

## Heiress 1311

### Chapter 1311

Taylor probed. "Mr. Iverson, will the psycho bitch go along with it?"

"She will, so long as I'm involved." Christopher raised his brow haughtily.

"Congratulations on getting rid of that problem once and for all." Taylor grinned ingratiatingly. "Once Charles is out of the picture, James will be next. The old man would have to pin his hope on you, and the Iverson Group will be yours."

"I hope so."

Christopher narrowed his eyes and looked up at the dark, boundless sky. His eyes glistened with untold emotions. "I owe everything to him. I just hope I don't let him down."

"That reminds me, Mr. Iverson. I just received word that your private jet is in position."

"That took a while, but at least it was worth the wait."

Christopher propped his gold-rimmed glasses up against his nose bridge as a sinister glint streaked across his eyes. "Get in touch with Maxwell and tell him that everything is in place. "It's time to send him and his friends to hell."

Christopher's fancy ride headed straight to Pivotage.

With his sweeping goals and ambition in mind, Christopher chuckled in glee.

Everything was in his control.

The only exception was Bella.

Christopher clenched his fists bitterly and asked in a solemn voice, "We have eyes on the Thompsons. Any updates?"

Taylor smacked his head and replied, "Our people learned that Ms. Thompson has fled from the Thompsons' residence. Chairman Thompson dispatched a search team, but she hasn't been located." "What? Bella left home? Why did you mention it before?" Christopher leaned forward nervously.

"S-Sorry, Mr. Iverson. The security is tight at the Thompsons' residence. Our people worked tirelessly to get the information." Taylor's heart sank.

Christopher removed his glasses in annoyance and pinched his nose bridge. "I remember how Bella would scale walls, climb trees, and run out of the house for some fun. She's still a free spirit now. Seriously, Wyatt should've known his daughter was too stubborn to back down. How could he lock Bella in her bedroom? It's no different than caging a bird."

"I wonder if Ms. Thompson is okay. But she's witty and self-reliant, so she won't let anybody pick on her."

"Asher and the other Thompson brothers won't let their dear sister wander off. If Wyatt can't find her, the Thompson boys definitely-"

Christopher put his glasses back on and looked out the window in shock.

"Stop the car!"

Taylor slammed the brakes, sweat pouring down his forehead.

Christopher pressed his palms against the window. His hurried breathing left the glass condensed. Still, he could not mistake the silhouette he saw.

Across the road, a loving couple stood shoulder-to-shoulder in front of a food truck and munched on their food before lifting their heads to exchange glances with a smile.

## Chapter 1312

The couple at the food truck was Bella and Justin.

It was hard to imagine the billionaire president, proud and blue-blooded, slumming it at a food truck in the middle of the night to accompany his beloved woman. Despite his usual taste for finer things, Justin indulged in high carbs and greasy food, fed by Bella.

It was an amazing feat.

"Is it tasty?" Bella tenderly took a napkin to wipe the grease off Justin's lips.

Justin saw his chance to peck her on the lips. "It's good. Everything tastes delicious when I'm with you."

Bella blushed. Even the old lady working in the food truck grinned.

The couple was perfect for each other.

The old lady was happy for them.

"Tsk. You only said that because I brought you here."

Bella pouted. "Just be honest if you don't like it. I don't like it when you put up with it and indulge me. I won't bring you here again."

As his lashes fluttered, Justin reached past Bella and grabbed two bottles of seasoning on the left side of the table-black pepper and balsamic vinegar.

He then added a few dashes of the seasoning to Bella's food before urging her tenderly. "Try it."

Bella blinked and took a bite.

Her eyes widened in surprise at Justin as she waved her arms in the air.

"Oh, my god! This is heavenly! It's so good. The simplest condiment brought the taste to a whole new level. How are you so good?"

Justin looked deep into her eyes with a smile. "You're wrong to assume that I only enjoyed the food to humor you. Before I was brought back to the Salvador family, my mother and I often dined at food trucks."

Bella's breath hitched.

She assumed she knew a lot about Justin's obscure past from Wilma. Not until now did she realize her knowledge about him was just the tip of the iceberg.

If he did not pour his heart into her, she may never know about a lot of things.

She would enjoy eating at food trucks on occasion as a treat, but it used to be Justin's reality when he was a kid.

"Back then, I would get really hungry after helping my mom out with the labor. My mom would take me to eat at food trucks."

Twirling the plastic cup, Justin dwelled on the locked memory. "My mom would only order something for me to save money, but she made sure I had protein. She would add a few condiments and seasonings to the food so I wouldn't get fed up with the same food. This is my favorite combination. The taste is addictive. I still enjoy my food with the same combination of seasoning, but I can never get back the taste I savored during my childhood."

The air was filled with a heart-wrenching silence.

Justin snapped out of his memory and smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, Bella. I didn't mean to ruin your supper."

Bella's eyes welled up as she cupped his face and sealed his lips with a kiss.

Chapter 1313

A heart-warming sensation stirred within Justin.

He reached his hand behind Bella's neck and pressed her toward him to deepen the kiss.

The old lady in the food truck turned away to clear some tables. She knew it was best to give the couple some privacy.

The sweet kiss between Justin and Bella was a punch in Christopher's gut.

Christopher felt like his heart was ripped apart.

Taylor sighed glumly.

Anything could be obtained through effort and manipulation except love.

Christopher poured his heart and soul into Bella, but she threw herself at Justin anyway.

Justin did not deserve Bella.

Bella pulled back from Justin's lips, her eyes glossy. She choked with sobs and said, "Things were tough for you, Justin. But that's in the past now. The good life is waiting for us."

"You make me the happiest man alive." Justin pulled her into his arms and held her tight while dreaming of their beautiful future together.

He was not a romantic, nor did he know the right things to say.

However, Justin was willing to put in the effort to learn for Bella.

Bella nestled in his embrace and listened to his steady heartbeat. A lump was caught in her throat as she turned tearful.

"Are you crying, Bella?" Justin was surprised.

"It's all your fault." Bella nuzzled his chest and whined.

Feeling something stirring inside, Justin lowered his gaze and asked, "What's wrong? Do you feel bad for your man?"

Bella was too embarrassed to admit it, but the glistening tears in her eyes gave away the answer.

"Don't cry, silly girl. The hardships make me stronger. Tough situations don't scare me. In fact, I love facing adversities because they are opportunities to grow."

Justin was overcome with emotions. While he did feel bad, he was relieved and happy to feel connected to Bella. "Do you know how grateful I am to have survived my childhood and my service in Kridor? Otherwise, I would never have the chance to fall in love with you."

Under a sky dusted with stars and bathed in moonlight, a soft breeze brushed against their backs as they stood close, a warm silence enveloping them.

They did not notice a sedan keeping too close of an eye on them from across the road.

"It's late, Mr. Iverson. We should head back." Taylor wiped his sweat and spoke cautiously.

Slumping against his seat in dejection, Christopher closed his bloodshot eyes and removed his gold-rimmed glasses once more.

Then came a crack.

"Mr. Iverson! You..." Taylor looked back in shock.

Christopher crushed his glasses with his bare hands and held them tight in his grip as the shattered glass pierced his skin. Blood crept out of the gap between his shaking fingers and dripped into the darkness. Taylor was terrified.

The pair of glasses was Christopher's personal item that he had had with him since Taylor began working for him.

Yet Christopher went as far as to destroy it. He was clearly hurting and furious.

"Didn't you say that Wyatt couldn't find Bella? Well, we have a clue now."

Christopher opened his grimacing eyes and pulled out his phone to dial Wyatt's number.

The next day, James walked out of the prosecutor's office after a long, hard interrogation. He was drained.

Chapter 1314

James, without time to get home for a change of clothes, was summoned to the hospital by Lance.

In the VIP ward, Lance learned of the business' recent profit loss of \$2 billion and trashed the place in a fit of rage.

Money was not the main cause of his outburst.

Most importantly, the negative press halted the company's new venture in Sentania, and the many government bodies looking into the Iverson Group's finances and credentials were a huge blow to the company.

"Settle down, Dad. Getting angry won't do you any good."

James looked haggard with his greasy hair and stubble. He barely had his voice. "We can always make more money, but if we don't handle this mess right, the effect on our family will..."

"We can always make more money? Easy for you to say!"

Standing on a pile of mess, Lance huffed furiously. "It's not just \$3 billion we're talking about. The suspension of the project abroad will cost us close to \$10 billion. What can you do to recuperate the loss?"

James froze.

"Don't panic, Dad."

The voice, though mellow, made James' heart sink.

Christopher stepped into the ward, his refined face bearing no worries. He kept a smile on his face. "Don't worry about the project in Sentania. I have a plan to take care of it."

"You do, Chris?" Lance was shocked.

James pulled a blank face, but he snuck a dirty look at Christopher and had some choice words for him, which James kept to himself.

To James, Christopher was nothing more than a bootlicker.

"I might have been living abroad for the past few years, but I kept myself busy and established some connections, Dad."



Christopher approached Lance and patted his back. "Don't forget that I lived in Sentania for 15 years. I can call a few favors to get the go-ahead for our project. This is a little something I can do for you." "Really, Chris? Can you get the project in Sentania to go on?" Lance grabbed his arm excitedly.

Christopher stared into Lance's hopeful eyes and smirked to himself.

His father would hit him and call him a loser growing up. Lance never expected anything out of Christopher.

Christopher would never forget what the family did to him.

At the age of eight, Christopher was made to kneel in the snow without being given food or water. Charles and Astrid would splash cold water at him and stuff ice down his collar. Christopher had a fever for three whole days while his mother kept by his side in tears.

James, the oldest of them all, did not stop the bullying. In fact, he would stand on the sidelines with a smile.

His smile was so bright.

Since then, Christopher has vowed to wipe that smile off his face and make them pay.

"This is a project worth tens of billions of dollars, Dad. I wouldn't lie to you." Hiding his true emotions behind his eyes, Christopher smiled innocently. "That's my boy!"

Overjoyed, Lance grabbed him by the shoulders. "I was harsh to you, Chris. I haven't been the best father to you, and for that, I apologize." "Don't say that, Dad."

Christopher hugged his father and patted his back. "You're my father. Of course, I'll help you. You were stern with me so that I could be a better man. I understand that. I have never blamed you for it." Lance teared up.

"Don't be so full of yourself, Chris." James narrowed his eyes dangerously at Christopher. "Don't make things worse than they already are. If you are that competent, why wait until now to prove yourself?" "Well, you're the CEO of the Iverson Group. I have always trusted in your competence and thought you would lead the business through the hard times. I didn't want to go over your head and tell you how to run the business." Christopher blinked innocently, hitting right where it hurt.

"Hmph! The Iverson Group's progress wouldn't have stagnated in the last two years if James was a good leader. The Salvadors even stole the place as the richest in the city." Lance scoffed and snapped an angry look at James.

Chapter 1315

Choked for words, James grimaced.

Raised from childhood to be the successor of the Iverson Group, James had never, in his years of power, been put in his place.

James seethed with rage for Christopher.

"Since you have an idea in mind, when are you going to make it happen, Chris?" Lance was anxious.

"I can call in a few favors, but in what capability should I come forward?" Christopher sighed with concern. "It's no issue that I don't share any company shares, but I don't even work there.

"How should I introduce myself when I meet the government officials of Sentania? Should I call myself one of the heirs of the Iverson Group?"

"That's an easy fix."

Lance landed his palm on Christopher's shoulder. "I'll make a formal notice of your appointment as executive director. You will be included in all management meetings. If you can get the project in Sentania back on track, I will transfer Astrid's shares and another 5% to you."

James was taken aback.

However, Christopher got Lance where he wanted to. Since only Christopher could get the business out of trouble, Lance would please him in any way.

Christopher beamed. "Thank you."

Lance's secretary burst into the ward and shouted, "Oh, no, Chairman Iverson. The police took Mr. Charles away."

"What?" Lance and James were shocked.

Only Christopher, standing behind them, curled his lips.

Charles was having a party with fresh faces in the modeling scene when he was arrested. Fueled by drugs and alcohol, Charles was high and even attacked the police, calling himself the king. He was charged with assaulting a police officer too. He was as deranged as his sister.

During the arrest, Charles was caught in his briefs.

The police officers were so kind as to let him walk out of the Iversons' residence in his underwear.

"Who are you to arrest me? I didn't do anything wrong! I'm a law-abiding citizen!" Charles shouted.

Under the influence of drugs, Charles became audacious enough to speak his mind. He could not control his expression, though. Drool dripped down his chin, and his eyes twitched.

The police officer smirked in rage and said sternly, "You are arrested under suspicion of rape and assault on a police officer, Charles."

"Rape? You fucking got the wrong guy. I have never done that. You are arresting the wrong guy. I am innocent." Though he was without full control of his expression, it was the rude awakening he needed. "Hmph! Innocent? We have evidence of your crime. You destroyed the lives of dozens of women."

Furious, the police officer was tempted to knock some senses into him. "You're looking at twenty years at the least. You can convince the court and the jury if you believe you're innocent."

The mention of jail time broke Charles, and he shuddered.

In the heat of the moment, he pushed the police officer away.

Then came the shocking scene.

Covered in sweat, Charles gritted his teeth and pulled down his briefs.

"I-I couldn't possibly violate any of these women. I am impotent!"

Blinding flashes of light engulfed Charles.

His shivering member was exposed to the press.

Charles' jaw dropped as he froze. His mind was too hazy to notice the surrounding press.

Thud.

He passed out.

Chapter 1316

Charles' arrest rocked the whole nation to its core.

Astrid got her wish. Her scandal was overshadowed by another.

The Iversons came out worst in all of this.

The scandals of Charles and Astrid pushed the Iversons to the brink of ruin. If the arrest was not bad enough, Charles let his bird out of his cage for all the nation to see.

The former head of the household would turn in his grave.

Lance fell back with a pale face after seeing the news live.

"Dad!"

James went up to hold him steady, but Christopher was ahead of him, getting the closest to Lance.

"Please sit, Dad. Focus on your breathing."

Christopher helped Lance to the sofa and anxiously turned to James. "Don't just stand there, James. Get the doctor in here now."

Burning in rage, James wanted to rip Christopher's tongue out of him. "You!"

"I know you always have a problem with me, James. I've been avoiding confrontation with you and staying out of your way. But now isn't the time to fight. Dad isn't doing well, and I'm worried sick." Christopher sounded distressed, but his gloomy gaze weighed heavily on James.

James tried to refute, but Lance yelled out loud, "James, you useless, petty piece of shit! Get out! Get out now!"

Tension rose to an all-time high.

James gnashed his teeth and turned pale with rage, with veins popping out of his head.

Since Christopher was favored, James would not go anywhere by butting heads. He swallowed his anger and stormed off.

"Don't say that about James, Dad."

Christopher kept a receptive demeanor, but his words played on Lance's emotions. "Think about it. It was tough on James to run the business and take care of Charles and Astrid. He has done everything in his power to pull the group out of trouble. He can't just turn his back on Charles and Astrid, either. His outburst is understandable. Don't blame him. James failed in his duty as the eldest brother. Charles and Astrid got to his point because he spoiled them."

Lance held his chest. "He's the CEO, but what has he done for the company? I told him to keep an eye on Charles. But did he? I can't count on him. We can't afford for the company's shares to drop again. The business might go bust if someone else tries to take over in a hostile bid."

"I will sort out the issues with the company, Dad. Just focus on your health and stop worrying."  
Christopher consoled him tenderly.

"I should have been a better father to you, son. The family can't survive without you." Lance tearfully held his hand. "Don't worry, I will make it up to you."

On the way back, Christopher quit the niceness and smirked.

"I don't get it, Mr. Iverson." Taylor asked in confusion. "You have enough wealth in Sentania to acquire Iverson Group's shares. Why are you saving the business? It will only benefit you if the company is in ruins."

"I don't have any company shares. Either way, I won't acquire enough to get a majority over Lance and James. It won't do me any good to execute the plan indiscreetly."

As reality sank in, Taylor nodded. "That makes sense. You finally got the old man's trust and drove a wedge between him and James. Everything is heading in the right direction."

Chapter 1317

Christopher said, "Besides, I want to be named the successor in the right way. The last thing I want is to be called a conniving thief."

He raised his chin and let out a scornful smile as if he had it in the bag. "James cares most about his role as CEO. The best revenge on him is to give him a run for his money and crush him." "Haha... The old man is getting sick and tired of James. You won't have to wait too long." Taylor was happy for Christopher.

Christopher closed his eyes as emotions swept through him. "Wyatt has his reservations about me and Bella. Even though he doesn't say anything about it, he can't give me her hand in marriage since I have no connections to the Iverson Group. I need to bag the Iverson Group and cut ties with the Iversons to show Wyatt my sincerity. That's the chance I need to be with Bella. I'm willing to do anything for her. The Iverson Group will be my gift to her."

Taylor's phone buzzed. He glanced at his phone and said eagerly, "Mr. Iverson, I received word that Wyatt is on the move to find Ms. Thompson."

That night, Logan called Ryan away, and Bella went out with Justin. Carrie and Yasmin were the only ones at home.

Carrie painted in the studio that Ryan had set up for her while Yasmin kept watch in silence. Staring intently at the beautiful sketch of the backyard, Yasmin expressed awe.

"You're amazing, Madam. The painting looks like a photo."

"You flatter me, Yasmin." Carrie pressed her lips together embarrassedly, her cheeks rosy.

"No, Madam. I would never lie to you or Mr. Hoffman."

Yasmin grinned and replied, "Mr. Hoffman is lucky to have you in his life. Thank you for being with him."

Carrie shook her head and blinked. "I should thank Ryan. He doesn't mind that I'm slow. He's happy to keep by my side and be nice to me."

"Don't say that, Madam."

Yasmin got down on one knee and took Carrie's drawing hand. "No one is a better fit for Mr. Hoffman than you."

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, is it Ryan? I'll open the door for him."

Carrie sprinted down the stairs gleefully and reached the hallway.

No one outside the family knew where they lived, so she opened the door without much thought and hugged the man standing there.

"Welcome home, Ryan!"

The air was thick with awkwardness.

Carrie opened her eyes and sniffed the man's clothes.

But she did not smell the faint scent of tobacco that Ryan usually had on him. Instead, the man smelled of soap.

"What are you smelling, Ms. Salvador?"

The man's cheerful voice made Carrie shriek and jump a distance away from him.

Now that she had a good look at the man, she saw that he was not Ryan.

"You're the man in the news. You're Bella's brother!" Carrie's jaw hit the ground.



"Oh? Do you still remember me? The man in the news? When was I on TV?" With his hands behind his back, Ralph leaned forward and smiled brightly.

Chapter 1318

Carrie put her hand over her mouth. She could not believe what she had just done.

Ryan had not gotten close with another woman since they were together. Yet she just touched another man.

She thought to herself, 'Am I tainted? Did I cheat on Ryan?'

"S-Sorry..." It took a while before Carrie admitted her mistake.

There was no telling whether she was apologizing to Ralph or Ryan.

"Why are you apologizing, Ms. Salvador? I should apologize to you. I've been too busy in the last three days to shower. I hope I didn't stink." Ralph chuckled, as Carrie was adorable.

"Madam!"

Hearing the commotion, Yasmin rushed to the door. She paused when she saw Ralph. "Mr. Ralph?"

Ralph kept a low profile, so his identity was not known to many. Yasmin was aware of who he was because Ryan informed her in advance.

Otherwise, there would be a repeat of the embarrassing incident with Drew.

"Are Bella and Justin here?" Ralph looked around inside. He had heard about what happened, and it had been days since he saw Bella. He missed her, too.

"Ms. Thompson and Mr. Salvador are away."

Yasmin hesitated for a moment before making way for him. "Please come in to wait."

Looking very much at home, Ralph walked into the living room and fell back into a seat. He placed a document about Shannon on the table.

As Shannon's case was about to be brought to court, Ralph needed Bella and Justin to go through many details. Bella called Ralph to Ryan's place to meet up.

"This is a nice house. It has more character than my family's." Ralph looked around aimlessly.

He thought, 'Bella must be living at Ryan's place since leaving home. At least Justin found her a nice spot.'

"That's what the last person said. He talked about getting a place around here too." Yasmin smiled pretentiously.

"Who was it?"

"Mr. Drew."

Ralph laughed. "That sounds like Drew. He's rich. I only make enough in a year to buy a bathroom here."

He noticed Carrie curling up in a corner uneasily.

"Did I scare you, Ms. Salvador?" Ralph smiled.

Carrie nodded and quickly shook her head later. Her fingers gripped her dress nervously.

"My bad. Now that I think about it, I was a little touchy-feely with you. I'm sorry." Ralph spent most of his time in the precinct. He was used to getting down to business and speaking bluntly, so he blurted things out without second thought.

The expression on Yasmin's face froze, and she stared at Ralph nervously, her fists clenching.

The doorbell rang again.

Holding back the rage, Yasmin went to the hallway and checked the surveillance, only to be stunned.

"Is Bella home?" Ralph came up behind her.

Ralph gasped when he saw Wyatt's face on the doorbell camera.

Chapter 1319

Ralph looked at Yasmin.

Yasmin met Ralph's gaze with displeasure and asked solemnly, "Did you bring Chairman Thompson here?"

With his eyes bulging, Ralph took the matter seriously and dissociated himself from the question. "Tsk. I may be Wyatt's son, but I'm no traitor. I will never betray Bella!"

Amused by his cheeky remark, Yasmin asked in a hushed tone, "What do we do now? Do we open the door?"

Ralph slipped his hands into his pocket and scoffed. "My dad will tear the door down if you don't open it for him."

Yasmin was lost for words.

Not wanting to offend the visitor any longer, Yasmin took a breath and opened the door.

The green and lush front lawn was crowded with Wyatt's security detail.

Wyatt stood at the door with a grimace, with Quentin standing right behind him.

He prepared a script in his mind and pulled a stern face, but the sight of his youngest son took him by surprise.

Quentin was taken aback. "Mr. Ralph?!"

Ralph scratched his head. "Hi, Dad..."

Wyatt glanced at his son and then at Yasmin. As if that was not enough, he took a big step back and looked at the house number.

"You're at the right place, Chairman Thompson. It's here." Quentin did not know how to react.

"Oh."

Wyatt nodded, his eyes lighting up. He asked, "Is she your girlfriend? So, your type of lady is hot and glamorous, huh? You could've said so. I wouldn't have introduced the demure ladies to you."

As Yasmin's eyes widened in shock, Ralph face-palmed frustratedly. "Can you stop pressuring me to get married? I might just turn to monkhood if you rush me again. Do you know why I joined the police force in Savrow? I couldn't take your daily reminder to get married and have kids. I'm not a mule for reproduction."

Yasmin pursed her lips, surprised that a rich heir shared the same troubles as ordinary people.

"I'll make sure no church will take you in."

Wyatt dropped the stern act and showed Yasmin a kind face. "How old are you, young lady? What's your name? Where do you work? Are your parents from Hatchbay or Savrow? My son tends to keep a low profile, but we are ready to accept his wife. You will be well taken care of when you marry into the family. Don't let this opportunity slip away, and don't think too much about it. Just tie the knot with him!" "Dad!" Ralph did not know if he should laugh or cry. He regretted opening the door for Wyatt.

"You got the wrong idea, Chairman Thompson. Mr. Ralph and I aren't going out. I'm just Mr. Hoffman's secretary," Yasmin responded.

Disappointed, Wyatt shot Ralph a look of disdain.

"We should go in and talk, Chairman Thompson, Mr. Ralph." Quentin smiled wryly. The Thompson kids were the apples of Wyatt's eye, but they would also be the death of him.

Wyatt and Ralph sat opposite each other, and the air in the living room was tense at best.

"So you knew that Bella was living here, but you kept it from me?" Wyatt gritted his teeth in fury. "Are you even my son?"

Ralph grabbed an apple from the platter and took a bite. "Do you want to do a paternity test?"

Chapter 1320

Wyatt gasped sharply, nearly flipping out in rage.

Yasmin was not easily humored, but the argument between the father and son tickled her pink, and she had to stop herself from laughing.

They were such a loving pair of father and son.

A flurry of footsteps followed.

Carrie carried a tray of beverage and approached Wyatt before putting a drink on the table.

"This is for you, M-Mr. Thompson."

Carrie's sweet voice and young face rubbed off on Wyatt, and he said with a smile, "Oh, Carrie. I didn't expect to see you here! Are you here to keep Bella company?"

"I-I... Yeah." Carrie blushed embarrassedly. She was not so foolish as to admit that she was living with Ryan, so she skimmed past the question.

"That's not important."

Wyatt pulled Carrie to his side gleefully and checked her out. "I don't think you have a boyfriend yet. What do you think about Ralph? You seem perfect for each other, and you're around the same age. I think you will get along just fine."

"Huh?" Dumbstruck, Ralph nearly spat out his drink.

"I... I..." Carrie took a step back in fright, her fingers twiddling uneasily to the point they were sore.

Ralph might be a crude man, but as a detective, he had keen observations. He picked up on Carrie's behavior.

She was rather introverted with high social anxiety.

He started to feel bad as Carrie bit her lips and teared up.

Furrowing his brows, Ralph said solemnly, "Dad, did you come all the way to Savrow to force good women into marriage? I told you a million times that I wanted to focus on my career. Marriage isn't on the cards for me."

Wyatt narrowed his eyes. "You don't get a say in that. If you did, you wouldn't have come out of your mother's womb."

"What the f-" Ralph nearly cursed. He swallowed his words until his face went red.

He could not wrap his head around one thing.

Although Hugh had passed away, Ralph had four other brothers. Yet Wyatt was fixated on getting him hitched.

His intention to marry aside, Ralph's job would take him away on dangerous missions without any breaks. No decent woman could stand a workaholic like him. If he were to marry, he wanted to shower his future wife with love and happiness. However, it was not something he could offer at the moment. Ralph could not possibly put any woman through that.

Since Wyatt was intent on setting Ralph up with Carrie, Yasmin drew close to Carrie and held her trembling shoulders. Yasmin looked Wyatt in the eye and uttered, "We appreciate the gesture, Chairman Thompson, but Ms. Salvador is taken."

"Oh? By who? Who is better than my son?" Wyatt expressed contempt.

"It's Mr. Hoffman."

Yasmin's blank expression sparkled with a faint smile. "Ms. Salvador's grandfather and father know that she is dating Mr. Hoffman. They have never interfered in their relationship. Besides, Mr. Hoffman is about to become the CEO of the Hoffman Group. When that happens, he will formally ask for Ms. Salvador's hand in marriage."

Even though Ryan expressed his wish to marry Carrie time and time again, Carrie still got butterflies when hearing about it. A rosy tint painted her cheeks.