

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1251 -1300**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1251-“Heh... James, you’re pretty young. If you don’t know how I’ve made it this far, just ask your father when you get back home.” Wyatt’s eagle-like stare was unwavering. “Find out what happens to those who are enemies of Wyatt Thompson!”

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

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

Lance’s expression turned gloomy.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Is the marriage only for my sake? I’m also doing it for the Iverson family!”

Christopher retorted angrily.

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1252-Early in the morning, a vibrant red sports car smoothly came to a halt and parked in front of the lounge.

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

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

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

place with her right.

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

...

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

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

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

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

After a moment, Yvonne stood behind Drew.

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

"Ahh!"

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

'What kind of reaction was this?' He was simply a brute!

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

As a seasoned top-secret agent carrying out missions abroad, he had encountered his fair share of assassination attempts from enemies. His years of living in constant danger

had sharpened his instincts to the extent that he wouldn't miss even the smallest movement.

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

"It... It's you?"

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

Yvonne gasped heavily, and tears flowed uncontrollably.

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

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

"Sigh, we should just mind our own business. If they want to fight, let them be.

It's none of our concern."

Drew heard the whispers, his expression growing grim.

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

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

"Sorry, it's an occupational disease."

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

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

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

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

Drew couldn't quite figure out her expression as he looked at her lovely features.

It made his heart stir.

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

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

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

Yvonne felt her heart race as she smiled back, her voice quivering slightly.

"There must be some differences. Who is the prettier one?"

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

Yvonne was speechless.

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

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

"Why are you here?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1253-Drew narrowed his eyes and said, "You're not here for me, are you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yvonne was dumbfounded, utterly taken aback.

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

"One turn each, and the loser takes three shots. Ms. Smith, are you up for it?"

Drew asked, resting his chin on his arms as he gently added the final block to the top layer.

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

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

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

"I'll join you." Yvonne took a deep breath, tightening her fingers. "A deal's a deal.

No backing out now."

And so, the game began.

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

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

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

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

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

She indulged in constant flattery and betrayal, even drinking until she ended up vomiting in the hospital multiple times. Despite appearing healthy and beautiful on the outside, her body was deteriorating inside. "Looks like you've lost again, Ms. Smith," Drew teased as he shook his empty glass at her, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1254-Sir, it's your turn..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Drew took a deep breath, his long lashes drooping.

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

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

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

The subordinate trembled in fear. "I'm sorry! I wanted to follow her in, but Ms.

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

Taylor paced around anxiously. 'Drew is a top-level special agent! Yvonne doesn't stand a chance against him. She basically fell right into his trap! No, I must report to Mr. Iverson truthfully! Otherwise, Ms. Smith's life could be in danger!' After the Iverson family members left, Steven insisted on staying at Yara Park to keep Amelia company despite his injuries.

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

The next afternoon came around yet Wyatt still hadn't come out to see anyone.

Everyone was starting to get a bit concerned.

"Chairman Thompson needs some time alone," Quentin sighed sadly. "Although Chairman Thompson doesn't show it, I can tell that what happened to Ms.

Amelia really hit him hard. However, it might be a blessing in disguise. I think Chairman Thompson won't oppose Mr. Lovett and Ms. Amelia being together anymore."

"That's great!"

Bella was so overjoyed that tears started welling up in her eyes. Her voice trembled as she spoke to Quentin. "Uncle Quentin, could you please take the opportunity to talk to

Wyatt and ask him to give Steve another chance? Wyatt always listens to what you say.”

“I’ll try my best.”

After Quentin left, Bella’s gaze turned cold. She turned to Asher and said, “Next, Lance and James will definitely do everything they can to get Charles out. We need to be ready and stop them in their tracks.” “Don’t worry, I’ll take care of it,”

Asher reassured, clenching his fists tightly. “Even while Charles is stuck in the detention center, I’ll make sure he doesn’t have it easy.”

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

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

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

“Well, he’s been waiting outside our house since last night...”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1255-Still waiting?! Asher was utterly shocked when he heard that.

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

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

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

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

The statement had a hidden message behind it.

“Even if he turns into a statue standing there forever, it’s what he deserves!”

Axel felt his anger rising as he recalled the suffering his little sister had endured.

“Bella, he’s just trying to make us feel guilty in hopes that it will fix everything!

He thinks we’ll forgive him if he does this! Even if he gets struck by lightning, I will never forgive him!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All of a sudden, Bella halted her steps.

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

“Bella, are you going to see him?”

“Declan, please don’t stop me.” Bella panted heavily, her fair and delicate cheeks glistening with sweat.

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

“If he’s not worth it, then who is?!” Bella’s chest heaved violently, tears welling up in her eyes. “When I was eleven, he saved my life! On the battlefield in Kridor, we fought terrorists side by side, and he risked his life to protect me! Last year, we got caught in a landslide on Mount Jaglee and survived it together. On the Southern Island of Sentania, he diverted firepower to save Asher’s life and even took bullets for me!”

“Declan, tell me... If he’s not worth it, then who is?!”

“Bella, I know that when you were eleven, the one who saved you was Justin.

You’ve always looked up to him because of that. It’s like you see him in a different light, making it hard for anyone else to measure up. I get where you’re coming from.”

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1256-“The both of you don’t need to dwell on the past anymore. He’s not right for you.

If you hold on, you’ll only end up hurting yourself more.”

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

However, Declan’s expression remained unmoved.

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

we can.”

“I only want him! Declan... I’m warning you again. Don’t stop me. Don’t make me hate you!” Bella exclaimed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Yvonne slept until the late afternoon.

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

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

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

"Oh no... Drew!"

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

But the vast room no longer bore the carefree figure.

"Drew, what kind of man are you?"

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

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

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

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

“Take two pills twice a day with meals.”

With that, the waiter bowed and left.

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1257-However, those expensive clothes were just for Christopher to see and for other men to admire. Has anyone truly cared for her and paid attention to her? But she had no way to turn back now. She had no choice. She and Drew were destined to be enemies. They were destined to be from two different worlds.

Yvonne took a deep breath, wiping away a tear at the corner of her eye with her fingertips.

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

“T-Taylor?!” Yvonne’s heart tightened, quickly hiding the stomach medicine behind her back.

“Ms. Smith, it’s truly fortunate that you’re alive!” Taylor forcefully pushed open the door and rushed into the room, causing Yvonne to stumble and hit the wall.

Then, two more men followed behind, silently drawing their guns from their pockets. Their expressions were eerie and sinister, like spies in an action movie.

“Drew isn’t here. He’s gone,” Yvonne said coldly.

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

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

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

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

The hairpin her hairpin!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1258-Justin spent an entire day and night waiting outside the gates of Yara Park.

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

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

He could take care of things for the Thompson family behind closed doors, but showing up in public right now wouldn’t be a good idea. The sky was dark, with

strong winds raging and howling around him. The powerful wind hit his body, feeling just as intense as the punches and kicks he took last night.

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

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

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

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

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

The Thompson brothers gathered in the wine cellar of Yara Park. They were usually a cheerful bunch, but today they were frowning as they drank in silence, especially Declan. He was drinking shot after shot of hard liquor as if it were water, making Axel anxious just watching him.

“Declan, you can’t keep drinking like this. It’s really not good for your health.”

Asher frowned, taking away his glass.

“Yeah, you are not even married yet. Don’t ruin your liver.” Axel added.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All of a sudden, the cellar door burst open.

“Young Masters! Something’s wrong!” Quentin gasped, panicking, “Ms. Bella has run away!”

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

“She’s gone! Really gone! She jumped out of the window!”

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

No data found.

No data found.

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1261**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1261-Bella had gone missing.

"Fuck! We have a big problem on our hands. How did she disappear out of thin air?" Axel put his hands over his head, his heart in his throat.

Noticing the rummaging mess on the bed and the closet, Asher and Declan ran to the balcony.

The brothers gasped sharply.

At least a dozen dresses were tied together to form a rope, then secured to the railing for a descent.

"Ash, Bella has gone mad. This is the fifth floor!"

"Bella is insane! She's digging her own grave."

Fear washed over Asher. His heart raced, and veins popped out of his head.

"She would've fallen to her death if any of the fabric was torn.

"Don't say that, Ash. I can't take it." Axel put his hand over his chest as his vision grew fuzzy.

Scared stiff, Quentin did not know what to do. "Ms. Bella... Please be safe, or I'll never be able to forgive myself."

"Does Dad know about this?" Asher asked desperately.

"Chairman Thompson is worried about Ms. Amelia. I didn't want to add to his troubles."

"Keep it from him. Dad is doing poorly. We can't put any strain on him."

Asher clutched his aching chest. "Don't startle anyone at home. We'll initiate a search party right away."

"There's a bad storm now. Ms. Bella doesn't have her phone or anything on her.

How is she going to survive out there?" Quentin stamped his foot anxiously. "It's all my fault. I should've kept watch over her the whole time."

"I don't think she has gotten far. We can still catch up to her."

Asher looked out the window. "Is Justin still out there?"

"Mr. Salvador has been gone for a while," Quentin replied.

Axel cursed, "Fuck! Jerkface couldn't have left at a worse time. Bella must have gone after him. They will miss each other." Declan's heart skipped a beat.

He was filled with regret.

If only he had not been so rude to Bella. Things were spiraling toward Asher's worst nightmare.

"If Bella is following Justin, she will be heading toward Savrow. We'll eventually get to her along the way."

Asher ran out and instructed Axel solemnly, "Call Drew. Tell him to come back to search for Bella together." Axel nodded. "That's right. Drew always has a way."

A bolt of blue and purple lightning streaked across the sky as rain poured.

Bella was drenched from head to toe. She shivered. Her teeth clattered when the rush of biting wind blew against her skin.

Her phone was confiscated, and she had no money. Bella even lost her slippers while fleeing. Her bare feet, now bleeding and covered in mud, were vulnerable to the sharp pebbles beneath them. She had never felt so exposed and disheveled.

However, the solitary journey, laced with struggles and obstacles, could not stop her from breaking free from her cage and running toward love.

All she wanted to do was love someone.

Yet, it was challenging to this day.

Bella believed her family would quickly realize she was gone. Her brothers would not leave any stone unturned to find her.

Instead of taking the wide and bustling routes, Bella opted for the longer, winding, and less trodden course to Savrow.

She found herself in a dark, desolate area with no stores along the way.

Bella walked in the cold rain for a long time. Her head felt heavy, and she experienced bouts of shivers and fever. She was drained.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up when she saw two shimmers of light in the distance.

Overjoyed, she pulled herself together and sprinted to the light source.

Upon closer inspection, she realized it was an auto repair shop that had not closed for business.

With the cold getting to her, Bella entered the shop without hesitation.

Inside, four men played poker while joking and laughing.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1262-With a visitor at the door, the men looked over.

The sight of Bella took their breath away.

Tonight must be their lucky day.

The rainy storm brought them a beautiful woman. It was their chance to get lucky.

“What can we do for you, gorgeous?” One of the men checked her out lewdly.

Their eyes were drawn to Bella, whose wet clothes clung to her skin.

“I’m sorry to bother you.”

Bella panted heavily as chills shook her to the core. “Can I borrow a phone? I’ll make it worthwhile.”

“Make it worthwhile? Haha. How do you plan on doing so?”

The four men licked their lips and closed in on Bella with vulgar smiles. “How about letting us touch, kiss, and screw you? You can make all the phone calls you want. Hehehe.” Bella burned with rage.

Today was hard enough for her. She was barely surviving the long walk, and now she had come across four hooligans.

One of the perverts eagerly reached for her well-endowed chest.

Bella struck back by seizing his arm and wrenching it back.

She then kicked him on the back of his knees, making the man kneel. The man howled, "Argh! Ow! That hurts!"

"Didn't you say you wanted to screw?"

Crack!

Bella fractured the man's arm. The bloodthirst was reflected in her eyes. "Well, I'll screw with you!"

Nigel was rushed to the hospital due to another stroke. Fortunately, Matt was there to get him timely treatment. Nigel was expected to make a full recovery.

However, Nigel was too worried about Bella to eat or sleep. He looked haggard and exhausted.

Gregory was not in Savrow. Since the stroke happened too suddenly, only Justin and Matt were by Nigel's side.

Justin carried a bowl of oats and fed a spoonful to Nigel.

Nigel did not have any appetite. Justin's bruised face and low spirits gave Nigel everything he needed to know. Though Nigel felt sorry for Justin, his tone was harsh. "What did you get yourself into? Did you go to Anna?"

Justin's breath hitched. "Yeah."

"Did the Thompson boys beat you up?"

Justin pursed his lips tightly.

Reading Justin's mind, Nigel raised his brow. "Don't tell me that your former father-in-law hit you."

The answer was in Justin's silence.

"Hmph! You deserved it! If I were Wyatt, I would break your legs. You should be grateful they let you go without any broken limbs." Nigel did not take his grandson's side at all.

"Grandpa..."

Looking broken, Justin looked up and whimpered dryly, "Can you tell me what I should do? What do I need to do to get back together with Bella?"

Nigel shook his head helplessly. "You're not the only one who did wrong by her. I don't know how to face her either. She's a good kid. She could've lived a carefree life without getting involved with our family. We destroyed her."

A deafening silence befell the ward.

"Maybe you should stop figuring out a way. Start with a sincere heart and take things one step at a time to make things right."

Nigel put his hand on Justin's shoulder. It felt heavy. "From now on, instead of thinking about how to get back together with her, you should think about how to protect her."

"I don't want to let her go, Grandpa."

Hanging his head low in dejection, Justin fought back the urge to cry. "But I know I don't deserve her."

His phone vibrated.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1263-Justin stared at the unfamiliar number on the mobile screen in a daze.

Not many knew of his private number. In the past, he would never take a call from an unknown number.

However, for some reason, his heart raced.

Justin accepted the call and placed the phone close to his ear. "Who is this?"

It was noisy on the other end of the line, with rain in the background.

"Hello? Who is this?"

Justin would have hung up a long time ago, but he stayed patient for once and waited for an answer.

"It's me... Justin..."

Bella's weak and soft voice sounded broken in the howling wind.

Her voice cut through Justin like a knife.

"Bella?"

Justin's eyes flickered in joy and surprise. He jolted to his feet, his breathing heavy and shaking. A call from Bella was the last thing he expected.

“Justin... I want to see you... I’m so tired...” Bella’s voice trailed off.

“Where are you, Bella? I’ll go to you now.” Justin teared up as a whirlwind of emotions overtook him.

“I-I don’t know where I am...”

On the other end of the line, Bella could not keep her emotions at bay and sobbed. “I walked a long way... I can’t go on anymore... My head is spinning... I just want to take a little nap...” “Don’t sleep, Bella! Listen to me! Don’t fall asleep!”

Justin felt a flip in his gut. “Don’t hang up. I’ll lock down your location now. I’ll find you.”

Listening in a corner, Nigel tensed up. His heart was in his throat.

“Grandpa, I’m sorry. I—”

“You don’t have to say anything, Justin.” Nigel waved his arm understandingly.

“Go on. Nothing is more important than finding Anna.”

Justin clutched his phone and sprinted out of the ward.

“You must find Anna and keep her from harm’s way,” Nigel shouted with tears.

Justin paused before giving a solemn nod.

Justin took the wheel and sped to Hatchbay in the rain, with Ian in tow.

He swiftly assembled a team, and a dozen black sedans had a hard time catching up to Justin’s ride at 180 miles per hour.

His team believed Justin was driving a jet instead.

The rain caused a slippery road and low visibility. Justin was risking his life to travel at such a speed.

Ian gripped the door handle, his face as white as a sheet. His heart could jump out of his chest.

“Mr. Salvador, p-please calm down. I know it’s imperative to find the young madam, but you should ensure your own safety too.”

“Things aren’t looking good for Bella. She might be in danger.”

Justin's eyes were bloodshot as he trembled in fear under his power suit. "Every second counts. Bella could be in far greater danger if I were one second later.

How am I supposed to stay calm?!" Ian stopped talking and closed his eyes to pray.

"Have you pinpointed her location?" Justin's head was drenched in sweat. His voice was raspy.

"I have her on GPS. We are two kilometers away from her."

Suddenly, the GPS tracking went missing on the iPad. Ian exclaimed in a fluster.

"Oh, no! We lost the signal on the young madam."

Justin's heart sank.

He could only pray that Bella's phone was out of battery. He hoped Bella did not encounter something horrifying.

"Bella... Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

The car finally arrived at the last known GPS location.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1264-Justin's subordinates arrived at the scene soon after. They carried flashlights and spread out to search for Bella.

Though his leather shoes and pants were covered in mud from running into the rain, Justin could not care less. His red-rimmed eyes were laced with anxiety and worry. "Slow down, Mr. Salvador. Be careful!" Ian tried to keep up with him.

He was dumbfounded.

What happened?

Why was Bella alone in a shithole?

Bella sorted out the four perverts and whacked them to the ground.

However, the fight drained her completely, and it took everything in her not to collapse.

She snatched the phone from one of them and headed straight into the rain in the dark again.

Not wanting to be tracked down by the persistent perverts, Bella did not stop once to

rest, as she had no more energy to fend off another danger.

Bella numbly walked ahead, unable to feel her legs.

Finally, she could not move another step anymore and went limp in a run-down gazebo. She took a quick break before contacting Justin.

Above all, she feared Justin could not find her.

Time passed.

Bella hugged her knees and curled up into a ball, burying her face into her legs and drifting off. However, she clung tightly to the phone. Her dream brought her back to three years ago.

Bleeding profusely from the car crash, she gripped the doctor's arm and pleaded in tears.

"Please save my baby..."

"Bella!"

Lost in her dreams, Bella heard Justin calling out to her, but she lost the strength to answer him.

A warm embrace and firm chest enveloped her shivering body.

"Justin... Is that you?" Bella murmured, her eyes flickering with tears.

Justin pulled his arms closer together, pressing her against his chest. His voice was muffled and hoarse. "It's me... Bella, I'm here."

His breath hitched when he saw her curled up in a ball from afar. He felt like his heart had been ripped into half.

Tears rolled down his cheeks and dripped on Bella's shoulders.

He could cry a river.

Not in the right headspace, Bella mumbled, "Justin... Our child... We lost our child! Please save our baby!"

Her words hit him hard.

His shaky palm reached for Bella's forehead, and the scorching temperature shocked him.

“You’re burning up, Bella! I’m taking you to the hospital now.” Justin took off his jacket, covered her with it, and picked her up.

Bella’s cheeks were flushed as she rambled, “Our baby…”

“It’s okay, Bella. We’ll be fine even without a child.”

With teardrop-stained lashes, Justin bent over to kiss her burning forehead.

“You are my baby. I will spoil you, love you, and protect you. You are all I need.”

Justin carried Bella through the storm while Ian teared up and grinned from the overwhelming emotions.

After getting into the car, Justin threw away his soaked jacket and covered Bella with the blanket from the hospital. He hugged her tightly, his eyes red. “Take us to the hospital now, Ian.”

“Yes, sir.”

“No…”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1265-Bella narrowed her eyes and helplessly clutched Justin’s sweaty hand. “My brothers will find me in no time if we head to the hospital. They will take me home. “I don’t want to go home, Justin… I want to be with you.”

Heartbroken, Justin choked with sobs. “But you’re burning up.”

“It’s okay. I can just take some pills.”

Bella then closed her eyes and passed out.

During the wee hours of the morning, Carrie slept tight in the quiet villa.

Instead of going to the study, Ryan moved his files into the bedroom. That way, he could stay by his girlfriend’s side without missing out on work.

Ryan found himself thrust into the heart of the Hoffman Group’s operations, buried knee-deep in work. Liam tasked him with several projects, transforming him from an idle, wealthy heir into a busy man. Before, Ryan did not understand why Justin was always busy because all Justin had to do was put his signatures on documents.

Now, Ryan kned between his brows and sighed. He wanted to take back everything he said before.

Following a knock on the door, Yasmin's voice came through.

"Could you come out for a minute, Mr. Hoffman?"

Ryan put down the file and went to open the door.

Yasmin looked at him anxiously. "Mr. Salvador is here, Mr. Hoffman."

"Who? Justin? At this ungodly hour?" Ryan's eyes widened in disbelief.

"Not just Mr. Salvador, but Ms. Thompson too."

Sensing something amiss, Ryan sprinted downstairs.

In the living room, Justin held Bella in his arms while sitting on the sofa. Despite his discolored face, Justin stared intently at Bella, who was conscious. "What's going on, Justin?"

Ryan ran over in shock. He knew something was wrong when Bella lay limp in Justin's arms.

"What's wrong with Bella?"

"I'm sorry to bother you this late, Ryan."

Justin said in a struggle, his lips quivering, "But I didn't know where else I could take her undetected, so I came to you. I'm sorry."

"Don't say that. We're buddies. I will always welcome you. You can count on me at any time of the day."

Ryan knew something big must have happened. Though worried, Ryan did not pry into it.

"Bella is having a fever. Do you have anything to reduce her fever?" Justin asked in a raspy voice.

"I'll get you the medicine right now." Yasmin got right down to it.

"I don't think the medicine alone can help Bella."

Ryan instructed, "Contact my private doctor, Yasmin. Tell him to come and check on Ms. Thompson now." Yasmin took Ryan's orders.

"I'm cold... It's freezing..." Bella groaned, muddled-headed.

Justin drew a deep breath to fight back the tears. He wished he could transfer his warmth to her.

“No offense, but life has been nothing but trouble when Bella is with you, Justin.”

Ryan stood before them and shook his head bitterly. “The Thompson brothers must be looking for Bella everywhere. Their sister is their world. I doubt they will stop until they find her.

“The last incident hasn’t blown over, and now you took Bella away. Things aren’t looking good for you.”

“That’s for sure, but they can’t get any worse either.” Justin curled his lips in despair.

Ryan gritted his teeth angrily. “Fuck! You’re better off eloping.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1266-Elope...

Justin stared intently at Bella’s pale face, his emotions getting the better of him.

“I want to grow old with Bella, but I can’t be selfish. Bella’s family isn’t like mine.

I can leave everything behind for her, but I can’t forgive myself if she leaves her family for me. She won’t be happy without the blessings and company of her family.”

Justin shook his head in agony, his voice raspy. “I have taken too many things away from her. I nearly destroyed her. Ryan, I can’t hurt her anymore. I don’t want her to lose anything ever.” “That’s your assumption. Have you asked Bella what she wanted?”

Ryan caught on and furrowed his brows. “It’s stormy tonight. It must have taken a toll on Bella to go to you. Family is important, but Bella cares more about you.

She wants to be with you. If you tell yourself to move on, supposedly for her sake, a greater danger than tonight’s could unfold, leading to tragedy. I hope you won’t regret your choice, Justin.”

The words shattered him.

Justin’s mind wandered back to Bella’s pleas to save their baby.

The fever brought about Bella’s ramblings, but beneath her smile lurked unspoken trauma, a silent cry for help.

‘How did you do it, Bella? How could you smile when you see my damn face?’

How could you be so kind to me?’ Justin thought to himself.

Justin let the tears flow and slapped himself right in front of his best buddy.

“What are you doing, Justin?”

Ryan grabbed Justin’s arm. “Be a man and snap out of it! If you want to hurt yourself, I can provide you with all my kitchen knives. You can stab yourself to your heart’s content.”

The private doctor quickly arrived and examined Bella.

Sitting by the bed, Justin did not take his eyes away from Bella’s discolored face. He held her hand to his lips and kissed it.

“Her temperature is 41 degrees Celsius. It’s bad.”

The doctor gave Bella a jab and put her on drips. “She could’ve gotten an infection if treatment was delayed.

“But Mr. Salvador, I’d suggest taking Ms. Thompson to the hospital at dawn. I don’t have the right equipment to give her a comprehensive examination. The best I can do is alleviate her fever. If she keeps burning, she will have to be admitted to the hospital.”

Justin put his shaky palm on Bella’s sweaty head.

Bella was still hot to the touch. Justin hoped everything would be better at the break of dawn.

“That reminds me, Mr. Salvador. Has Ms. Thompson injured her hands in any way? Did she break them?” The doctor suddenly asked in shock.

Justin was taken aback. “Fractured? What do you mean?”

“Look at her left pinky. From my experience, she must have broken her finger and torn her ligament, which didn’t heal completely.”

Justin’s heart pounded violently.

“Huh? How did that happen?” Ryan was shocked.

“It’s an old injury, as far as I can tell. She likely didn’t receive timely treatment after she was injured.”

Ryan was surprised. “Bella is precious to the Thompson family. They would call the ambulance even for the tiniest cut on her. I doubt she would leave a broken bone untreated.” “Even though the pinky may not have much use in everyday life, a broken pinky is considered a disability.”

A disability?

Justin's breath hitched as he clutched Bella's hand.

He had asked Bella about her pinky, but she changed the subject and refused to give him a straight answer.

What on earth happened that she would deflect from talking about it?

After the private doctor left, Yasmin delivered a pair of clean pajamas and left the room with Ryan.

Justin put Bella in some clean clothes and brought a basin of water over.

Getting down on one knee, he used a wet towel to wipe her muddy feet.

He could not ever get enough of her beautiful feet.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1267-It broke Justin's heart to see Bella's feet covered in injuries, blood stains, and dried dirt.

"Bella... I want to make you happy, but happiness is the one thing I didn't give you."

Justin closed his eyes and breathed heavily, his throat hiding a whimper.

His phone vibrated. It was a call from Matt.

Justin rubbed his eyes and got up to take the call near the window. "How is Grandpa doing, Matt?"

"Old Master Nigel is doing well. He was up worrying about Ms. Thompson and slept late. Did you find Ms. Thompson, sir? The Old Master asked about her before he went to bed." Matt sounded concerned. "I found her. Tell Grandpa when he wakes up not to worry. I will keep her company."

The question was how long he could stay with her.

"I'm sorry, sir..." Feeling bad, Matt spoke in a hoarse voice, "It's all my fault. If I had told you Ms. Thompson lost the baby, things wouldn't have come to this."

"You have nothing to do with it. I caused this."

Justin fell silent before a thought struck him.

He remembered Christmas three years ago. Justin was away in Meridan, visiting a project site.

Due to the time zone difference, he could not possibly have taken her call during the day when the car crash happened.

“Did you mention before that Bella tried to call me, but I didn’t pick up, Matt?”

Justin tensed up.

“Yeah. Ms. Thompson contacted you right away.”

Matt sighed. “It’s in the past now. You’re okay. Don’t beat yourself up. You were away often, too busy to even eat, as you tried to establish yourself in the company. You didn’t mean to miss her call.” Suddenly, Justin froze.

It was all coming back to him.

That day, Justin was working in the Meridan branch when Rosalind came over and dragged him to some event.

Justin turned Rosalind down to rush to a meeting, but she threw a fit and dumped his phone in the fish tank.

Bella’s call for help must have come at that time.

Justin’s head spun.

“Sir? Sir? Are you there? Are you alright?” Matt asked worriedly.

Justin held onto the windowsill as his body sank to the ground. He was on the verge of a breakdown.

The next morning, Justin was relieved that Bella’s fever had subsided.

Bella opened her eyes, and the first thing she saw was the love of her life. She slipped into his arms emotionally, and they locked in an embrace. “Justin? Am I dreaming?”

Bella raised her swollen eyes and pinched Justin’s gaunt face red.

She should be pinching herself to see if she was dreaming.

However, Justin did not feel the pain. Pleased, he ran his fingers down her hair.

“You’re not dreaming, Bella. It’s me. Touch me if you don’t believe me.” “This is wonderful.”

Bella threw herself into his arms. Swept by a whirlwind of emotions, she burst out crying.

She pinched hard and wailed out loud. At least it looked like she had regained her strength.

After snuggling up for a moment, Justin drew close to her and murmured in her ear, “Bella, I’m so, so sorry. Once you’re all better, you can hit me all you want.”

“Why should I hit you?” Bella blinked. “Do you have someone else in your life?

Did you get lonely when I wasn’t there?!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1268-Justin grimaced. “Bella...”

“I’m just kidding. Look at you.” Bella gave his cheek a little squeeze, but she was upset because his cheeks had sunken. “You look haggard. Are you trying to make me feel sorry for you?” Justin interlocked his fingers with hers and fell silent, the tear stains from last night still evident on his face.

After much consideration, he decided not to talk about it. Instead, he sealed her lips and engaged in a lingering kiss.

He would remember the hurt and pain for her and make it up to her for the rest of his life.

...

Carrie woke up to learn Justin and Bella were there. Her face lit up with joy.

She wanted to check on Bella, but Ryan held her from behind. “Give Bella and Justin some time alone, my dear wife. They had it rough.”

“Uh... But I miss Bella.” Carrie’s eyes sparkled with anticipation.

“Don’t you miss me?”

Ryan turned his wife around to face him and gave her a sad look. “I didn’t sleep a wink last night. Don’t you miss me?”

“Uh... I see you every day.” Carrie looked confused.

Ryan pouted.

Oh, no.

Ryan was still in the honeymoon phase of the relationship, but Carrie acted like they were an old couple now.

Panicking, Ryan wrapped his arm around Carrie's waist and locked tongues with her. Carrie melted in his arms.

Carrie drew back after a moment, a sliver of saliva trailing from her lips.

"Be good and see Justin and Bella later, okay?" Ryan's fingers rubbed against her moist lips. He was pleased with her bashful and intimate response. "Alright then."

With the kiss taking her breath away, Carrie said meekly, "I'll make Bella a cake.

She has a sweet tooth. I'll deliver the cake to her later."

Since Carrie wanted to show off her baking skills, Ryan would make sure everything was in order.

Once Yasmin prepared the ingredients and tools, Carrie rolled up her sleeves, put on an apron, and worked like a busy bee in the kitchen. Ryan could not get enough of her.

"I want some, babe. Feed me." Ryan tilted his bottom on the kitchen counter while leaning toward Carrie with an open mouth.

Having a playful moment, Carrie swiped a lick of butter and wiped it on his chin.

She held her belly and burst out laughing.

"Oh, my. Someone's naughty. I'm going to eat you up."

As the couple fooled around, the doorbell rang.

"Huh? Are you expecting a guest, Ryan?" Carrie blinked in surprise in Ryan's embrace.

Ryan furrowed his brows.

First of all, Ryan rarely met guests at home. Secondly, only a handful knew where his home was.

"Yasmin, go and see who it is," Ryan instructed solemnly.

"Sure thing, Mr. Hoffman."

Yasmin went to check it out.

However, she was not back for a long while.

The sudden thud in the hallway scared them.

“Wait here, Carrie. I’ll go and check it out.”

Ryan walked into the living room and gasped sharply at the visitor.

Yasmin, who was trained professionally, was pinned down against the wall by a handsome man.

“This place is pretty sweet. I like it.”

Drew narrowed his eyes and looked around. When his gaze finally fell on Ryan’s puzzled face, he curled his lips. “Maybe I should get a property here, and we can be neighbors.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1269-Ryan’s hair stood the moment Bella’s brother showed up.

Though highly revered in the underworld, Ryan became small in the face of Drew. Plus, Drew was Bella’s brother. There was no way Ryan would want to hurt him.

“I’m sorry... Mr. Hoffman. Yasmin heaved heavily and looked at Ryan, blaming herself for losing control of the situation.

Ryan swallowed hard and shouted urgently, “Don’t do anything rash. I’m sure the young heir of the Thompsons won’t hit a woman.”

“So I should just stand here, take a beating like a man, and let her kill me?”

Drew yawned nonchalantly. “Am I that stupid?”

Ryan had nothing to say.

He knew Yasmin’s loyalty lay with him. Yasmin would take drastic actions to punish those who were against Ryan.

“But you’re right. I don’t hit women.”

Drew released his hold on Yasmin and looked up. “You should thank your lucky stars that you’re a woman. Otherwise, I would’ve broken your arms.” “Bastard!”

A proud individual like Yasmin could not take the humiliation lying down. With a menacing look, she pulled a punch, but Ryan stopped her.

“Stop it, Yasmin! He’s Ms. Thompson’s brother.”

Yasmin paused and pulled herself back.

Brother?

The untamed man turned out to be Bella's brother and an heir of the Thompson family.

Drew cheekily stuck his tongue out at a dazed Yasmin before turning to Ryan.

His gaze was piercing.

"Bella and Justin are here, right?"

The room was a haven of tranquility.

Noticing the bruise on Justin's face, Bella cupped his face angrily and heart-wrenchingly. "Who did this to you? Tell me."

"I fell when I was on my way to you." Justin smiled bitterly while putting his hands over hers. He caressed her hands gently. "As if you fell flat on your face."

Are you that silly?"

Bella was flushed with rage. "Did Wyatt and my brothers beat you up when you came to my place two days ago?" Justin explained, "No. Not at all..."

"It was them! You served in the army. You would tie with Drew in a fight. I doubt they could harm you unless you stood there and just took it."

As her eyes welled up, Bella reached for his face but was afraid to hurt him. "Of all the places to hit you, why your face? They're so mean." Justin's eyes reflected tenderness. The pain was the last thing on his mind.

However, Justin teared up with joy, sadness, and remorse because Bella cared so much about him. He grabbed her hand and refused to let her go. "That's not important, Bella. Nothing matters more than you being here with me."

Justin felt a lump in his throat.

Bella tearfully plunged headfirst into his arms and held him tight. "I'm back, Justin. I don't ever want to leave you again."

A flurry of hurried knocks erupted at the door.

"Justin! Bella! Open the door!"

Bella and Justin exchanged glances. "Carrie?"

Justin picked Bella up from bed and helped her to the door. They swung the door open.

Panicked, Carrie still had buttercream on her cheek. "Justin! Bella! A bad guy has come to catch you."

"A bad guy?" The couple was taken aback.

Drew emerged behind Carrie, his eyes exuding aloofness.

"Bella."

"D-Drew..."

Bella turned white and shouted, "Close the door, Justin!"

Even though Justin prided himself on his composure, his mind went black at the sight of Drew.

Carrie snapped out of her trance and closed the door in a hurry.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1270-Carrie could not close the door fast enough to block Drew out. Drew stuck his hand on the door frame. Try as she may, Carrie could not shut the door.

Drew sighed and smiled wryly with a frown as his once-close sister feared and resisted him.

"Don't hide away from me, Bella. I'm not here to bring you home."

Justin and Bella were surprised. "Huh? Drew..."

"It has never been my intention to break you up."

Drew looked at the couple, who went through a lot. Fate seemed to have other things in mind. He felt bad. "I only sought you to make sure you were safe and

sound. Don't be scared."

His words hit a nerve in Bella.

Feeling a lump in his throat, Justin pursed his lips.

He did not expect that from Drew.

Someone in Bella's family was willing to take his side and believe him.

"Drew!"

Bella went up and hugged Drew, and the latter embraced her warmly and ran his fingers along her hair. "You're a silly girl. You jumped from the fifth floor just to get out. If anything were to happen to you, how are we supposed to live?"

"We'll be monks and dedicate our lives to God."

"What? Bella..." Justin froze in shock, his eyes widening.

"I'm fine, aren't I? It's just five floors down." Bella wiped her snot on Drew's black shirt.

"I know you. No one can stop you from doing what you want. You even jumped off the plane in the South Island the last time." Drew wiped her snot with his tie.

There was only one woman Drew would spoil.

"Can you cut the crap?"

Bella sniffled. "Why would you become a monk if I were gone? It makes sense if Justin becomes one."

Ryan nervously arrived on the scene.

As things were not as tense as he thought, Ryan heaved a sigh of relief and pulled Carrie into his arms.

"Um... Ryan, did I get the wrong idea about that man?"

Feeling bad, Carrie lifted her innocent-looking face. "I thought he was one of the bad guys."

"Yeah, he's not a bad guy."

Ryan thought to himself, 'He's just a devil.' After consoling Bella, Drew looked up callously and approached Justin.

"Thank you, Drew, for giving me a chance," Justin said hoarsely.

Suddenly, Justin caught a fleeting shadow.

Drew swung his fist at Justin's face.

"Justin!"

"No, Drew!" It was too late for Bella to stop him.

Justin braced himself to take the hit.

Nevertheless, Drew stopped right before his fist touched his nose and scoffed.

“Don’t flatter yourself. I just don’t want Bella to be sad because you’re the only one for her. Do you really think I will let the past go?”

Justin’s chest tightened. “I’m sorry. I know I deserve to die, but thank you for not taking Bella away, even if it’s just temporary. Every extra second I get to spend with her is a gift.”

Surprised, Drew slowly withdrew his arm.

Bella eagerly returned to Justin’s side and locked fingers with him.

“Let me share a piece of good news.”

Feeling bad for his sister, Drew did not want to stay the bad guy and softened his tone. “I found the hideout of the woman who highly resembles you, Bella.”

The news was a godsend for Bella and Justin.

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1271**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1271-Ryan got excited too, but he did not want Carrie to get involved with this messy stuff, so he asked Yasmin to bring her back to her room while he stayed for the drama.

Justin wrapped his arm around Bella and sat on the sofa, listening attentively to Drew recounting his meeting with Yvonne that day, including how she hid weapons on herself, attempting to seduce him but failing instead.

However, he did not tell them that Yvonne gave him a sudden, electrifying, and passionate kiss.

While immersed in the kiss, he still remembered her sobbing softly, tears streaming down her face.

She came with a target for his life. He did not cry, so why was she crying?

“Fuck... How surreal!”

Ryan was stunned while he listened. “Is this something that could happen in our modern society? It sounds like something out of a medieval action story!”

Drew glanced at him in disdain. “Where there are people, there are bound to be idiots.”

Ryan gritted his teeth, his face expressing restraint.

Firstly, he could not beat Drew, and secondly, he was Bella's brother and Justin's brother-in-law. Ryan would be in a difficult position if he offended Drew.

"Hey, the beauty has practically handed herself to you on a silver platter. Didn't you go along with her plan?"

Bella's mood had lightened, teasing her brother while leaning on Justin's chest.

"You haven't had any fun for some time, right? The opportunity is rare to come by." "Do you think I've never seen a woman before? Am I the type of person who would pounce at any woman, unable to control my lower body?"

Drew mocked Ryan again. "I'm not him."

"I... Fuck!" Ryan's face was red from suppressing his anger, and he continuously cursed Drew in his heart.

"But she looks so much like me. Didn't you always say you wanted to find a wife like me? Axel even scolded you for being a pervert obsessed with his sister." When Justin heard it, he felt jealous, but he did not dare to show it. His face was also turning red.

These two best friends were quite a match.

"Fuck, I've never used anything fake in my life, and I'm supposed to settle for a fake woman? Do I look sick in the head?" Drew could not hold back anymore.

"Fine, I won't tease you anymore."

Bella's expression immediately became serious. Despite her relaxed tone, she still felt a lingering fear in her heart. "You said you hid somewhere else after you settled the woman in a hotel, using her as bait to lure the mastermind behind her. So who does she belong to?"

Drew smirked coldly, brought up a photo on his phone, and put it on the coffee table.

The three people inched closer.

Suddenly, the air in the room turned cold.

In the photo, they could not be more familiar with the man who brought Yvonne away.

It was Christopher's secretary, Taylor.

"It's him... As expected!"

Bella fumed, shaking with anger, a chill creeping up her spine. "It's not enough that he tried to harm Asher and Camilla. Now, he even reached his wretched hands toward you, Drew! He's simply insane without any humanity!"

However, this time, Christopher had schemed against the wrong person.

People say that Christopher was a cold-blooded venomous snake, but little did they know that Drew was also a snake.

Justin hugged Bella's trembling body tightly, his warm palm repeatedly rubbing her shoulder, comforting her silently with his gentle actions.

He had long guessed the answer in his heart, so after confirming it now, he was not particularly surprised.

"That time, Justin was lured to the hotel by this woman, falling into Zoe's trap.

Everything makes sense now. Christopher set up the stage behind the scenes, using that woman and my stupid sister to destroy the relationship between Justin and Bella, forcing Justin to marry Zoe. This roundabout and evil scheme is indeed that bastard's style!"

Ryan gritted his teeth angrily. "Justin, he caused Bella to misunderstand you, made everyone think you were an irresponsible playboy, and caused Chairman Thompson to resent you until now... He almost succeeded! He's too evil and despicable!"

Bella felt a prick of pain in her heart, and she lowered her eyes, feeling guilty.

"He won't succeed."

Justin looked down, kissing Bella on her slightly red cheeks. "Bella knows I'll never lie to her. She will always trust me."

"Fool." Bella shrugged, her tone carrying a hint of stubbornness due to being embarrassed. "What if I don't understand you? What if I refuse to turn back?"

Justin's beautiful eyes curved into a smile as he gazed at her, full of affection.

"I'll wait a lifetime for you."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1272-Seeing them cuddle affectionately, Drew felt relieved, even though he had countless complicated emotions.

The Thompson brothers strived their whole lives to let Bella find her happiness.

However, they could not set the standard for her happiness. She should choose and decide for herself. After experiencing so many hardships, she still chose Justin without hesitation. It would be inhumane and heartless of them to forcefully deprive her of her true love, ruining her happiness. "Christopher had been guiding and controlling Zoe behind the scenes. During the banquet, we pressured and interrogated her, but even so, she did not sell him out."

Justin's gaze was heavy. "I don't think she's loyal to Christopher, but rather, she genuinely didn't know who was giving her ideas and using her as a pawn."

Bella nodded in agreement.

Ryan's eyes were red in anger, his hands on his knees trembling as they clenched into fists. "Bella, Justin, I'm sorry. It's my failure as her brother to educate her. My mother and I spoiled that brat too much, turning her into this inhumane animal!"

"Ryan, don't say that. It has nothing to do with you," Justin comforted gently.

"She refuses to be a good human and serves as Christopher's bitch instead!"

Ryan punched the coffee table, cracking the ceramic cups on it. "If she's so willing to serve that bastard, I'll kick her over to him, letting her suck up to him as she wishes!"

Bella pursed her lips, at a loss for how to comfort Ryan.

After all, it was indeed unfortunate for the family to have such a despicable and shameless sister.

"Forgive me for being blunt. Just by looking at Yvonne's appearance, I can tell that Christopher has good taste in women." Drew crossed his arms and leaned against the sofa casually. "With your sister's looks, Christopher wouldn't even let her carry his shoes, even if she went to serve him. She'd probably have no chance to suck him up."

Ryan, Justin, and Bella were speechless.

Why did it sound like Drew was making dirty jokes?

"The woman named Yvonne might be a sharp tool Christopher keeps by his side. After all, beauty can be a deadly weapon."

Looking at the woman in the photo with an extremely similar face, Bella's gaze darkened. "This woman must have been with Christopher for some time. Her face was probably meticulously crafted by him. Their relationship is definitely not ordinary. She must know many of his secrets."

Ryan's mouth hung open in shock, his horizon expanding. "Fuck... Christopher can't have Bella, so he keeps a woman who looks like her by his side to satisfy his filthy desires? Then isn't Yvonne Bella's..."

Substitute.

Justin was stunned, burning with anger.

He thought of how Christopher kept that woman, treating her as Bella's substitute, and in a place where they could not see, he might even use her as his sexual fantasy. Those yearnings and desires he could not fulfill from Bella would be vented on that substitute.

"Ugh..." Bella gagged. "He's too disgusting. But even if she was a substitute, he still does not deserve it!"

Drew continued, "I followed them and watched them enter a secluded private club. The entrance has a password system, and it's strictly for members. I couldn't follow them in to avoid arousing suspicion." "A private club?"

Justin was not one to frequent clubs, and Bella was not from Savrow, making her even less likely to know.

Therefore, the couple turned to look at Ryan.

"Are you referring to Pivotage?" Ryan asked tentatively.

"Bingo! We still have to rely on Mr. Ryan, the professional playboy!" Drew snapped his fingers mockingly.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1273-Ryan's expression was bitter, feeling like those words were not actually praise.

He had only himself to blame for fooling around too much in the past, and now that he had genuinely turned over a new leaf, his stereotypical image could not be erased. "I've investigated it with Sky Eye. The owner of Pivotage behind the scenes is Christopher."

Drew's brows furrowed. "Not only did he appear there frequently, but he was also in close contact with several influential and powerful people in Savrow.

"Pivotage is a private club on the surface, but it's in fact a den of corruption, where officials and businessmen collude. I think that Christopher is just a pimp."

"Sky Eye?! Are you serious? You even used the secret agent headquarters' system to investigate this?!"

Bella's eyes widened. "Isn't that like using a cannon to kill a mosquito? Drew, don't risk your career for this small matter. It's not worth it!"

"Bella, what's not worth it for you?"

Drew's dark eyes narrowed, and he leaned over, holding Bella's hand. "Don't worry. It's not a big deal if I occasionally use it. Moreover, I don't want to waste more time on that viper. I want to help you guys get rid of this trouble sooner."

Drew included Justin as well, not just Bella, when he said "you guys."

Justin was moved, and he felt a lump form in his throat, unable to speak.

Bella's eyes reddened, her fingertips curling in Drew's palm. "Drew... Thank you."

"I know you are too eager to let everyone know that Christopher set Justin up, and you want Wyatt to know how wronged he was. Otherwise, Justin can't even qualify to be your boy toy, let alone your husband." Drew glanced at Justin and snorted.

Bella's delicate brows furrowed. "Drew!"

"Hey! Justin is wholeheartedly loyal and devoted to Bella, unwilling to marry anyone else but her. He'd gladly become a boy toy! Haha!" Ryan smiled widely, patting Justin's shoulder wildly. Suddenly, the room turned quiet, and everyone was speechless.

Bella cast her gaze down. "Ryan, you're quite good at lightening things up, huh?"

Don't do it next time."

Ryan immediately shut his mouth.

"Since this woman is a key figure around Christopher, we shouldn't touch her for now. It's best if we could monitor her secretly," Justin suggested.

"I think it's not enough to monitor her."

Bella had further plans. "We need to try our best to get Yvonne on our side.

First, investigate her, understand her, and take her down."

Justin could not hide his worry. "Bella, it might be hard. Christopher has been in Sentania for fifteen years. He would have his confidants and people who would be loyal to him. Otherwise, his influence could not have spread so widely. That woman knows she is a substitute and that Christopher is using her, but she is still willing to stay by his side for many years. It would be hard for outsiders to break their relationship."

“Why not?”

As her words fell, Bella’s ambiguous gaze fell on Drew’s face. “If Drew takes action, we can definitely win over Yvonne. She targeted his life that night, hiding weapons and poison, seemingly determined to kill him. But in the end, she betrayed Christopher and let him go. She must have taken a fancy to Drew. If so, Drew will be our key to breaking the deadlock.”

Justin and Ryan gulped in terror.

Bella was truly ruthless. She was even willing to sell out her brother!

They thought Drew would be mad, but unexpectedly, he raised his brows in interest, smirking.

“Sure. Let me see what that woman is like.”

Damn! Drew was really willing to do it. Was it because of his professionalism as a top-tier secret agent? “Bella, will it be too dangerous?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1274-Justin could not help worrying. “That woman failed last time, so she will definitely find another chance to harm Drew. After all, she’s controlled by Christopher, and it’s hard for us to defend against whatever vicious methods they use.”

Before Bella spoke, Drew snorted disdainfully, a wicked and arrogant smile dancing between his lips. “Ha, the person who could kill me hasn’t been born yet!”

“Ah!”

Heart-wrenching screams echoed from the dark and damp basement in Pivotage. Even the guards standing outside the door frowned instinctively.

The scene happening in the basement was even harder to look at.

Iron cuffs shackled Yvonne’s wrists, her whole body hanging mid-air, her fragile figure only clad by an almost transparent lace nightgown. The white lace was stained red by her blood.

“Mr. Christopher... I...” Taylor held a whip, his hand trembling.

“What? You couldn’t bear to watch?”

Christopher’s lips curled into a cruel and bloodthirsty smile. Behind his blood-stained glasses, his eyes flashed with a terrifying light. “Or do you want to end up like her?”

Taylor had no choice. He could only hold the whip as he gritted his teeth, walking to Yvonne, who was bloody and battered.

“Ms. Smith... Please endure it. Mr. Christopher’s orders... I...”

Yvonne panted weakly, lifting her heavy eyelids. “Don’t show mercy... Whip me to death... It’s best to... Just kill me... Anyway, my life is worth nothing...”

When Christopher heard her words, he suddenly jumped up angrily, as if she had struck a nerve!

He strode over and pushed Taylor away, then viciously seized Yvonne by the throat!

“It seems you’ve developed genuine feelings for Drew.”

Christopher glared at her with his raging eyes, his fingers tightening. “Are you resisting me with such passive aggressiveness? Huh? You always tried to survive no matter what, but now you don’t want to live anymore? Yvonne, I gave you life. Only I can decide your fate, not even yourself!”

Yvonne was barely able to breathe. Her eyelids were half-closed, covering her wet eyes. Her haggard face visibly turned red and purple.

In the past, she would definitely explain herself to Christopher.

She did not love anyone else. Since that moment of fleeting amazement when she met Christopher at the age of fifteen, her heart only belonged to the man before her, who wanted to kill her. But now, she thought that trying to explain only made her look like a joke.

Even if she could explain the night she spent with Drew and the box of medicine he gave her, she could not justify the extremely gentle and romantic kiss she shared with him.

Taylor was scared out of his wits. “Mr. Christopher! Calm down! You will strangle Ms. Smith to death!”

“She dares to betray me for Drew. Does she not deserve to die?!” Christopher roared.

“Ms. Smith has used her seduction skills to help you solve so many problems.

She’s only repeating it this time!”

Taylor and Yvonne were colleagues for many years, and he more or less cared for her, racking his brains to help her explain. “And think about Drew! He is the toughest to deal

with among the Thompson brothers! Now that Ms. Smith left a good impression on him, she can get close to him, and we'll have no trouble finding a chance to get rid of him!"

His words woke Christopher up.

Christopher's violent gaze darkened, and his hands, still on her neck, relaxed a little.

"Ms. Smith! Stop being stubborn. Apologize to Mr. Christopher!" Taylor urged.

"Sorry..."

Yvonne's bloody lips suddenly curled up, chuckling. She looked broken. "But Chris... What did I do wrong? I did everything... You asked me to... You never cared about me... And I accepted that... What else do I owe you? Tell me..."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1275-Christopher tugged at his pale lips. "So you found a man who cared about you?"

Yvonne's heart was pierced through by his mocking smile.

"Do you think Drew likes you? Cares about you? Just because he spent a night with you and gave you stomach medicine, do you think he has feelings for you?"

Christopher loosened his hand on her neck and instead jabbed at her forehead.

"I thought that even though you were lowly, you would still have a bit of brains.

But now, it seems that you're useless. Letting you have Bella's face is a humiliation to her."

In Yvonne's gaze, the man she had loved for ten years gradually turned blurry, unfamiliar, and distant.

Her tears of heartbreak flowed like a broken dam, but Christopher was unmoved by her pain. "Stop dreaming. No one understands those men from the Thompson family more than me. Just like me, they only care about Bella. She is the only one they love. With your background working for me, do you think you could capture his heart? When he figures out who you are, only death awaits you."

Christopher took a silk handkerchief from his suit pocket, gracefully wiping off the blood on his slender fingers. "Give it up, Yvonne. You're unworthy."

"How about you..."

Yvonne felt a surge of courage, smiling through her bloody tears. “Do you think... You deserve... Bella Thompson... No matter how hard you work, in her eyes... There’s only Justin...”

Christopher felt as if he had been struck in the gut. Anger overwhelmed him, and his fists cracked, creating a terrifying sound.

“Ms. Smith! Please, say less! What do you gain from going against Mr. Christopher?!”

Taylor’s forehead was covered with beads of sweat. He advised, “Mr.

Christopher! Please calm down! Stay calm! You can’t continue beating her...

You’ll really kill Ms. Smith! If she dies, what value will she have for you? Don’t you think it’s a loss?”

Indeed, Christopher’s vicious gaze gradually relaxed.

Taylor was with him day and night and knew too well what he wanted.

Christopher was an extremely selfish person who only acted out of self-interest, only interested in things and people who would benefit him.

As long as she still had value, he would not touch Yvonne.

At this moment, Christopher’s phone rang.

He turned over and threw the silk handkerchief away, taking his phone. His expression changed drastically when he saw the name on the screen. He immediately picked up the call.

“Mr. Christopher, you must be quite pleased with yourself recently, huh?”

A man’s voice sounded, always carrying a hint of mockery from someone superior. “Now, you’ve removed all obstacles. The Thompson family hates Justin to the core and refuses to have anything to do with him. Your big day with Ms.

Bella is about to proceed, isn’t it?”

Christopher recalled how Bella humiliated him that night and Wyatt’s ambiguous attitude. He clenched his fists indignantly. “I’m grateful for your help, but the situation now is unclear. However, I won’t give up on Bella until the day I die.”

“Alas, you are still not ruthless enough. If you have mercy on others and consider too much, it will only bring you pain while your enemies thrive.”

The man smiled lazily. “If I were you, I’d take her by force, even if she’s unwilling. I wouldn’t let my efforts go to waste. If it were still unsuccessful, I’d ruin her completely.”

Christopher’s thunder-struck expression stiffened on his face. “I think I still need some time... I have some trouble to deal with now. Once I’ve dealt with them, I will think of a way to let Bella marry me.” “Forget about your family’s trivial matters for now. You have a bigger problem waiting for you.”

The man’s voice suddenly turned cold, as if he were a different person.

“Shannon’s case is about to go on trial soon. Gregory and that lawyer could not stop it. The prosecutor handling Shannon’s case is Bella’s brother, Axel, and the investigator is Ralph. All of them are from the Thompson family. Gregory couldn’t save Shannon, even if he wanted to.

“Winston had confessed everything about Shannon, but the instigation of murder does not have solid evidence, so it will be hard to convict her. But with Justin and Bella’s hatred for Shannon, they would not let her off so easily.

Naturally, they won’t let you off too.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1276-The man chuckled. “What should you do, Mr. Christopher? Your little fiance is trying to kill you all the time.”

“Ha... Even if I couldn’t get her love, my life is worth it if I obtain her heart-wrenching hatred.” Christopher pushed his glasses, his gaze dark and deep.

“When are you going to get rid of Maxwell? If that man falls into Justin and Bella’s hands, your good days will reach their end.”

“The new private plane I bought will arrive next week.”

Christopher had an exquisite and handsome face, but his smile was chilling. “At that time, I’ll send him and his brothers on the road to hell.”

After a brief reunion with his sister, Drew left early, as he had to return to inform and comfort Asher and the others.

Bella had been running around all night, having mud all over her body. Although she had changed into clean pajamas, her body and hair were filthy, which was unbearable for someone who loved cleanliness like her. She could not endure another second.

“Ugh... It smells!”

Bella sniffed her hair, almost rolling her eyes from the bad smell. "I can't. It smells too bad. I feel like an earthworm that came out of the dirt. I want to bathe!"

"You're not smelly at all."

Justin took her into his arms, burying his nose deeply in her soft hair. "You smell good."

"I don't care. I want a bath!" Bella twisted in his warm chest like a cute kitten.

"Bella, your body is still weak, and taking a bath will worsen your fever."

Justin touched her forehead and gently coaxed, "If you feel uncomfortable, I'll get some water and wipe your body, okay?"

"No! How can that compare to bathing?"

Bella wrapped her arms around Justin's solid and narrow waist, raising her neck and pleading with her eyes. "Let me take a bath. It'll not be a problem if you set the temperature properly."

Justin lowered his eyelashes, gazing deeply at her face, his heart melting. "I can't win against you. I'll fill the bath for you and set the temperature right."

Just as he was about to stand up, Bella suddenly grabbed his hand.

"Justin..." She looked at him with watery eyes.

Justin's heart thumped so fast that he felt a little out of breath. He asked in a trembling voice, "Together?"

"Together."

Justin's eyes slightly reddened, and he scooped up her thin waist, carrying her princess-style, and walked toward the bathroom.

Bella immersed herself in the bubble bath, wholly naked.

However, Justin still wore a white shirt and pants, obediently kneeling outside the tub to wipe her body, acting like a humble servant.

Bella scooped up a handful of bubbles and mischievously blew them at his face.

"Naughty." Justin's head and brows were full of bubbles, and he pinched her chin lightly.

"What's with you today? You're so well-behaved."

Bella's fair body emerged from the water, her lips closing toward Justin's, and even her breath was a fatal seduction. "When did the wolf that wants to pounce on me every time he sees me become devoid of desires? Hm?"

Justin's heart tightened, and a subtle pain spread throughout his limbs.

In the past, he wanted to be intimate with her every day and night.

But he thought of himself as useless and inadequate, so he did not deserve her.

"Bella, can I ask you a question?"

Justin's voice was hoarse, slow, and restrained. "Back then... Why didn't you tell me?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1277-Why didn't she tell me?' Justin silently asked himself this question at every moment, continuously exhausting and torturing himself.

If only he knew Bella was pregnant at that time... If he knew their child was gone...

"Justin, don't blame yourself. It's not just your fault for failing to protect the child.

As the mother, I bear responsibility too."

Bella's lashes fluttered, and she smiled with relief, but it made his heart ache.

"Even if you made it back in time, it wouldn't have changed anything.

"It's already a relief that Grandpa Nigel is fine. Otherwise, I'd feel guilty for the rest of my life."

Through the foggy air, Justin's eyes gradually moistened, but his throat grew dry, croaking. "After that? You had a thousand chances to tell me... Why didn't you say it?"

Bella lowered her eyes, shrinking back into the water like an aggrieved little rabbit. "You were having a tough time, flying all across the world. You were always exhausted when you came home and in a bad mood. I didn't want to pressure you further and complicate things for you because of this matter..."

"Complicate things?"

"You didn't love me back then."

Bella curled her body into a ball, trying hard to adjust her breath, as she did not want him to notice her upset emotions. "No matter how I look at it, it's troublesome for a man to impregnate a woman he doesn't love, right? I hoped you would fall in love with me,

but I didn't want you to accept me out of guilt. I know you have a pure soul. You're kind by nature. Because of that, I didn't want to make things complicated for you."

A kind person...

Would a kind person inflict all this misfortune and wounds on her?

Bitter and hot tears fell from Justin's red eyes, washing away the bubble foam on his cheeks.

"Bella... What's so good about me? You really shouldn't fall in love with me." He repeatedly murmured, feeling lost, like a child who had done something wrong.

"Fool. Who else would I love if not you? You are the man who stunned me when I was eleven, the light I was always chasing after."

Bella's wet hands grasped his hands, her fingertips curling. "If you want to make it up to me, please don't let go of my hands for the rest of our lives."

With a splash, she pulled hard, suddenly dragging Justin into the tub. Bubbles surged, and water splashed everywhere.

The next second, they embraced each other passionately. Bella's face was red as she was entangled in a deep kiss with him. They indulged in pleasure in the warmth of the tub.

After some time, the sky had darkened.

Bella's body was clean and fresh under Justin's affectionate and meticulous care, but her temperature rose.

Ryan's private doctor came in time to give her a shot.

After hanging an IV drip and covering her forehead with a wet towel, Bella felt a little more comfortable.

"You really..."

Justin helped her adjust the drip speed, then leaned down to kiss her warm cheeks. "I've said you can't take a bath. Look, you started burning again. Next time, you must listen to me." "Tsk... Don't you know how my fever started again?" Thinking of their bathroom intimacy in the evening, Bella could not help feeling excited, her forehead burning even more.

Just as Justin was embarrassed and did not know what to do, Ian called.

“Ian, what is it?”

“Mr. Salvador! Charles has been bailed out by the Iverson family!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1278-“What exactly happened?”

Justin’s eyes narrowed, and he shared a glance with Bella tacitly.

“Just now, Lance and James brought him out of the police station, and they even called a bunch of reporters!

“James shamelessly tried to clear Charles’ name in front of the media, saying that he was innocent and set up by someone else. Everything was just a misunderstanding.” Ian’s anger burned stronger as he spoke, his voice breaking.

“Fuck! How is this possible?!”

Bella immediately sat up on the bed, causing Justin’s face to pale with fright. He immediately pressed her back down. “Bella! Don’t move too much. Be careful of the needle!”

“How is it possible?! How could that pervert be let out of the police station?!”

Bella snatched the phone and yelled anxiously at Ian, “Justin and I had made the arrangements, and Wyatt knew about it. He loves Amelia, too. How could he let the Iverson family do as they please? Why didn’t he stop them?!”

“Young Madam, calm down for now.” Ian’s throat was dry from anger. “I’m still investigating the details. Please wait for my update with Mr. Salvador.”

Immediately after he hung up, Bella could not endure it any longer, planning to contact Ralph.

However, as if there was a telepathic connection, another call came through Justin’s phone in time.

Bella stared at the screen, her heart skipping a beat as she pursed her lips.

“Bella, who is it?” Seeing her sullen expression, Justin quickly asked.

“It’s... Asher.”

Justin pursed his lips too, and after a moment, he said softly, “Bella, answer it.

Don’t let your brother worry anymore.”

Bella felt uncomfortable when she thought of how controlling her brothers were.

She sounded crossed when answering the call. "Don't bother to speak if you want to take me home. If not, keep it short and simple."

On the other end, Asher's expression stiffened, and his heart felt as if it were pricked by needles.

Bella was always sweet and gentle when she spoke to him, even over the phone. She would sound cute and affectionate.

But their relationship had become tense and estranged. The more he wanted to protect her, the further he pushed her away.

"Bella, Drew had told us about your situation."

Asher's voice was gentle as usual. "If you feel safe and happy by his side, I won't stop you anymore."

"Ash..." Bella was surprised, her breath hitching.

"Bella, you were right. I only wanted to protect you because I failed to do so, resenting myself. I tried to make myself feel better, even at the expense of stripping you of your rights to love someone." Asher chuckled bitterly. "For the past two days, I've asked myself what I truly want. I only desire for you to gain genuine happiness, and this happiness is not something others force on you or measured by someone else. If I love you, I should give you whatever you want.

If you want freedom, I should learn to let you go."

Bella's heart tightened, and she felt a knot in her throat. "Ash..."

Justin stood by her side, listening to Asher's heartfelt words and feeling his eyes tear up.

"I'll gradually convince your other brothers. As for Dad..."

Asher paused, trying to sound casual. "As long as you have a good life, he'll understand it one day. So, Justin, you know what to do next, right?"

"Yes. Please rest assured."

Justin's voice was hoarse as he pulled Bella into his arms like a treasure. "Bella is the only one for me. I'll care for her with my life."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1279-The words were few but etched into his bones.

He did not need to elaborate further.

The siblings had reconciled at this point.

In Bella's heart, Asher was as important as Justin, and she could not bear to throw a tantrum with him. She was merely retaliating against her family's pressure.

"Ash, how did that bastard Charles get bailed out? Why didn't Wyatt stop it?!"

Bella was burning with anxiety.

"I called mainly for this."

Asher took a deep breath and gritted his teeth. "Considering Amelia's reputation and our family's image, Aunt Celeste decided to withdraw the lawsuit after discussing it with Dad."

"Withdraw the lawsuit?!" Bella and Justin's eyes widened with shock!

"How else would Charles get bailed out of the police station?"

Asher could not conceal the frustration in his tone. "Not only that, the Iverson Group had bribed the major media in Savrow, preparing scripts to clear Charles' name, portraying him as a pitiful victim. "Even if we fight back, the lawsuit has been withdrawn, and we could do nothing to him."

"Is Wyatt out of his mind?! For his image, he's disregarding his daughter's dignity?! Does the Thompson family need an image to survive?"

Bella was fuming, her shoulders trembling. "Aunt Celeste is gentle and weak.

This must be Wyatt's idea! She can't defy it!"

"Bella, you're wrong this time."

Asher sighed helplessly. "It was Aunt Celeste and Amelia's suggestion. Dad was strongly against it at first, intending to duke it out with the Iverson family.

However, Aunt Celeste was stubborn, and I think it was the biggest fight between her and Dad. Therefore, Dad could only respect Aunt Celeste and Amelia's wishes, swallowing his pride."

Bella already had a fever, and her vision darkened from the anger as she listened.

Although it sounded harsh, was this not like having a useless teammate in a team battle?!

“Amelia is a Thompson and unmarried. If this incident spreads, even if she is the victim, it would harm her reputation. It’s unpleasant to be pushed into the limelight and pointed at by others. Besides, with such vicious people on the internet who are especially judgmental toward women, Amelia is at a disadvantage. If this incident were exposed, Amelia would be hurt the most, not that animal.”

Justin patiently stroked Bella’s back, analyzing the situation calmly. “Bella, don’t be mad at them. They made this decision after weighing the pros and cons.”

“Who cares about the online haters?! They are just a bunch of flies envious of the rich! As for those narcissistic upper-society people, we don’t need to care about what they think! Those profit-seeking scum... Aunt Celeste and Amelia belong to the Thompson family. The KS Group is a billion-dollar conglomerate.

Even the President has to respect us. Who dares to look down on my sister?!”

Bella’s eyes flashed with anger.

Asher fell silent. He knew that when Bella was overwhelmed with anger, it was useless to comfort her.

But Justin watched her and patiently explained. “Bella, you’re not wrong, but you overlooked a key problem. Not everyone is as fearless and strong as you.”

Bella was taken aback, lowering her eyes, but her fingers curled tightly. “Yes, you’re right. But we can’t let this matter go like this. Charles and the whole Iverson family must pay for it! If the law can’t punish them, we will!”

Justin narrowed his eyes, his thin lips curling into a chilling smile. “It’s more convenient to take matters into our own hands.”

Bella closed her eyes, trying to adjust her breathing and calm down. “Ash, go to my room. There’s a document about Astrid’s husband accepting bribes and corruption on my laptop. Hand those to Axel. He should know what to do.”

Justin and Asher were both stunned.

Bella was so amazing. During the two days she was grounded, she had to fight the Iverson family, argue with her family, and be immersed in the sadness of being separated from her lover, yet she still had the energy to do this.

“Not only that, I’ve secretly investigated Astrid too. She’s not innocent either.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1280-Justin rested his chin on her head, rubbing it softly. "If my darling wants to target that woman first, I'll arrange it." "Amelia... Why?!"

Steven was shocked when he heard they dismissed the lawsuit. He kneeled beside Amelia's bed on one knee and held her sweaty hand tightly. "I could be your lawyer and fight against the Iverson family for you! We could definitely win this lawsuit! Why must we back down? We must duke it out with the Iverson family!"

"Steven... I'm sorry..."

Amelia was curled into a ball on the bed, hugging her knees, and looking at Steven with tearful eyes. "I know how you feel, but I'm sorry..."

The more she apologized, the more Steven felt as if his heart was strangled, draining his blood dry in agony.

What wrong did Amelia do?

The only ones in the wrong were that animal, Charles, and the Iverson family, who tried to cover it up.

"Steven, let this matter end here... Don't stand up for me anymore."

Amelia shook her head repeatedly with tears in her eyes. "After all, I'm Wyatt's daughter. The Iverson family can't do anything to me. But what would you do if they targeted you? If they tried to harm your family secretly, what would you do?"

Besides, Charles insulted me. Although he did not succeed in the end, how would your family see me if this matter got big?"

"Amelia..." Steven's expression went blank, and he could almost hear his heart break into pieces.

At this moment, he finally realized something.

It turned out Amelia was not afraid of standing in the limelight or public opinion.

She feared the Lovett family would look down on her, failing to give them a good impression.

"Steven... Since I was very young, I dreamed of marrying you. Until now, I still want to take your last name."

Amelia softly caressed the face of the man she loved so much. "I know your family dislikes me. If I can't stand before them with a pure body, it'll be impossible for them to accept me. It'll make things difficult for you since you're stuck in the middle."

She did not know that her sister had said the same words the night before.

The sisters were too considerate, always thinking of their loved ones. They kept suppressing their grievances.

Bella had fought her way out, but when would Amelia welcome her happiness?

Steven's throat bobbed, and he pulled the woman he loved into his arms, hugging her with everything he had.

"As long as you're willing, we can get married anytime."

His arms gradually tightened, as if he wanted to merge with her. He solemnly vowed, "I will only ever take you as my wife." Amelia felt touched, closing her teary eyes.

She did not know what the future held for her, but at this moment, she would even die happy.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door. Sasha's anxious voice came from outside.

"Steven, are you inside? Can you come out?"

Steven was stunned for a second. He then walked to the door and opened it.

"Aunt Sasha, are you looking for me?" His eyes were still slightly red.

Sasha glanced inside the room, pulled Steven out, and closed the door behind her.

Steven seemed to realize something and quickly asked, "Aunt Sasha, did something happen?"

"Go downstairs and see for yourself."

Sasha looked worried, saying in a low voice, "Your mother and brother are here."

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1281**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1281-Steven's heart sank, and he immediately flew toward the living room downstairs.

Wyatt was not home today. After hearing that his daughter had secretly run off to find Justin and even jumped off the building, Wyatt was shocked and furious. He rushed to Savrow with Quentin. However, they were intercepted halfway by Asher and Drew. Drew even went as far as to smash the tires of Wyatt's multi-million-dollar Rolls-Royce to stop him from beating up Justin.

No one knew where the brothers took Wyatt or what the current situation was.

Thus, Wyatt's wives and Amelia were the only ones at home.

"Mom, your body is weak. Take it easy."

Hunter supported Chelsea, who looked haggard, to sit on the sofa.

He comforted his mother gently. "Since we know that Steven has been with Amelia all these days, you don't need to worry. Steven is almost thirty years old.

It's his first time being in love, so it's understandable that he couldn't control himself, falling head over heels in love with her. You have to be mentally prepared for this when you raise a child. Among us brothers, Steven has always been the best to you and Father. Don't get angry over this matter. You should take care of your health first."

Hunter's words seemed comforting on the surface, but he was actually sarcastically fanning the flames.

As expected, Chelsea's expression darkened, and she coughed while clutching her chest. "I think your words might come true! If I don't step in now, will he still respect me as his mother or his family?" "Mom, you're overthinking it. It's not as serious as you said!" Hunter patted Chelsea's back.

"You're right. Steven has met too few women in his life and has had little experience dating, so he was easily seduced by that girl. He has turned into another person!"

Chelsea gritted her teeth indignantly. "If I don't step in now, he wouldn't even know if he's been deceived. It would be my failure as a mother!"

"Deceived? Mrs. Lovett, I wonder who you're afraid of deceiving your son?"

A cold and regal voice suddenly sounded, startling the Lovetts.

Mila and Celeste walked over, hand in hand. Mila was noble and elegant, showing her upbringing as a prominent family's daughter.

Chelsea pursed her lips awkwardly and forced a smile. "Madam Mila, how have you been?"

Among Wyatt's three wives, Chelsea had always looked down upon Sasha and Celeste, whose backgrounds were unworthy of mention. However, Mila was the only one she did not dare to offend. "Mrs. Lovett, I know you're just anxious for your son, but Steven is your son, not your daughter. Is it suitable to watch over him excessively like a fragile flower in a greenhouse?"

Mila ignored her greetings and smiled coldly. "Steven is a good child, but if you keep monitoring him like this, you might just crush his individuality. Moreover, can you control him forever? It's better to relax and enjoy your retirement with Neil. Don't end up destroying your relationship with your son."

Chelsea immediately burned with fury, standing up from the sofa. "Madam Mila, I know my son the best. I did this to protect our relationship! Steven is still young and inexperienced. He's simple-minded, especially lacking judgment in aspects of love! He doesn't know what kind of woman suits him the most, not even realizing he has been led astray."

Celeste's eyes immediately turned red from anger, feeling breathless.

Chelsea did not mention a word about her daughter, but she was clearly insulting Amelia with each word! How could she tolerate this?!

However, Celeste was clumsy with words. Luckily, Mila had spoken up before she opened her mouth, her eyes sharp and intimidating. "Mrs. Lovett, are you talking about Amelia? You'd better think clearly before answering me."

Seeing that the situation was tense, Hunter quickly grabbed his mother, hoping to stir up trouble.

Unexpectedly, Chelsea was motivated by her love for her son. She smiled instead as Mila provoked her. "Madam Mila, don't take it the wrong way. My child knows his place. How could he deserve someone from the mighty Thompson family? Only a family like the Iversons could match the precious Ms.

Amelia, who was born with a silver spoon."

Celeste's face flushed red, and even the corner of her lips twitched slightly.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1282-Mila could hardly suppress her anger either, wishing she could grab a fistful of soil from the nearby flower pot to shove it into this woman's foul mouth. "Mom!

What are you saying?!"

Steven rushed to Chelsea from the stairs in the blink of an eye. His eyes were wide with hatred, feeling like a ball of roaring flames. “What the hell are you saying? How can you say that?!”

Seeing her son with a patch over his left eye and bruises still visible on his face, Chelsea felt so distressed that her tears streamed down. “My son! What happened to you?! Who hurt you? I’ll seek justice for you!”

As she spoke, she reached out her trembling hands, trying to caress Steven’s cheeks, but he slapped her hand away.

“If you still want to hear me call you Mother, please make sure you never say those ridiculous words ever again!”

Steven held himself back, his veins seemingly about to burst. His right eye was bloodshot. “Also, Amelia is my girlfriend! I will only ever marry her! Don’t associate her with the Iversons. They’re a filthy garbage dump of a family!”

“Steven, you... You...”

Chelsea was scolded by her son in front of Wyatt’s wives, which hurt her pride.

She was so shocked that her tongue was tied in knots.

“Steven! What are you doing?!”

Hunter came forward and supported Chelsea, who could not stand steadily, looking like a concerned elder brother. “Do you know how much Mom missed you and how worried she was about you?! You were sued by the Iverson family!”

Mila and Celeste were stunned!

However, Steven’s face showed no panic, and he questioned coldly instead, “So? What does it have to do with you? I can handle it myself.”

“Handle it yourself? How are you going to handle it? You’re only going to make things worse!”

Hunter pointed at his face disappointedly. “The Iverson family is suing you for intentional injury, and we can’t guard against whatever they have up their sleeves. Fighting against them is like hitting a rock with an egg. Besides, you know better than anyone how all your injuries happened!”

“Hunter! Shut up!”

Steven stepped forward and grabbed Hunter's collar, lifting him off the ground with one hand. "If you really care about Dad and Mom, you shouldn't have told them about this! Don't think I don't know what you're planning. Come at me if you have any resentment, but if you dare target Amelia and her family, I definitely won't let you off!"

Chelsea instantly understood, and a chill went down her spine.

Her son had offended one of the four great families, the Iversons. They would try to completely destroy him.

What difference did it make that they had assisted the Thompson family for many years? To the KS Group, they were only pawns to be discarded after being used. Wyatt and Lance were like brothers. How could he possibly side with her son if anything really happened?

Chelsea thought, 'Steven only got into this huge trouble because of Amelia, that mistress's daughter! What a vixen! Why did she come to ruin my son's life?!' Immersed in horror, Chelsea suddenly felt a squeezing pain in her heart. She sweated all over her body and collapsed in Hunter's arms weakly.

"Shit! Mom is having a heart attack!"

Hunter quickly took a pill from his suit pocket and fed it to Chelsea, shouting at Steven, "Call the ambulance!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1283-Despite how much Steven wanted to stay to accompany Amelia, he could not turn a blind eye to his mother's condition and took her to the hospital. After the intense family drama, the spacious living room exuded a suffocating tension.

Celeste clenched the hem of her shirt tightly with her right hand and grabbed Mila's arm with her left hand, unable to utter a word after a long time.

"Celeste... Are you alright?" Mila rubbed Celeste's cold hand.

"I'm fine." Celeste's voice was dry and trembling.

"Although the Iverson family is a den of vipers, the Lovett family isn't much better!"

Mila shook her head indignantly. "Wyatt had even assisted them in their early years. I thought they would genuinely feel grateful to our family, but now it's clear that they've raised an ungrateful wolf cub. Steven is a good man, but his parents and brother... Sigh! I'm afraid Amelia would be bullied if she marries into that family!"

"Mila, don't say it anymore."

Celeste closed her eyes with tears, shaking her head in guilt. "It's not Steven's or anyone's fault... Blame me if you must. I'm useless and powerless, unable to give my daughter a happy marriage."

What they did not know was that Amelia had hidden herself upstairs in the dark, witnessing everything.

She heard Chelsea's and Hunter's harsh words and saw Steven standing up against his family without hesitation, for her sake.

Amelia felt as if she were being stabbed by a knife.

Leaning against the wall for support, Amelia slowly made her way into a dark corner like a staggering elder, curling up and hugging her knees, wanting to hide herself from the world. "Amelia? Amelia? Are you there?"

Sasha followed the sound and saw Amelia sobbing, curling into a ball like a kitten. Her maternal instincts kicked in despite never having children of her own.

She pulled Amelia tightly into her arms as her eyes reddened.

"Girl, why are you crying alone here?"

Beads of tears hung on Amelia's eyelashes, her pitiful appearance causing distress to Sasha's heart. "Aunt Sasha... Is it impossible for me and Steven to be together?"

"Mrs. Lovett seems to hate me. Am I that terrible?"

"Bullshit! Don't belittle yourself! That old hag's eyes and ass had switched places, so she can't see how much of a treasure you are! Don't get gaslighted!"

Amelia was initially sad, but her stepmother's straightforward words cheered her up again.

"Yes, that's the spirit! Our Amelia looks the best when she smiles!" Sasha reached out to wipe away her tears, but she still felt quite upset inside.

Sasha was pissed.

After sending Amelia back to her room, Sasha felt more dissatisfied the more she thought about it.

Therefore, she took out her phone and called someone she had not contacted for a long time.

It was one of her underlings when she was still in the Southern Star Syndicate, a child adopted by her father named Elias Storm. He used to be a lowly thug, but now he has become a leader in the gang. "My young lady! I can't believe that I'm receiving a call from you! Am I dreaming?!" Elias almost cried.

"You're fucking not. I'll keep things short. Help me beat someone up." As usual, Sasha did not bother speaking nonsense.

"Who? Please give your orders!"

Sasha gritted her teeth as she spat out a name. "Hunter Lovett!"

Elias did not bother to probe further. "No problem. Same old rules?"

"Same old rules. As long as he's not dead

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1284-The next day, in a luxurious nightclub's private lounge, smoke swirled as indulgence and debauchery filled the room.

Hunter enjoyed the beautiful women and fine liquor, feeling smug and carefree at this moment.

The man sitting opposite him was none other than James Iverson, the president and heir to the Iverson Group.

Since James had invited Hunter to the gathering tonight, it meant Hunter had obtained James' approval and officially established a connection to the Iversons.

Hunter could navigate smoothly between the Salvadors and the Iversons in the future. Did he still need to be wary of the Thompson family?

"Mr. Iverson, it's just a small favor to me. You're too polite." Hunter had a beautiful lady in his arms, appearing puffed up.

"A few glasses of wine is nothing much."

James swayed his wine glass, raising his brows with an ambiguous smile on his lips. "It can't compare to your guts, Mr. Lovett. To think you'd set up your own brother for intentional harm. One, it gives my brother an outlet to vent his frustrations. After all, someone would need to take the fall for Charles' sufferings. Secondly, it could hinder the relationship between Steven and Amelia. Your mother obsesses over her sons. Now, she'd probably rather die than let her son marry the daughter of a Thompson family mistress, right? You really killed two birds with one stone."

Since he could not touch Justin and Bella for now, he would start with the people around them.

Steven wanted the woman Charles could not get? Dream on!

“Haha... It’s all thanks to your generosity, Mr. Iverson.”

Under the influence of money and alcohol, Hunter shed his civilized facade, his eyes gleaming with greed. “Given that the target is my brother, the price you offered is pretty generous indeed. Of course, I must cooperate with your plan with everything I have.”

“Steven is your brother, whom you’ve grown up with. Aren’t you distressed for him?” James smiled and asked.

“Ha, he’s not my brother.”

Hunter gritted his teeth in resentment, his gaze vicious. “He’s merely Bella’s dog!”

James tutted, sipping his wine gracefully.

“Mr. James, you know my capabilities in the field of law. You can leave Mr.

Charles’ case to me, and I will definitely turn the tables for you. Besides, if your company has any legal problems in the future or needs legal consultation, you can come to me. I will be at your service anytime.”

James raised his eyes lazily, looking at Hunter’s flattering smile, and said casually, “No wonder you’re so well-known, Mr. Lovett. You’re versatile and adept. Based on what I know, you have close ties to Chairman Salvador and have helped the Salvador Corporation clean its ass more than once.”

He continued, “But it seems you’ve handled Mrs. Salvador’s drug case poorly this time. Mrs. Salvador still has not been released from custody, and her case will be on trial soon. As it has a terrible impact on society, this case will be publicly tried. Not even the Salvador Corporation could stop it.”

His smile gradually became disdainful and contemptuous. “Your record for being undefeated has been shattered by Bella and Justin. This matter has spread in the industry, affecting your reputation. How do I trust your professional ability again?”

Hunter’s smile stiffened on his face, feeling his cheeks burn in embarrassment while anger rose in his chest.

“Although Mrs. Salvador’s case will be publicly tried, the courtroom is my stage.

Even if I can’t get Mrs. Salvador acquitted, I can still minimize her punishment.”

Hunter gritted his teeth, downing a glass of wine. “Just wait and see.”

“Then I’ll wait for your good news, Mr. Lovett.”

James glanced at him mockingly. “If you could settle the Salvador family’s problems and prove your worth, we will have countless chances to work together.”

Drunk, Hunter stumbled toward the parking lot angrily.

His mood turned from elation at the beginning to feeling like a heavy rock had been placed on his shoulders, almost suffocating him.

At this moment, he finally realized that James had used him. He turned his back and even painted a rosy picture for him. The Iverson family was truly a den of snakes.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1285-Hunter secretly cursed James. “Burp! Fuck... If Shannon’s case didn’t fall through, do you think a famous lawyer like me would be willing to join your stupid drinking party?!”

He tugged on his tie fiercely, spitting at the ground. “Just you wait. I’ll win a splendid victory when Shannon’s case goes to public trial. At that time, even if you kneel to beg me, I won’t even give you a spare glance!”

Just as he squinted at his phone to call for a driver, four young men wearing flashy shirts and suits walked out from a dark corner, holding bats. They chuckled and surrounded him in the middle.

“You... What are you guys doing?!” Hunter sobered up, widening his eyes in shock.

“Can’t you see? We’re about to beat you up.”

Before his voice fell, a bat swung toward Hunter’s back, beating him to the ground.

“Ahem... Do you know who I am?!”

Hunter felt as if his spine was about to break, and he collapsed on the ground in fright, trembling. However, he still tried to act tough to save his pride. “I am a famous lawyer! I am the Salvador Corporation’s legal advisor! The Iverson Group’s president is also close to me! How dare you beat me? I will make sure you can’t survive in Savrow anymore! I’ll let you rot in prison!”

“Hahaha! Who are you trying to scare? We’re regulars in the cell. It’s like going home for us. Do you think we’re scared? We heard you take on any case and that you’re a lawyer without morals. Today, we’ll be heroes of justice! Beat him harder!”

Hunter curled into a ball, holding his head, while the four young men punched and kicked him. He felt like a baseball being hit around by a bat.

“I’m wrong! I’m sorry! Please have mercy!”

In a few minutes, he had multiple fractures. Blood was streaming down his face, and he knelt on the ground, begging for mercy.

A car was parked in the distance.

Elias leaned against the window, trying to hold back his laughter but failing to as he took a video with his phone.

Then, he sent the results of his mission to Sasha through WhatsApp.

[Ms. Sasha, how was it? Should I go further up a notch? Like peeing in his mouth?] Immediately after, he sent a cute sticker with a heart, contradicting his position as a leader in the Southern Star Syndicate.

After a while, Sasha replied.

[Disgusting.] A few seconds later, she added. [Do it.] [As you command, Ms. Sasha!] But after waiting a long time, Sasha did not reply to his message.

Elias repeatedly read the few words Sasha replied, pouting helplessly and dotingly. “Tsk! She’s not even willing to chat a bit more. Still as stingy as ever!”

Five days passed quickly in the blink of an eye.

Quite a lot has happened in the past few days. Wyatt was intercepted and brought away by Asher and Drew on his way to find Bella. No matter how sternly he questioned them, the brothers stuck to the same story, refusing to tell him where their sister was.

They merely told Wyatt there was nowhere else safer for Bella than by Justin’s side.

Wyatt had lived for sixty years and suddenly realized that he thought his bunch of children could protect him in his old age. However, they were in fact guarding against him!

His mindset changed.

As for the Iverson family...

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1286-Right after Charles walked out of prison, he immediately went to fix his two front teeth, continuing to live a carefree life under the protection of the Iverson family.

Despite his bruised face, it did not stop him from throwing a wild party at the Iverson Manor’s courtyard. He invited a bunch of young models over, indulging in an

extravagant revelry of wine and pleasure. However, an unfortunate impotence plagued him, allowing him to see but not partake in the pleasures before him.

His frustrations led him to consume an entire pack of aphrodisiacs, which resulted in a severe case of poisoning. His eyes rolled back as he foamed at the mouth, and his body convulsed uncontrollably. The emergency medical

personnel rushed him to the hospital in the middle of the night for an emergency gastric lavage.

Upon hearing of his son's distressing situation, a mixture of anger, hatred, and urgency surged within Lance. However, he could only swallow his pride. He secretly sought out every means possible to treat his son's impotence.

With the Thompsons withdrawing their lawsuit, he felt incredibly fortunate. At such a critical moment, even if he harbored thoughts of retaliation, he knew he must keep a low profile and avoid drawing attention. However, the situation was far grimmer for Hunter.

That night, Hunter got beaten to a pulp. Elias also made sure he carried out his threats, having his henchmen stuff hot feces into Hunter's mouth.

This vile act left Hunter unable to stomach any food for days, as everything tasted like excrement to him. He could not stop dry-heaving and nearly vomited bile. He even developed a high fever due to extreme distress.

To Hunter, this humiliating ordeal was worse than death.

Baffled and tormented, Hunter struggled to comprehend who would stoop so low to force him into such a humiliating situation.

Then, one night, as he lay feverish and on the brink of death, a sudden memory struck him.

During the beating, he had faintly noticed a lapel pin on one of the thug's suits. It was like a red bird.

Could it be a Vermilion Bird-the emblem of Savrow's most formidable gang, the Southern Star Syndicate?!

Hunter screamed in horror, instinctively clutching his head as if reacting to a shock, his teeth chattering as his body broke into a cold sweat.

Today, the delegation leaders and top officials from the five major cities gathered in Savrow to discuss important matters with the mayor and several influential council members.

It was an important gathering.

As the wife of a councilman, Astrid started preparing her outfit a week early, choosing a dress with intricate dragon and phoenix embroidery. For someone who was just a councilman's wife, she was preparing as though she wished she could wear a royal robe.

Ever since Astrid married Theodore, she has meticulously supported and managed his career like one might raise a child. She strategized his moves in both political and business circles, built his public image, and helped gather votes. Her hair thinned as she poured her family's money into covering Theodore's debts, helping him rise to his current esteemed status.

Now, with most of their connections solidified, only the upcoming mayoral election stood in their way. If her husband won, he would become the new mayor of Savrow.

This would move her a step closer to her aspiration of being the country's First Lady!

Astrid adjusted her husband's tie and continuously reminded him about what to say and how to behave at the meeting to make a good impression. Theodore, visibly irritated, could not hide his impatience further.

"Enough already. I've heard these things so many times!"

Theodore pushed her hands away, frowning as he tied his own tie and muttering, "You used to be concise. Why do you nag like an old hag now...?"

"You ungrateful man! Now that your career is taking off, you're starting to despise your devoted wife?!"

Astrid snapped back angrily, poking his forehead with her sharp fingernails.

"Without my efforts, where would you even be now? Let me be clear, Theodore.

Without me, you're nothing!" Theodore shot her a resentful glance and then turned to leave for the bathroom.

Just as he left, his phone on the nightstand suddenly vibrated.

Having secretly learned her husband's phone password, Astrid quickly grabbed the phone and unlocked it.

Upon discovering her husband's intensely flirtatious chats with not just one but multiple lovers, rage surged within her. Her eyes were shooting flames of fury!

Seething, Astrid charged into the bathroom and threw the phone directly at his face, shouting, "Theodore Savoy! How dare you cheat on me?! You've gone too far!"

Startled by her reaction, Theodore looked at her in disbelief. "You snooped through my phone? How could you do that?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1287-"I'm your wife! Why can't I have a look?!"

Astrid, forgetting all pretense of decorum befitting a councilman's wife, grabbed his collar and shook him violently. She shouted hysterically. "I've been so good to you, and this is how you repay me? You heartless jerk!"

As she raised her hand to slap Theodore, he quickly grabbed her wrist and shoved her back forcefully.

"Argh!"

Astrid lost her balance and crashed into the door. The pain made her gasp, and her eyes widened in shock.

"How dare you hit me? I'm the heiress of the Iverson Group! How dare you lay your hands on me? Aren't you scared of me going home and telling my Dad and big brother that you've been hitting me?!" "Go ahead. Tell anyone as you please!"

"I've had enough of you!"

Pushed to his limits, Theodore pointed accusingly at Astrid's stunned face. "The election is just around the corner. If you want to cause trouble and destroy everything we've built for years in one moment, just go ahead! Let me make this clear. Right now, our fates are intertwined. If I go down, so do all your aspirations!"

Astrid's face turned ghostly pale. She was speechless.

She had never imagined that her man could turn her dedicated efforts to build him up into a weapon against her!

"All these years, you've used your heiress status to oppress and humiliate me, and I've endured it. You wanted a publicly affectionate and caring relationship, and I've given you that! From now on, mind your own business. Just do what a councilman's wife is supposed to do, and we can all have great days for ourselves. Otherwise, we might as well go our separate ways!"

His words translated into one clear message. He had grown confident under Astrid's care and was ready to take off on his own!

Theodore straightened the collar she grabbed. Without sparing his wife another glance, he stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

Astrid sat dazed on the floor, pitiful tears streaming down her face.

After a while, she got up, wiping her tears off fiercely, and forced a smile in the mirror, so stiff it looked eerie.

“R-Right! What are a few mistresses? I’m going to be the future mayor’s wife! I need to be magnanimous and see the bigger picture in this situation. Once everything settles down, I’ll deal with them one by one. Just wait!”

At exactly 5:00 p.m., the reception for the inspection team took place at the Savrow Central Hall.

Mayor Solloway, Councilman Savoy, their wives, and other high-ranking officials and business elites from Savrow made a grand entrance into the hall, surrounded by media and staff.

As the chairman and president of the Iverson group, Lance and James also attended the event as representatives of the business community.

Thus, except for Charles, who was still recovering from his injuries, and the always-enigmatic Christopher, all members of the Iverson family were present at the event.

Amidst the grandeur of the event, unnoticed by all, a black luxury minivan silently parked across from the hall.

Behind the privacy glass, Justin hooked his arm around Bella’s slender waist and lifted her onto his lap. He pressed his lips against hers, exploring the smooth territory of her mouth with his tongue. His eyes glowed with desire as he savored her.

“Mmm... Enough already. You’re insatiable.”

Bella panted as she pushed him away, her lips swollen from his kisses. “We’re here on business!”

“We’re indeed handling business right now,” Justin replied with a slight curl of his thin lips. His handsome smile exuded a captivating charm.

“You... I meant the actual business, not this!” Bella’s cheeks flushed as she punched him lightly on the chest.

“Once you get the taste of it, you’ll want more of it, Bella.”

His large hand then caressed her silky black hair, his gaze fixed on her irresistibly. He could not help but nibble on her reddened earlobe, murmuring, "I will always crave you. I'll never get enough of you."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1288-Those sweet nothings that Bella once dreamed of hearing were now a constant reality.

Now, Justin wrapped himself around her day and night, chattering in her ear like a mosquito. To the point where she almost grew tired of it.

Yet, every time he drew close, touched her, and kissed her, her mind lit up like fireworks. Her emotions stirred beyond control as she allowed him to tease and tempt her.

As for her love for him, she did not need to express them in words.

It was all there in her reactions. Her face flushed, her heart raced, or her body yielded to his touch. That said everything.

Bella tried to regain her composure from his overwhelming kisses, playfully grabbed his tie, and teased. "Justin, you used to be so serious. Why do you always look like you're a dog in heat now?" She paused, realizing that might be too harsh to say out loud.

Even if it was true, it was not nice to say it out loud. It was better to spare him some dignity.

However, Justin's breathing grew heavier, a thick desire simmering in his eyes as he caressed the nape of her neck, his forehead resting against her smooth brow.

"Bella, I'm a dog in heat for you."

Bella's heart raced, and her cheeks flushed with a rosy glow as she playfully poked his firm chest. "Stop saying that. Criticizing yourself is like criticizing me, too."

The man swallowed hard and bit gently at her tender, reddened lips. "Today is a rare occasion. The minivan is spacious enough for us to have fun."

"I'm here for revenge, not to make out with you in the car!"

Bella's face turned a deeper shade of red as she flicked him on the forehead, quickly changing the subject. "By the way, why aren't the Hoffmans here today?"

Ryan is the company's acting president. Shouldn't he be stepping into events like this? Can he really afford to let the Iversons steal the spotlight?"

“They’re still dealing with the aftermath of Zoe’s scandal. They’ve been in the spotlight for all the wrong reasons lately, and showing up now might spark controversy.”

“Well, at least they’re aware of that themselves.”

Justin moved in closer, his nose lightly grazing her cheek, the sensation tickling slightly. “Ryan previously mentioned that he despises these events. He’d rather be at home cuddling his lovely wife than watching these doddering old men here. I quite agree with that.”

“You’ve been hugging me so tightly these past few days that I wake up feeling sticky and gross.”

Bella swiftly twisted off his lap like a rabbit escaping from its burrow, declaring.

“We’re sleeping in separate beds tonight!” The man felt a sudden emptiness in his arms. Upon hearing the mention of sleeping in separate beds, he almost teared up. He pleaded, “Please don’t be so harsh to me, Bella.”

Just then, a knock on the door interrupted them.

Bella rolled down the car window to see Ian’s face.

“Mr. Salvador, Young Madam, the arrangements inside the hall are all set.”

“Thanks for your hard work, Mr. Harris.”

Bella nodded with a smile, her expression turning serious as she continued, “But please be careful. Today’s event is extremely important, so security and patrols will be strict. If people from the Salvador Corporation aren’t present today and you show up now, the Iversons might catch on and suspect something. That would complicate our next moves.” “Don’t worry, Bella.”

Justin wrapped his long arms around her waist and murmured, “I have my men inside the hall, too.”

Bella’s beautiful eyes sparkled, and her anxious heart relaxed.

She then turned on her laptop, and her fingers danced nimbly across the keyboard, with green code cascading down the black screen like raindrops.

Justin had long grown accustomed to his woman’s remarkable skills. But no matter how many times he witnessed it, he still felt a mix of awe and humility in his heart. “Okay. Everything is set.”

Bella hit the enter key and stretched her fingers to relieve the stiffness. "Now, we just wait for the show to begin."

Justin tenderly took her small hand and gently massaged her fingertips.

He would let this woman turn the world upside down if she wanted to.

He would catch her if the ground sank, and he would hold up the sky for her if it fell.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1289-In the largest conference hall of the Central Hall, the atmosphere was quite solemn, filled with high-ranking officials and industry leaders from Savrow and across the nation.

Mayor Solloway was giving a speech at the conference.

Important figures like council members and business representatives sat at the front, while family members like Astrid could only find seats at the back.

Being the sole heiress of the Iverson family, Astrid had a significant standing in the circles of elite socialites. However, in the male-dominated world of politics, it was a different realm entirely. She was merely Theodore's spouse, without much right to speak.

Naturally, someone with her prominent and assertive personality was not happy about this.

She was the one who had meticulously crafted her husband's ascent to his current prestigious position. Without the backing of the Iverson family, the support from her father, and her careful grooming, Theodore's rise would have been impossible.

The more Astrid thought about it, the prouder she felt. Her previous sour mood, caused by rival mistresses, dissipated like smoke.

She vowed to one day sit at the front, just like the mayor's wife, Mrs. Solloway.

With this in mind, Astrid sat up straight, almost haughtily, as if she were looking down at others.

People nearby glanced at her and whispered among themselves.

"Look at her snobby demeanor. If you didn't know better, you'd think her head was in the clouds!"

"Exactly! The election hasn't even started yet, and she's already acting as if her husband is guaranteed to win. That's a bit too presumptuous!"

“Astrid still thinks she’s the precious heiress of the Iverson family. Doesn’t she know that a married daughter is technically nothing to their birth family? It’s widely known in our circle that she’s been siphoning of huge sums of money from her family like a mouse burrowing back into the hole to support her husband’s campaign. Her family has grown to despise her, yet she still thinks highly of herself!”

“I really don’t have high hopes for Councilman Savoy. Just looking at him, you can tell he’s going to be corrupt! If those two ever come to power, the people of Savrow are in for a tough time!” The harsh gossip pierced through Astrid’s ears, but she disregarded it.

In her opinion, those people were merely jealous, envious of her high-class background, and resentful of her husband’s success.

Just then, Mayor Solloway concluded his speech.

The room erupted into thunderous applause.

The host then stepped up to the stage and announced with a clear voice.

“Please welcome Councilman Savoy to introduce his business plans for Savrow for the upcoming three years!” Theodore walked onto the stage with all eyes on him and applause filling the air.

Astrid almost stood up to clap for him, eager for everyone to recognize their connection.

Theodore approached the microphone with a broad smile, “Now, let me share with you the upcoming plans for Savrow...”

He turned to face the big screen behind him, but in the next moment, he froze.

His smile vanished, replaced by a look of stormy dread, as if lightning had struck him.

Instead of the expected project PowerPoint slides, a handwritten bill appeared on the screen.

The bill clearly displayed the bribes Theodore had accepted over the years, with dates, locations, and amounts ranging from hundreds to millions of dollars, all meticulously listed. Theodore’s body wobbled, and he looked utterly dumbfounded.

A buzzing sound rang in Astrid’s head as if something drained all the blood from her body. Shocked, her face turned pale, and the world seemed to spin around her.

Below the stage, murmurs erupted among the audience.

“What’s this? It doesn’t look like project presentation slides.”

“Hey, that looks like a ledger! A ledger of bribery!”

“There’s Councilman Savoy’s name on it. Isn’t this evidence of him taking bribes?!”

In the next moment, the content on the screen changed again.

Now, a series of secretly taken photos played in a loop.

They showed Theodore entering private clubs, personally accepting expensive jewelry, and even images of him with his arms around two women heading into a club room. The crowd was in an uproar, and the media was stunned.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1290-Gosh! Who did this?! This is incredible!”

“They’ve accumulated so much evidence and chose such a critical moment to release it. They’re really out to destroy Theodore!”

“Could it be Mayor Solloway? After all, they are major rivals in this election.”

“It’s possible, but do the Solloways really have such capability? Whoever is behind this must be even more formidable!”

The relentless flashes of the cameras captured Theodore on stage, paralyzed and shaking, documenting his embarrassing predicament. Some reporters were not satisfied with just photographs. They surged toward the stage and pointed their cameras at him.

“Councilman Savoy! Is everything displayed on the screen factual?!”

“Did you take bribes? Have you engaged in any unauthorized dealings for personal gain?!”

Theodore’s teeth clattered uncontrollably as he staggered backward. “That wasn’t me! Someone photoshopped me into it. Someone is trying to frame me!”

“What about the ledger? How do you explain that?!”

“It’s fake! It’s all fake! I didn’t take that money! I never did!”

Sweat soaked Theodore’s face. He cried out in panic. “Where’s the security?!”

Come maintain order!”

As the scene descended into chaos with the media besieging his son-in-law and one scandal after another exploding like landmines, Lance became infuriated.

His face darkened rapidly. “Go and find out what’s going on immediately!”

Lance's eyes reddened, and his breathing was uneven with fury. "This is clearly an attack on my son-in-law, but they're actually aiming at the Iversons! Who on earth has such audacity to go after us?!" "Alright, Dad. I'll look into it right away!"

Realizing that the situation was out of control, James urgently suggested, "Let's take advantage of the situation and get you out of here now. After all, Theodore is your son-in-law. If he's in trouble, it'll probably affect you too."

"No way!"

Lance firmly refused. "If we leave now, wouldn't it seem like we're admitting to these scandals? Besides, people will think the Iversons can't handle pressure and can't play the long game. Wouldn't that just make us a laughingstock to them?"

Just then, James' phone vibrated.

He answered it with a stern expression, only to hear Astrid's voice come through in a frantic tone. "James! Come outside now! I'm waiting for you in the hallway!"

When James arrived, he found Astrid panicking, pacing back and forth with her face deathly pale.

"What on earth is happening, Astrid?!"

"James! You need to help Theodore!"

Astrid pleaded tearfully, gripping James' arm with a sheer look of panic. "If word of what happened at today's event spreads, Theodore's political career will be over!"

James gritted his teeth angrily. "With such an important event and numerous high officials and media here, do you think we can keep this under wraps?! The rumors have already taken over the city!" Astrid staggered backward in fright, her heart racing.

"Are the ledger and those photos real?" James exhaled sharply, his voice harsh.

Astrid shut her eyes and nodded.

"Useless! You're supposed to be the heiress of the Iverson family, and yet you can't even control a man who's financially dependent on you?! You've continually taken money from our family to support him, only to foster a man greedy for more?!" James' anger was uncontainable as he looked at his sister, whose actions always seemed to backfire.

"What's the use of talking about this now?! Every time something goes wrong, everyone blames it on me. But none of you mentioned how much you benefited from Theodore before! Do you think I supported him for myself? His supposed ascent to the mayor

would have benefited the Iversons, too!" Astrid screamed hysterically, on the verge of breaking down.

"Enough! Keep your voice down! Do you want everyone to hear you?!" James glared at her intensely, his gaze oppressive.

Astrid immediately stopped crying and asked tremulously, "James... You have to help Theodore! For the sake of the Iverson family's reputation... Please help him!"

"I know!"

James inhaled sharply, his expression grim. "Once the news gets out, it won't be long before authorities start investigating Theodore. I'll have people lock down the area and try to find a way for you both to leave quietly!"

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1291**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1291-The venue descended into chaos, with security personnel dispatched to maintain order.

However, due to the scale of the event and the multitude of media outlets invited, all the reporters swarmed toward Theodore, trapping him in the middle and leaving him immobilized. A juicy scandal for the media was like blood in the water for sharks, and the revelation was shockingly scandalous.

Lance Iverson's son-in-law, currently the top-pick candidate in the city's major election, turned out to be a corrupt official who indulged in both wealth and pleasures privately.

Who would not want to be the first to write about such headline news? Everyone was eager to tear Theodore apart for the news.

"Mr. Mayor, should I contact headquarters to send more personnel? It's getting difficult to manage the situation here!" The secretary hurried to Mayor Solloway, seeking instructions.

Mayor Solloway was positioned discreetly in a corner, allowing his rival to face the spotlight and wearing a smile that seemed to relish the unfolding drama.

"Let's just quietly watch the spectacle. Why go through the hassle? Just make sure my wife and I are kept safe, lest we get splattered in the upcoming uproar."

In response to the escalating situation, the Iversons beefed up security at the hall's entrances.

Soon after, three black sedans pulled up menacingly in front of the main entrance, lined up one after another.

As the car door opened, prosecutors in suits and bearing credentials swiftly disembarked.

Leading the group, Axel had a sharp gaze and a serious expression, a stark contrast to his usual playful nature seen at home. His powerful presence commanded attention, making it difficult for onlookers to look directly at him.

As the prosecutors approached purposefully, the security guards at the entrance looked at each other nervously, daunted by their authoritative approach.

“Please step aside. Don’t obstruct our work.” Axel spoke calmly, his expression cold and detached.

The security guards dared not stop them and meekly made way for them to pass.

Just as he entered the hall, Axel pressed the Bluetooth headset clipped to his left ear to communicate with his sister. “Bella, I’m inside now.”

“Hmm? How did it go so smoothly? That’s a bit unexpected.” Bella expressed her surprise.

“Heh... Look at who’s handling things for you. At crucial moments like this, you still need me...”

However, Axel’s boasting lasted barely three seconds before the Iversons’ staff swiftly moved in to block them from going in further, like an impenetrable wall.

“Ouch, my dear brother just got humbled!”

Bella’s playful laughter rang in Axel’s ear. “It doesn’t seem as smooth as you thought it’d be.”

“You can see me?!” Axel’s voice dropped as he quickly looked around.

“Of course. Not only can I see you, but I can also see what’s happening inside.”

Elsewhere, Bella rested her cheek on her hand, her eyes curving as she watched the besieged Theodore and Lance, who looked like he was in a dilemma, unable to decide whether to stay or leave. Her lips curled up in delight.

“It’s truly a sight you can’t afford to miss.”

Axel straightened up and tightened his tie. “Hmph! Bella, just watch. Your dearest brother will play a significant part in the most dramatic part of today’s play.”

“That may be true, but Prosecutor Thompson, you need to get inside first.”

Before she could finish her sentence, Justin's warm palm wrapped around Bella's delicate shoulders, gently caressing her. "Don't worry, Bella. Like I said, I have my men inside. They'll make sure your brother gets in smoothly."

Upon hearing Justin's words, Bella's eyes shimmered, slightly narrowing as she softly leaned into the man's embrace.

She had always been fiercely independent, whether as his wife or while working abroad with Doctors Without Borders. She was always proud and resolute.

But since Justin came into her life, she had only wanted to be the soft woman by his side.

After all, no matter what, he always pampered her and provided her with an irreplaceable sense of security.

"We're sorry. There's an important event going on here today, and you cannot enter." One of the Iverson family's bodyguards took the initiative to confront them. "I'm Prosecutor Axel Thompson from Savrow's Prosecutor Office."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1292-Axel's eyes narrowed sharply. "I'm here under official orders. The prosecutor's office has authorized the arrest of Councilman Savoy for interrogation. Please do not interfere with the execution of judicial duties! "We haven't been notified of any such order. We know only to keep unauthorized individuals out. None of them shall set foot in here!" The bodyguard responded with growing sternness.

Axel's lips curled into a mocking smile, his gaze icy. "Are you aware that you're already breaking the law?"

Unintimidated and confident in their powerful backing, the bodyguards disregarded Axel.

"Heh, given how you're dressed, you don't look like you're officially dispatched. If you're so concerned about us making an arrest, it suggests only one thing.

You're with the Iverson Group." Axel sneered. The bodyguard became visibly flustered.

Before stepping in, Lance Iverson had clearly instructed them not to mention the Iverson name, no matter what.

Their job was to delay anyone from entering to allow the Iversons more time to manage the situation. If the authorities were to take Theodore into custody, it would mean a definite and irreversible downfall for him.

Therefore, they stubbornly insisted, "No! We're not from the Iverson Group!

We're here to maintain order at this venue on behalf of Mayor Solloway!"

"Oh? Are you with Mayor Solloway? Why don't I recognize any of you then?"

Suddenly, a calm voice, followed by footsteps, drew everyone's attention.

The person who came was none other than the Chief Secretary from Mayor Solloway's office, followed by a group of personnel from the Solloway family.

The Iverson family's bodyguards were visibly mortified and embarrassed.

"You really have some nerve, huh? How dare you impersonate being an employee of the Solloway family right under Mayor Solloway's watch and attempt to frame him?"

The secretary scolded them sternly but then turned to Axel with a pleasant smile.

"Prosecutor Thompson, I think you should issue another arrest warrant to detain these individuals who are obstructing official duties under unknown orders, so we can thoroughly interrogate them and clear Mr. Mayor's name."

Axel nodded lightly. "I'll follow through on this matter."

"That's good to hear. It's important to note that our mayor wholeheartedly backs organizational directives and will actively support and cooperate with the efforts of the prosecutorial staff." The secretary added, skillfully boosting his boss's image.

The Iverson representatives were thoroughly intimidated, with none daring to interfere any further.

"Thank you for your cooperation."

Axel moved swiftly, leading his team decisively toward the event venue.

Just as they entered, the secretary discreetly moved to a corner to make a quick phone call.

Meanwhile, Justin, attempting to kiss Bella, was interrupted by his ringing phone.

"Stop it... Answer the phone." Bella's cheeks turned pink, her hands resting on his front, feeling the well-defined contours of his chest muscles through the meticulously tidy shirt. Her mind was wandering off. As she was distracted, Justin deepened his gaze, seized the moment, pinched her chin, and pecked her lips, then switched the phone to speaker mode.

The Chief Secretary's voice came through. "Mr. Salvador, I've completed the task you assigned me. Prosecutor Thompson has successfully led his team inside the venue."

“Thank you for your hard work, Secretary Chad.”

Suddenly, Justin pressed his broad and sturdy frame against Bella, pinning her against the car window.

In the next second, he delivered an intense, unrestrained kiss, pressing firmly against her cherry-red lips.

He was naturally not one to be satisfied with mere surface-level affections. His voracious desire was fully apparent.

As Bella returned the passionate kiss, her eyes glistening with emotion, she instinctively wrapped her arms around Justin’s neck.

Despite her response, she was extremely surprised inside.

She had clearly seen everything happening in the hall through the surveillance cameras.

Was the Chief Secretary to Mayor Solloway actually Justin’s spy?!

This was a shocking revelation!

Secretary Chad responded with a respectful smile. “Mr. Salvador, you’re being too nice. It is my honor to handle any task within my capabilities for you.

Besides, helping you also means helping Mayor Solloway. After all, he has been looking forward to witnessing today’s significant events.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1293-“In the future, please don’t hesitate to ask for anything you need!” Secretary Chad offered eagerly, treating Justin as if he were his own boss.

The temperature in the car began to rise as their lips and teeth intertwined in a deep and lingering kiss.

Justin reluctantly pulled away from Bella’s tender and moist lips, his own lips curving in satisfaction.

It was unclear whether his pleasure stemmed from Secretary Chad’s response or from Bella’s passionate reciprocation.

After ending the call, Bella’s forehead glistened with a thin layer of sweat.

“Are you some kind of omnipotent god? You even have connections close to Mayor Solloway?”

Bella panted softly in his arms, her eyes both soft and coy. "All those people in the political arena are cunning, driven by ambition and vanity. Especially someone in a secretary's position. They're often the closest confidants of high-ranking officials and the hardest to win over. How did you manage to sway Secretary Chad?"

Justin gently caressed her damp hair, raising an eyebrow. "I was able to gain his loyalty because I'm affluent and respectable enough."

"Pfft... What a big ego!" Bella teased, poking his cheek.

"Secretary Chad has been with Mayor Solloway for many years, but as far as I know, the mayor is quick-tempered and extremely harsh with his subordinates.

Working under him is like walking on thin ice, always on edge. Besides, despite several opportunities for advancement over the years, Mayor Solloway has deliberately held Secretary Chad back. Tell me, if you were in his shoes, would you remain utterly loyal to such a boss?"

Bella nodded in realization, revealing the scheme. "So, realizing that he couldn't progress in politics, he decided to switch to business. And you seized the opportunity by promising him some benefits, like helping you now and later securing him a position at Salvador Corporation, right?"

Justin's eyes filled with affection, his lips curled into a smile. "Bella, you really are a gem of wisdom, brilliantly perceptive." "Make sure to take good care of Secretary Chad. He's quick-witted and manages to keep everyone happy without a slip." Bella's eyes twinkled with brilliance. "Keep him around. He'll be of great use in the future."

James thought he had everything under control and was about to arrange for his sister and unlucky brother-in-law to exit quickly when Axel, leading a group of prosecutors with imposing momentum, approached them.

"J-James! How did they get in?!" Astrid trembled behind him, her heiress composure completely gone.

James clenched his teeth, his expression solemn, as he watched Axel go up to him.

"Mr. Iverson, things aren't going your way. No matter how much you try to obstruct or deflect, the light of justice will eventually shine through."

Axel met James' gaze with a half-smile, his integrity overwhelming James, "After all, Savrow does not belong to the Iversons. Some people dream of using their power to oppress others, thinking they can rule the world, but that's like laying on a bed in a toilet. It's too close to filth."

Visibly agitated yet unable to respond effectively, James forced a stiff smile.

“Young Master Axel, I have no idea what you’re talking about.”

Axel furrowed his eyebrow. “There’s no Young Master Axel here, just Prosecutor Thompson. Move aside and don’t obstruct the path.”

With that, Axel forcefully shouldered past James, leading his team into the venue.

James shrugged his shoulders where he got bumped, his eyes venomously following Axel’s departing figure.

“James! What do we do... What do we do?! They’re about to take my husband away! Stop them!” Astrid was frantic, desperately shaking James’ arm. “Shut up!” James finally snapped, yelling at her.

Astrid was so frightened that she immediately fell silent.

Meanwhile, surrounded by aggressive journalists, Theodore’s face was pale, and his hair was disheveled. His mind was racing with thoughts of escape.

Just then, firm steps from leather shoes echoed, and the crowd automatically made way.

“Look! It’s someone from the prosecutor’s office!”

Upon hearing this, Theodore could not help but tremble intensely.

At that moment, Axel walked up to him decisively, presenting the arrest warrant.

The venue fell eerily silent.

Then, Axel’s clear and compelling voice broke the silence, his tone harsh yet solemn.

“Theodore Savoy, you’re suspected of corruption, abuse of power, and engaging in power transactions for personal benefits. Please come with us for further investigation.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1294-As Theodore saw the prosecutors approaching him, he felt overwhelmed by the impending doom, causing his legs to give in. He collapsed to his knees under the watchful eyes of the crowd. Instantly, all social media platforms and news headlines simultaneously broke the news that Councilman Theodore Savoy had been arrested.

Quick-reacting reporters rushed toward Lance.

“Chairman Iverson! Do you have anything to say about your son-in-law’s arrest?”

“Were you aware of Councilman Savoy’s private dealings?”

“Has Councilman Savoy been mutually benefiting you during his office? Did he covertly leverage his position to provide advantages to the Iverson Group?”

Seething with fury, Lance’s face turned ashen.

He had assumed James would resolve the matter. Instead, the ravenous dogs from the prosecutor’s office had stormed in, led by Wyatt Thompson’s second son, Axel Thompson.

It was especially humiliating for Wyatt’s son to publicly arrest his son-in-law, blatantly disrespecting him!

In hindsight, he regretted not leaving earlier during the chaos.

“Dad! Let’s leave now!” James rushed over, hurriedly helping his father to leave.

The reporters followed relentlessly. As Lance struggled to move forward with his son’s help, his shoe came off.

“Oh no! My shoe!” Lance awkwardly held up his left foot.

“Dad! This is no time to worry about your shoes! We need to leave now!” James, frantic and sweating, pulled his father onward.

Thus, Lance had no choice but to flee the scene with one bare foot.

“Look! Why is there a shoe on the ground?!”

“Is that Lance Iverson’s shoe? Was he so flustered that he lost his shoe?”

Hahaha!”

The reporters laughed as they snapped pictures of the abandoned shoe.

The prosecution team dragged Theodore out of the venue. His legs went limp, as if he were too terrified to walk.

Across the street, Bella and Justin observed the entire scene.

Ian had already brought over some champagne, beaming with joy.

“Congratulations, Mr. Salvador and Young Madam. Together, you’re unstoppable!”

The couple picked up their champagne glasses, their lips curling up with satisfaction as they gazed into each other’s eyes. The clink of their glasses produced a pleasing chime.

“Thanks for helping out, Mr. Salvador. It’s a pleasure working with you.” Bella’s eyes brimmed with affectionate warmth, her lips naturally turning rosy, stunning enough to captivate his heart and soul. “I didn’t do much…”

Justin almost slipped and called her “wifey”, but quickly corrected himself. “It’s really all you, Bella. You’re thoughtful and strategic. I merely assisted where I could.”

Deep down, Justin was envious of Ryan every time he saw his best friend freely embrace Carrie and openly boast about his “charming wife” without hesitation.

It left Justin feeling bitter and sour every time he thought of it.

Yet he had only himself to blame for missing so many opportunities for happiness.

His reconciliation with Bella had already felt like a miracle, so he dared not ask for more. Even if it meant spending his life by her side, unmarried, he was content with that.

Bella noticed her brave warrior flustered by a slight misstep in his words, his eyes flickering with a touch of panic.

Her heart tightened, and she leaned in closer, wrapping her delicate arms around his neck and planting a kiss on his jaw.

Ian promptly opened the car door and stepped out, embodying the role of a secretary who was supposed to see and hear nothing at such moments.

Justin’s breathing grew heavier, his hand gently caressing her waist. “Bella, please stop tormenting me.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1295-Justin said, “My self-control collapses in your presence, leaving me vulnerable.”

Bella’s eyes reddened slightly as her warm breath lingered in his ear. Her voice was soft and melodious. “My man did so well today. I shall reward you tonight.”

The vital exchange event for Savrow concluded in a bizarre yet dramatic scene.

The public airing of Theodore’s scandal-ridden political career elicited widespread societal outrage and had an extremely negative impact. It even drew the President’s attention, who mandated a comprehensive probe into Theodore’s family and all officials connected to him privately so as to stamp out corruption.

Everyone in the political arena felt threatened, except those who deeply despised Theodore.

The Iversons also suffered collateral damage. Not only was the Iversons' reputation tarnished and their dignity lost, but they also came under scrutiny from the authorities.

As Lance scrolled through Twitter on his way home, he saw people mocking the shoe he left at the venue with the caption, "Everyone deserves a 'Tycoon style' shoe too!"

It infuriated him so much that he threw his phone out, shattering the windshield of his luxury car.

After a tumultuous return home, it was already late at night.

Unable to sleep, Lance called everyone to the living room for a meeting.

Charles, still groggy from alcohol, stumbled in cursing, only for his father to slap him awake.

Christopher sat calmly aside, elbow on the armrest, fist propping his head, watching the drama unfold with interest.

"There's clearly someone behind orchestrating Theodore's scandal! Who could it be? Who dares plot against the Iverson family?!" Lance roared furiously, almost smashing the expensive coffee table to pieces. Having commanded respect for decades, how did Lance reach such a low point? He ruined his reputation and even lost his shoe. It seemed only extreme measures could soothe his fury. "Dad, now that Theodore's arrested, there's going to be serious repercussions for our family."

James brooded, his expression dark and serious. "Our immediate concern should be to sever all ties with him. We also need to quickly destroy any evidence of the benefits we gained through his position that could implicate our family. This situation has alarmed the president, and if it continues to unfold this way, the investigation will soon reach us."

"What? Theodore the leech got arrested? Why?!" Charles' eyes were blurry from intoxication, trying to understand the situation.

"You brainless fool, full of nothing but booze! All you do is drink and chase after women. You're not even a fraction of the man your brothers are! How did I even end up with such a useless son like you?!" Lance had completely lost his patience with Charles, and his words, spoken in anger, were harsh and humiliating, cutting deep.

Charles was especially sensitive about comparisons to Christopher and accusations of impotence.

Now, his own father was mercilessly hitting all his sore spots.

"My current predicament is all thanks to Bella!"

With eyes red and breath heavy with rage, Charles blurted out, “If it wasn’t for that self-righteous quack of a doctor who operated on me, how could I have ended up so pathetic?! It’s all that bitch’s fault!” “Who did you just call a bitch?”

Christopher’s lips parted slightly, his cool, pale voice breaking the silence as he fixed his gaze on Charles, his eyes glinting with a chilling, bloodthirsty menace.

“I dare you to say it again.”

Charles’ heart skipped a beat. He stumbled back nervously onto the sofa, his tone diminishing in strength. “Anyway, it’s all Bella Thompson’s fault! She was the one who operated on my leg. Why did my lower half stop functioning? She must’ve sabotaged me!”

In the past, Charles would have never feared Christopher.

But now, disabled and fallen from grace both in the company and with their father, Charles was all bark and no bite, not daring to confront Christopher head-on anymore.

“Pfft! Charles, Dad said your brain is full of shit, and here you are, eager to prove him right.”

Christopher adjusted his glasses, a scornful smile playing on his lips. “If Bella really wanted to harm you, she would’ve simply made you a high-level paraplegic. So, what you’re saying is that in order to harm you, she healed your leg only to render you impotent? Heh... Keep those brain-dead comments within the family, please. Don’t embarrass the Iverson name elsewhere.”

“You!” Charles was so furious that his face turned red.

“Enough! Stop buzzing around like a fly!”

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1296**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1296-Lance furrowed his brows, feeling very worried. “Who collected such detailed evidence? Who has the ability to do it without anyone noticing? Who is capable of all this?!”

Charles complained angrily. “Isn’t it obvious? It must be the Solloway family.

They’ve always had a grudge against that idiot, Theodore. With the election coming up, they are bound to go all out against their opponents!”

“No, it’s not the Solloway family.”

James sounded confident as he said, "As far as I know, the Solloway family doesn't have the ability for something like this. Even if they had some evidence,

they wouldn't have exposed it during such an important meeting today. It wouldn't benefit them and could end up causing trouble for their superiors."

All of a sudden, he had an epiphany. He gritted his teeth and muttered, "Why does this sneaky and ruthless move remind me so much of something Bella would do?"

Lance was surprised. "Bella?! Could it actually be her doing?!"

"Big brother, do you have any evidence?" Christopher had a menacing glare in his eyes. "You're not saying all this just because of the argument with Bella about Charles at the Thompson's house, right? You're the respected CEO of Iverson Group. Is that all you can come up with?"

"My suspicions aren't groundless. After what happened with Charles, our family has been in a feud with the Thompson family. Remember what Bella said back then? Given her vengeful nature, she's bound to strike back at us. And now, here it is."

James squinted and gave him a cold stare. "Christopher, at this point you're not still fantasizing about becoming the son-in-law of the Thompson family, are you?"

"Don't you have bigger ambitions? The Thompson family is trampling over us, and it was Bella's brother, Axel, who led the people to arrest Theodore."

He continued, "Right after the truth came out, Axel immediately brought people over. Tell me, how could there be such a coincidence?"

Christopher was speechless and clenched his fists in anger.

"Even if Bella was going to strike, why would she go after Theodore?" Charles asked, when a sudden realization sent a chill down his spine. He and Astrid had plotted against Amelia. Could Theodore just be a decoy? Was Astrid actually Bella's real target?!

"Dad! Big Brother!"

At that moment, Astrid burst into the room, sobbing uncontrollably, her make-up completely ruined. "Theodore has made so many sacrifices over the years for the Iverson family. We can't just leave him out to dry like this!"

"You have the nerve to come here crying?! Your husband has completely disgraced me!" Lance stood up angrily and pointed at his daughter while clenching his jaw. "Theodore is finished. If you have any sense left, you'll cut ties with the Savoy family right away! If you insist on being stubborn, I'll pretend like I've never had such a stupid daughter! Don't drag your own family down with you!"

Astrid stood frozen, holding in her frustrations and not daring to utter a single word.

“Astrid, the prosecution will summon you in the next few days. You need to be prepared.” James stepped forward and solemnly placed his hands on her shoulders. “I will also arrange a press conference for you as soon as possible.

First, you need to demonstrate your stance and apologize for Theodore’s actions. You need to present yourself as someone who values justice over family connections. Second, use this chance to cut ties with him and assert that his actions have nothing to do with you. You also need to stand up for the Iverson family and do everything possible to salvage our family’s reputation.”

Astrid’s mind was in chaos, so she could only follow whatever James said.

Christopher remained silent, his glasses reflecting a sinister light. He certainly hated these corrupt individuals, but he also didn’t want to see the Iverson Group get into trouble. Otherwise, there would be nothing left for him to inherit.

Let James clean up this mess, then. Christopher only wanted to reap the benefits

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1297**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1297-The moon cast a gentle glow, and the room was filled with a faint, intoxicating scent.

Justin’s body tensed, and his eyes were filled with intense lust. He looked up at the woman sitting on top of him, scanning her from head to toe. He was consumed by his intense love for her and wanted nothing more than to hold her close and become one with her.

Bella hesitated. “Um... I haven’t tried this before, so don’t be disappointed if I don’t do it well,” she said softly, her hand resting on Justin’s heaving chest, shyly pressing her lips together.

Justin held her pale, slender legs, trying hard to contain his excitement. His fingers clung tightly to her skin until it turned red.

He didn’t anticipate that the “reward” she mentioned would involve switching things up. Despite having sex many times before, he had always been the one to initiate and put in all his effort to make sure she had an amazing time.

It had always been him taking charge and her enjoying it.

But this time, the roles were entirely reversed. How could he not be overjoyed?

“Am I doing it right?” Bella asked, her cheeks blushing as she spoke softly.

Justin's breath was steady, but the trembling of his muscles and his lustful eyes gave a fervent response.

"Bella... There's no need to force yourself." His voice was husky and intoxicating.

Bella closed her moist eyes and shook her head. "Isn't it nice to change things up?"

"Of course, it's just... I don't want you to feel tired." Justin's voice caught in his throat as he spoke, slightly trembling.

"Silly man." Bella said as she leaned over and lightly touched his lovely lips with her finger, tracing circles gently.

"We're equals when it comes to making love. If I'm doing anything wrong, just guide me."

After a night of intense lovemaking, Bella felt like she had poured so much energy into it. 'It's so exhausting! Laying down feels way more comfortable!' By the second half of the night, she was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open, but he embraced her again and even helped with cleaning her up afterwards. She thought, 'Is he a robot? He seems to have boundless energy.' The following day.

Bella only woke up after the sun had already risen high in the sky, feeling stiff all over and finding it tough to get out of bed, entangled in the covers.

"Understood, continue to keep a close watch." Justin's deep, captivating voice echoed. Bella rolled over, her sleepy eyes fixed on his back, seated on the edge of the bed.

The next second, her heart raced wildly as she shyly buried her face in the covers.

Justin's back was covered in fresh, red scratch marks—a clear sign of last night's passionate lovemaking.

"Are you awake already?" Justin turned around, gently caressing her cheek.

"I've asked Wilma to come over and cook you something delicious. You should sleep a little longer. You must be exhausted from last night."

Bella blinked. Her voice was gentle and relaxed. "Who were you talking to on the phone? Ian?"

"Mhm." Justin laid down as Bella snuggled into his arms. He held her close and said, "I've instructed Ian to continue creating buzz on social media targeting the Iverson Group, making sure to keep them in the spotlight on social media and grab as much attention as possible"

## The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1298

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1298-Bella gave him a peck on the cheek and said, "Good job."

Justin, feeling pleased with his reward, squinted happily with his starry eyes.

"Oh, there's one more thing. The Iverson family has made a move." Bella instantly perked up. "Oh, really? What is it?"

"They are planning to hold a press conference to clarify what happened in the previous meeting."

"Clarify? I think they're just trying to dodge responsibility and shift the blame."

Bella giggled softly, tracing a heart on his chest with her fingertips.

"The Iverson family had put so much effort into Theodore, and now that he had failed, they're probably worried about getting in trouble with the higher-ups."

Justin's gaze turned cold as he said, "To prove their sincerity, the Iverson Group will surely organize a press conference very soon, perhaps within the next few days."

"Hmph, Theodore's behavior as the corrupt councilman is inexcusable, but it's truly despicable how the Iverson family acts all high and mighty after turning their backs on him."

"Don't worry, Bella. I promised to seek justice for Amelia, and I won't give up easily. Anyone who hurts you or your loved ones will face severe consequences," Justin said through gritted teeth with a fierce determination in his voice.

Bella smiled joyfully as she listened to his powerful and steady heartbeat, her eyes squinting with delight.

Another reason she loved Justin was because of his strong commitment to fairness and his fearless sense of justice. They both shared similar values, believing in kindness and working toward a better world. Justin took hold of her fragile hand and touched her pinky finger.

A wave of tender soreness filled his chest instantly, and his throat tightened slightly. "Bella, what exactly happened to your finger? Can you tell me?"

"It's nothing, just a little accident from climbing trees when I was a child. It doesn't bother me."

Bella forced a smile, trying to make it seem genuine. "It's just a pinky. It doesn't affect my work or life. I'm a grown adult, so please don't always be so anxious around me. Relax a little. We have a long life ahead of us. If you are so tense all the time, I think you might end up with a heart attack."

"Because it's about you," Justin said softly, leaning down to give a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Even if it's a little thing, everything involving you deeply affects me and echoes deeply in my heart." "Justin, I know you've always felt regretful and guilty about what happened in the past, and it's been hard for you to look me in the eye, but I hate seeing you like this."

Bella felt a wave of sadness as she lightly touched his chiseled cheek. "I understand how tough it is to feel small and unworthy in front of someone you love. I don't want you to struggle with self-doubt, denial, and pain."

She continued, "Our journey hasn't been easy, and I wish our relationship could be happy and uncomplicated, as simple and pure as everyone else."

Back then, she had gone to great lengths to make Justin love her, changing herself in every way she could. The pain was so intense that it would wake her up, leaving her in tears. She loved him and didn't want him to face the same struggles she had.

Justin could understand her feelings, and it made him feel a deep sense of pain.

He rested his arm beside her, his veins bulging, and he kissed her again.

It was a mix of powerful and tender emotions.

Bella felt lightheaded and fragile, like she was drifting into the sky.

"Bella, after we're done with the Iverson family, let's go to Switzerland," Justin whispered in her ear.

"We can have a great time there. Didn't you say you wanted to see the mountains? I'll go with you." Bella blinked and replied casually, "Sure."

As someone in the medical field, she was aware of a well-known gynecology professor based in Switzerland.

Justin was always thoughtful and caring, but he wasn't the type to seek out fun or romantic trips. His proposal for a trip definitely had a hidden agenda-he wanted to accompany her to see a doctor. Even if there was no hope, he wanted to try.

She deeply understood his intentions and how he felt. If this could make him feel a bit better, then she would be okay with it.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1299-Axel had concrete and irrefutable evidence. The instant Theodore entered the prosecutor's office, he realized he was in big trouble.

Astrid was typically domineering and arrogant. At such a critical moment, no one was willing to help her. Everyone avoided her like the plague.

She had no option but to follow her father's and brother's orders to host a press conference for a public apology on behalf of the Iverson family. It felt like she was just being used by the Iverson family. Why did she have to deal with this humiliating task? Just because she was Lance's daughter?

The men in the Iverson family, who were related to her by blood, chose this crucial moment to push her into the public eye. They hid behind her like turtles,

retreating into their shells. Was this how they should act?

The press conference was scheduled for the day after tomorrow.

Lately, Astrid felt like each day dragged on forever. She lost her appetite, had trouble sleeping, and was constantly irritated. Every second was excruciatingly painful.

She ended up spending a whole afternoon by herself in the wine cellar, drowning her sorrows in alcohol. As she thought about how all her hard work had gone to waste, she cried out loud in the lonely wine cellar.

"Rather than sitting here in tears, maybe you should think about why things have ended up like this."

Astrid suddenly stopped crying as she noticed Christopher coming toward her with a mocking grin.

"Why... Why?"

"Yes, why indeed?"

Christopher casually took a seat opposite her, grabbed a wine glass, and poured himself some red wine. "Why have you consistently protected Theodore's years of hidden embezzlement, acceptance of bribes and enjoyment of the favors people sent his way without ever being exposed all along? Why did everything suddenly fall apart now, instead of earlier or later?"

"Yeah, why..." Astrid, feeling a bit tipsy, found her thoughts all jumbled. She could not figure anything out.

"Don't you remember what you did lately?"

With that comment, Astrid suddenly clicked. “Wait... Is it linked to the Thompson family? Are they behind this?!”

“You’re not completely hopeless when it comes to being stupid.”

Christopher happily took a sip of his red wine. “No matter how recklessly Theodore behaves in private, the Thompson family has no beef with him. Why would they go out of their way to target him? It’s clear that from the beginning, they weren’t after him.”

“The Thompsons are coming after me?!” Astrid’s face showed pure panic as she got up, accidentally knocking over her chair.

“Now, sis, you’re in a tough spot. Even if you hold a press conference and try to fix things for the Iverson family, it won’t make much of a difference. What’s done is done. Do you really think the Thompson family will let you off so easily? Going after your husband was just the start. There’s more trouble coming your way.”

Astrid grabbed her head in fear, screaming uncontrollably. Her hysterical screams echoed through the entire wine cellar.

Christopher quickly covered his ears, watching her as if she were crazy.

“No... No! I have nothing to do with Amelia... I didn’t do anything wrong. It was all my Charles’ doing... They can’t accuse me unfairly like this. They can’t treat me like that!” Astrid muttered to herself as she dashed out the door.

Shortly after, Taylor glanced around as he came in from outside and poured Christopher a glass of wine at the table.

“Mr. Iverson, do you know where that crazy woman went?”

“If I’m not wrong, Astrid has likely headed to Yara Park.”

“What?!”

Taylor couldn’t believe it. “The Thompson family had a big argument with the Iverson family recently. Now, that crazy woman is only going to escalate the situation between the two families.”

“It doesn’t matter. She is her own person, and I am mine. Whatever she does, it only hurts herself in the end. Why should I be bothered?”

Christopher sipped his drink with a dark gleam in his eyes. “Let her go. She’s headed for embarrassment. I want her to be consumed by bitterness. When that happens, she’ll become a ticking time bomb, ready to explode on certain people.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1300-Provoked by Christopher, Astrid quickly made her way to Hatchbay in the middle of the night while reeking of alcohol.

Wyatt was at home. Quentin attended to him while he took his medications, and Mila was there, keeping an eye on his blood pressure.

Lately, Wyatt has been so angry with Bella that it has caused his blood pressure to skyrocket. Despite being the chairman of the KS Group and a top tycoon, he could not locate his daughter's whereabouts. As days went by, he transitioned from being furious to simply feeling worried for his daughter's safety. He gradually calmed down.

He kept asking Asher and the others about Bella, but her brothers stayed tight lipped because they knew that Wyatt's strong emotions stemmed from his love for her, but this could also lead to chaos. As long as they kept him focused on worrying about Bella, his hatred and loathing toward Justin could be somewhat diverted.

"Wyatt, I'm not trying to scare you, but you really need to take care of your health."

Mila put away the blood pressure monitor with a concerned look on her face.

"You often joke about being halfway to the grave, but deep down, I know how much you cherish the idea of a long and healthy life. You dream of watching your children and grandchildren lead happy lives in their own families, experiencing the joy of having four generations together. But if you continue neglecting your well-being, I'm afraid that you might not live to see that day."

Wyatt pursed his lips and remained silent, like a boy being reprimanded by an adult.

Next to him, Quentin could only muster a helpless smile. Out of all the women in the family, it was only Mila's words that Wyatt really took to heart. Maybe it was because of her strong presence.

"My health is getting worse by the day, and I can't help but blame that brat, Bella! One of these days, she'll be the end of me. She's probably happy spending her time with that rascal Justin and starting their own little pack of..."

The bitter words were blurted out, causing Wyatt's heart to ache and cutting him off mid-sentence.

In the quiet study, there was a heavy feeling of sorrow.

"Wyatt, from now on, please never say such things in front of Bella." Mila looked even more stern. "You're always giving orders and showing off in public, but you can't be disrespectful to your children. Otherwise, no one will respect you."

Wyatt stayed silent, pressing his lips tightly together.

“Bella is already very upset.”

Mila lowered her gaze, took a deep breath, and continued, “As her family, we should always be there for her, no matter what. We shouldn’t just express our own anger without considering how she feels. It’s like stabbing her in the heart with our words.”

She continued, “Wyatt, I was the first to support you, and I have seen how Bella has grown up-how strong and sensible she is. Over the years, even though she grew up privileged, she has never tried to stop you from anything or make unreasonable demands on you, right?”

Wyatt’s lips were pressed so tightly that they turned white. The tension was evident as he processed what Mila said and faced the reality of his own harshness toward his daughter.

“Your daughter has never asked you for anything, and now all she wants is Justin. Why can’t you just grant her this?” Mila remarked bitterly.

“She’s sacrificing so much for that bastard! Can I even consider myself her dad if I stand by and let her harm herself?” Wyatt felt a touch of compassion, but he remained stubborn.

“But Bella has never truly been happy all these years.” Mila’s eyes started to turn red. “It’s only when she’s with Justin that I really get the sense that she is genuinely happy from the bottom of her heart.” “But Justin, he...”

“Wyatt, do you remember what Yara said to you before she passed away? Can you remember her exact words?”

Wyatt felt a tingling sensation shoot up his back, like an electric shock running to the top of his head, causing his pupils to shrink involuntarily.

Of course he remembered.

Even if his vision faded, his speech became slow, and his body weakened, he believed he would always remember Yara’s appearance, words, and joyful expression.

Even if he was dying, remembering their time together could still bring a heartfelt smile to his face.