

Heiress 1331

Chapter 1331

Christopher's expression stiffened.

Wyatt did not mention Christopher's name, but Christopher felt as if Wyatt was targeting him with each word. The anger boiling from within his heart scorched Christopher's pale face. "Uncle Wyatt, everything Justin does now is just to get on Bella's good side and deceive her."

Christopher clenched his fists tightly, his fingers almost digging into his flesh. He bore an unrelenting murderous intent toward Justin. "If he really loved Bella, how could he not fall for her during those three years of marriage, when they were living together? Any normal man would be moved by such a beautiful and outstanding woman! But he still heartlessly abandoned Bella back then. It shows that his love for Bella isn't genuine!"

"Not genuine?" Wyatt raised an eyebrow.

"Have you ever thought about when Justin started to have feelings for Bella? Wasn't it until after they were divorced that he got to know that the wife he had looked down upon for three years was actually the KS Group's heiress? Everyone knew that Justin was not the son of Chairman Salvador's first wife, and the way his mother rose to power was not honorable.

"If Chairman Salvador's eldest son was not in poor health, how could he let Justin bear the heavy responsibility of heading the Salvador Corporation? Now that he's pestering Bella, do you think his aim is pure and genuine? He must have an ulterior motive to use the Thompson family's power to change his awkward position."

Christopher's gaze was anxious, and his words were heartfelt. He was talking until his mouth felt dry. "He forced Bella to divorce him so that he could marry someone else. He's despicable for doing that. Aren't you afraid of him being unfaithful a second or third time? Are you really going to gamble on Justin's character and risk your daughter's future?!"

Quentin listened on the side, frowning slightly. He observed Christopher discreetly.

He had not noticed before, but Quentin realized now that Christopher had a silver tongue that could twist words to his advantage.

It would be destructive if Christopher used his eloquence to distort right and wrong.

"Mr. Iverson, you seem to know more about my daughter than I do as her father."

Wyatt's eyes still carried a smile, but his tone was cold. "If Justin was, as you said, a shallow opportunist who only values power, he shouldn't have accepted my daughter, who had disguised herself as a nobody since the beginning. Won't it be easier to just marry a wealthy lady?"

Christopher suddenly fell silent, obviously not knowing what to say.

"I'm getting older, and I can't dictate what Bella does forever. She chose that man, so she has to deal with the consequences. If she gets bullied, it serves her right. I can't possibly shrink her and carry her in my pocket wherever I go, can I?"

Wyatt's dark humor made Quentin struggle to hold back his chuckle.

However, Christopher's resentment grew in his heart, and his pale and dry lips trembled. "Uncle Wyatt..."

"If you still refuse to give up on Bella, you can pursue my daughter with passion and compete with Justin fairly."

Wyatt casually retracted his gaze from Christopher's stiff face, curling his lips coldly. "But don't look for me in the future about this matter again. I have many children, and if I had to worry about each of them like this, I wouldn't be getting any rest!"

After that, Wyatt and Quentin stepped into Yara Park's entrance.

The door swung shut, bringing with it a gust of chilling breeze that hit Christopher in the face.

After settling things with Christopher, Wyatt inexplicably felt that even his steps had become lighter.

"That Iverson brat's mouth is pretty sharp," Wyatt mocked.

"Yeah. Sometimes, it's hard to see what people are good at until they show their true colors." Quentin smiled, his praise carrying subtle mockery.

"Tsk! I've attended business conferences with Justin multiple times. He could switch languages fluently when he was on stage, talk non-stop, and speak confidently. But in front of me, he would either swear on his life, admit his mistakes, or promise to treat Bella well. He was so clumsy that I would've thought his brain wasn't fully developed had I not seen him in the business arena." Wyatt shook his head, showing a disdainful expression.

Quentin smiled knowingly. "No matter how many weaknesses Justin has, he has one redeeming quality. Christopher is Ms. Bella's childhood friend and Justin's love rival. But until now, do you remember hearing Justin say a single bad word about his rival?"

Quentin knew when to stop. If he favored Justin too much, it might just backfire.

Sigh. How he wanted to help Justin and Bella get together!

Chapter 1332

Wyatt glanced at him suspiciously. "It seems you quite admire Justin."

Quentin remained composed. "You misunderstood, sir. I'm merely stating facts. I watched Ms. Bella grow up too and care for her, sincerely hoping she could marry a good husband." "Aren't your words discreetly praising Justin?!"

Quentin did not dare to speak further.

Suddenly, Wyatt's footsteps halted, and he stood by the window, glancing outside.

Confused, Quentin could not help following Wyatt's gaze.

At this angle, they could see Christopher fiercely smashing the pastries he had prepared for Bella outside Yara Park on the ground.

Still unsatisfied, Christopher kicked the pastries, shattering the exquisite treats into pieces.

"Ha. It seems that he has quite a temper."

Wyatt snorted disdainfully and left.

Looking at Christopher's unrecognizable face, Quentin felt deeply fortunate that Bella did not choose to be with a fake man like that.

In the past, the only person to be snubbed by Wyatt and not allowed to enter the villa was Justin.

Christopher never expected that he would end up in the same situation.

For someone competitive and proud like him, it was akin to a great humiliation.

"Mr. Christopher! Please calm down!"

Taylor bent down to clean the pieces of pastries on the ground, comforting Christopher with a trembling voice. "Don't overthink it. Chairman Thompson always favored you. He can't dislike you so suddenly. At the very least, you're still better than that bastard, Justin! Ms. Bella must have pissed him off, so he had nowhere to vent his pent-up anger. You just happened to be here, so he couldn't help but take it out on you. Once he calms down, he will remember your advantages."

"This time... It's different."

Christopher's bloodshot eyes flashed with a malicious glint, like a beast that could tear its prey into pieces with its claws. "Wyatt had obviously approved of Bella being with Justin. He would no longer interfere with them, let alone help me."

Wyatt was the toughest obstacle he could set up between Bella and Justin's relationship for now. It was also his strongest trump card when he used Zoe to expose the fact that Bella could not conceive anymore.

But even so, he still failed to destroy the relationship between Bella and Justin, and even Wyatt had unconsciously sided with Justin.

No matter how many dirty tricks he had up his sleeve, Christopher was at his wit's end.

Returning to the car, Christopher looked so pale, as if he were about to collapse.

After hesitating for a while, he pulled out his phone and dialed that man's number with trembling fingers.

The call connected after some time.

"Sir... Wyatt has approved of Bella being with Justin. He won't help me anymore." Christopher's usual proud and arrogant temperament vanished. Christopher was lowly and humble in front of this man.

"Tsk! I've told you since the beginning that you need to do things with an iron fist if you want to win Bella over."

The man did not conceal his mocking laughter. "But all you could think of was to put on the nice guy act before her, fantasizing about the day she would give up on Justin and be with you. You're so stupid that it makes me distressed. If the orthodox way won't work, resort to violence. Destroy her if you can't have her. Why let Justin benefit?"

Destroy her?

Chapter 1333

Bella was the true love of Christopher's life. How could he bear to destroy her...?

"What are you going to do next? Are you done considering?" The man's lazy voice carried a hint of threat.

"Sir, give me another chance. One last chance!"

Christopher's face was pale and greenish, emanating an ominous and vicious chill, like a demon struggling to break free from purgatory. "Isn't your research institute developing a type of drug that could instantly cause cardiac arrest? Can you give me one?"

"Oh? What do you want that for?" The man smiled mockingly. "You aren't thinking of using that on yourself, right? Mr. Christopher, you're indeed daring and courageous. Do you think all those injections over the years are not enough? That drug has not passed clinical testing. There's a huge risk."

"I know, but this is my last resort. I want to bet on everything I have." Christopher's eyes were bloodshot, and even his reason was teetering on the edge.

"Sigh. If you have a healthy body and the capability, you could achieve your goal sooner or later. In the end, it's just a woman. You don't need to take such a huge risk."

The man advised, "Besides, you are the number one villain in Bella's eyes now. If anything happened to you, wouldn't that be just what she wanted?"

"It's not for me."

"Oh?"

"Pity and guilt are the most difficult weaknesses to overcome for humanity." Christopher's gaze was deep and dark. "Bella is a kind woman. I want her to owe me forever. Only in this way can I make her

stay by my side."

After finishing their discussion, Bella and Justin returned to their room.

Ryan knew that Carrie would be asleep at this time, so he reluctantly headed to the study, planning to do some paperwork before ending the day. He was a changed man.

In the past, not even the end of the world could prevent him from sleeping. Now, he could not sleep until he had dealt with the company's matters.

All of his efforts were for the sake of giving Carrie a comfortable future.

"Mr. Ryan." Yasmin's voice rang out behind him.

Ryan quickly turned around. "You've not rested yet? I told you that you don't need to care about me. Just keep an eye on Carrie. If she wakes up in the night and feels thirsty, there will be no one around her." Yasmin pursed her lips, saying in a low voice, "There's something I must report to you tonight. You need to be more wary of Ralph in the future. He came today and had quite a few interactions with Young Madam Carrie when I wasn't paying attention. Although I can't say he likes her, I think he had a good impression of Young Madam Carrie."

She did not dare tell Ryan that Carrie mistook Ralph for him and hugged Ralph, afraid that Ryan would rush to deal with Ralph now.

But even though she had simplified the situation, Ryan still exploded immediately, much like a spark of fire in the frying pan. He stormed toward their bedroom with reddened eyes. "Hey! Mr. Ryan!"

Yasmin grabbed him, panicking. "Young Madam Carrie is sleeping. You will disturb her if you go there! Besides, Young Madam Carrie only has you in her heart. She has no interest in that Thompson guy! Don't vent your anger on her!"

Looking at her anxious face, Ryan smiled bitterly, despite the annoyance in his heart. "Yasmin, what are you thinking? Am I such a petty little man in your eyes?" Yasmin's expression said "yes".

"Even if others don't know how much I love Carrie, you should. I trust her unconditionally and forever."

Ryan took a deep breath, thinking of Carrie's clear and cute eyes. His gaze was tender. "I haven't seen her for a day, and I miss her. I just want to kiss her. Nothing else."

Chapter 1334

Ryan walked into the room with careful and light steps.

Afraid of disturbing his lover's dreams, he even took off his shoes at the door, walking in with his socks.

On the big and comfortable bed, Carrie's thin and small body was curled up in the blankets, only revealing her head. Her dark hair scattered around the pillow.

Ryan sat by the bed, staring deeply at his beloved's cute little sleeping face. He brushed away the strands of hair stuck to her cheek.

His eyes, which used to take in many women, now only belonged to her alone.

"I was only away from home for a while, but so many things happened."

Ryan's calloused fingers traced Carrie's smooth face, her cherry red lips, and her delicate collarbone. "I thought I was the only man thinking about you in this world. Now, it seems your charm is stronger than I imagined. It makes me not want to bring you out in the future. What if someone else has their eyes on you? Do you know that I almost couldn't rein myself in after I heard what happened tonight? If that brat was not your sister-in-law's brother, I would've roughed him up!"

Subconsciously, he increased the strength in his fingertips.

Carrie's eyelashes fluttered, and she moaned softly. Ryan quickly withdrew his hand in fright, afraid of disturbing her peaceful slumber.

At this moment, Carrie flipped over, lying flat on the bed and kicking off the blankets, revealing her body.

Although she wore a silk nightgown, her sleeping posture was restless, rumpling her dress. Ryan could see her fair shoulders and half of her breasts spilling out.

The thick desire in Ryan's gaze deepened, and his broad shoulders trembled slightly in his attempt at restraint.

This time, he truly could not hold back anymore.

"Hmm... Do you really like my painting?" Carrie murmured in her sleep.

Ryan could hear each word clearly in the quiet room.

He thought, 'Carrie, you're definitely not asking me this question. Who are you asking?'

"Ralph..."

Instantly, Ryan felt as if all the blood in his body flowed in reverse, and his mind turned blank.

The next second, he pressed down on Carrie's body. He was fierce and savage as he kissed her soft lips.

His actions woke Carrie up.

Carrie was frightened in the beginning, but when she saw that the person on top of her was Ryan, she relaxed and wrapped her hands around his neck, using her gentle affection to wash away the hint of hostility between their lips.

Her thin nightgown was stripped off.

She would always welcome Ryan.

No matter what time it was, as long as he wanted her, she would give it to him.

She drifted in the rising waves of pleasure for a long time until she could not bear it anymore. She scratched Ryan's back and pleaded in a tearful voice before Ryan was finally willing to let her off. This

beast of a man was indeed possessed by a stud, wanting to do it when he was in a good mood and even more so when he was mad.

"Carrie, what did that brat do to you? Hmm?" Ryan still pinned her down, the strong possessiveness in his eyes almost burning. "Ryan... Did I do something wrong?"

Carrie could feel his anger, but she did not know what she had done wrong, feeling aggrieved and anxious. She teared up.

Ryan could not bear to see her cry. His heart instantly ached, as if a knife had plunged into it. He hurriedly pulled her into his arms and gently patted her back.

"It's nothing. You didn't do anything wrong... It was my fault. It's okay now. Let's sleep."

Ryan stayed up until dawn.

Carrie slept soundly, but Ryan was like a haggard father who spent the whole night coaxing his crying child, not having an ounce of sleep. He came down the stairs with heavy eye bags. Bella and Justin had a good night's sleep and woke up early in the morning.

After a morning run and a shower, they had already started to prepare breakfast at this time.

Bella casually sat at the dining table, enjoying her toast, while Justin wore an apron and focused on frying eggs in the kitchen.

They were sweet, resembling an old married couple.

Ryan, who was overwhelmed with jealousy last night, felt provoked again.

Chapter 1335

Bella saw Ryan walk over. His handsome face looked worn out.

"Oh my, Ryan, what's up with you? Were you trying to dig a tunnel in your room last night?" Bella teased him.

"I... Sigh. Don't mention it." Ryan sighed gloomily.

How should he say it?

If he complained about Bella's brother in front of her, Ryan would put his best friend in a difficult spot.

Bella could sense that there was something on his mind, but since he did not want to say it, she stopped pressing further.

"Do you want to eat? I'll make another portion for you if you want." Justin turned back to look at him, his hands not stopping the work. "I don't have an appetite. I'll skip breakfast."

Ryan walked to the refrigerator and opened it, taking a bottle of iced water and then downing it in one go after twisting off the cap.

Then he crumpled the empty bottle and took a deep breath. "Bella, Justin, I want to get married to Carrie today."

The couple were stunned. "What? Today?!"

"Yes. Today."

Ryan's gaze was intense, and his voice was deep and hoarse. "I've thought about it. Dragging things would only bring more trouble. I don't care if my family agrees to it or not. I'll get my marriage license with Carrie first, so we will be legally married. She will be my wife and the Hoffman Group's lady boss.

Even if my grandfather disagrees, there's nothing he can do about it. I'll compensate Carrie with a grand wedding of the century after I get a hold of the Hoffman Group. Carrie will understand my decision."

Justin frowned slightly, forgetting to flip the eggs in the pan. They end up burned.

"Justin, my documents are at home, so I'll return home to get them later. Where's your family's register? Can you get it today?"

"Ryan, what are you planning? You're acting weird today." Bella's eyes narrowed.

"Why? I just want to marry Carrie. Why are you two looking like that? Shouldn't you cheer for me and give me your support?" Ryan's brows furrowed anxiously.

"Ryan, you've been dating Carrie for a while, and you've always been able to wait. Why did you suddenly become so restless?"

Justin turned off the stove and looked at him worriedly. "Also, our family's register is with Gregory. If you randomly ask for it, he definitely won't give it to you. After all, you embarrassed Gregory for Bella during the last banquet. He's petty and holds a grudge. Now that you need something from him, he'll have leverage over you. If you anger him, he might just try to arrange another marriage for Carrie. The Hoffman Group is still in a mess because of Zoe, and Gregory doesn't want any association with you guys."

"I..." Ryan clenched his fists.

"Also, have you dealt with your family's internal affairs?"

Bella's expression was serious and stern, as if she and Justin were Carrie's parents. "Do your grandfather and your mother agree to this marriage? If you act without their knowledge, aren't you

afraid that your grandfather might withdraw your position in a fit of anger? Aren't you afraid your uncle would take the chance to drag you down? Logan only has one grandson, which is you, and he treasures you greatly. How will he see Carrie, then? Do you want Carrie to never be able to hold her head up in the Hoffman family?"

"Carrie is my wife! My lover! Who would dare look down on her?!" Ryan's eyes reddened, refusing to take in Bella's words.

They made it sound as if he were useless.

Bella shook her head. "Ryan, I have no doubts about your love for Carrie. But you haven't thought it through yet. What do you want? What kind of life do you want to provide for Carrie? The situation now is that you cannot have both the Hoffman Group and Carrie. If you fail to acquire the Hoffman Group, you will undoubtedly disappoint your father's expectations. If you want to be with Carrie, you must be prepared to be excluded from the center of power. Are you willing to let go of something within your grasp?"

"Why can't I have both? I want the Hoffman Group, and I want Carrie even more!" Ryan's sharp brows twitched, his eyes widening.

"Nobody's saying you can't be together. You have to keep your cool now. Victory is within reach, so don't sabotage yourself."

Bella stared at him suspiciously, sizing him up. "What happened between you and Carrie last night? Stop holding it in and let experienced people like us advise you. Don't keep it to yourself and end up depressed."

"Most importantly, we're worried you'll do something stupid." Justin's thin lips parted, bringing a plate of breakfast to Bella.

Justin was more skilled at this job than Wilma was. He even enjoyed it.

"It's not that good. Eat while it's hot."

Justin's handsome and cold face had a heavy contrast with the apron he wore.

A sweet smile bloomed from the corners of Bella's eyes. She suddenly stood up and hooked her arm around Justin's neck, pecking him on the cheek.

"A reward." She tipped his chin up with her fingertips.

Justin's thick, long eyelashes fluttered, and he eagerly responded to her kiss, savoring the sweetness.

Ryan slumped by the table like a deflated ball, feeling down in the dumps, as if his house had been stolen.

"I have a love rival."

Chapter 1336

"Love rival?" Bella propped her cheek with her left hand while tossing a blueberry into Justin's mouth with her right. "You, Ryan Hoffman, have a love rival? That's unheard of."

Justin scoffed derisively, "My sister is practically under house arrest with you. Apart from you and your female secretary, who does she even meet? She has no social life, so where could your love rival possibly come from? Her dreams?"

"That's right!" Ryan slammed his palm on the table, his voice cracking with urgency.

Recalling the previous night, Ryan heard his girlfriend murmuring another man's name, Ralph.

She called out another man's name in her dreams!

Ryan felt his heart shatter into fragments like broken glass.

"You don't mean my brother, Ralph, right?" Bella looked at him with a chilly gaze.

Justin froze, wondering how this was linked to Ralph Thompson.

Ryan's eyes widened, staring at Bella with admiration. "Bella, how did you know? Are you a psychic?!"

"Psychic, my foot."

Bella was beyond exasperated. "It's obvious from your expression. Last night, I noticed how you were staring at my brother. It was as obvious as a sore thumb. I immediately felt something was off. Mr. Hoffman, are you perhaps making a mountain out of a molehill? The Thompson men are all men of integrity, certainly not the type to be homewreckers. Don't see every man who chats with Carrie as a rival." "Ralph isn't that kind of person. Ryan, you shouldn't suspect Bella's brother," Justin said as he wrapped his arms around his petite partner, also finding Ryan's suspicions somewhat ridiculous. Ryan

sighed heavily, knowing it was better not to continue this line of thought to avoid sounding like a whining kid.

"Ah... No wonder you're in a rush to register your marriage with Carrie. It's all because you're feeling threatened."

Bella quickly figured out Ryan's concerns and lightly chided him, "Hey! Are you really getting worked up over something so trivial? How immature."

Ryan pressed his lips together in embarrassment, remaining silent.

"Let's think about the marriage registration more before making a firm decision."

As Justin's expression grew stern, he spoke seriously. "Right now, you need to handle your family issues first. Once you're firmly established at the Hoffman Group, everything else will fall into place." Still, Ryan felt uneasy.

His wife could only be Carrie. Yet, it was not certain that she would choose him as her husband. He genuinely feared that some other man might easily sway her because she was so innocent. When love ran deep, it often made people have a fear of loss.

As they were finishing their breakfast, Ian came back with updates.

"Young Madam! You're so good at predicting things. Charles Iverson got arrested!"

Ian looked at Bella with eyes full of admiration, utterly in awe of her foresight. "The media has swamped the entrance of the police station now. The police have gathered detailed evidence regarding Charles raping multiple women, among them were two minors!"

"Damn! He's the worst of the worst!" Ryan exclaimed angrily, slamming his fist on the table.

Hearing of Charles' brutal acts, Justin was deeply angered as well.

Yet, amid his fury, his admiration for his partner only deepened. He instinctively held Bella's smooth shoulders tightly and drew her into his arms, cherishing her like a priceless gem.

"Bella, Ryan wasn't wrong. You really are divine, incredibly intelligent, and as stunning as an angel."

"Of course! Enough with the smooth talk."

Bella playfully chided, although she secretly enjoyed the flattery. "It's a shame, though, that Charles got caught on camera completely nude. Some reporters were live streaming the arrest and didn't even have time to censor it. Oh... I'm a bit disappointed I missed out on such a thrilling broadcast. The uncensored footage must've been quite a spectacle!"

Justin found himself both entertained and bewildered by his partner's bold statement, sometimes verging on the wild. Initially, he was not used to it, but he found it utterly appealing.

A woman as fierce and feisty as Bella perfectly matched his taste.

"All the videos online now are censored, but if you want, Bella, I can find you the original version." With that, Ryan winked at Bella.

The couple stared at him, their faces etched with bewilderment. They were speechless.

Was he genuinely clueless or just pretending to be naive?

"Now that Astrid and Charles are out of the picture, it's as if James' arms were broken."

Justin's expression grew icy. His face was covered in frost. "With his siblings gone, he'll share the same fate. James must be in utter panic now. Soon, the entire Iverson Group will turn into a battleground between him and Christopher. James lacks talent, but he's extremely cunning. His fight with

Christopher will be like that of a snake and a scorpion trapped in the same cage. It'll be quite the spectacle."

Bella furrowed her delicate brows, not showing any sign of triumph. "Don't celebrate too early. The Iverson snake is much stronger than we anticipated. Yesterday, I contacted my elder brother to buy a large number of the Iverson Group's stocks while they were plummeting, attempting to gain control. Unexpectedly, there was a master manipulator behind the scenes at the Iverson Group, injecting substantial funds to stabilize the situation. This averted my brother's acquisition."

Justin's brows furrowed deeply. "So, is this manipulator Christopher Iverson?"

"If he can manipulate the elections in Sentania, do you think he wouldn't have the ability to control the stock market? After laying low in Sentania for fifteen years, he's definitely back, well-prepared to take over the Iverson Group."

Bella closed her eyes, clenching her shining white teeth. "The Iverson Group cannot fall into his hands."

"Even if we can't stop him, it doesn't matter." Justin's eyes softened as he gently kissed Bella's forehead. "It would be the greatest humiliation for him if the Iverson Group that he schemed to acquire turned out to be an empty shell and a mess."

Bella's eyes sparkled, nodding in agreement.

"By the way, Mr. Salvador, Young Madam. There's one more thing."

With no time to drink water, Ian hurriedly continued his report. "I'm not sure if this counts as news, but Christopher has bought a private jet that arrived last night in Savrow. Wow... I saw the photos taken by my subordinates, and that plane is incredibly luxurious! It's even more high-end than your model, Mr. Salvador. It was truly extravagant!"

Justin's expression darkened. "If you like big planes that much, join him then. Let him give you a ride."

Chapter 1337

Ian inhaled sharply, his hunger from skipping breakfast momentarily satiated by the sudden threat.

"I wouldn't dare... Even though the plane is appealing, I fear I might board it alive but not return the same way!"

"Come on, Justin. No one knows better than us how loyal Ian is to you. Are you really getting upset over a plane?"

Bella's slender fingers traced the sharp line of Justin's jaw as her voice playfully lifted and her eyes curved like crescent moons. She looked regal and had an almost queen-like arrogance. "For your birthday this year, I'll get you one that's even better than the Iverson snake's. How about that?"

Damn! One would almost drool with envy!

Purchasing private jets as gifts was expected of the daughter of Hatchbay's wealthiest family.

Justin's eyes widened slightly, and he grabbed her delicate arm firmly, his expression serious. "Bella, I'm your man, but I'm not one to live off a woman. If anyone should be giving gifts, it should be me."

"Pfft! What are you thinking? There's no such thing as 'yours' or 'mine' between us. Money is nothing compared to our love."

The domineering declaration from the heiress left Ryan and Ian green with envy.

They might not be the type to rely on anyone financially, but every man would desire luxury cars, big tanks, or giant airplanes.

Justin gently shook his head, and a wave of sorrow surged in his heart. "Bella, you don't have to give me anything else because you've given me plenty. The gifts you gave me back then filled up an entire

room. Every time I come home, I go into that room and look over each item many times, touching them over and over again."

Back when Justin lost Bella, he behaved like someone obsessed with inanimate objects.

He would often find himself hanging around in that room, unable to leave, and would sometimes even spend the night there. The ordinarily calm Justin, hidden from the view of others, resembled a lovesick lunatic, unhinged and wild.

Bella stared deeply into his eyes, her face composed, and her hand softly caressed his cheek, though it shook slightly.

"What more could I possibly need? You're the greatest gift I've received from God." Justin reiterated this romantic sentiment, each repetition as heartfelt as the first.

"You silly boy..."

Bella did not elaborate. Instead, she opted to replace a thousand words with a kiss.

"Ahem, maybe I'm just too much of a straightforward guy to understand this kind of romance. But does anyone else think it sounds a little creepy" Ryan thought of Justin dotting on the items Bella gave him and got goosebumps.

Just then, the sound of footsteps thumping rapidly approached them.

Yasmin sprinted down the stairs, straight toward Ryan.

"Young Master! Our men found Maxwell!"

"What?! They found Maxwell?!" Bella and Justin simultaneously sprang from their seats. Their expressions of excitement clearly reflected their bond.

After searching the entire city for so long, the villain finally surfaced. Ryan was so agitated that he was almost incoherent. "W-Where is that bastard now?! Did our men not catch him?!"

Yasmin shook her head in sorrow.

"I'm sorry, Young Master. Maxwell

wasn't alone. When our men tried to

surround him, they got into a fierce

shootout with his men. All our

men

were seriously injured, and two of them are still in critical condition.

They're unresponsive in the

hospital!"

Bella and Justin looked at each other in shock. Ryan was incredulous, erupting in fury. "This is Savrow, not some southern island in Sentanja! How is it possible that our mem got injured so badly right on our doorstep by a few bastards? Didn't they call for backup?!"

"They did call for help immediately, but there wasn't enough time!"

Chapter 1338

Yasmin was also filled with rage, her cheeks burning red as if on fire. "Initially, we had the upper hand, but we didn't expect that Maxwell would have backup! Those guys were skilled and armed to the teeth, clearly intent on wiping us out completely! It's a miracle our men made it back alive."

Filled with fury and resentment, Ryan slammed his fist onto the table. His knuckles cracked loudly.

Not only did his men not capture Maxwell, but all of them almost lost their lives to him. This was a hard pill to swallow for someone as competitive and proud as Ryan. It felt as if Maxwell publicly humiliated him "Um... Ryan... What's the matter? Did someone upset you?"

Everyone paused and looked toward the staircase.

Carrie stood at the top of the staircase, wearing a wrinkled white sundress, clutching the teddy bear Bella once gifted her. She was rubbing her sleepy eyes. Her expression was innocent and confused.

As she spoke, one of the straps of her dress slipped down her smooth, round shoulder. Her skin was as smooth as porcelain.

She was just a whisker away from a wardrobe malfunction.

Moreover, the red marks on her neck and collarbone were clearly hickeys left by a man.

The hickeys revealed their wild passion for each other from the previous night for everyone to see.

Ian quickly shut his eyes in shock, and Justin felt a bead of sweat on his forehead from awkwardness. He swiftly averted his gaze back to his own partner.

Ah!

Ryan's blood pressure skyrocketed as he screamed in agitation internally.

He sprinted over to his beloved woman, who seemed not to worry about anything. He then wrapped her tender body completely in his arms, holding her protectively.

Carrie's face was nestled against his

shoulder, revealing only her dewy eyes. Her voice was sweet and

soothing as she tried to comfort et

him, "Ryan... Can you please not b be mad? It scares me when angry..."

"I'm not mad, love. In fact, I'm actually pretty happy! Come on. Let's get back to our room!"

With a hint of desperation in his reddened eyes, Ryan lifted Carrie effortlessly and quickly ascended the stairs, whispering fervently near her ear, "You're not to show yourself to anyone else, only to me!" A strained silence filled the living room.

Ian was utterly dumbfounded, quickly attempting to defend himself. "I-I didn't see anything! Mr. Salvador, you must back me up here!"

Yasmin was terrified, her complexion drained of color.

Caught up in rushing to inform Ryan about the situation, she had inadvertently neglected her Young Madam, leading to this awkward moment.

"Don't worry, Yasmin." Bella

comforted her gently. "You've been

looking after Carrie by yourself for a

long time. It must've been

challenging for you. You know her condition well. She often behaves like a child who hasn't grown up. Humans aren't machines. Everyone makes mistakes every now and then. If Ryan dares to take it out on you or criticizes you in any way, Justin and I will have your back."

Justin nodded gently in agreement.

"Thank you, Ms. Thompson, and thank you, Mr. Salvador. Honestly, I'm fine. It's Young Master who's having it the hardest."

Yasmin pressed her dry lips together

and said, "Young Master is

committed to loving and caring for his wife for the rest of their

lives.

Chapter 1339

Bella lowered her gaze, remaining silent.

Sensing her sadness, Justin took her hand and gently caressed it. "Bella, I understand you're concerned about Carrie. But look, Carrie now has Ryan, who loves, adores, and pampers her. With his strong background and capabilities, he's well equipped to look after her."

"Yeah, I know. I'm actually very grateful for Ryan."

Bella's gratitude was not just because Ryan was willing to accept Carrie. Rather, she appreciated that he could see beyond the surface and recognize the pure beauty of this girl like an uncut gem. Ryan was willing to be patient and stay by Carrie's side.

After a while, Ryan returned, his dark circles seemingly deeper.

"Ryan, you've worked hard." Justin sighed deeply.

"She's my wife. I'm willing to do everything. There's nothing hard about it."

Ryan did not blame Yasmin. Instead, he continued the conversation, "Where were we? Right! I was just thinking. Maxwell is a fugitive. He's powerless and has no influence here. How could he manage to hire so many people to work for him? Could it be Christopher's doing? Are his men secretly protecting Maxwell?"

Bella and Justin thought of this possibility, too.

After all, Maxwell was Winston's superior and had participated in the South Island attack. For them, he was a key witness who could deliver a devastating blow to Christopher. So naturally, Christopher would not let such significant leverage fall into their hands. Would that not be like placing his own head on the muzzle of a gun?

"Maxwell has appeared, which means he's still alive and in Savrow. As long as he's in Savrow, he won't be able to escape. It's only a matter of time before we get him."

Justin's eyes were dark, like the depths of an abyss, and his restrained hatred made his voice hoarse. "Nothing is more important than human lives. I can't bear to see another innocent person sacrificed because of scum like Christopher and Maxwell. It's just not worth it."

Ryan felt an indescribable discomfort in his heart.

His best friend, who appeared cold and indifferent on the surface, actually had a heart warmer than anyone else.

"Um... I have a question." Ian suddenly raised his hand to speak.

"What?" The three of them asked in unison.

"I've always been puzzled about why Christopher would go to such lengths to protect Maxwell. He's not in Sentania now. He's on his own turf. If it were him, wouldn't it be more convenient just to eliminate the threat?"

"Maxwell isn't alone. He came from a military background, and his men were all mercenaries, capable of taking on ten opponents each. Besides, the Hoffman Group and the Salvador Corporation's people have constantly searched for them, with tight controls at customs, railways, really picks

and ports. If Christopher wins,

a fight with Maxwell's men, such a big commotion would definitely attract our attention. That would expose him instead."

Yasmin insightfully noted, "Plus, Maxwell's group consists of thugs. In a head-on fight, Christopher might not gain any advantage."

Ian was still unconvinced. "That Christopher jerk is cunning and full of tricks. Can't he think of some way to quietly eliminate Maxwell? As long as that man is alive, he's like a ticking time bomb to him."

His casual remark struck Bella like a revelation. Her mind raced, connecting all the dots in an instant.

"Shit! Christopher is about to make a move on Maxwell!"

Chapter 1340

"Bella, what have you figured out?" Justin asked urgently.

Ryan and Yasmin also focused intently on her as her face turned pale.

"Mr. Harris made a good point. Considering Christopher's sinister nature, he could easily eliminate Maxwell without leaving any trace. Besides, he has already been plotting his scheme. It's just that the crucial tool for the crime has only just arrived."

While Ryan and the others still looked confused, only Justin quickly grasped her meaning.

"Are you talking about the private jet as the tool for the crime?"

Bella affirmed with a firm nod, her expression grave and urgent. "It would've been hard for Christopher to do something on the ground, but it'll be much easier to do it in the air! Moreover, once the plane leaves the country, even if we have connections everywhere, we won't be able to intercept him. He'll be able to do whatever he wants!"

It was a cunning yet brilliant move.

"Bella! You're so smart! You're like a goddess!" Ryan exclaimed, his mouth agape in awe, clapping, nearly ready to prostrate in admiration.

"Enough with the flattery. We need to think of a strategy quickly." Bella felt overwhelmed, as if a heavy stone weighed on her chest.

"Ian, from now on, increase our personnel and keep a close watch on every move of Christopher's plane. We must intercept him immediately." Justin radiated a grim and stern vibe. "Yes, Mr. Salvador."

Once upon a time, Justin was an unstoppable titan in the business world.

However, in Bella's presence, whether as her strategist or as a general leading a charge for her, he was always ready to serve her.

"What do we do if we can't stop the plane before it takes off? Are we supposed to shoot it down with a cannon?" Ryan asked seriously, posing a question that sounded quite absurd.

"Maxwell is a fugitive wanted by two countries. I'll inform Declan and Ralph about it to coordinate the military and police forces."

Bella's red lips curled into a slight smile. Her eyes were confident and calm. "Even if he takes off into the sky, I have ways to bring him down!"

The expression on the three men's faces spelled out their awe.

Following the incarcerations of Astrid and the arrest of Charles, James found himself in the dire straits Justin had foreseen, treading on thin ice.

Moreover, Christopher leveraged the considerable fortune he had built over the years in Sentania to stabilize the Iverson Group's stocks. This act significantly boosted his standing with Lance, leading to the emergence of a "Christopher Party" within the company.

A growing number of executives and shareholders began to show a tendency to switch their allegiances to Christopher.

Each day was more challenging than the last for James, but he had not given up. Despite the challenges, he refused to let that bastard get the best of him.

Therefore, James concocted a plan to reduce Charles' sentence as much as possible.

James knew their father favored

Charles. Not only because he had spent the most time by his side, but also because the boy had always been good at playing the cute and charming son, excelling at flattering and amusing their father. Thus, the news of Charles' arrest was a tremendous blow to Lance, causing him deep distress.

So, James approached his father, reassuring him gently, "Don't worry, Dad. Rape isn't a major crime. We can use some of our connections to get Charles a reduced sentence. He'll get out of there in three to four years."

"Three to four years? Do you think I'm clueless about the law?!"

Although Lance was embarrassed and disgraced by Charles' public exposure, the culprit was still his most beloved son, leading to many sleepless nights and visibly graying hair. "Among the women he

assaulted, there were even minors! He'll be in jail for at least ten years for raping minors! He could have any woman he wanted. Why the hell did he target young girls? What a foolish mistake!"

James fell silent momentarily, then said solemnly, "You're right, Dad. We are one of the top four families in Savrow. Are those women who got close to Charles really all innocent?" Lance frowned. "James, what are you implying?"

"Some of those girls are Charles'

ex-girlfriends, some are women paid

to accompany him, and others offered themselves willingly, hoping to climb the social ladder and become a wealthy lady. The police only have partial evidence, but if credible witnesses come forward or

if those so-called witnesses are

unreliable, then there won't be enough evidence to convict him at

trial. Charles wouldn't have to serve

a long sentence then

James' insinuations were clear, and the seasoned Lance understood everything.

Lance was satisfied with his eldest son's arrangement, reaffirming his trust in his son with an appreciative look.

"It's all on you now, James. Proceed with the plan!"