

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1301-1350**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1301-Wyatt was lost in thought, thinking about Yara's last words.

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

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

Wyatt thought to himself, 'Find her own happiness? But, Yara, has our daughter's decision really brought her happiness? What should I do? If you know something, wherever you are, could you send me a sign in my dreams?' At that moment, there was a knock from outside the study.

Before Wyatt could respond, Sasha barged in with her voice, loud and urgent.

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

"Wait, are you referring to Astrid, Lance's daughter? What is she doing here?"

Wyatt exhaled a breath of frustration. "What kind of upbringing does the Iverson family give their children? A young lady from their household is showing up unannounced late at night, as if our house is a public market. Where are their manners?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Absolutely evil!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Ah!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1302-Astrid was already drunk, and her legs gave way. The next second, she collapsed into an awkward squat, her skirt riding up in an embarrassing display.

The butler immediately looked away, worried that he might get an eye infection from what he saw.

Just then, a splash of grimy yellow liquid came pouring down from above, soaking Astrid completely from head to toe and sending a chill down her spine.

Soon after, a revolting smell filled the air. She lifted her arm to sniff it and almost vomited from the strong odor. It was enough to make her feel queasy! What was that smell?! It was so pungent and unpleasant that it made her feel sick to her stomach.

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

"Heh, who asked you to keep causing a scene here and ruining the peace?"

Sasha slightly lifted her chin and confidently strolled out of the main gate. "Look, even the heavens find you annoying, tossing water to wake you up. Shut your mouth and go back to where you belong."

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

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

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

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

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

Astrid's heart sank as she realized she was about to leave empty-handed.

Frustrated and embarrassed, she angrily spat on the ground before reluctantly departing from Thompson's place, looking unkempt and smelling unpleasant.

"No wonder..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hmm... Wait a minute."

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1303-"This way of making people feel hopeless and unhappy is not exactly like Justin's style. Instead, it's more like Bella's way of handling things."

Mila looked over as she took Wyatt by the arm and said, "Wyatt, it's getting late.

You should go to bed now."

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

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

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

So, every night, he passionately made love to her in bed, determined to satisfy her completely until she was exhausted and begging for mercy before letting go.

It was as if he wanted to make up for all the missed chances to make love during the day.

Bella was truly at her wit's end.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"But... I mean..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I want my big win too.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1304-In a blink of an eye, the day of the press conference arrived.

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

“By the way, I thought it would be Lance or James, but I didn’t expect Astrid to be the one stepping up. She’s really impressive. Her husband is behind bars.

How does she still manage to sleep at night and have the energy for a press conference?”

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

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

“Rough? Councilman Savoy allegedly took in tens of millions of dollars in bribes.

That’s certainly enough to keep him behind bars for good. Do you really think none of that cash found its way into her hands? It’s every person for themselves when trouble hits!”

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

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

The journalists started firing tough questions.

“Ms. Iverson! The sudden arrest of Councilman Savoy has shocked the nation!

After all, he was a leading candidate in the Savrow mayoral election. Were you aware of his actions?”

“I didn’t know...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“He’s lying! He’s just taking advantage of the situation, attacking me when I’m vulnerable!”

Astrid’s legs were trembling under the table, and her face was drained of color.

She could no longer hold up under the immense pressure. “He’s intentionally trying to tarnish my reputation! After seeing my husband fail, he must have been influenced by our competitors. That’s why he’d make such ridiculous claims!

Who exactly is this person?! Does he dare not admit it? Tell me, who said this? I must sue him.” Before she could complete her sentence, a sudden, piercing screech echoed throughout the room.

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

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

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

“It’s a win-win situation. Don’t forget to send me any eligible ladies you know of.

We can always discuss the price.”

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1305-The Iverson family had raised a disgusting bunch of pigs!

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

Someone is trying to frame me!”

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

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

All at once, they lowered their heads to check their screens as a news alert popped up on Twitter. There it was a picture of Astrid meeting secretly with the

pimp, Mrs. Lee, and giving her money. Even though it was obvious that the photo was taken without Astrid’s knowledge, her wrongdoing was completely exposed for everyone to see.

“Ms. Iverson!”



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

Come with me quickly!"

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

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

"Police!" Ralph's eyes, cold as frosty stars, shone with a sharp fierceness.

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

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

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

[Oh my goodness! Is it really that tough to be in the upper class? A daughter of a wealthy family resorting to pimping to build her fortune?! It's utterly surreal!] [Is the Iverson family just faking it among the upper class? They're still acting like they get along with the Thompson family, boosting their image. They really know how to pretend!] [HAHAHA! Astrid's posture is spot-on, just like her husband when he got arrested! These two really have something in common!] [I can't believe they would do something so terrible! We need to keep looking into the Iverson Group. I'm sure there's a lot more shocking stuff we haven't found yet!] [Hey, did you see that young police officer leading the charge? He's really good-looking, like he could be in a fashion magazine or something!] Ralph shoved Astrid into the police vehicle, not bothering to shield her face or conceal the handcuffs on her wrists, making it obvious for everyone around.

[Rich people don't get any special privileges. When rich people break the law, they are held to the same standards as everyone else!] Astrid faced justice, but this dramatic act of payback was nowhere near finished.

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

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

“Mr. Salvador! Did you and the young madam watch the live press conference?

What did you think of my performance?!”

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1306-“Mr. Salvador, what’s your reward for me?”

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

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

Justin snarled, “Are you threatening me?”

“Never! I wouldn’t dare!” Ian immediately straightened his back, sweat starting to form on his forehead.

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

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

What a money-minded guy!

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

Justin scoffed lightly, “With such thick skin, you’re better off as a car salesman.”

“Mr. Salvador, even though I’m not married yet, I still need to set some money aside for my future wife. I’ve been working hard for you every day, even doing extra detective work when needed. My whole youth has been dedicated to the Salvador Corporation! I’m so busy that I don’t even have time for dating. Please cut me some slack as a single guy who’s got nobody to love or care for.”

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

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

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

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

'Oh my... Is the Young Madam flirting with Mr. Salvador?' This playful behavior was making his bones go numb. Who could resist it?

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

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

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

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

"How dare you arrest me?! Do you know who I am? I'm the daughter of the Iverson Corporation's magnate! My father is Lance Iverson! Do you have any idea how much Iverson Group contributes to Savrow's annual GDP? How dare you low-lives arrest me? You better believe me when I say I'll strip off your police uniforms!"

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

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

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

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

“Alright, then tell your dad and brother to hurry up. I can’t wait any longer.”

Ralph turned around with a sly smile on his face and casually said, “I’m Ralph.

Ralph Thompson.”

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1307-Back in the villa, the two couples sat in the living room with their eyes fixed on the TV.

They were all watching the news channel.

After a few minutes, the news segment began with the headline of the day.

Astrid Iverson was arrested!

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

“Huh? This handsome police officer looks familiar, like I’ve seen him somewhere...”

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

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

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

“What’s wrong? Is it not suitable for minors, so you won’t let me watch?”

Bella pouted coquettishly. “I’ve seen all kinds of scenes in my life. It’s just a kiss.”

“No... I’m afraid you’d feel awkward.” Justin lightly pinched her nose, smiling helplessly.

“Hmph! I’m not the one feeling awkward. It’s obviously someone else who is feeling awkward.”

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

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

Ryan repeatedly caresses her moist lips with his fingertips, his voice husky.

“Handsome police officer? Is he more handsome than your husband?” Carrie’s cheeks blushed like peaches. “Mm... Well, you’re both handsome.”

“Huh? Who’s more handsome?” Ryan tickled her gently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1308-"Lance's sudden hospitalization might not be a result of an actual illness but rather a way to stay out of the public eye.

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

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

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

Ryan thought, 'Carrie sure knows how to cut to the chase.' All three were momentarily silenced by her question.

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

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

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

There was a sudden silence in the living room.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

No wonder they said people in love were fools.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1309-Bella hugged Justin's muscular arm and raised her beautiful eyebrows confidently. "As long as we don't take any further actions and keep quiet, Christopher won't be able to hold back and will try everything to get rid of Charles."

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



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

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

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

Wyatt's expression was cold as he calmly replied, "Chairman Iverson and I were merely former business partners. I hope you don't believe everything you hear from the media. All I can say is that when you make a mistake, you must own it.

When things go south, stand tall. I hope the Iverson family can learn from this lesson and not disappoint the nation again."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Astrid, at this point, how naive are you to still pin your hopes on those men from the Iverson family?" Christopher sneered. "If they wanted to save you, they would have acted long ago. Don't you think they would've made a move before you were about to



be sentenced? Have they visited you while you're locked up in here? Have they arranged for someone to take care of you inside? It seems to me that they are unwilling to do even these basic things for you."

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

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

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

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

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

Christopher secretly chuckled, but his face showed nothing but concern for her.

"Since we can't change anything now, why don't I vent your frustrations for you, Astrid?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1310-Astrid's face contorted ferociously, her gaze fixed firmly on Christopher's delicate yet despicable face.

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

Christopher showed no trace of anger. Instead, his smile deepened. "I may not be a saint, but even beasts have some loyalty. I've always been reluctant to be too ruthless toward my own flesh and blood. So, I want to help you, Astrid.

Besides, who else is thinking of you now besides me? In this god-forsaken place, do you still consider yourself a member of the Iverson family?"

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

"Astrid, think about it. How did you and your husband end up in this miserable situation? Who's to blame for it all?" Astrid's anger surged, her voice hoarse. "The Thompson family... It's the Thompson family getting back at me! That bitch, Bella, is responsible for it!"

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

"Charles..."

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

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

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

Christopher was playing with her emotions.

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

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

"That depends on how much sincerity you're willing to show in our cooperation,"

Christopher replied, elegantly crossing his legs. Now, the initiative was entirely in his hands.

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

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

Christopher remarked calmly.

Suddenly, he leaned closer to the glass, and a sinister smile played on his lips.

"You need to make him wish for death but be unable to get it. You want him to hate you every day of his life, unable to do anything about it. That's when it'll be satisfying."

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

Christopher interrupted. "No need for a password."

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

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

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

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

"It's smelly and gloomy in there. It's hardly a place for humans to stay."

Christopher wrinkled his brow, rubbing his hands together. His obsession with cleanliness surfaced once again. "But the environment seems quite suitable for creatures like Astrid."

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

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1311**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1311-Taylor probed. "Mr. Iverson, will the psycho bitch go along with it?"

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

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

"I hope so."

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

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

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

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

Christopher's fancy ride headed straight to Pivotage.

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

Everything was in his control.

The only exception was Bella.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Stop the car!"

Taylor slammed the brakes, sweat pouring down his forehead.

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1312-The couple at the food truck was Bella and Justin.

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

It was an amazing feat.

“Is it tasty?” Bella tenderly took a napkin to wipe the grease off Justin’s lips.

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

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

The couple was perfect for each other.

The old lady was happy for them.

“Tsk. You only said that because I brought you here.”

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

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

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

Bella blinked and took a bite.

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

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

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

Bella’s breath hitched.

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

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

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

"Back then, I would get really hungry after helping my mom out with the labor.

My mom would take me to eat at food trucks."

Twirling the plastic cup, Justin dwelled on the locked memory. "My mom would only order something for me to save money, but she made sure I had protein.

She would add a few condiments and seasonings to the food so I wouldn't get fed up with the same food. This is my favorite combination. The taste is addictive. I still enjoy my food with the same combination of seasoning, but I can never get back the taste I savored during my childhood."

The air was filled with a heart-wrenching silence.

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1313-A heart-warming sensation stirred within Justin.

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

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

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

Christopher felt like his heart was ripped apart.

Taylor sighed glumly.

Anything could be obtained through effort and manipulation except love.

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

Justin did not deserve Bella.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then came a crack.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1314-James, without time to get home for a change of clothes, was summoned to the hospital by Lance.

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

Money was not the main cause of his outburst.

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

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

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

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

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

James froze.

"Don't panic, Dad."

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

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

"You do, Chris?" Lance was shocked.



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

To James, Christopher was nothing more than a bootlicker.

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

Christopher approached Lance and patted his back. “Don’t forget that I lived in Sentania for 15 years. I can call a few favors to get the go-ahead for our project.

This is a little something I can do for you.” “Really, Chris? Can you get the project in Sentania to go on?” Lance grabbed his arm excitedly.

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

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

Christopher would never forget what the family did to him.

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

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

His smile was so bright.

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

“This is a project worth tens of billions of dollars, Dad. I wouldn’t lie to you.”

Hiding his true emotions behind his eyes, Christopher smiled innocently. “That’s my boy!”

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1315-Choked for words, James grimaced.

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

James seethed with rage for Christopher.

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

“I can call in a few favors, but in what capability should I come forward?”

Christopher sighed with concern. “It’s no issue that I don’t share any company shares, but I don’t even work there.

“How should I introduce myself when I meet the government officials of Sentania? Should I call myself one of the heirs of the Iverson Group?” “That’s an easy fix.”

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

James was taken aback.

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

Christopher beamed. “Thank you.”

Lance’s secretary burst into the ward and shouted, “Oh, no, Chairman Iverson.

The police took Mr. Charles away.”

“What?” Lance and James were shocked.

Only Christopher, standing behind them, curled his lips.

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

During the arrest, Charles was caught in his briefs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then came the shocking scene.

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

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

Blinding flashes of light engulfed Charles.

His shivering member was exposed to the press.

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

Thud.

He passed out.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1316-Charles' arrest rocked the whole nation to its core.

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

The Iversons came out worst in all of this.

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

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

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

"Dad!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tension rose to an all-time high.

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

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

“Don’t say that about James, Dad.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1317-Christopher said, “Besides, I want to be named the successor in the right way.

The last thing I want is to be called a conniving thief.”

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

Christopher closed his eyes as emotions swept through him. "Wyatt has his reservations about me and Bella. Even though he doesn't say anything about it, he can't give me her hand in marriage since I have no connections to the Iverson Group. I need to bag the Iverson Group and cut ties with the Iversons to

show Wyatt my sincerity. That's the chance I need to be with Bella. I'm willing to do anything for her. The Iverson Group will be my gift to her."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Don't say that, Madam."

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

The doorbell rang.

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

Carrie sprinted down the stairs gleefully and reached the hallway.

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

"Welcome home, Ryan!"

The air was thick with awkwardness.

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

But she did not smell the faint scent of tobacco that Ryan usually had on him.

Instead, the man smelled of soap.

"What are you smelling, Ms. Salvador?"

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

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

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

"Oh? Do you still remember me? The man in the news? When was I on TV?"

With his hands behind his back, Ralph leaned forward and smiled brightly.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1318-Carrie put her hand over her mouth. She could not believe what she had just done.

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

She thought to herself, 'Am I tainted? Did I cheat on Ryan?' "S-Sorry..." It took a while before Carrie admitted her mistake.

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

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

as Carrie was adorable.

"Madam!"

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

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

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

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

“Ms. Thompson and Mr. Salvador are away.”

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

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

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

“This is a nice house. It has more character than my family’s.” Ralph looked around aimlessly.

He thought, ‘Bella must be living at Ryan’s place since leaving home. At least Justin found her a nice spot.’ “That’s what the last person said. He talked about getting a place around here too.” Yasmin smiled pretentiously.

“Who was it?”

“Mr. Drew.”

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

He noticed Carrie curling up in a corner uneasily.

“Did I scare you, Ms. Salvador?” Ralph smiled.

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

“My bad. Now that I think about it, I was a little touchy-feely with you. I’m sorry.”

Ralph spent most of his time in the precinct. He was used to getting down to business and speaking bluntly, so he blurted things out without second thought.

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

The doorbell rang again.

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



“Is Bella home?” Ralph came up behind her.

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1319-Ralph looked at Yasmin.

Yasmin met Ralph’s gaze with displeasure and asked solemnly, “Did you bring Chairman Thompson here?”

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

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

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

Yasmin was lost for words.

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

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

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

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

Quentin was taken aback. “Mr. Ralph?!”

Ralph scratched his head. “Hi, Dad...”

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

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

“Oh.”

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

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

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

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

Wyatt dropped the stern act and showed Yasmin a kind face. "How old are you, young lady? What's your name? Where do you work? Are your parents from Hatchbay or Savrow? My son tends to keep a low profile, but we are ready to accept his wife. You will be well taken care of when you marry into the family.

Don't let this opportunity slip away, and don't think too much about it. Just tie the knot with him!" "Dad!" Ralph did not know if he should laugh or cry. He regretted opening the door for Wyatt.

"You got the wrong idea, Chairman Thompson. Mr. Ralph and I aren't going out.

I'm just Mr. Hoffman's secretary," Yasmin responded.

Disappointed, Wyatt shot Ralph a look of disdain.

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1320-Wyatt gasped sharply, nearly flipping out in rage.

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

They were such a loving pair of father and son.

A flurry of footsteps followed.

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

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

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

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

"That's not important."

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

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

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

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

She was rather introverted with high social anxiety.

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

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

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

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

He could not wrap his head around one thing.

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

His intention to marry aside, Ralph's job would take him away on dangerous missions without any breaks. No decent woman could stand a workaholic like him. If he were to marry, he wanted to shower his future wife with love and happiness. However, it was

not something he could offer at the moment. Ralph could not possibly put any woman through that.

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

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

"It's Mr. Hoffman."

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

Salvador's hand in marriage."

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

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1321**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1321-"Oh? Tsk... I was wondering who it was."

Wyatt did not take it seriously at all, looking at Ralph like he was entrusting an important task to him. "Preparing to propose? That means he has not proposed.

Ralph, you can still shoot your shot!" Ralph rubbed his temples in annoyance.

He really wanted to dig a hole, jump in, and cover himself with soil.

As Wyatt's voice fell, a clear and sharp footstep sounded as someone rushed in.

"Wyatt! What are you doing, bringing so many men to fill up our yard? Are you starting a rebellion?!" Bella had a hand on her waist, glaring at her father.

Now, her emotions and mindset had leaned toward peace under the nourishment of love. She no longer resisted or feared facing Wyatt.

Even if this domineering man exerted pressure on them using the force of the whole KS Group, it did not matter.

After an intimate session last night, Bella turned over, her fair and soft body lying on top of Justin. She traced his thin lips with her fingertips, asking gently, "Justin, what are you thinking?"

Justin bit her finger lightly, his hands gently caressing her sweat-covered back.

"I'm thinking about the challenges that await us in the future."

"Everything's fine. Why are you thinking about that?"

Bella turned her head, resting it on his chest. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it. As long as we are together, there's nothing we can't handle in the world. Hey, you already backed down last time. You won't be a coward again, right?"

Justin's handsome brows furrowed, and he dotingly pinched her waist. "Bella, I didn't back down. I just..."

"Hehe... I know. I was only teasing you."

Justin was speechless. Was it a joke to call him a coward? He had been quite cowardly before.

He would take it as a loving joke from his beloved woman.

"Anyway, only death could separate us in this lifetime." Bella's tone was sullen, seemingly stubborn.

"There is no situation that can separate us."

Justin's eyes were moist as his fingers intertwined with hers. "We'll face the hardships of life together and be buried side by side after death."

Wyatt was stunned when he saw his daughter, whom he had not seen for quite some time.

Bella only wore ordinary sportswear and was bare-faced. She held a bag of groceries in her left hand. It was obvious she had just returned from the supermarket.

His precious daughter had dozens of servants at her service ever since she was born, but now she had to go to the supermarket herself. She had lost her nobility and elegance!

Wyatt, who doted on his daughter very much, was about to lose his temper.

However, he noticed Justin standing behind Bella with four heavy bags of groceries in hand and no spare hands. Furrowing his brows, Wyatt felt a wave of intense heartache and bitterness.

Amongst those feelings, there was even a hint of inexplicable jealousy.

Justin sensitively caught Wyatt's slightly reddened eyes and thought he was still furious. He quickly put down the bags in his hands and bowed deeply.

"Chairman Thompson, I'm very sorry."

"Why are you apologizing? If anyone should apologize, it should be Wyatt. No matter what, he should not rely on his seniority to hit you!" Bella looked at Wyatt, puffing her cheeks angrily.

Wyatt's heart felt a painful prick. He took a deep breath in frustration and said coldly, "Bella, it's been many days. You've done enough reckless stuff and seen the people you want to see. My patience is limited. It's time for you to come back with me

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1322-The air in the living room immediately turned cold.

Ralph knew that he could not try to mediate between his father and sister because it might even make things worse, so he left the area discreetly. Yasmin also brought Carrie away, leaving them space to talk.

Justin's breath hitched in his chest. His trembling hand instinctively wanted to hold Bella's hand, but his fingers curled inward, halting the movement.

He thought, 'Bella... I really don't want to let you leave.' Justin was never a coward. He was open about loving or hating someone.

However, he felt like he owed Bella and felt guilty toward Wyatt.

Regardless of whether it was the three years of painful marriage or the child Bella lost, it was all Justin's fault. He hurt Wyatt's precious daughter and was an unforgivable sinner.

Forget Wyatt hurling insults at him; even if Wyatt wanted to beat him up again, Justin would let Wyatt vent until he was satisfied.

"Wyatt, what are you thinking?" Bella snorted, her gaze determined. "If I had planned to listen to you, I wouldn't have risked breaking my bones to escape from home. You'd be better off worrying less about me. When I left home and wandered overseas, you didn't find me. Now, to ruin my happiness, you're truly giving it your all with extreme measures."

Justin pursed his lips and stepped forward, staring anxiously at Bella's resolved face.

"Bella... You!" Rage surged within Wyatt, causing his face to pale and his breath to be unsteady. "Look at you now! Are you still the sophisticated young lady of the Thompson family?! You even went to the supermarket for groceries yourself!

Were you cooking for the past few days?! Was it not enough to serve the Salvadors for three years as a maid for free? Is this the love and the life you want?!" Wyatt got angrier as he spoke. He thought, 'The only daughter of the woman I loved the most should be cherished. How could my princess endure such suffering?! Justin is a bastard!' "Wyatt, this is the life I've always wanted-an ordinary life."

Bella's heart swirled with complicated emotions, her nose tingling. "I don't think it is suffering because this is what I wanted. I only want a simple life with someone, having three meals a day throughout the four seasons."

Justin's thin lips paled, and his curled fingers clenched into fists of regret. 'Three meals a day throughout the four seasons... That was what Bella always wanted, but I only managed to give it to her now.' Bella said, "You've never experienced these, and you've never really understood me. You don't even know what my mother wanted. Therefore, you don't have the right to judge my life and intervene with my choices."

Her words caused heart-aching burns in Wyatt's heart, and his vision gradually turned blurry.

"Also, Justin was the one cooking all these days. He cleaned the house and washed my clothes. I was just accompanying him on grocery shopping."

Bella's warm hands wrapped over Justin's clenched fists, firmly intertwining their fingers. "Justin knows how to do everything except give birth. You don't need to worry about me anymore. You can either stay for dinner and taste Justin's cooking or leave."

As he still had matters to discuss with Bella, Ralph did not leave after avoiding the scene. Instead, he strolled around in the villa.

Ralph casually walked into a long corridor and noticed that the wall was filled with paintings delicately framed with exquisite copper.

There was beautiful scenery and cute animals, but more were portraits.

Ralph subconsciously stopped in front of a one-meter-tall painting. In the painting, the man wearing a black shirt with a lean figure and broad shoulders, eyes sparkling like diamonds, was Ryan. Ralph's eyes widened slightly as he admired the painting. His good manners restrained him from reaching out to touch it.

"Such a nice painting... It's as real as a photograph

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1323-"Really?"

Ralph's heart skipped a beat, and he turned around.

Carried had appeared behind him unknowingly, looking shyly at him with lowered brows and holding a brown bear plushie in her arms tightly.

She looked incredibly cute.

Ralph's eyes darkened slightly, and he smiled gently. "Of course. I'm serious.

Did you paint this?"

"Yeah." Carrie nodded.

"You must've put in a lot of thought and emotion and invested a lot of effort, right?"

"Yeah... It's okay. The most important thing is that Ryan likes it."

At the mention of Ryan, Carrie's clear eyes bloomed with a sweet smile, and she blushed. "Ryan treats me so well, but I have nothing to give him... I can only give him a painting. I am happy as long as he likes it."

Ralph's heart trembled deeply.

Throughout the years he became a police officer, he saw the dark side of the world as he fiercely battled countless villains in society. It had been long since he saw such pure and innocent eyes.

The girl before him was like a shade of the brightest moonlight, illuminating a corner in his dark and dull heart.

"Captain Ralph...?" Seeing that Ralph was staring at her straightly, Carrie blinked in confusion.

Ralph returned to his senses and curled his lips. "I remember you referring to Bella as Annie at Madam Celeste's birthday banquet. There's no need for formalities between us. You can call me Ralph like Bella does."

"Ralph...?" Carrie was obedient, addressing Ralph as he pleased.

Ralph narrowed his sharp eyes and was about to speak, but a cold voice pierced through.

"Mr. Ralph, Young Madam Carrie is my boss's girlfriend. It's quite inappropriate for you to get so close to her in private."

Yasmin stared closely at Ralph's face, quickly walking to Carrie's side and looking like she was asserting dominance on Ryan's behalf.



Ralph's expression was calm, smiling lightly as he asked, "I'm not sure how I've been acting inappropriately for you to act like you're facing an enemy. Does being Ryan's girlfriend mean that Carrie does not have the right to communicate normally with other people? If she talks to another man, that man is as good as dead, is that it? Is Ryan too obsessive or too unconfident in himself?" "You!"

Yasmin gritted her teeth, anger burning in her eyes!

If this man were not Bella's brother, Yasmin would have given him a good punch in the face.

"Yasmin..." Carrie hurriedly nudged the hem of Yasmin's shirt, shaking her head anxiously.

Although Carrie was not good with words and looked foolish, she understood how to read situations.

Ralph was Bella's brother. Due to this relationship, Ralph was willing to talk to her a bit more. Carrie understood that. If they got into a conflict because of a small matter like this, Bella would be embarrassed, which would be bad.

Ralph's gaze swept across Carrie's nervous expression, and his lips eventually curled up into an indifferent smile, striding past Yasmin. "Nobody can snatch away what belongs to him. What's the use of being so protective?"

"But your worry is unnecessary. After all, the children of the Thompson family are well-mannered."

Unexpectedly, after an intense fight with his daughter, Wyatt chose to stay for dinner.

He was furious a moment ago, but in the next second, he shamelessly stayed for free food. Only someone from the Thompson family could pull off a slick move like this.

Justin was frightened because he had to cook for his father-in-law. He had never felt so panicked, as if his heart was jumping out of his throat.

Wyatt sat in the living room imposingly. His oppressive presence was not inferior to that of an emperor receiving an audience.

"Bella... I only know a few common dishes, and I've not even mastered them."

Justin stood in the kitchen stiffly, feeling worried. "Would your dad vomit if he ate them?"

"Pfft, it's not that bad!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1324-Bella could not help but laugh. She draped the apron around Justin's neck and tied it for him. "My dad's taste buds had been spoiled by Aunt Celeste, so he's known to be picky and demanding." Justin gulped hard and took a deep breath.

"Don't be scared. I'll teach you. If you follow my steps carefully, you won't go wrong."

Justin's gaze was filled with gentle affection as his strong arms pulled Bella into his chest, planting a passionate kiss on her forehead.

"As you wish, my commander."

"Oh no! You should put the meat first! You got the order wrong!"

"Shit! You put too much vinegar!"

"Damn it! The pan is burning. Quick, flip it!"

The kitchen was noisy with Bella's and Justin's bickering, making the scene seem chaotic.

Wyatt was resting in the living room. His eyes widened slightly after hearing the noises, and he looked toward the kitchen.

The kitchen on the first floor of the villa was open-plan. Although it was quite some distance from the living room, Wyatt could still see the situation from his angle.

Wyatt saw Justin's sturdy and broad back bustling around in a mess and his daughter barking instructions at the side, occasionally bumping Justin with her butt playfully or knocking him on the head. Justin showed no signs of impatience. Instead, he stared at Bella with a wide smile, like a fool.

Wyatt wondered what Bella saw in Justin.

Although Wyatt's face was full of resentment, his gaze gradually softened as he stared at the young couple intently, unable to look away.

They both seemed so domesticated.

Was this relaxed atmosphere and simple joy not what he searched painstakingly for?

"Chairman Thompson, look at how happy Ms. Bella's laughter is. You haven't seen her laugh like that for some time, right?" Quentin stood beside Wyatt, smiling in relief.

"Hmph, with me as her father, how could she turn out to have such a love-riddled brain? She'll regret it!" Wyatt muttered angrily.

Quentin smiled and comforted him. "Let her be in love. Ms. Bella is talented and beautiful. She has everything. With billions of family assets to inherit, she could spend a lifetime tossing money from the rooftop of the KS Group. If she wants to date, why don't you let her? Nobody will dare to bully her. I've observed Mr.

Salvador's character for a while. He's equal to Ms. Bella in appearance and family background, and his work ethic and ability are beyond doubt. Most importantly, he is honest and kind, a truly outstanding candidate among the younger generation."

Wyatt frowned deeply, raised his eyes, and scrutinized Quentin. "Tsk, what's up with you today? Did Justin bribe you? Why are you speaking for him?"

Quentin smiled helplessly. "I'm only speaking facts and commenting on what I see."

Wyatt retracted his displeased gaze and sat there, sulking.

"Chairman Thompson, I know you chose to stay for dinner because you missed Ms. Bella, right?"

Quentin leaned down, seeing the hint of loneliness hidden in Wyatt's gaze, feeling distressed. "Ms. Bella is in hiding, and you worry about her. Now that you've finally met her, you're unwilling to part ways so soon."

That was why the business tycoon chose to impose on the couple shamelessly.

"You are just too stubborn with your words. If you could express your love for Ms. Bella straightforwardly, what couldn't you solve?"

Wyatt pursed his lips, his eyes drooping in silence.

After a while, he suddenly asked, "Quentin, are my actions really that bad? I tried to match Bella with Christopher because she is still young and doesn't know the nature of marriage. Love is far less important than compatibility.

Christopher is better at taking care of Bella. He's also better at making Bella happy.

"Bella is fine with that stubborn Justin now, but marriage requires living together for decades. When the passion fades, the cruel side of marriage will surface.

Will she be able to handle it at that time? Will she not regret her choice? I only want Bella to try considering others so that she has more choices. Is that wrong?"

Quentin patiently listened to Wyatt and pondered before speaking thoughtfully.

"Parents try to plan for their children's future. Your intentions were right, but I disagree with something you said. You think love is not as important as compatibility, but I think

character is most important. I haven't interacted much with Mr. Christopher, so I can't comment much. However, he intentionally leaked Ms. Bella's and Mr. Salvador's whereabouts to you this time, and you know very well why he did it. Since he likes Ms. Bella, he should compete with Mr.

Salvador fairly. It's not very honorable to use you to pressure Mr. Salvador." Wyatt was stunned by Quentin's words.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1325-After messing around for an hour, a few somewhat presentable dishes were finally served on the table.

Simple stir-frying dishes were fine, but once the difficulty increased, Justin found that he had no talent for cooking.

He even relied on Bella to supervise and instruct him throughout the process. If he tried to cook on his own, they would probably have to wait until midnight.

After the work was done, Justin's forehead was covered with sweat, and his white shirt was drenched.

Bella felt distressed as she looked at him, taking a tissue to wipe his sweat while pouting angrily. "Wyatt is so annoying. He has a bunch of cooks and Aunt

Celeste, our beautiful residential chef, at home. Why did he have to stay for dinner and make things difficult for others?"

"Bella, you haven't seen Chairman Thompson for some time, and you asked him to stay to taste my cooking." Justin did not think it was troublesome. Instead, he enjoyed the cozy moment cooking with his beloved woman.

Bella blamed herself for speaking sarcastically, causing it to backfire on Justin instead. Her face flushed. "That was my anger speaking! Can't he tell?"

"It's okay, Bella."

Justin's arm wrapped around Bella's narrow waist, comforting her softly. "I've always wanted to do something for Chairman Thompson, even if it's just a simple dinner." "Are you trying to please him?"

Bella pressed her body close to him, her nose almost touching his. "Forget about it. He's impossible. Even if you bomb him with kindness, he might still show you a sour face. Besides, you don't have to do so. Who cares about him when we're together?"

"Ahem!"

Wyatt coughed loudly, interrupting the couple's sweet words.

Bella rolled her eyes. 'This old geezer is always ruining the mood!' "Ha, it must be tough for Mr. Salvador to cook. I even thought you were going to make breakfast for me instead of dinner." Wyatt sneered, taking his seat elegantly.

Justin was speechless.

"Ha, you said you wanted to stay for dinner yourself. Nobody is forcing you."

Bella shot back, her eyes narrowing slightly. "Apart from me, Justin has never cooked for anyone else. Stop complaining when you're already taking advantage of him."

Wyatt was at a loss for words.

Justin frowned and chuckled.

Bella and Wyatt were indeed father and daughter. Their tone and mannerisms were the same, as if they were looking in a mirror.

Wyatt straightened his back, picked up his cutlery, and started to dig in.

Justin felt as if his heart was not his own the whole time, unable to feel his heartbeat. He held his breath as he waited for Wyatt to try his cooking.

The unwanted son-in-law had to face his father-in-law someday.

"Is sauce free?"

"Why is there so much salt?"

"These vegetables are overcooked. What a failure!"

Wyatt gobbled down the food while making harsh comments.

Justin expected that his review would not be great, but he did not expect it to be this bad. He could only smile bitterly.

However, no matter what, it was already something he would not dare dream of that Bella's father would allow him on the table.

Bella could not endure it anymore and finally exploded. "That's enough, Wyatt! If you can't eat it, you're welcome to leave. Justin put in so much hard work to cook for you. Even if you don't like it, you shouldn't be so ungrateful! Besides, why did you eat so much if it tasted bad? Are you a masochist?"

"I didn't even change after getting off the plane and came straight to Savrow to look for you! I haven't had a sip of water until now. I finally got to stay for a meal, but this

bastard is so slow at cooking that I almost starved to death! Do you think I like eating this? His dishes are inedible!" As he spoke, Wyatt shoved down another spoonful of food, chewing fiercely, as if he were chewing Justin's flesh and bones instead.

Bella was initially angry, but she could not help but laugh after hearing this.

Seeing that his daughter was smiling, Wyatt's lips instinctively curled up.

Justin and Quentin were delighted to see the ice breaking between the father and daughter. The atmosphere at the dinner table started to become warm and relaxed, compared to the heavy and suffocating pressure at the beginning.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1326-The meal was unexpectedly calm and smooth.

Bella and Wyatt seemed to have a tacit understanding, and neither brought up anything that might upset the other.

"Damn! How could you guys eat without me?!"

Ralph got impatient while strolling around. He was also hungry at this point. He immediately plopped down at the dining table and said, "Bella, why didn't you call me when you prepared such a feast? I don't eat as much as Axel does. Are you afraid that I'd finish your food?!"

Wyatt and Bella looked at Ralph, saying simultaneously, "Shit, I forgot about you."

After dinner, Wyatt prepared to leave.

Bella stood on the steps and watched Wyatt and Quentin leave, but Justin did not dare to neglect Wyatt and sent him to the car.

Before entering the car, Wyatt's tall figure suddenly paused, and he looked at Justin solemnly. "Don't get cocky. I only stayed for dinner tonight because I miss my daughter and want to spend more time with her. I've never acknowledged you, nor have I forgiven you."

Justin was humble, and his voice was hoarse with a tinge of bitterness. "I know I'm not good enough, so I never dreamed of getting your forgiveness. I only hope you can give me a chance to be good to Bella. I'm willing to give my life for her, and I'll spare no efforts to make her happy."

Wyatt's pupils slightly contracted, and he raised his brows mockingly. "Justin, how you behave in front of Bella is your business. But in front of me, you don't need to act like a lover boy. Besides my family, I am ruthless toward anyone else. Even if you really give your life to my daughter, I'll still resent you and disapprove of you two being together. In

the end, all your efforts will be futile, and you'll regret it." "I've only regretted one thing in my life."

The corner of Justin's eyes was slightly red, and his trembling lips parted. "I regretted not realizing my true feelings in the beginning and failing to cherish Bella back then. Even if I can't end up with Bella, I will always protect her until I take my last breath."

Wyatt stared at him intently and said nothing before getting into the car.

After the Thompson family's luxurious car drove away, Justin turned around and walked back to Bella.

"What did Wyatt say to you?" Bella hugged his arm, embracing it.

"Chairman Thompson wants you to go to bed earlier and eat on time. Your body is not as strong as you think, so don't overwork yourself."

Justin lowered his head and kissed her cheek affectionately. "Also, stop eating ice cream while you're on your period."

"I don't know whether Wyatt said the first two sentences, but you must've added the last point yourself." Bella squinted at him, seeing through Justin's little tricks.

"I can't fool you."

Justin curled his lips helplessly. "Just listen to me once, okay?"

"Fine... What did he really say to you? It can't be anything good!" Bella persisted.

Justin's lashes fluttered, and he smiled casually. "No matter what he said, aren't you still by my side? I'm already satisfied that Chairman Thompson did not bring you away."

On the way back, Quentin did not dare speak to Wyatt.

The air in the car felt a little suffocating, but he felt that the cause was not Justin.

After God knows how long, Wyatt suddenly blurted out, "Actually, that brat's cooking is edible."

Quentin's eyes widened, but he still smiled calmly. "It's because Ms. Bella's instructions were on point."

"He's really patient. If it were me, I couldn't have endured a woman nagging in my ear. It's like having a thousand mosquitoes flying around. How annoying."

Wyatt clicked his tongue. "Madam was also someone who loved to talk, smile, and nag you. I don't see you being impatient at all..."

Quentin accidentally mentioned Wyatt's first wife, Bella's mother. His heart tightened, and his words came to a halt. Afraid of reminding Wyatt of his painful memories, he did not dare to continue. Wyatt's eagle-like eyes were covered with a thick layer of sadness. A lump formed in his throat, and his trembling hands, resting on his knees, clenched into fists.

After a long silence, Wyatt murmured hoarsely, "Quentin... I miss Yara."

Quentin opened his mouth, but did not know how to comfort him.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1327-"I don't mind everything else. But when Bella said that I never knew what her mother wanted, it really broke my heart." Wyatt slowly closed his eyes, his lashes tainted with tears under the city's neon lights.

"Apart from me, who else would understand Yara?"

"Chairman Thompson, Ms. Bella is still young and spirited. She did not experience the past, nor did she know about it."

Quentin let out a long sigh. "If she had the chance to know everything about Madam, she would come to understand your painstaking efforts."

After sending Wyatt away, Yasmin brought Carrie to rest upstairs while Bella, Justin, and Ralph sat in the living room to discuss serious matters. "Bella, I

swear to God, I didn't snitch on you!" Ralph swore, raising his fingers.

"I know. You guys are not such despicable people. Even Declan, who bears the most hostility toward Justin, would never stoop so low to use Wyatt to pressure us." Bella trusted her family unconditionally. "You've lived here for the past few days. Wyatt would have come earlier if he had heard the news. It means someone leaked your information to Wyatt. They can't stand seeing you happy!"

Ralph rubbed his chin, feeling puzzled. "Who could it be?"

"It must be that snake." Bella said out of instinct, "I was bored out of my mind and asked Justin to go out with me on a walk. Savrow is full of Christopher's spies. His men could have noticed our whereabouts and followed us. It's possible that he snitched on us to make himself relevant to Wyatt."

Bella suspected Christopher because she viewed him as a demon.



“Damn, does he have nothing else to do? Why is he so shameless?” Ralph tutted and shook his head disdainfully.

“It doesn’t matter. If he wants to play with these dirty tricks, let him be. Anyway, Justin and I are immune to it.” Bella raised her beautiful face at Justin.

Justin’s eyes were laced with tenderness and affection. He kissed her lips as if nobody else were around.

Bella never needed to ask for a kiss. He was always proactive.

“Fuck... Can we get down to business quickly? I still have to go back to the station.”

Ralph turned his head away, looking a little disgusted. “You guys are cheesier than the cheese I ate last night!”

Returning to the topic, Justin opened the file Ralph brought, reading through the documents carefully with Bella.

“Shannon’s case will go on public trial soon. This document contains the information I collected with Axel, including some details the judge might ask.

Take a look if there’s anything else to add.” Ralph’s expression turned serious.

“We only have one chance. We must grasp it so as not to give Shannon and the Salvador Corporation any time to breathe.”

Justin’s gaze was burning, and he held the document tightly, the feather-light paper feeling like a heavy stone in his hands.

Finally, the day when dawn would break was approaching.

“Ralph, thank you. Axel too.”

Bella gripped Justin’s hand, looking at Ralph with gratitude. “But your assistance can stop here regarding Shannon’s case. It’s already against the rules for you to bring this information out for us. And it’s enough. Justin and I will follow up with the rest. You and Axel don’t need to worry about it anymore.”

Ralph pursed his lips in thought and then nodded. “Good luck.”

“Thanks.” Justin’s thin lips curled.

It was getting late, so Ralph insisted that they did not need to see him out and got up, walking toward the entrance.

Just as he wanted to open the door, someone pushed the door open first.

A cold gust of wind brushed past him, and the man who appeared was none other than Ryan, who rushed back.

Seeing Ralph, Ryan was stunned.

What was going on? Why was Ralph at his house?!

Ralph looked indifferent. "Please excuse me."

His casual attitude made Ryan inexplicably pissed.

Therefore, he raised his brows and sized up Ralph with a mocking gaze, a subtle hostility radiating from him. "Oh, who is this? Isn't this the handsome little guy on TV?"

"I'm the one on TV, and who might you be?" Ralph tilted his head, refusing to back down in the slightest. "The territorial and protective Ryan?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1328-Ralph's casual words immediately raised the tension between him and Ryan.

Ryan's eyes widened, and the nerves in his body tensed.

Territorial and protective? Was Ralph referring to Carrie? Why did Ralph suddenly refer to him with that?! Ryan had only left for a short time, yet there had already been a thief in his home, trying to steal from him?! "Ralph? You haven't left yet?"

Just as the two men were stuck in a deadlock, Bella and Justin walked over after hearing the commotion.

Bella sharply noticed that the two men seemed to be confronting each other, and her gaze turned suspicious.

"Oh, I'm not quite sure how to open this door. Luckily, Mr. Hoffman was back and opened it for me. I will leave now."

Ralph turned back and smiled brightly at Bella, as if nothing had happened.

"Bella, after I'm done with work, let me bring you out for a trip. You shouldn't just spend your time with one guy. It'll be boring!" Justin was speechless.

Although he knew it was a joke and that Ralph was Bella's brother, Justin still could not help but feel jealous.

After Ralph left, Ryan still had not calmed his emotions. Warning bells were ringing in his mind.

He felt that Ralph had met Carrie while he was not home, and they had interacted for a while.

“Ryan, what’s wrong? You don’t look good,” Justin asked worriedly.

“Nothing.” Ryan took a deep breath.

“Sorry. I asked Ralph to send some information to me without informing you in advance.”

Bella was sharp and perceptive, immediately sensing what Ryan was bothered about, and she apologized to him. “You are like brothers with Justin, but this is still your home with Carrie. I am merely crashing here. It was improper for me to let an outsider in. I won’t let it happen again.”

Justin was shocked. He held her thin waist, hurriedly explaining to Ryan, “Bella, don’t overthink it. Ryan is not so petty.”

Ryan’s eyes widened, and he quickly waved his hand. “Bella! I don’t deserve such words from you! I’m happy that you’re staying here. Justin is happy, and Carrie is even happier! Since you came, her mood has lightened, and she’s become more talkative. I’d even love for you two to stay until Christmas! I have no complaints!”

Bella leaned against Justin’s chest, and they shared a tacit look. “I’m indeed embarrassed to disturb you for so long. Although I’m reluctant to part with Carrie, it’s inconvenient for you lovebirds to be intimate with us living here.”

Her words made Ryan embarrassed.

He was once a seasoned player on the field of love, but because of Carrie, his personality had completely changed, and he regarded love and sex as sacred.

So, listening to Bella’s words now, he felt pretty shy, blushing like a teenager who had first experienced love.

“Besides, my father was here tonight.”

“Chairman Thompson came?!” Ryan jumped in shock.

Damn it! What else did he miss while he was away?!

“Although he brought some men, he did not forcefully take me away and even stayed for the dinner Justin prepared.”

“What?! Justin cooked?!”

Ryan’s jaw nearly dropped from the shock, but he still did not forget to tease Justin. “Chairman Thompson has guts, daring to put anything in his mouth.

What if he got food poisoning?”

Justin was speechless as he gritted his teeth. “Did you have dinner at the garbage dump? What a foul mouth.”

“My father’s attitude toward Justin isn’t great, but at least he’s not as hostile. He now knows that we’re living together, so there’s nothing to hide. We’ll pack up and return to live in my villa.” Bella’s eyes curved sweetly, eagerly wanting to enjoy her time alone with Justin.

“How about tonight?” Justin understood her, softly whispering in her ears.

“Aren’t you tired after cooking all night? I’m exhausted. Let’s talk about it tomorrow.” Bella yawned.

Justin’s hands touched her waist restlessly. “Then tonight, I’ll do the moving. You stay put.”

Although he was whispering, Ryan could hear him clearly.

Fuck... When did this man become such a flirt?!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1329-Ryan’s throat bobbed, and his desire had been ignited too. He had even thought of how to love Carrie tonight and in what positions. “Pervert!” Bella bit her red lips, elbowing Justin in the ribs.

The three of them returned to the living room and sat down.

At this moment, Carrie fell asleep while watching TV, so Yasmin came downstairs after taking care of her and served the trio tea.

Yasmin looked at Ryan, seemingly hesitant to speak. After all, it was not the time to give a report.

“I went back to the Hoffman family.”

Ryan lowered his head and drank a sip of tea, his tone heavy and full of guilt.

“Justin, Bella, I must apologize to you. My grandfather still bailed out Zoe in the end.” Upon hearing this name, Justin’s eyes instantly flashed with icy murderous intent.

“She’s indeed ridiculously out of line, but it’s not to the extent of being convicted.

I’ve already expected her to be released after being locked up for a few weeks.”

Bella did not show much emotion and was calm. “However, even if she was released, Zoe’s social life in the country was as good as dead. Due to all those scandals, her reputation was ruined. That woman’s dreams of standing under the spotlight and gaining everyone’s attention have been completely shattered.

Even if she’s from the Hoffman family, most of the TV channels and media have blacklisted her. She cannot appear in public events or even live broadcasts, let alone be a pianist. The two notorious women in Savrow, Shannon and Zoe, will be remembered for ages, though not in the way they wanted.” “It’s not enough.

It’s far from enough.”

Justin’s eyes burned with angry flames as if they could turn everything into ashes, and he gripped Bella’s hand so tightly that it hurt. “The harm she caused Bella is enough to make her pay for it by dying a miserable death. This punishment is too light for her! Ryan, although she is your sister, I have to warn you that I won’t show her any mercy.”

Bella’s heart trembled slightly. She rested her head on Justin’s shoulder, feeling inexplicably safe.

“Sigh, Justin, you might not have a chance to act. I’ve sent her away.”

Ryan sighed in frustration. His brows furrowed deeply. “My grandfather and mother want me to protect her. I fought with them, but in the end, the conclusion was to exile her. I will watch her closely and forbid her from returning to Savrow.

Bella, I can only do this much for now. I also want to punish her properly, but...”

“Ryan, you don’t need to explain. I understand your difficulty.”

Bella smiled faintly, comforting him. “I’m already grateful for what you’ve done.

It’s enough. I don’t need more. Your career is in an important phase now. If you go too far with Zoe, your restless uncle might hold it against you, and your grandfather would bear a grudge in his heart. Don’t underestimate these grudges. They might become the strongest obstacle on your path to controlling the Hoffman family. Moreover, compared to getting my revenge on that brat, what I want more is to see you and Carrie living happily together. I want to see you marry her, even if you have to face countless obstacles. I hope you will have enough power to fight against anyone and protect her.”

Bella meant that she wanted Ryan to firmly grasp the real power of the Hoffman family.

Only with enough power could he guarantee a bright future with Carrie.

“Bella, Justin, rest assured and leave Carrie to me.”

Ryan looked at Bella gratefully, feeling happy for Justin to have such an understanding and considerate woman as his lover, from the depths of his heart.

However, Ryan was not jealous.

In his heart, Carrie was perfect.

When Taylor hurriedly rushed to report the situation to Christopher, Christopher was training his shooting skills in the shooting range.

He wore a spotless white shirt and ironed black slacks, with black leather sleeves tied to his arm, showing his tense muscles.

Under the gold-rimmed glasses, his gaze was cold and sharp, and his gun handling posture was on point. He fired three consecutive shots at the target, which was a hundred meters away. Bang! Bang! Bang!

Taylor quickly covered his ears, staring at his boss with admiration.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1330-‘Ah... He’s so cool and sexy! Why is Ms. Bella not attracted to an outstanding man like Mr. Christopher?’ Taylor thought.

At this moment, the target slowly moved closer, with Justin’s picture stuck on it.

Moreover, the three consecutive shots Christopher fired accurately hit Justin’s head.

“Amazing! Mr. Christopher, your shooting skills are on point!” Taylor immediately clapped and flattered his boss.

“It’s a pity.” Christopher put away his gun. His pale lips parted slightly.

“Pity?”

“It’s a pity that it’s just a photo and not the real person.”

Christopher did not look at Taylor. Instead, he pulled out a white handkerchief from his pocket and carefully wiped his gun. “What’s the matter?”

“Mr. Christopher, the men we sent to follow Chairman Thompson updated that although Chairman Thompson went to find Ms. Bella and Justin, he did not bring her away.” Taylor’s forehead was already covered with sweat after he finished his sentence.

As expected, Christopher's gaze turned dark. "He didn't take Bella with him? Is Bella still living at Ryan's place with Justin?"

"Yes..." Taylor's voice trembled.

Christopher's eyes were filled with gloom and viciousness. He immediately loaded bullets into his gun and fired several shots at the ground.

The bullet exploded by Taylor's feet, scaring him out of his wits, but he did not dare to make a sound.

It was not until Taylor had emptied the clip that Christopher took a deep breath, his eyes red with madness.

"Prepare the car!"

It was almost midnight when Wyatt returned to Yara Park.

His expression was incredibly pissed when he left, but now, it seemed he had come to terms with something. Thinking about how his daughter even put on some weight under the care of that bastard, his tensed heart slowly relaxed.

In fact, he felt a bit of regret.

If he had not taken such extreme measures as to imprison his daughter at home, Bella would not have escaped by jumping out of the window on that stormy night.

The more Wyatt thought about it, the more he felt a lingering fear.

If anything happened to her when she jumped out the window, he could not continue living either. He would not have the guts to face Bella's mother in the afterlife. After all, what mattered more than Bella's safety?

As for that Salvador brat...

"Uncle Wyatt!"

Hearing someone call out to him, Wyatt and Quentin both turned around.

They saw Christopher walking over while holding an exquisite white pastry box, his gaze shining with passionate light.

"Christopher? Why are you here?" Wyatt looked at him in surprise.

Christopher's heart sank, but he maintained his graceful smile. "I've been here, waiting for you to bring Bella back. I'm worried that she might not have the time to eat in the car, so... I prepared some pastries from the famous shop in Savrow.

She mentioned before that she liked the pastries from this shop the most, so I..."

"I didn't bring Bella back with me. She's still with Justin now."

Wyatt interrupted him indifferently. "I thank you on behalf of Bella. It's past midnight, and it's inappropriate for someone of your status to wait here. Go back quickly."

Seeing Wyatt's dismissive attitude, Christopher got anxious and stepped forward. "Uncle Wyatt! Are you really going to watch Bella repeat her mistakes?!"

"Justin once made Bella suffer alone, bled her dry, and made her shed tears, even damaging her body! How can you tolerate Bella being with such a despicable and shameless man?!"

Wyatt's sharp eyes narrowed, revealing an ambiguous smile. "Justin repeatedly harassed my daughter. He was slapped a hundred times and even risked his life a few times, yet he still stuck to my daughter. It's indeed quite shameless. But in my opinion, he does things openly. He never backstabbed anyone or played dirty tricks. In terms of character and human decency, he's still passable. At the very least, he can still redeem himself."

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1331**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1331-Christopher's expression stiffened.

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

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

"Not genuine?" Wyatt raised an eyebrow.

"Have you ever thought about when Justin started to have feelings for Bella?"



Wasn't it until after they were divorced that he got to know that the wife he had looked down upon for three years was actually the KS Group's heiress?

Everyone knew that Justin was not the son of Chairman Salvador's first wife, and the way his mother rose to power was not honorable.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1332-Wyatt glanced at him suspiciously. "It seems you quite admire Justin."

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

Quentin did not dare to speak further.

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

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

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

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

“Ha. It seems that he has quite a temper.”

Wyatt snorted disdainfully and left.

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

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

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

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

“Mr. Christopher! Please calm down!”

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

“This time... It’s different.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

The call connected after some time.

"Sir... Wyatt has approved of Bella being with Justin. He won't help me anymore." Christopher's usual proud and arrogant temperament vanished.

Christopher was lowly and humble in front of this man.

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

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

Why let Justin benefit?"

Destroy her?

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1333-Bella was the true love of Christopher's life. How could he bear to destroy her...?

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

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

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

"Oh? What do you want that for?" The man smiled mockingly. "You aren't thinking of using that on yourself, right? Mr. Christopher, you're indeed daring

and courageous. Do you think all those injections over the years are not enough? That drug has not passed clinical testing. There's a huge risk."

"I know, but this is my last resort. I want to bet on everything I have."

Christopher's eyes were bloodshot, and even his reason was teetering on the edge.

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

The man advised, “Besides, you are the number one villain in Bella’s eyes now.

If anything happened to you, wouldn’t that be just what she wanted?”

“It’s not for me.”

“Oh?”

“Pity and guilt are the most difficult weaknesses to overcome for humanity.”

Christopher’s gaze was deep and dark. “Bella is a kind woman. I want her to owe me forever. Only in this way can I make her stay by my side.”

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

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

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

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

“Mr. Ryan.” Yasmin’s voice rang out behind him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ryan took a deep breath, thinking of Carrie's clear and cute eyes. His gaze was tender. "I haven't seen her for a day, and I miss her. I just want to kiss her."

Nothing else

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1334-Ryan walked into the room with careful and light steps.

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

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

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

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

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

Ryan's calloused fingers traced Carrie's smooth face, her cherry red lips, and her delicate collarbone. "I thought I was the only man thinking about you in this world. Now, it seems your charm is stronger than I imagined. It makes me not want to bring you out in the future. What if someone else has their eyes on you?"

Do you know that I almost couldn't rein myself in after I heard what happened tonight? If that brat was not your sister-in-law's brother, I would've roughed him up!"

Subconsciously, he increased the strength in his fingertips.

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

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

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

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

This time, he truly could not hold back anymore.

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

Ryan could hear each word clearly in the quiet room.

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

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

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

His actions woke Carrie up.

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

Her thin nightgown was stripped off.

She would always welcome Ryan.

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

She drifted in the rising waves of pleasure for a long time until she could not bear it anymore. She scratched Ryan's back and pleaded in a tearful voice before Ryan was finally willing to let her off. This beast of a man was indeed possessed by a stud, wanting to do it when he was in a good mood and even more so when he was mad.

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

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

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

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

Ryan stayed up until dawn.

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

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

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

They were sweet, resembling an old married couple.

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1335-Bella saw Ryan walk over. His handsome face looked worn out.

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

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

How should he say it?

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

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

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

I'll skip breakfast."

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

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

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



“Yes. Today.”

Ryan’s gaze was intense, and his voice was deep and hoarse. “I’ve thought about it. Dragging things would only bring more trouble. I don’t care if my family agrees to it or not. I’ll get my marriage license with Carrie first, so we will be legally married. She will be my wife and the Hoffman Group’s lady boss. Even if my grandfather disagrees, there’s nothing he can do about it. I’ll compensate Carrie with a grand wedding of the century after I get a hold of the Hoffman Group. Carrie will understand my decision.”

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

“Justin, my documents are at home, so I’ll return home to get them later.

Where’s your family’s register? Can you get it today?”

“Ryan, what are you planning? You’re acting weird today.” Bella’s eyes narrowed.

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

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

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

“I…” Ryan clenched his fists.

“Also, have you dealt with your family’s internal affairs?”

Bella’s expression was serious and stern, as if she and Justin were Carrie’s parents. “Do your grandfather and your mother agree to this marriage? If you act without their knowledge, aren’t you afraid that your grandfather might withdraw your position in a fit of anger? Aren’t you afraid your uncle would take the chance to drag you down? Logan only has one grandson, which is you, and he treasures you greatly. How will he see Carrie, then? Do you want Carrie to never be able to hold her head up in the Hoffman family?”

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

They made it sound as if he were useless.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I have a love rival."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1336-Love rival?" Bella propped her cheek with her left hand while tossing a blueberry into Justin's mouth with her right. "You, Ryan Hoffman, have a love rival? That's unheard of."

Justin scoffed derisively, "My sister is practically under house arrest with you.

Apart from you and your female secretary, who does she even meet? She has no social life, so where could your love rival possibly come from? Her dreams?"

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

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

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

Ryan felt his heart shatter into fragments like broken glass.

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

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

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

"Psychic, my foot."

Bella was beyond exasperated. "It's obvious from your expression. Last night, I noticed how you were staring at my brother. It was as obvious as a sore thumb.

I immediately felt something was off. Mr. Hoffman, are you perhaps making a mountain out of a molehill? The Thompson men are all men of integrity, certainly not the type to be homewreckers. Don't see every man who chats with Carrie as a rival." "Ralph isn't that kind of person. Ryan, you shouldn't suspect Bella's brother," Justin said as he wrapped his arms around his petite partner, also finding Ryan's suspicions somewhat ridiculous. Ryan sighed heavily, knowing it was better not to continue this line of thought to avoid sounding like a whining kid.

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

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

Ryan pressed his lips together in embarrassment, remaining silent.

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

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

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

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

“Young Madam! You’re so good at predicting things. Charles Iverson got arrested!”

Ian looked at Bella with eyes full of admiration, utterly in awe of her foresight.

“The media has swamped the entrance of the police station now. The police have gathered detailed evidence regarding Charles raping multiple women, among them were two minors!”

“Damn! He’s the worst of the worst!” Ryan exclaimed angrily, slamming his fist on the table.

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

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

“Bella, Ryan wasn’t wrong. You really are divine, incredibly intelligent, and as stunning as an angel.”

“Of course! Enough with the smooth talk.”

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

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

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

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

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

Was he genuinely clueless or just pretending to be naive?

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

Justin’s expression grew icy. His face was covered in frost. “With his siblings gone, he’ll share the same fate. James must be in utter panic now. Soon, the entire Iverson Group will turn into a battleground between him and Christopher.

James lacks talent, but he’s extremely cunning. His fight with Christopher will be like that of a snake and a scorpion trapped in the same cage. It’ll be quite the spectacle.”

Bella furrowed her delicate brows, not showing any sign of triumph. “Don’t celebrate too early. The Iverson snake is much stronger than we anticipated.

Yesterday, I contacted my elder brother to buy a large number of the Iverson Group’s stocks while they were plummeting, attempting to gain control.

Unexpectedly, there was a master manipulator behind the scenes at the Iverson Group, injecting substantial funds to stabilize the situation. This averted my brother’s acquisition.”

Justin’s brows furrowed deeply. “So, is this manipulator Christopher Iverson?”

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

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

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

Bella’s eyes sparkled, nodding in agreement.

“By the way, Mr. Salvador, Young Madam. There’s one more thing.”

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

Salvador. It was truly extravagant!”

Justin’s expression darkened. “If you like big planes that much, join him then.

Let him give you a ride.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1337-an inhaled sharply, his hunger from skipping breakfast momentarily satiated by the sudden threat.

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

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

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

Damn! One would almost drool with envy!

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

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

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

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

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

Justin gently shook his head, and a wave of sorrow surged in his heart. "Bella, you don't have to give me anything else because you've given me plenty. The gifts you gave me back then filled up an entire room. Every time I come home, I go into that room and look over each item many times, touching them over and over again."

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

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

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

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

“You silly boy...”

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

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

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

Yasmin sprinted down the stairs, straight toward Ryan.

“Young Master! Our men found Maxwell!”

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

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

Yasmin shook her head in sorrow.

“I’m sorry, Young Master. Maxwell wasn’t alone. When our men tried to surround him, they got into a fierce shootout with his men. All our men were seriously injured, and two of them are still in critical condition.

They’re unresponsive in the hospital!”

Bella and Justin looked at each other in shock. Ryan was incredulous, erupting in fury. “This is Savrow, not some southern island in Sentanja! How is it possible that our men got injured so badly right on our doorstep by a few bastards?

Didn’t they call for backup?!”

“They did call for help immediately, but there wasn’t enough time!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1338-Yasmin was also filled with rage, her cheeks burning red as if on fire. “Initially, we had the upper hand, but we didn’t expect that Maxwell would have backup!

Those guys were skilled and armed to the teeth, clearly intent on wiping us out completely! It’s a miracle our men made it back alive.”

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

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

Everyone paused and looked toward the staircase.

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

Her expression was innocent and confused.

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

She was just a whisker away from a wardrobe malfunction.

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

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

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

Ah!

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

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

Carrie’s face was nestled against his shoulder, revealing only her dewy eyes. Her voice was sweet and soothing as she tried to comfort et him, “Ryan... Can you please not b be mad? It scares me when angry...”

Content belongs FindNovel.net s won & Va “I’m not mad, love. In fact, I’m actually pretty happy! Come on. Let’s get back to our room!”

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



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

Yasmin was terrified, her complexion drained of color.

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

"Don't worry, Yasmin." Bella comforted her gently. "You've been looking after Carrie by yourself for a long time. It must've been challenging for you. You know her condition well. She often behaves like a child who hasn't grown up. Humans aren't machines. Everyone makes mistakes every now and then. If Ryan dares to take it out on you or criticizes you in any way, Justin and I will have your back."

Justin nodded gently in agreement.

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

Yasmin pressed her dry lips together and said, "Young Master is committed to loving and caring for his wife for the rest of their lives.

nothing committed to." Content what he contributed is compared to what he has  
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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1339-Bella lowered her gaze, remaining silent.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ryan did not blame Yasmin. Instead, he continued the conversation, "Where were we? Right! I was just thinking. Maxwell is a fugitive. He's powerless and has no influence

here. How could he manage to hire so many people to work for him? Could it be Christopher's doing? Are his men secretly protecting Maxwell?"

Bella and Justin thought of this possibility, too.

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

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

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

Ryan felt an indescribable discomfort in his heart.

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

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

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

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

"Maxwell isn't alone. He came from a military background, and his men were all mercenaries, capable of taking on ten opponents each. Besides, the Hoffman Group and the Salvador Corporation's people have constantly searched for them, with tight controls at customs, railways, really picks and ports. If Christopher ways, a fight with Maxwell's men, such a big commotion would definitely attract our attention. That would expose him instead." Content belongs to FindNovel.net Yasmin insightfully noted, "Plus, Maxwell's group consists of thugs. In a head-on fight, Christopher might not gain any advantage."

Ian was still unconvinced. "That Christopher jerk is cunning and full of tricks.

Can't he think of some way to quietly eliminate Maxwell? As long as that man is alive, he's like a ticking time bomb to him."

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

“Shit! Christopher is about to make a move on Maxwell!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1340-Bella, what have you figured out?” Justin asked urgently.

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

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

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

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

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

It was a cunning yet brilliant move.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bella’s red lips curled into a slight smile. Her eyes were confident and calm.

“Even if he takes off into the sky, I have ways to bring him down!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

James knew their father favored Charles. Not only because he had spent the most time by his side, but also because the boy had always been good at playing the cute and charming son, excelling at flattering and amusing their father. Thus, the news of Charles’ arrest was a tremendous blow to Lance, causing him deep distress. Content belongs to FindNovel.net So, James approached his father, reassuring him gently, “Don’t worry, Dad.

Rape isn’t a major crime. We can use some of our connections to get Charles a reduced sentence. He’ll get out of there in three to four years.”

“Three to four years? Do you think I’m clueless about the law?!”

Although Lance was embarrassed and disgraced by Charles’ public exposure, the culprit was still his most beloved son, leading to many sleepless nights and visibly graying hair. “Among the women he el assaulted, there were even minors! Het be in jail for at least ten years for raping minors! He could have any woman he wanted. Why the hell did he target young girls? What a foolish mistake!”

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

“Some of those girls are Charles’ ex-girlfriends, some are women paid next to accompany him, and others offered themselves willingly, hoping to climb the social ladder and become a wealthy lady. The police only have partial evidence, but if credible witnesses come forward or if those so-called witnesses are unreliable, then there won’t be enough evidence to convict him at trial. Charles wouldn’t have to serve a long sentence then.” Content belongs to FindNovel.net James’ insinuations were clear, and the seasoned Lance understood everything.

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

“It’s all on you now, James. Proceed with the plan!”

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1341**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1341-That evening, Bella and Justin were set to return to their own place.

As they were about to leave, Carrie threw herself into her sister-in-law’s arms, sobbing uncontrollably, crumpling Bella’s black dress, and soaking the front of it with her tears.

One might have thought they would never see each other again.

Bella took her time to console Carrie, promising frequent visits and earnestly advising Ryan to not always bury himself in minor troubles at the Hoffman Group. She told him to find time to take Carrie out more, so she would not feel like a caged canary, deprived of the joy of freedom.

Ryan swore vehemently and embraced his tearful, petite girlfriend, standing at the door to see them off.

As their car pulled away, Bella could not hold back any longer. Her shoulders shook as tears, clear and sparkling like fallen stars, trailed down her cheeks.

“Don’t cry, Bella.”

Justin’s breath quickened out of concern as he enveloped her quivering shoulders with his strong arm, drawing her close to soothe her and gently rubbing his chin against her head.

“It’s not like you’re never going to see her again. If you miss Carrie, we can invite her to stay with us for a while. Or I could buy a larger villa. If you’d like, she could live with us permanently. Yasmin will become the CEO’s secretary, so she’ll be very busy. Having Wilma take care of Carrie is most suitable.”

“Hmph... Can you even call yourself Ryan’s best friend for coming up with such a terrible idea for him?”

Bella sniffed her red nose, gently poking Justin’s chest. “The newlyweds haven’t had many comfortable days with each other yet, and you want to separate them just to make me happy? Justin, you’re so heartless... Even if Carrie doesn’t say anything about it, do you think Ryan won’t be cursing you from under his blankets every day?”

Caught off guard, Justin froze momentarily, then pressed his lips gently against her supple lips.

After an exchange of tender kisses, he smiled wryly. “I didn’t consider all that.

Seeing how Carrie also didn’t want you to leave, I thought I was helping you girls.”

“You’re the one who told me not to disturb the couple.”

The kiss left Bella’s breath ragged. Her eyes glistened with tears, and a fluttering sensation filled her chest. “So try not to create any more chaos.”

Justin stared deeply into her eyes, which captivated his heart. Her lips curled into a subtle, playful smile. “Bella, are you asking me to stop stirring things up, or do you want our reclaimed private world to stay undisturbed? Hmm?”

Blushing, Bella’s face warmed up as she shyly bit her lip. “I didn’t mean that.”

Just as Justin’s eyes sparkled with warmth and adoration, ready to engage in another tender kiss, a phone rang.

It was Bella’s phone.

“Uh... Let me take this call.”

With some effort, Bella pulled herself out of Justin’s warm embrace. She got anxious when she saw that the call was from her sister, Amelia.

Her sister usually avoided bothering her unless it was absolutely necessary.

Something serious must have happened!

“What’s going on, Amelia?” Bella quickly answered the phone.

“Bella... Please help Steve!”

Upon hearing her sister’s voice, Amelia broke down, her tears streaming, “The police detained him!”

A sudden chill went through Bella, "What happened that Steve got detained?!"

Justin's eyes narrowed, his grip tightening on her sweaty hand.

Amelia replied, "It's been a few days now..

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1342-Days of worry had pushed Amelia to the brink of a breakdown, her voice breaking as she sobbed uncontrollably. "Mom and I have tried everything... The Lovetts have looked for help too, but we haven't been able to free Steve..."

"What?! Why are you only telling me this now?!" Overwhelmed by anger, Bella's voice grew raspy.

"Bella, don't get worked up. Don't scare your sister." Justin gently squeezed her hand, his voice calming as he soothed her fluctuating emotions. "Ask your sister to slow down and explain everything." Bella sighed with guilt. "I'm sorry, Amelia... I was too harsh just now. Don't cry. Just tell me everything. I want to know which bastard dares to mess with Steve! I'll make sure they regret it."

Despite the serious nature of the conversation, Justin could not help but suppress a laugh at her fiery words.

"It was the Iversons..." Amelia sniffed intermittently. "I think... The Iversons were upset because Charles got beaten for bullying me, so they targeted Steve... He got arrested for assault, and not only that... That jerk Charles had a medical evaluation done, attributing all his injuries, both major and minor, to Steve..."

Now the police are charging him for inflicting grievous bodily harm..."

This list of injuries included Charles' impotence as well.

With the Iversons' resources, tampering with a medical report or even fabricating one was no challenge at all.

"That damned bastard deserves to die, and it would still not be enough! The fact that I haven't killed him is already merciful. Yet, the Iversons dare to turn this around on us?!" Bella was uncontrollably furious, her eyes red with rage as she seethed with a desire for vengeance.

Amelia responded, "The Iversons aren't going to settle this privately..."

"Pfft, settle it privately? That's impossible. They'd rather see Steve dead!"

Bella rubbed her throbbing temples, feeling a sharp pain in her chest from anger. "The ones capable of such actions must be James and possibly Hunter."

"Hunter? But Hunter is Steve's older brother. Why would he?!" Amelia was shocked, finding it hard to believe.

"It's very likely."

Justin gently patted the distressed woman's back, his eyes cold and deep like a dark pool. "Hunter is considered a top lawyer in Savrow, yet he has done nothing after his brother got into trouble for so long. Don't you find that strange?"

Given what you've shared about the strained relationship between Hunter and Steve, he's using the incident with Charles to sabotage his brother. You know what his motives likely are."

"But Steve is his brother... How can he do this to him?!" Amelia exclaimed in outrage.

"Hunter is only after fame and wealth. He lacks any real sense of familial love or humanity!"

Bella punched the car window suddenly, shocking both Ian, who was driving, and Justin. They immediately worried about her hand. "I was one who sorted out was the Charles. Yet, these cowards went after Steve. Aren't they just picking on the vulnerable?" Content belongs to FindNovel.net "Bella, you have me, too." Justin quickly took her swollen fist into his hands, slowly rubbing it.

"Besides, knowing Steve, he wouldn't want to burden me. He'd likely take it all on himself."

Bella was overwhelmed with remorse, her voice breaking. "I've been so reckless, focusing only on revenge and reveling in it. I forgot that my actions could endanger those around me at any time. How could I be so careless?!"

Previously, she had always been strategic, thinking many steps ahead in everything she did.

But since falling in love, she has been basking in the bliss of romance, surrounded by happiness, unaware of potential dangers lurking around her.

"Bella, don't be so hard on yourself... What happened to Steve wasn't because of you." Amelia quickly reassured her.

Justin took Bella's trembling hand and brought the phone to his ear. "Don't worry, Amelia. Leave this matter to me. By tomorrow, I'll send Steve back to you, completely unharmed."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1343-Bella's eyes widened as she stared intently at her man's stern and striking profile.



The other end of the phone fell silent, broken only by faint sobs.

“What’s going on? One of you gave me the look, and the other went silent.”

Justin smiled gently, lightly squeezing Bella’s cheek. “Aren’t either of you sisters going to trust me?” “N-No, it’s not that...”

Amelia was the first to respond softly, her voice filled with gratitude. “Justin, thank you for helping Steve... Really, thank you.”

“We’re family. There’s no need to thank me for this.”

After comforting Amelia, Justin ended the call. Then he immediately ordered Ian, “Turn around. Let’s go to the police station.”

Ian quickly complied, making a sharp turn.

“Justin, what are you planning to do?” Bella looked at Justin worriedly, observing his calm demeanor.

“No matter what, we need to get Steven out first.”

Justin sighed, interlocking his fingers with hers and tightening the grip. “Amelia and Steven have already faced many challenges in their relationship. I don’t want them to endure any more difficulties or get hurt in any way.”

Bella’s breath caught slightly. “Y-You... Understand how that feels?”

He shook his head with relief, pulling her into an embrace. “I used to, but not anymore. Because right now, I have my greatest source of happiness in the world in my arms.”

Steven spent two weeks in a filthy detention center. With the Iversons refusing to settle the case privately, he might get detained longer.

Despite this, he would never betray Bella and Justin.

Even if struggling led to a prison sentence, Steven was ready to endure everything and reveal nothing.

At this moment, Steven was standing against a wall, arms crossed, conserving his energy with closed eyes.

Across from him, a few men huddled in the corner, watching him cautiously and whispering among themselves.

“You guys are disturbing me.” Without opening his eyes, Steven coolly said, “If you don’t want to get beaten up, shut up.”

The detained men immediately covered their mouths, trembling, and went silent as mice.

Steven sighed, his expression clouded with sorrow.

Since his first night in the detention center, he has not had a moment of peace.

The Iversons had sent these thugs to “take care” of him, but they underestimated Steven’s Taekwondo skills. He handled each of the thugs with ease.

He shook his head, disappointed by the Iversons’ low regard for him by sending unskilled fighters as if he were an easy target.

Steven thought of it like a test. If he were to end up in prison, he probably would not find it too difficult to manage.

However, Steven did not know that Bella and Justin were already on their way to the police station.

Knowing Ralph was also a police officer, the Iversons cunningly placed Steven in the Western Savrow precinct, where Superintendent Donald had deep ties with the Iversons. Upon learning that Bella and Justin were visiting, Superintendent Donald felt like he was facing a formidable enemy and immediately contacted James.

“M-Mr. Iverson, Justin Salvador and Bella Thompson are here in the station’s reception room. W-What should we do with them?”

“Just do what you need to do.” Seething with anger, James retorted. “The Iversons are your backup. Are you actually afraid of them? Superintendent Donald, your chance for a promotion depends on this. No matter the pressure, you must hold your ground and not let them get Steven out of there! Make sure Steven can’t get away with assaulting my brother and causing my brother’s disability.” “Alright... I’ll do my best!”

Superintendent Donald wiped his sweat off his forehead. “But Mr. Iverson, I’m confused. Steven is nothing but a secretary to Bella. Why go after him? Going against the Thompsons doesn’t seem to do you any good.”

“Don’t worry about that. Just do as I say!”

James ended the call, his gaze turning sinister. “It won’t do me any good? That’s impossible. I never engage in losing deals!”

He had already secretly bribed the witnesses whose statements the police had.

These women all “confirmed” that their relationships with Charles were consensual and voluntary.

Moreover, if it was also proven that Bella’s “dog” disabled and rendered Charles impotent, Charles would appear as a victim. This would likely drag Bella into negative publicity and bring about accusations of personal vengeance.

The internet was hostile, with internet trolls that harbored jealousy and disdain for the wealthy. They did not care about the truth and believed everything they saw online.

James opened a bottle of champagne, pouring himself a drink with a crazed laugh. “Bella, you think you’re capable of challenging me? While you were a kid playing in the mud in Hatchbay, I was already working in the business world!”

Meanwhile, inside the police station, Superintendent Donald faced the formidable duo of Justin and Bella sitting across from him. He wore a forced smile, but cold sweat soaked his clothes inside and out. Even with the backing of the Iversons, the overwhelming presence of Justin and Bella, whom he regarded as the dynamic duo for their sharpness, was simply too much for him to handle. “What brought the two of you here?” Superintendent Donald forced a smile.

“Well, the Iversons made us come here.” Bella retorted with a cold and stunning smile, her words as sharp as a dagger aimed directly at him.

No data found.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1345-When Superintendent Donald saw that his savior had arrived, he felt as if his burdens were lifted. He was on the verge of tears.

Following behind James was none other than Hunter.

After ending the call, James could not help but feel uneasy, so he decided to check things out himself. He immediately contacted Hunter, explained the situation, and sought his help to deal with the trouble caused by Charles.

Due to James’ previous harsh remarks about him, Hunter was still seething with anger and initially did not want to get involved.

However, upon hearing that Bella and Justin had stepped in to mediate, he could not miss the chance to see them falter, so he hurried over excitedly.

Bella clenched her teeth tightly, fury blazing in her eyes.

This despicable, shameless bastard reminded her instantly of Judge Claude Frollo from “The Hunchback of Notre-Dame”.

“Mr. Iverson, I’m surprised you brought him as your attorney.”

With a casual sneer, Justin asked, “Surely you’re not ignorant of the relationship between Hunter and Steven Lovett?”

“I’m well aware of it. But why does it matter?”

With a mischievous smirk, James’ eyes flashed with deceit. “Well, Hunter Lovett is a well-known top lawyer. What’s wrong with hiring the best attorney to defend my brother?”

“Hunter is Steven Lovett’s brother. Instead of helping his sibling, he betrays his family to side with the enemy, seeking to imprison his younger brother. What do you call a person like that? Is he recognizing the enemy or whoever provides him with the most advantage for him as his family? Justin’s eyes were cold and mocking, yet strikingly handsome.

Hunter glared bitterly at Justin, his face adopting a mocking servility. “Oh, Mr.

Salvador, it’s truly flattering for a mere attorney like me to be the target of your personal attacks. I only represent those who offer the right conditions. Is it really necessary for you to get so worked up and morally judge me? You’re making my job as an attorney very difficult. Now, according to your logic, shouldn’t my colleagues who defend murderers get executed, too?”

Then, with a feigned look of astonishment, he blinked and added, “Mr. Salvador, you seem so worried. Is it because you haven’t found a competent attorney for Steven? What a predicament this has become. If I had known, I would’ve declined Mr. Iverson’s offer!”

Bella was so angry that her veins were pulsing on her forehead.

If they were not in the police station, she would have already knocked Hunter’s teeth out and left him in need of hospitalization, just like Charles.

“I don’t need to find an attorney for Steven. Why would an innocent man need one?”

Hunter had hoped his provocations would anger Justin. However, Justin responded with a calm smile, remaining composed. “And even if I were looking for one, it wouldn’t be you. Even wild animals protect their young. But you lack even basic morals-worse than an animal. You’d suit better with Mr. Iverson. After all, like attracts like.”

“Pfft... Well said!” Bella clapped loudly for her man, laughing with her shoulders shaking.

On the other hand, Superintendent Donald could not find it in himself to laugh.

He was shivering in the corner like a quail.

The room was so tense that a single spark could blow the roof off.

“Justin! Stop spewing nonsense already!”

James was furious, his eyes narrowing slightly. “Let me be clear. The Iversons will never settle with you guys for putting Charles through so much suffering.

Aren’t you planning to absolve Steven, shoulder the blame yourself, and then use your status as a tycoon to diminish the seriousness of the matter? Well, not on my watch!”

Hunter gently patted his shoulder, giving him a look that urged him to remain calm and avoid saying unnecessary things that may reveal loopholes.

He then moved a step closer to Superintendent Donald and remarked with a casual smile, “Superintendent Donald, it seems the efficiency of your police officers is somewhat lacking. We’ve been talking to Mr. Salvador and Ms.

Thompson for a while now. Why haven’t they completed such simple procedures yet?”

Superintendent Donald was confused. “Huh?”

James, too, was puzzled by the situation.

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

A police officer entered, handing a document to Superintendent Donald.

What he said next caused Justin and Bella’s expressions to shift dramatically.

“Sir, this is Steven Lovett’s confession and plea agreement. He has signed and left his fingerprint on it.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1346-“Steve?! How on earth did that happen?!” Bella was in shock. If Justin hadn’t been there to catch her in time, she would have lost her balance and fallen.

“Seriously?! Steven pleaded guilty to everything?!” Superintendent Donald’s eyes widened as he quickly flipped through the confession letter to confirm.

“Yes, sir. It’s all written here in black and white. Steven admitted to assaulting Mr. Charles and causing him injuries. He admitted to the charges and is willing to accept any punishment.” This unexpected change of events came as a really nice surprise for the Iverson family.

There had been multiple groups of people questioning Steven and putting pressure on him around the clock for several days. Most people would have

given in by now, but Steven was incredibly resilient. He'd rather stay locked up in the dark cell than admit to something he did not do.

Why did he admit it all of a sudden? What happened to make him change his mind?

"Bella, are you okay?" Justin noticed the color drain from Bella's face in a split second. He put his arm around her stiff waist, feeling really worried.

"Steve didn't do it. Why did he plead guilty?!" Her eyes were red with emotion as she shook her head in disbelief and sorrow. "Is he out of his mind? Can anyone just confess like that?! Is he so eager to go to jail?!"

"Yeah, how can anyone simply plead guilty?" Hunter narrowed his eyes and teased. "Steven, as a top student at Savrow University, understands this the best. Ms. Thompson, why are you interested in getting into this? What's your interest in all this fuss?"

Bella felt like her heart was stabbed, sending shockwaves of pain through her.

In that moment, a flash of realization shot through her mind, and everything became clear.

One hour ago, Superintendent Donald arranged for Hunter to secretly visit Steven in advance. The two brothers sat across from each other in the interrogation room, with tension between them. There was no sign of a family bond, only tension and hostility.

Hunter sighed and said, "Steven, just take a good look at yourself. Look at what you've done to yourself." Hunter looked at him and shook his head. "If Mom and Dad knew that you might end up spending three to five years in prison all for the sake of the daughter of Wyatt's lowly mistress, they would probably faint from crying, wouldn't they? How unfilial of you."

Steven retorted, "Didn't your master put a leash on you? I didn't expect a dog like you to come running before me."

Steven simply closed his eyes, not even wanting to look at him.

Hunter smirked, but he did not get mad. "We're brothers. Why bother creating all this drama?"

Steven scoffed, "Don't mention the word 'brother' to me. I feel disgusted."

Hunter chuckled. "Haha... Let's discuss something that isn't disgusting and something you might be interested in."

He reached for his phone and showed Steven a video clip. "Have a look at this."

What do you notice?"

Steven furrowed his brows and looked up at the screen. Suddenly, he stood up in shock and slammed the table. "Hunter! What are you trying to do?!"

The video showed Bella and Justin barging into the banquet. There was no need to explain what happened next.

It then transitioned to the scene of Asher beating Charles. At that moment, Charles had already been beaten up badly and was being dragged away like a sack of tranet Asher The camera caught everything clearly. However, there was not even a shadow of Steven throughout the entire footage.

by He was clearly there at the time, but for some reason he did not appear in the video.

"Ms. Thompson and Mr. Salvador were indeed Cautious in their actions. After beating up Mr.

Charles, they got rid of all the hotel security footage involving them. However, they overlooked one thing. If the video was deleted less than week ago, it can still be recovered using some tech tricks." Content belongs to FindNovel.net a Hunter's face twisted into a devious grin. "Ah, for the sake of restoring the video, I even flew to Meridan to find top hackers to restore the video. It cost me a fortune, but luckily, it turned out well in the end." "Hunter... You're committing perjury! Aren't you afraid of having your lawyer's license revoked or being investigated by the Ministry of Justice?!" Steven's expression turned tense and pale. A faint blue vein pulsed on his forehead from a mix of shock and anger.

"Perjury? When did I commit perjury?" Hunter shrugged, flashing a sinister smile. "You were there, little brother. You know better than anyone who was truly behind Charles's beating."

"In the video, it was obvious that Bella and Justin were the ones who beat Charles. After that, Asher, the oldest son of the Thompson family, took care of everything. Did you even lay your hands on anyone? I can't see anything."

Steven felt like his heart had been stabbed, and he shouted furiously, "If you have the guts, come at me! Don't you dare scheme against Ms. Bella!"

"Oh, there's something else I want to tell you," Hunter said as he laced his fingers together and leaned forward. His cold gaze grew intense. "Ms. Bella is on her way to

rescue you. If I'm not mistaken, she's so not determined that she might turn herself in and take all the blame herself just to get you out."

"Ms. Bella... No..." Steven shook his head repeatedly, feeling the excruciating pain spreading through his body.

"Anyway, either you or someone from the Thompson family will have to take responsibility. After all, videos can't be faked, and the injuries on Charles' body aren't fake. Steven, you were close to Ms. Bella. You wouldn't want her to get dragged into this because of you, right?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1347-To avoid getting Bella in trouble, Steven didn't hesitate to confess to the police and sign a confession letter after Hunter approached him.

Hunter dealt with it discreetly, without even informing James about it. It was truly a swift and decisive move, catching Bella and Justin completely off guard. Justin embraced the trembling young woman firmly, glaring at Hunter's smug face.

"Hunter, what despicable method did you use to make Steven confess?!"

"Despicable? Me? Mr. Salvador, you're personally attacking me here. I can't take such slander. You owe me compensation for psychological damages."

Hunter rubbed his chest, the smug look on his face betraying his facade. "It's the police's job to interrogate the suspects. I'm just a humble lawyer. I don't have that kind of authority. Steven made those statements, and those fingerprints belong to him. I didn't force him to do anything. It was all voluntary."

"Hunter, even if evil triumphs over good, eventually the consequences of your own actions will come back to haunt you. Don't think you've truly won until the very last moment."

Bella's beautiful eyes turned red. She gripped Justin's hand tightly, as if holding on to it was the only way she could maintain her crumbling sanity. "As long as I am alive, you will never win."

"Then I'll just have to wait and see how you plan to win, Ms. Thompson. Don't make me wait too long." Hunter spoke with a sly smile. He was the epitome of a wolf in sheep's clothing. No matter their tactics and plans, there was always a flaw.

The flaw was that Hunter was actually Steven's brother. They had grown up together. Despite their very different personalities, one thing was clear: Hunter, being the older brother, really knew his younger sibling inside out.



When Hunter went to negotiate with Steven, Bella and Justin had not even made it to the police station yet. But despite this, Hunter still managed to trick Steven by exploiting his vulnerabilities and making use of his weak spots.

Steven had two major weak spots: Bella and Amelia! Hunter wouldn't think twice about using them to hurt Steven. He could make Steven suffer without hesitation.

James' expression turned serious. It seemed that Hunter had made a move without him, and it was clearly effective. Even though Steven had e confessed, he did not feel any appreciation for this selfish and cruel guy.

Justin was right. Hunter was a heartless beast, willing to betray bis own brother for personal interest. So Hunter would do the same in the future for profit.

James had to stay alert around Hunter. Content belongs to FindNovel.net S  
"Superintendent Donald, since the suspect has pleaded guilty, we can formally prosecute Mr. Steven Lovett and proceed with the sentencing."

Hunter was eager to close the case, making sure Steven had no chance of turning the tables. He wanted Bella to regret it.

Superintendent Donald certainly had this in mind as well. Otherwise, why would he make an effort to try to please the Iverson family?

He immediately said, "Now that we have concrete evidence, let's proceed according to the law."

"Wait!"

A clear and resonant voice, like timely rain, broke the heavy tension in the room.

Everyone was startled. Right after that, two sets of steady footsteps calmly entered the office.

Upon seeing the visitor, Bella exclaimed excitedly, "Ash!"

"Bella, why didn't you tell me you were coming to a place like this et Asher frowned angrily. "Now that you have a man, you don't need your big brother anymore, do you?"

"Yeah, both of you are so stubborn with your ways that it made us worried."

Arnold's tone was serious, but he cheekily winked at Bella while he stood behind his beloved man.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1348-Bella was speechless. Even in a moment like this, Arnold still had the mood to wink at her.

All of a sudden, it hit her. Why was Justin so silent? Did he know that Asher would show up? Bella gazed at Justin, her beautiful eyes slightly widening.

“Justin, did you ask Ash to...?”

Justin’s deep gaze flickered, and he leaned in towards her, whispering, “I’m really sorry, Bella. I didn’t intend to hide this from you. I simply told Ian to inform Asher before we arrived here. I didn’t expect him to come along. It just shows that he’s worried about Steven, but even more worried about you. But... What’s the deal with Dr. Larson accompanying him? Do they have some kind of connection? Why are they always showing up together?”

Bella looked puzzled, pursing her lips and raising her fingers. Amidst Justin’s confusion, Bella admitted, “I called Dr. Larson here.”

Justin couldn’t believe it. It seemed that she had also been hiding it from him.

Together, they had come up with a hundred plans. Luckily, they were both aiming for the same goal.

“Just because of a secretary, is it really necessary for the Thompson family to make such a big deal?” James mocked Asher with contempt. “But it doesn’t matter now. Steven has already admitted to everything. Didn’t Chairman Thompson mention in an interview before that when you make a mistake, you must own it, and when things go south, stand tall? Well, those words are coming back to haunt you!”

As the heads of the four main families, James and Asher always found themselves at odds in the business world.

Without fail, James ended up on the losing end whenever KS Group set its sights on a project. Despite his preparations, he could not compete with Asher.

It was frustrating that their family connection held him back before, forcing James to feign harmony with Asher. Now that the pretense was gone, James could finally vent his anger.

But Asher stayed calm, his deep eyes cold and resolute. “Steven is not an ordinary secretary. Didn’t anyone tell you? My father has already acknowledged Steven as his godson. As a member of the Lovett family, Steven is worth millions of times more than the bastard beside you, James.”

Hunter’s face reddened with fury, then drained of color. ‘Wyatt actually acknowledged that brat as his godson?! What a suck-up!’ Hunter’s emotions stirred up a mix of rage and envy, causing his expression to twist in an unrecognizable manner.

“Superintendent Donald, don’t the police need evidence in order to take action? If said I’d destroy the Earth tomorrow, would you arrest me right now and sentence me?” Arnold stepped forward, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Superintendent Donald quickly replied, “Of course not, sir. We always handle cases based on evidence. Please don’t make baseless accusations.”

“Then open your eyes wide and take a good look at this.” Arnold slammed the document he was holding onto the coffee table.

Superintendent Donald grabbed it, his expression filled with surprise. He opened the folder to look at the documents inside. Instantly, his eyes widened.

“Wait... Is this...?!”

“This is Charles Iverson’s old medical report. It took a lot of effort for me to get this. I even pulled some strings just to get it out of the hospital’s archives,” Arnold said.

Upon hearing this, both James’s and Hunter’s faces turned pale. Justin gazed at the woman intensely, his eyes full of admiration.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1349-In an instant, Justin understood Bella’s intention for calling Arnold. This move had been planned long ago.

“This is impossible... How is this possible?!” James snatched the medical report from Superintendent Donald, reading it over and over again. His eyes almost popped out of his head. Hunter’s face went pale and tense as his heart raced.

“Mr. Iverson,” Arnold said as he glared at James with disgust. “It’s fine if you’re ungrateful. But trying to blame Charles’s old injuries on Bella’s secretary and then tampering with the injury assessment to hide the truth is just a low move.”

James and Hunter had talked before about blaming Steven for Charles’ injury to qualify for a serious injury charge, possibly getting a less severe punishment.

That was why James sent someone to hide the real medical report and instigated Superintendent Donald, which resulted in the current situation.

But they never anticipated that their carefully planned scheme would be effortlessly exposed by the cunning foxes before them!

Bella gave Arnold a thankful look, and he responded with a glance that said, “No need to thank me.”

The Iversons thought they could control everything in Savrow, but they didn’t account for one thing. When it came to hospitals, the Larson family had the upper hand!

“Charles has lost his ability to have children. Bella should bear full responsibility!” James exclaimed in frustration, blurting out, “If it weren’t for her performing that damn surgery on Charles... How could Charles end up like this?!”

The office went quiet all of a sudden.

Hunter’s heart sank. It was too late to stop him.

James had a guilty conscience. If some pressure was put on him, he wouldn’t be able to hold himself back. Did this imply that Charles et impotence wasn’t caused by Steven but father an old injury the past?

FindNovel.net UMS What a fool! How on earth did this person even become the president of the company?!

“Sigh, Mr. Iverson, are you blind or illiterate?” Arnold crossed his arms and looked annoyed. “Isn’t it clearly written right there? Charles’s impotence was caused by the excessive use of anesthetics and hormonal drugs before and after the surgery. What does that have to do with Bella?”

dafine Asher stared at him intently, a slight smile playing on his lips and a hint of warmth shining in his eyes.

“Who the heck are you?! You have no right to speak!” James glared at Arnold with his fiery eyes, his fists clenched tightly as he moved aggressively towards Arnold. Arnold’s eyes flashed with a chill.

However, at this moment, Asher instinctively positioned his tall body in front of Arnold, serving as a human shield.

Before James could react, Asher had already shoved him back.

“Oh my! Mr. Iverson, be careful!”

James took several steps back in embarrassment. Without Superintendent Donald and Hunter’s quick support, he would have ended up falling awkwardly on the floor.

“Mr. Thompson! This is a police station. Do you really want to start a fight here?!” Hunter asked with gritted teeth.

“Of course I have no intention of doing that.” Asher tightened his strong fist, the sudden movement making his knuckles crack, and his gaze at James flickered with a menacing intensity. “But if he dares to raise his voice at Dr. Larson, I I can’t promise that he won’t end up with a broken nose.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 1350-Though James pretended to look unfazed, his legs were already shaking and numb beneath his pants.

Hunter also kept his mouth shut, feeling intimidated by the intense stare.

Bella and Justin were left completely shocked, needing a moment to collect themselves.

'Wow, Asher's protective instinct is truly intense!' Bella knew Asher's personality better than anyone. He might seem selfish and uninterested, even cold and distant, but in human terms, he just lacked a bit of warmth. Apart from his own family, there was also Steven, who had been by Asher's side for a long time.

Asher typically would not show much concern for anyone else. But at this particular moment, he displayed an unusual level of care for Arnold that was truly surprising.

It was then that Bella happened to catch Arnold looking at her older brother with such warmth and tenderness that it almost seemed weird.

Bella was confused. 'Why is the vibe so weird? Why do they seem a little bit at odds with each other?' Before Bella could fully grasp it, Hunter expressed his frustration and said, "But there were still some minor injuries. According to our country's laws, even if the injury is found to be minor, it can lead to a prison sentence of up to three years.

Steven won't get away with imprisonment!"

Hunter felt an intense desire to shred Steven's name to pieces. It was hard to believe that he was actually Steven's older brother, someone with close family connections. His excessive enjoyment of pleasures and his insatiable appetite for destroying others turned him into a ruthless monster without any sense of guilt.

Asher was not too concerned about Hunter. After all, he was just a minion for the Iverson family. Naturally, Asher wanted to speak with his boss. "Steven didn't lay a finger on Charles from start to finish, even though he really wanted to. I'm the one who beat Charles, as proven by the video."

As he talked, his gaze shifted to Arnold, and his tone softened. "Arnold, can you play the video for me?"

Arnold hesitated, bit his lip, took out his phone, and showed a video to everyone. Charles' screams echoed through the entire silent office. The scene clearly captured Asher relentlessly beating Charles' until the latter was bleeding all over.

"Will this work? It's concrete evidence," Asher said with a sly grin, his smile as chilling as the darkness of a strikingly handsome demon.

Superintendent Donald and Hunter felt numb as they stared with darkened eyes. The plan to frame Steven was completely shattered by this video.

“Ash, how could you...?” Bella gasped and leaned into Justin’s embrace.

His strong arms held her trembling shoulder as he looked at Asher with a storm of emotions in his heart.

Justin knew what Asher was up to.

Right from the start, Asher had expected that there would be issues down the line, so he had made early arrangements to deal with any unexpected situations.

“Superintendent Donald, can you release Steven now?” Asher asked with a slight grin.

Superintendent Donald didn’t know what to say and nervously looked at James.

“Um... This...” “You’ve arrested the wrong guy. I gave Director Carter a heads-up before coming here. When he found out, he was livid. It looks like this is where your career ends,” Asher said, his tone firm. Superintendent Donald looked pale. He panicked as he hurried out of the door to personally release Steven.

Asher said, “James, I know you’re ready to strike like a hawk. Let’s not waste time with words. Ian!” “Yes, Mr. Thompson!” Ian said as he hurriedly entered and stood by Asher’s side.

Bella was taken aback for a second. How could her brother be bossing around Justin’s secretary? But, to be fair, Ian was quite versatile. If someone didn’t know, they would think he was the secretary to the CEO of the KS Group.

Asher signaled Ian, and he quickly passed the file to James.

James furrowed his brow as he opened and examined the contents, his pupils contracting abruptly.

“In this file, you’ll find a transfer agreement for the Terranova Resort net project, along with a settlement agreement.” Asher’s voice was as cold as ice, carrying a noticeable weight. “If you’re willing to resolve this matter privately, then consider this Terranova project as compensation from our family to your brother.”

WI He continued, “But if you don’t want to settle this privately, that’s fine too. I’ve been playing the role of CEO long enough. It’s time for me to take a step back and work on myself. Plus, it’s a chance for my younger sister to officially take over my role, killing two birds with one stone. But I guess with your current situation, you wouldn’t have any reason to refuse, right?”

The conditions set by Asher were indeed tempting, and James' limited affection for his family just kept him from giving in. So, he quickly signed the agreement, grabbed the contract, and walked out of the office without looking back.

FindNovel.net It was almost like all those deep resentments had vanished into thin air. Was this guy some sort of shape-shifter?

Hunter was furious. His eyes were bloodshot. He never thought that all his hard work would be for nothing. He couldn't convict Steven, nor had he caused any loss to the Thompson family. Instead, he had become a laughingstock.

"Hunter, I was right, wasn't I?" Bella gazed at him with intense determination in her eyes. "Justice will always prevail over evil. You will never defeat us."

"Damn it! You're just lucky!" Hunter grumbled under his breath before walking away.

"Hunter Lovett." Arnold suddenly called out to him with a smile.

Hunter stopped in his tracks, clenching his jaw. "Is there something else you want to say?"

"Isn't that golden grub that night delicious?"