."

Carrie's chin rested on her fingertips, and her kitten-like eyes suddenly brightened. "Oh, I remember now! He sat next to me at Mrs. Thompson's birthday banquet. The young officer even chatted with me..." Before she could finish her sentence, Ryan's eyes darkened, unable to resist seizing her chin. His dominant and fiery kiss enveloped her entire soft lips, exuding both fierceness and a hint of jealousy.

Bella and Justin were both engrossed in watching the news. But when they heard the smooching sounds, they both paused in surprise.

Immediately, Justin leaned over, shielding the provocative display of affection and lowering his head to kiss Bella deeply.

"What's wrong? Is it not suitable for minors, so you won't let me watch?"

Bella pouted coquettishly. "I've seen all kinds of scenes in my life. It's just a kiss."

"No... I'm afraid you'd feel awkward." Justin lightly pinched her nose, smiling helplessly.

"Hmph! I'm not the one feeling awkward. It's obviously someone else who is feeling awkward."

Ryan's eyes left Carrie's lips after a while. Her eyes were watery after being kissed by him, and her breathing was in disarray.

"Honey, are you trying to make me jealous by mentioning other men in front of me?"

Ryan repeatedly caresses her moist lips with his fingertips, his voice husky. "Handsome police officer? Is he more handsome than your husband?" Carrie's cheeks blushed like peaches. "Mm... Well, you're both handsome."

"Huh? Who's more handsome?" Ryan tickled her gently.

"Haha... You're more handsome! You're the most handsome!" Carrie giggled incessantly, shrinking her shoulders and clutching him tightly.

Bella crossed her arms, resting her head on Justin's broad shoulder. She glanced sideways at Ryan. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder. It's hard to say who's more handsome." Ryan's heart was beating like a drum.

Anyone with eyes could see that Bella cares deeply for Carrie. If he had not made his move first, Bella might have played matchmaker between Carrie and her brother.

Thinking of this, Ryan tightly grasped Carrie's hand, as if someone were trying to snatch her away from him.

At this moment, the news mentioned that Lance was rushed to the hospital. The specific reason was unknown. But what else could it be if not a fit of anger?

James, the CEO of Iverson Group, stood at the hospital entrance, enduring the relentless onslaught of the media. His expression was stiff throughout the whole process, as if he had lost his father.

No matter how mentally resilient he was, he was probably feeling quite overwhelmed with all the internal and external troubles.

"Fantastic! Isn't this more entertaining than the Spring Festival Gala?" Ryan's sturdy left arm embraced Carrie's slender shoulders as he patted her thigh with joy.

Carrie leaned into his embrace, licking her strawberry-flavored popsicle. After a few licks, she offered it to his lips.

He lowered his head to where she licked and took a bite, his large hand gently rubbing her head. His eyes were filled with indulgence.

"Both Astrid and her husband are in trouble. One of them forced women into prostitution, while the other had orgy parties. They're quite in sync with each other. Truly, the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

Bella stared coldly at the screen, observing James's pallid face. "The Iverson family is in hot water now. It won't be long before the prosecutor summons them."

Chapter 1308

"Lance's sudden hospitalization might not be a result of an actual illness but rather a way to stay out of the public eye.

Justin nodded in agreement. "Once the prosecution starts investigating and calls Lance in for questioning, he could feign illness to avoid it."

Ryan cursed angrily through clenched teeth. "Darn it. He's really a cunning old fox!"

"Ryan, what does 'orgy' mean?" Carrie blinked her big, naive eyes innocently.

Ryan thought, 'Carrie sure knows how to cut to the chase.'

All three were momentarily silenced by her question.

Ryan coughed nervously and playfully pinched Carrie's cheek. "Uh... When we get back to the room, I'll slowly explain it to you."

The news broadcast finally ended. The affairs of the Iverson family have taken up quite a bit of time, living up to their flamboyant and ostentatious personalities.

"It's truly despicable to force girls to do such things!" Carrie's eyes turned red with anger after watching. "The police officer must catch them all. They need to get justice for the victims!" "They've already been caught, darling, so rest assured." Ryan sighed, pulling her petite waist closer.

There was a sudden silence in the living room.

Although Astrid had been arrested, Charles, who had sexually assaulted Amelia, remained at large. As for Christopher, he remained a constant worry, like a thorn lodged in their hearts.

So their plan for overthrowing the Iverson family was only one-third complete.

Justin noticed Bella's solemn expression and pulled her close. His hand rested on her tense shoulder, offering reassurance. "Bella, you've done exceptionally well. Taking down the Iverson family isn't a simple feat. They're one of the top four families with deep histories."

"You don't need to worry about Charles. I'll take care of him."

"No, none of us needs to get our hands dirty." Bella's beautiful eyes shimmered with a cold glint, and her crimson lips curled mischievously. "There are people who will clean up the mess for us." Ryan looked puzzled. "Who?"

It was as if Justin had a telepathic connection with Bella. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Are you talking about Christopher?"

"That's my clever man." Bella replied, narrowing her eyes as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

Ryan was still trying to make sense of it all. "Huh? But Christopher is from the Iverson family. And with their current chaos, why would he want to add more?"

No wonder they said people in love were fools.

"Christopher and his mom have been exiled by the Iverson family in Sentania for fifteen years. During this time, Lance has completely ignored them, as if they don't even exist in the family."

Justin went on, with a resigned tone in his deep voice, "Christopher is driven and bitter. His mother has advanced Alzheimer's disease. Can you imagine how much shame and bitterness he must have built up over the years? If it were you, would you still support the Iverson family? You'd surely fantasize about crushing the Iverson family beneath your feet and taking over their empire."

Ryan snorted. "Take over the Iverson family?! Isn't that four-eyed bastard biting off more than he can chew?"

"If the members of the Iverson family unite and work together, Christopher will have no chance." Bella's gaze darkened. "But if the Iverson family falls into chaos, he can take advantage of the situation to eliminate his enemies and engage in internal strife. Astrid is done for. He'll go after Charles and James next. By then, Lance will have no one left to back him up, so the Iverson family will inevitably fall into Christopher's control."

Justin sneered. "Bella's analysis is spot on. It's very much in line with Christopher's cunning tactics."

"So, what we need to do now is to wait and adapt to the ever-changing situation."

Chapter 1309

Bella hugged Justin's muscular arm and raised her beautiful eyebrows confidently. "As long as we don't take any further actions and keep quiet, Christopher won't be able to hold back and will try everything to get rid of Charles."

The next day, when the stock market opened, the stock price of Iverson Group fell drastically, as anticipated. It felt like everyone in Savrow was deliberately boycotting the Iverson family. It was really sad to witness.

Astrid and her husband's situation kept getting worse, causing the reputation of the Iverson family to take a serious hit. Overall, things started looking pretty shaky for the entire group.

On the third day, Lance remained hospitalized, claiming to be ill. James, as the CEO of Iverson Group, was summoned by the prosecutor.

On the fourth day, Wyatt was stopped by the media at a meeting and inevitably asked about his views on the Iverson family. "Chairman Thompson, we heard that you and Chairman Iverson have a close personal relationship. What do you think about the Iverson family's current situation?"

Wyatt's expression was cold as he calmly replied, "Chairman Iverson and I were merely former business partners. I hope you don't believe everything you hear from the media. All I can say is that when you make a mistake, you must own it. When things go south, stand tall. I hope the Iverson family can learn from this lesson and not disappoint the nation again."

Lance happened to watch this interview while at the hospital. He was so angry that he grabbed a chair and smashed the television to pieces.

Day after day passed, but there was no action from Bella and Justin.

Christopher, known for his cunning nature, couldn't wait any longer. Initially, he had intended to let someone else do the dirty work but realized time was running out. He could not risk remaining idle, fearing he might miss the opportunity.

Thus, Christopher went to the detention center with Taylor and met Astrid in secret.

Astrid had only been in prison for a few days, but she already looked disheveled and unkempt, barely recognizable as the once-pampered heiress of the Iverson family.

Not only that, her face was bruised and swollen. It seemed that even the female inmates couldn't tolerate her despicable act of forcing girls into prostitution.

Christopher leaned on his hand against the perforated glass window, smiling at her. "Astrid, it's been a while. How have you been?"

"Hmph, you bastard, spare me your nauseating facade!" Astrid gritted her teeth with hatred, her eyes bloodshot. "Don't you dare be smug! Dad and James will definitely get me out! When I'm out, I'll break your neck! Just you wait!"

"Astrid, at this point, how naive are you to still pin your hopes on those men from the Iverson family?" Christopher sneered. "If they wanted to save you, they would have acted long ago. Don't you think they would've made a move before you were about to be sentenced? Have they visited you while you're locked up in here? Have they arranged for someone to take care of you inside? It seems to me that they are unwilling to do even these basic things for you."

Christopher leaned back casually and pushed his glasses up. A sly smirk played at the corners of his lips as he said, "In the end, it's me, your little brother, who still cares the most for you."

Astrid felt a chill run down her spine. Her face contorted with shock, pain, and resentment.

Yes... With all their power, how could her father and brother still let her suffer like this?

They completely ignored her over the last few days. Are they planning to sacrifice her? Why have they completely abandoned her? Why?!

"Argh! Bastards! All of you are bastards! Animals!" Astrid screamed, and the female officer rushed forward to restrain her, pressing her against the table.

Christopher secretly chuckled, but his face showed nothing but concern for her. "Since we can't change anything now, why don't I vent your frustrations for you, Astrid?"

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Astrid's face contorted ferociously, her gaze fixed firmly on Christopher's delicate yet despicable face.

"Help me? Haha, they're animals, but aren't you the same, Christopher? Yes, you are... You're a damn snake! Even worse than them!"

Christopher showed no trace of anger. Instead, his smile deepened. "I may not be a saint, but even beasts have some loyalty. I've always been reluctant to be too ruthless toward my own flesh and blood. So, I want to help you, Astrid. Besides, who else is thinking of you now besides me? In this god-forsaken place, do you still consider yourself a member of the Iverson family?"

Seeing that Astrid was still resisting his so-called "help", Christopher decided to deliver a fatal blow.

"Astrid, think about it. How did you and your husband end up in this miserable situation? Who's to blame for it all?"

Astrid's anger surged, her voice hoarse. "The Thompson family... It's the Thompson family getting back at me! That bitch, Bella, is responsible for it!"

Christopher's pale lips curved slightly, shaking his head. "But you messed with Wyatt's daughter. He had spared your life on account of the decades of friendship between our families. But isn't Charles the root of all this?"

"Charles..."

Astrid's mind buzzed. These days, she had been so focused on the Thompson family that she almost forgot about this coward!

"It's all because of Charles' instigation that the Thompson family retaliated against us. If he hadn't been so foolish and arrogant from the start, you and your husband would still be living in glory.

"Now, he's ruined everything. From the press conferences to your incarceration, did he even utter a word in your defense? He conveniently shifted all the blame onto you and let you take the fall, while he comfortably sought refuge at home in comfort. Can you swallow this humiliation? I can barely stand to watch anymore, Astrid."

Christopher was playing with her emotions.

Astrid fell silent, seeming lost in thought. Her eyes were visibly redder as her anger intensified.

She asked. "What exactly are you proposing to do?"

"That depends on how much sincerity you're willing to show in our cooperation," Christopher replied, elegantly crossing his legs. Now, the initiative was entirely in his hands.

Astrid's eyes were blazing red, and her teeth were grinding so hard it seemed they might shatter. "I... Want... Charles... Dead!"

"Death is nothing. Once he's dead, it's all over, and there's no more suffering," Christopher remarked calmly.

Suddenly, he leaned closer to the glass, and a sinister smile played on his lips. "You need to make him wish for death but be unable to get it. You want him to hate you every day of his life, unable to do anything about it. That's when it'll be satisfying."

"I have... Charles' dark secrets. They're in the encrypted folder on my laptop in the study. The password is..."

Christopher interrupted. "No need for a password."

Satisfied with the outcome, Christopher stood up leisurely, looking down at Astrid's face, which was twisted with hatred.

"In my eyes, all these so-called encryption methods are nothing but illusions."

Upon leaving the detention center, Taylor immediately turned to his boss.

Christopher lazily stretched out his fair and slender hands, and Taylor hurriedly squeezed some hand sanitizer onto his palms, then sprayed air freshener around him in circles.

"It's smelly and gloomy in there. It's hardly a place for humans to stay." Christopher wrinkled his brow, rubbing his hands together. His obsession with cleanliness surfaced once again. "But the environment seems quite suitable for creatures like Astrid."

Taylor remarked. "You've given her enough grace by coming to see her."