

Heiress 1291

Chapter 1291

The venue descended into chaos, with security personnel dispatched to maintain order.

However, due to the scale of the event and the multitude of media outlets invited, all the reporters swarmed toward Theodore, trapping him in the middle and leaving him immobilized. A juicy scandal for the media was like blood in the water for sharks, and the revelation was shockingly scandalous.

Lance Iverson's son-in-law, currently the top-pick candidate in the city's major election, turned out to be a corrupt official who indulged in both wealth and pleasures privately.

Who would not want to be the first to write about such headline news? Everyone was eager to tear Theodore apart for the news.

"Mr. Mayor, should I contact headquarters to send more personnel? It's getting difficult to manage the situation here!" The secretary hurried to Mayor Solloway, seeking instructions.

Mayor Solloway was positioned discreetly in a corner, allowing his rival to face the spotlight and wearing a smile that seemed to relish the unfolding drama. "Let's just quietly watch the spectacle. Why go through the hassle? Just make sure my wife and I are kept safe, lest we get splattered in the upcoming uproar."

In response to the escalating situation, the Iversons beefed up security at the hall's entrances.

Soon after, three black sedans pulled up menacingly in front of the main entrance, lined up one after another.

As the car door opened, prosecutors in suits and bearing credentials swiftly disembarked.

Leading the group, Axel had a sharp gaze and a serious expression, a stark contrast to his usual playful nature seen at home. His powerful presence commanded attention, making it difficult for onlookers to look directly at him.

As the prosecutors approached purposefully, the security guards at the entrance looked at each other nervously, daunted by their authoritative approach.

"Please step aside. Don't obstruct our work." Axel spoke calmly, his expression cold and detached.

The security guards dared not stop them and meekly made way for them to pass.

Just as he entered the hall, Axel pressed the Bluetooth headset clipped to his left ear to communicate with his sister. "Bella, I'm inside now."

"Hmm? How did it go so smoothly? That's a bit unexpected." Bella expressed her surprise.

"Heh... Look at who's handling things for you. At crucial moments like this, you still need me..."

However, Axel's boasting lasted barely three seconds before the Iversons' staff swiftly moved in to block them from going in further, like an impenetrable wall.

"Ouch, my dear brother just got humbled!"

Bella's playful laughter rang in Axel's ear. "It doesn't seem as smooth as you thought it'd be."

"You can see me?!" Axel's voice dropped as he quickly looked around.

"Of course. Not only can I see you, but I can also see what's happening inside."

Elsewhere, Bella rested her cheek on her hand, her eyes curving as she watched the besieged Theodore and Lance, who looked like he was in a dilemma, unable to decide whether to stay or leave. Her lips curled up in delight. "It's truly a sight you can't afford to miss."

Axel straightened up and tightened his tie. "Hmph! Bella, just watch. Your dearest brother will play a significant part in the most dramatic part of today's play."

"That may be true, but Prosecutor Thompson, you need to get inside first."

Before she could finish her sentence, Justin's warm palm wrapped around Bella's delicate shoulders, gently caressing her. "Don't worry, Bella. Like I said, I have my men inside. They'll make sure your brother gets in smoothly."

Upon hearing Justin's words, Bella's eyes shimmered, slightly narrowing as she softly leaned into the man's embrace.

She had always been fiercely independent, whether as his wife or while working abroad with Doctors Without Borders. She was always proud and resolute.

But since Justin came into her life, she had only wanted to be the soft woman by his side.

After all, no matter what, he always pampered her and provided her with an irreplaceable sense of security.

"We're sorry. There's an important event going on here today, and you cannot enter." One of the Iverson family's bodyguards took the initiative to confront them. "I'm Prosecutor Axel Thompson from Savrow's Prosecutor Office."

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Axel's eyes narrowed sharply. "I'm here under official orders. The prosecutor's office has authorized the arrest of Councilman Savoy for interrogation. Please do not interfere with the execution of judicial duties! "We haven't been notified of any such order. We know only to keep unauthorized individuals out. None of them shall set foot in here!" The bodyguard responded with growing sternness.

Axel's lips curled into a mocking smile, his gaze icy. "Are you aware that you're already breaking the law?"

Unintimidated and confident in their powerful backing, the bodyguards disregarded Axel.

"Heh, given how you're dressed, you don't look like you're officially dispatched. If you're so concerned about us making an arrest, it suggests only one thing. You're with the Iverson Group." Axel sneered. The bodyguard became visibly flustered.

Before stepping in, Lance Iverson had clearly instructed them not to mention the Iverson name, no matter what.

Their job was to delay anyone from entering to allow the Iversons more time to manage the situation. If the authorities were to take Theodore into custody, it would mean a definite and irreversible downfall for him.

Therefore, they stubbornly insisted, "No! We're not from the Iverson Group! We're here to maintain order at this venue on behalf of Mayor Solloway!"

"Oh? Are you with Mayor Solloway? Why don't I recognize any of you then?"

Suddenly, a calm voice, followed by footsteps, drew everyone's attention.

The person who came was none other than the Chief Secretary from Mayor Solloway's office, followed by a group of personnel from the Solloway family.

The Iverson family's bodyguards were visibly mortified and embarrassed.

"You really have some nerve, huh? How dare you impersonate being an employee of the Solloway family right under Mayor Solloway's watch and attempt to frame him?"

The secretary scolded them sternly but then turned to Axel with a pleasant smile. "Prosecutor Thompson, I think you should issue another arrest warrant to detain these individuals who are obstructing official duties under unknown orders, so we can thoroughly interrogate them and clear Mr. Mayor's name."

Axel nodded lightly. "I'll follow through on this matter."

"That's good to hear. It's important to note that our mayor wholeheartedly backs organizational directives and will actively support and cooperate with the efforts of the prosecutorial staff." The secretary added, skillfully boosting his boss's image.

The Iverson representatives were thoroughly intimidated, with none daring to interfere any further.

"Thank you for your cooperation."

Axel moved swiftly, leading his team decisively toward the event venue.

Just as they entered, the secretary discreetly moved to a corner to make a quick phone call.

Meanwhile, Justin, attempting to kiss Bella, was interrupted by his ringing phone.

"Stop it... Answer the phone." Bella's cheeks turned pink, her hands resting on his front, feeling the well-defined contours of his chest muscles through the meticulously tidy shirt. Her mind was wandering off. As she was distracted, Justin deepened his gaze, seized the moment, pinched her chin, and pecked her lips, then switched the phone to speaker mode.

The Chief Secretary's voice came through. "Mr. Salvador, I've completed the task you assigned me. Prosecutor Thompson has successfully led his team inside the venue."

"Thank you for your hard work, Secretary Chad."

Suddenly, Justin pressed his broad and sturdy frame against Bella, pinning her against the car window.

In the next second, he delivered an intense, unrestrained kiss, pressing firmly against her cherry-red lips.

He was naturally not one to be satisfied with mere surface-level affections. His voracious desire was fully apparent.

As Bella returned the passionate kiss, her eyes glistening with emotion, she instinctively wrapped her arms around Justin's neck.

Despite her response, she was extremely surprised inside.

She had clearly seen everything happening in the hall through the surveillance cameras.

Was the Chief Secretary to Mayor Solloway actually Justin's spy?!

This was a shocking revelation!

Secretary Chad responded with a respectful smile. "Mr. Salvador, you're being too nice. It is my honor to handle any task within my capabilities for you. Besides, helping you also means helping Mayor Solloway. After all, he has been looking forward to witnessing today's significant events."

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"In the future, please don't hesitate to ask for anything you need!" Secretary Chad offered eagerly, treating Justin as if he were his own boss.

The temperature in the car began to rise as their lips and teeth intertwined in a deep and lingering kiss.

Justin reluctantly pulled away from Bella's tender and moist lips, his own lips curving in satisfaction.

It was unclear whether his pleasure stemmed from Secretary Chad's response or from Bella's passionate reciprocation.

After ending the call, Bella's forehead glistened with a thin layer of sweat.

"Are you some kind of omnipotent god? You even have connections close to Mayor Solloway?"

Bella panted softly in his arms, her eyes both soft and coy. "All those people in the political arena are cunning, driven by ambition and vanity. Especially someone in a secretary's position. They're often the

closest confidants of high-ranking officials and the hardest to win over. How did you manage to sway Secretary Chad?"

Justin gently caressed her damp hair, raising an eyebrow. "I was able to gain his loyalty because I'm affluent and respectable enough."

"Pfft... What a big ego!" Bella teased, poking his cheek.

"Secretary Chad has been with Mayor Solloway for many years, but as far as I know, the mayor is quick-tempered and extremely harsh with his subordinates. Working under him is like walking on thin ice, always on edge. Besides, despite several opportunities for advancement over the years, Mayor Solloway has deliberately held Secretary Chad back. Tell me, if you were in his shoes, would you remain utterly loyal to such a boss?"

Bella nodded in realization, revealing the scheme. "So, realizing that he couldn't progress in politics, he decided to switch to business. And you seized the opportunity by promising him some benefits, like helping you now and later securing him a position at Salvador Corporation, right?"

Justin's eyes filled with affection, his lips curled into a smile. "Bella, you really are a gem of wisdom, brilliantly perceptive." "Make sure to take good care of Secretary Chad. He's quick-witted and manages to keep everyone happy without a slip." Bella's eyes twinkled with brilliance. "Keep him around. He'll be of great use in the future."

James thought he had everything under control and was about to arrange for his sister and unlucky brother-in-law to exit quickly when Axel, leading a group of prosecutors with imposing momentum, approached them.

"J-James! How did they get in?!" Astrid trembled behind him, her heiress composure completely gone.

James clenched his teeth, his expression solemn, as he watched Axel go up to him.

"Mr. Iverson, things aren't going your way. No matter how much you try to obstruct or deflect, the light of justice will eventually shine through."

Axel met James' gaze with a half-smile, his integrity overwhelming James, "After all, Savrow does not belong to the Iversons. Some people dream of using their power to oppress others, thinking they can rule the world, but that's like laying on a bed in a toilet. It's too close to filth."

Visibly agitated yet unable to respond effectively, James forced a stiff smile. "Young Master Axel, I have no idea what you're talking about."

Axel furrowed his eyebrow. "There's no Young Master Axel here, just Prosecutor Thompson. Move aside and don't obstruct the path."

With that, Axel forcefully shouldered past James, leading his team into the venue.

James shrugged his shoulders where he got bumped, his eyes venomously following Axel's departing figure.

"James! What do we do... What do we do?! They're about to take my husband away! Stop them!" Astrid was frantic, desperately shaking James' arm. "Shut up!" James finally snapped, yelling at her.

Astrid was so frightened that she immediately fell silent.

Meanwhile, surrounded by aggressive journalists, Theodore's face was pale, and his hair was disheveled. His mind was racing with thoughts of escape.

Just then, firm steps from leather shoes echoed, and the crowd automatically made way.

"Look! It's someone from the prosecutor's office!"

Upon hearing this, Theodore could not help but tremble intensely.

At that moment, Axel walked up to him decisively, presenting the arrest warrant.

The venue fell eerily silent.

Then, Axel's clear and compelling voice broke the silence, his tone harsh yet solemn.

"Theodore Savoy, you're suspected of corruption, abuse of power, and engaging in power transactions for personal benefits. Please come with us for further investigation."

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As Theodore saw the prosecutors approaching him, he felt overwhelmed by the impending doom, causing his legs to give in. He collapsed to his knees under the watchful eyes of the crowd. Instantly, all social media platforms and news headlines simultaneously broke the news that Councilman Theodore Savoy had been arrested.

Quick-reacting reporters rushed toward Lance.

"Chairman Iverson! Do you have anything to say about your son-in-law's arrest?"

"Were you aware of Councilman Savoy's private dealings?"

"Has Councilman Savoy been mutually benefiting you during his office? Did he covertly leverage his position to provide advantages to the Iverson Group?"

Seething with fury, Lance's face turned ashen.

He had assumed James would resolve the matter. Instead, the ravenous dogs from the prosecutor's office had stormed in, led by Wyatt Thompson's second son, Axel Thompson.

It was especially humiliating for Wyatt's son to publicly arrest his son-in-law, blatantly disrespecting him!

In hindsight, he regretted not leaving earlier during the chaos.

"Dad! Let's leave now!" James rushed over, hurriedly helping his father to leave.

The reporters followed relentlessly. As Lance struggled to move forward with his son's help, his shoe came off.

"Oh no! My shoe!" Lance awkwardly held up his left foot.

"Dad! This is no time to worry about your shoes! We need to leave now!" James, frantic and sweating, pulled his father onward.

Thus, Lance had no choice but to flee the scene with one bare foot.

"Look! Why is there a shoe on the ground?!"

"Is that Lance Iverson's shoe? Was he so flustered that he lost his shoe? Hahaha!"

The reporters laughed as they snapped pictures of the abandoned shoe.

The prosecution team dragged Theodore out of the venue. His legs went limp, as if he were too terrified to walk.

Across the street, Bella and Justin observed the entire scene.

Ian had already brought over some champagne, beaming with joy. "Congratulations, Mr. Salvador and Young Madam. Together, you're unstoppable!"

The couple picked up their champagne glasses, their lips curling up with satisfaction as they gazed into each other's eyes. The clink of their glasses produced a pleasing chime.

"Thanks for helping out, Mr. Salvador. It's a pleasure working with you." Bella's eyes brimmed with affectionate warmth, her lips naturally turning rosy, stunning enough to captivate his heart and soul. "I didn't do much..."

Justin almost slipped and called her "wifey", but quickly corrected himself. "It's really all you, Bella. You're thoughtful and strategic. I merely assisted where I could."

Deep down, Justin was envious of Ryan every time he saw his best friend freely embrace Carrie and openly boast about his "charming wife" without hesitation.

It left Justin feeling bitter and sour every time he thought of it.

Yet he had only himself to blame for missing so many opportunities for happiness.

His reconciliation with Bella had already felt like a miracle, so he dared not ask for more. Even if it meant spending his life by her side, unmarried, he was content with that.

Bella noticed her brave warrior flustered by a slight misstep in his words, his eyes flickering with a touch of panic.

Her heart tightened, and she leaned in closer, wrapping her delicate arms around his neck and planting a kiss on his jaw.

Ian promptly opened the car door and stepped out, embodying the role of a secretary who was supposed to see and hear nothing at such moments.

Justin's breathing grew heavier, his hand gently caressing her waist. "Bella, please stop tormenting me."

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Justin said, "My self-control collapses in your presence, leaving me vulnerable."

Bella's eyes reddened slightly as her warm breath lingered in his ear. Her voice was soft and melodious. "My man did so well today. I shall reward you tonight."

The vital exchange event for Savrow concluded in a bizarre yet dramatic scene.

The public airing of Theodore's scandal-ridden political career elicited widespread societal outrage and had an extremely negative impact. It even drew the President's attention, who mandated a comprehensive probe into Theodore's family and all officials connected to him privately so as to stamp out corruption.

Everyone in the political arena felt threatened, except those who deeply despised Theodore.

The Iversons also suffered collateral damage. Not only was the Iversons' reputation tarnished and their dignity lost, but they also came under scrutiny from the authorities.

As Lance scrolled through Twitter on his way home, he saw people mocking the shoe he left at the venue with the caption, "Everyone deserves a 'Tycoon style' shoe too!"

It infuriated him so much that he threw his phone out, shattering the windshield of his luxury car.

After a tumultuous return home, it was already late at night.

Unable to sleep, Lance called everyone to the living room for a meeting.

Charles, still groggy from alcohol, stumbled in cursing, only for his father to slap him awake.

Christopher sat calmly aside, elbow on the armrest, fist propping his head, watching the drama unfold with interest.

"There's clearly someone behind orchestrating Theodore's scandal! Who could it be? Who dares plot against the Iverson family?!" Lance roared furiously, almost smashing the expensive coffee table to pieces. Having commanded respect for decades, how did Lance reach such a low point? He ruined his reputation and even lost his shoe. It seemed only extreme measures could soothe his fury. "Dad, now that Theodore's arrested, there's going to be serious repercussions for our family."

James brooded, his expression dark and serious. "Our immediate concern should be to sever all ties with him. We also need to quickly destroy any evidence of the benefits we gained through his position that

could implicate our family. This situation has alarmed the president, and if it continues to unfold this way, the investigation will soon reach us."

"What? Theodore the leech got arrested? Why?!" Charles' eyes were blurry from intoxication, trying to understand the situation.

"You brainless fool, full of nothing but booze! All you do is drink and chase after women. You're not even a fraction of the man your brothers are! How did I even end up with such a useless son like you?!" Lance had completely lost his patience with Charles, and his words, spoken in anger, were harsh and humiliating, cutting deep.

Charles was especially sensitive about comparisons to Christopher and accusations of impotence.

Now, his own father was mercilessly hitting all his sore spots.

"My current predicament is all thanks to Bella!"

With eyes red and breath heavy with rage, Charles blurted out, "If it wasn't for that self-righteous quack of a doctor who operated on me, how could I have ended up so pathetic?! It's all that bitch's fault!"

"Who did you just call a bitch?"

Christopher's lips parted slightly, his cool, pale voice breaking the silence as he fixed his gaze on Charles, his eyes glinting with a chilling, bloodthirsty menace. "I dare you to say it again."

Charles' heart skipped a beat. He stumbled back nervously onto the sofa, his tone diminishing in strength. "Anyway, it's all Bella Thompson's fault! She was the one who operated on my leg. Why did my lower half stop functioning? She must've sabotaged me!"

In the past, Charles would have never feared Christopher.

But now, disabled and fallen from grace both in the company and with their father, Charles was all bark and no bite, not daring to confront Christopher head-on anymore.

"Pfft! Charles, Dad said your brain is full of shit, and here you are, eager to prove him right."

Christopher adjusted his glasses, a scornful smile playing on his lips. "If Bella really wanted to harm you, she would've simply made you a high-level paraplegic. So, what you're saying is that in order to harm you, she healed your leg only to render you impotent? Heh... Keep those brain-dead comments within the family, please. Don't embarrass the Iverson name elsewhere."

"You!" Charles was so furious that his face turned red.

"Enough! Stop buzzing around like a fly!"

Chapter 1296

Lance furrowed his brows, feeling very worried. "Who collected such detailed evidence? Who has the ability to do it without anyone noticing? Who is capable of all this?!"

Charles complained angrily. "Isn't it obvious? It must be the Solloway family. They've always had a grudge against that idiot, Theodore. With the election coming up, they are bound to go all out against their opponents!"

"No, it's not the Solloway family."

James sounded confident as he said, "As far as I know, the Solloway family doesn't have the ability for something like this. Even if they had some evidence, they wouldn't have exposed it during such an important meeting today. It wouldn't benefit them and could end up causing trouble for their superiors."

All of a sudden, he had an epiphany. He gritted his teeth and muttered, "Why does this sneaky and ruthless move remind me so much of something Bella would do?"

Lance was surprised. "Bella?! Could it actually be her doing?!"

"Big brother, do you have any evidence?" Christopher had a menacing glare in his eyes. "You're not saying all this just because of the argument with Bella about Charles at the Thompson's house, right? You're the respected CEO of Iverson Group. Is that all you can come up with?"

"My suspicions aren't groundless. After what happened with Charles, our family has been in a feud with the Thompson family. Remember what Bella said back then? Given her vengeful nature, she's bound to strike back at us. And now, here it is."

James squinted and gave him a cold stare. "Christopher, at this point you're not still fantasizing about becoming the son-in-law of the Thompson family, are you? Don't you have bigger ambitions? The

Thompson family is trampling over us, and it was Bella's brother, Axel, who led the people to arrest Theodore."

He continued, "Right after the truth came out, Axel immediately brought people over. Tell me, how could there be such a coincidence?"

Christopher was speechless and clenched his fists in anger.

"Even if Bella was going to strike, why would she go after Theodore?" Charles asked, when a sudden realization sent a chill down his spine. He and Astrid had plotted against Amelia. Could Theodore just be a decoy? Was Astrid actually Bella's real target?!

"Dad! Big Brother!"

At that moment, Astrid burst into the room, sobbing uncontrollably, her make-up completely ruined. "Theodore has made so many sacrifices over the years for the Iverson family. We can't just leave him out to dry like this!"

"You have the nerve to come here crying?! Your husband has completely disgraced me!" Lance stood up angrily and pointed at his daughter while clenching his jaw. "Theodore is finished. If you have any sense left, you'll cut ties with the Savoy family right away! If you insist on being stubborn, I'll pretend like I've never had such a stupid daughter! Don't drag your own family down with you!"

Astrid stood frozen, holding in her frustrations and not daring to utter a single word.

"Astrid, the prosecution will summon you in the next few days. You need to be prepared." James stepped forward and solemnly placed his hands on her shoulders. "I will also arrange a press conference for you as soon as possible. First, you need to demonstrate your stance and apologize for Theodore's actions. You need to present yourself as someone who values justice over family

connections. Second, use this chance to cut ties with him and assert that his actions have nothing to do with you. You also need to stand up for the Iverson family and do everything possible to salvage our family's reputation." Astrid's mind was in chaos, so she could only follow whatever James said.

Christopher remained silent, his glasses reflecting a sinister light. He certainly hated these corrupt individuals, but he also didn't want to see the Iverson Group get into trouble. Otherwise, there would be nothing left for him to inherit.

Let James clean up this mess, then. Christopher only wanted to reap the benefits.

Chapter 1297

The moon cast a gentle glow, and the room was filled with a faint, intoxicating scent.

Justin's body tensed, and his eyes were filled with intense lust. He looked up at the woman sitting on top of him, scanning her from head to toe. He was consumed by his intense love for her and wanted nothing more than to hold her close and become one with her.

Bella hesitated. "Um... I haven't tried this before, so don't be disappointed if I don't do it well," she said softly, her hand resting on Justin's heaving chest, shyly pressing her lips together.

Justin held her pale, slender legs, trying hard to contain his excitement. His fingers clung tightly to her skin until it turned red.

He didn't anticipate that the "reward" she mentioned would involve switching things up. Despite having sex many times before, he had always been the one to initiate and put in all his effort to make sure she had an amazing time.

It had always been him taking charge and her enjoying it.

But this time, the roles were entirely reversed. How could he not be overjoyed?

"Am I doing it right?" Bella asked, her cheeks blushing as she spoke softly.

Justin's breath was steady, but the trembling of his muscles and his lustful eyes gave a fervent response.

"Bella... There's no need to force yourself." His voice was husky and intoxicating.

Bella closed her moist eyes and shook her head. "Isn't it nice to change things up?"

"Of course, it's just... I don't want you to feel tired." Justin's voice caught in his throat as he spoke, slightly trembling.

"Silly man." Bella said as she leaned over and lightly touched his lovely lips with her finger, tracing circles gently.

"We're equals when it comes to making love. If I'm doing anything wrong, just guide me."

After a night of intense lovemaking, Bella felt like she had poured so much energy into it. 'It's so exhausting! Laying down feels way more comfortable!'

By the second half of the night, she was so sleepy she could hardly keep her eyes open, but he embraced her again and even helped with cleaning her up afterwards. She thought, 'Is he a robot? He seems to have boundless energy.'

The following day.

Bella only woke up after the sun had already risen high in the sky, feeling stiff all over and finding it tough to get out of bed, entangled in the covers.

"Understood, continue to keep a close watch." Justin's deep, captivating voice echoed. Bella rolled over, her sleepy eyes fixed on his back, seated on the edge of the bed.

The next second, her heart raced wildly as she shyly buried her face in the covers.

Justin's back was covered in fresh, red scratch marks—a clear sign of last night's passionate lovemaking.

"Are you awake already?" Justin turned around, gently caressing her cheek. "I've asked Wilma to come over and cook you something delicious. You should sleep a little longer. You must be exhausted from

last night."

Bella blinked. Her voice was gentle and relaxed. "Who were you talking to on the phone? Ian?"

"Mhm." Justin laid down as Bella snuggled into his arms. He held her close and said, "I've instructed Ian to continue creating buzz on social media targeting the Iverson Group, making sure to keep them in the spotlight on social media and grab as much attention as possible."

Chapter 1298

Bella gave him a peck on the cheek and said, "Good job."

Justin, feeling pleased with his reward, squinted happily with his starry eyes. "Oh, there's one more thing. The Iverson family has made a move." Bella instantly perked up. "Oh, really? What is it?"

"They are planning to hold a press conference to clarify what happened in the previous meeting."

"Clarify? I think they're just trying to dodge responsibility and shift the blame." Bella giggled softly, tracing a heart on his chest with her fingertips.

"The Iverson family had put so much effort into Theodore, and now that he had failed, they're probably worried about getting in trouble with the higher-ups."

Justin's gaze turned cold as he said, "To prove their sincerity, the Iverson Group will surely organize a press conference very soon, perhaps within the next few days."

"Hmph, Theodore's behavior as the corrupt councilman is inexcusable, but it's truly despicable how the Iverson family acts all high and mighty after turning their backs on him."

"Don't worry, Bella. I promised to seek justice for Amelia, and I won't give up easily. Anyone who hurts you or your loved ones will face severe consequences," Justin said through gritted teeth with a fierce determination in his voice.

Bella smiled joyfully as she listened to his powerful and steady heartbeat, her eyes squinting with delight.

Another reason she loved Justin was because of his strong commitment to fairness and his fearless sense of justice. They both shared similar values, believing in kindness and working toward a better world. Justin took hold of her fragile hand and touched her pinky finger.

A wave of tender soreness filled his chest instantly, and his throat tightened slightly. "Bella, what exactly happened to your finger? Can you tell me?"

"It's nothing, just a little accident from climbing trees when I was a child. It doesn't bother me."

Bella forced a smile, trying to make it seem genuine. "It's just a pinky. It doesn't affect my work or life. I'm a grown adult, so please don't always be so anxious around me. Relax a little. We have a long life ahead of us. If you are so tense all the time, I think you might end up with a heart attack."

"Because it's about you," Justin said softly, leaning down to give a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Even if it's a little thing, everything involving you deeply affects me and echoes deeply in my heart." "Justin, I know you've always felt regretful and guilty about what happened in the past, and it's been hard for you to look me in the eye, but I hate seeing you like this."

Bella felt a wave of sadness as she lightly touched his chiseled cheek. "I understand how tough it is to feel small and unworthy in front of someone you love. I don't want you to struggle with self-doubt, denial, and pain."

She continued, "Our journey hasn't been easy, and I wish our relationship could be happy and uncomplicated, as simple and pure as everyone else."

Back then, she had gone to great lengths to make Justin love her, changing herself in every way she could. The pain was so intense that it would wake her up, leaving her in tears. She loved him and didn't want him to face the same struggles she had.

Justin could understand her feelings, and it made him feel a deep sense of pain. He rested his arm beside her, his veins bulging, and he kissed her again.

It was a mix of powerful and tender emotions.

Bella felt lightheaded and fragile, like she was drifting into the sky.

"Bella, after we're done with the Iverson family, let's go to Switzerland," Justin whispered in her ear.

"We can have a great time there. Didn't you say you wanted to see the mountains? I'll go with you." Bella blinked and replied casually, "Sure."

As someone in the medical field, she was aware of a well-known gynecology professor based in Switzerland.

Justin was always thoughtful and caring, but he wasn't the type to seek out fun or romantic trips. His proposal for a trip definitely had a hidden agenda—he wanted to accompany her to see a doctor. Even if there was no hope, he wanted to try.

She deeply understood his intentions and how he felt. If this could make him feel a bit better, then she would be okay with it.

Chapter 1299

Axel had concrete and irrefutable evidence. The instant Theodore entered the prosecutor's office, he realized he was in big trouble.

Astrid was typically domineering and arrogant. At such a critical moment, no one was willing to help her. Everyone avoided her like the plague.

She had no option but to follow her father's and brother's orders to host a press conference for a public apology on behalf of the Iverson family. It felt like she was just being used by the Iverson family. Why did she have to deal with this humiliating task? Just because she was Lance's daughter?

The men in the Iverson family, who were related to her by blood, chose this crucial moment to push her into the public eye. They hid behind her like turtles, retreating into their shells. Was this how they should act?

The press conference was scheduled for the day after tomorrow.

Lately, Astrid felt like each day dragged on forever. She lost her appetite, had trouble sleeping, and was constantly irritated. Every second was excruciatingly painful.

She ended up spending a whole afternoon by herself in the wine cellar, drowning her sorrows in alcohol. As she thought about how all her hard work had gone to waste, she cried out loud in the lonely wine cellar.

"Rather than sitting here in tears, maybe you should think about why things have ended up like this."

Astrid suddenly stopped crying as she noticed Christopher coming toward her with a mocking grin.

"Why... Why?"

"Yes, why indeed?"

Christopher casually took a seat opposite her, grabbed a wine glass, and poured himself some red wine. "Why have you consistently protected Theodore's years of hidden embezzlement, acceptance of bribes and enjoyment of the favors people sent his way without ever being exposed all along? Why did everything suddenly fall apart now, instead of earlier or later?"

"Yeah, why..." Astrid, feeling a bit tipsy, found her thoughts all jumbled. She could not figure anything out.

"Don't you remember what you did lately?"

With that comment, Astrid suddenly clicked. "Wait... Is it linked to the Thompson family? Are they behind this?!"

"You're not completely hopeless when it comes to being stupid."

Christopher happily took a sip of his red wine. "No matter how recklessly Theodore behaves in private, the Thompson family has no beef with him. Why would they go out of their way to target him? It's clear that from the beginning, they weren't after him."

"The Thompsons are coming after me?!" Astrid's face showed pure panic as she got up, accidentally knocking over her chair.

"Now, sis, you're in a tough spot. Even if you hold a press conference and try to fix things for the Iverson family, it won't make much of a difference. What's done is done. Do you really think the Thompson family will let you off so easily? Going after your husband was just the start. There's more trouble coming your way."

Astrid grabbed her head in fear, screaming uncontrollably. Her hysterical screams echoed through the entire wine cellar.

Christopher quickly covered his ears, watching her as if she were crazy.

"No... No! I have nothing to do with Amelia... I didn't do anything wrong. It was all my Charles' doing... They can't accuse me unfairly like this. They can't treat me like that!" Astrid muttered to herself as she dashed out the door.

Shortly after, Taylor glanced around as he came in from outside and poured Christopher a glass of wine at the table.

"Mr. Iverson, do you know where that crazy woman went?"

"If I'm not wrong, Astrid has likely headed to Yara Park."

"What?!"

Taylor couldn't believe it. "The Thompson family had a big argument with the Iverson family recently. Now, that crazy woman is only going to escalate the situation between the two families."

"It doesn't matter. She is her own person, and I am mine. Whatever she does, it only hurts herself in the end. Why should I be bothered?"

Christopher sipped his drink with a dark gleam in his eyes. "Let her go. She's headed for embarrassment. I want her to be consumed by bitterness. When that happens, she'll become a ticking time bomb, ready to explode on certain people."

Chapter 1300

Provoked by Christopher, Astrid quickly made her way to Hatchbay in the middle of the night while reeking of alcohol.

Wyatt was at home. Quentin attended to him while he took his medications, and Mila was there, keeping an eye on his blood pressure.

Lately, Wyatt has been so angry with Bella that it has caused his blood pressure to skyrocket. Despite being the chairman of the KS Group and a top tycoon, he could not locate his daughter's whereabouts. As days went by, he transitioned from being furious to simply feeling worried for his daughter's safety. He gradually calmed down.

He kept asking Asher and the others about Bella, but her brothers stayed tight-lipped because they knew that Wyatt's strong emotions stemmed from his love for her, but this could also lead to chaos. As

long as they kept him focused on worrying about Bella, his hatred and loathing toward Justin could be somewhat diverted.

"Wyatt, I'm not trying to scare you, but you really need to take care of your health."

Mila put away the blood pressure monitor with a concerned look on her face. "You often joke about being halfway to the grave, but deep down, I know how much you cherish the idea of a long and healthy life. You dream of watching your children and grandchildren lead happy lives in their own families, experiencing the joy of having four generations together. But if you continue neglecting your well-being, I'm afraid that you might not live to see that day."

Wyatt pursed his lips and remained silent, like a boy being reprimanded by an adult.

Next to him, Quentin could only muster a helpless smile. Out of all the women in the family, it was only Mila's words that Wyatt really took to heart. Maybe it was because of her strong presence.

"My health is getting worse by the day, and I can't help but blame that brat, Bella! One of these days, she'll be the end of me. She's probably happy spending her time with that rascal Justin and starting their own little pack of..."

The bitter words were blurted out, causing Wyatt's heart to ache and cutting him off mid-sentence.

In the quiet study, there was a heavy feeling of sorrow.

"Wyatt, from now on, please never say such things in front of Bella." Mila looked even more stern. "You're always giving orders and showing off in public, but you can't be disrespectful to your children. Otherwise, no one will respect you."

Wyatt stayed silent, pressing his lips tightly together.

"Bella is already very upset."

Mila lowered her gaze, took a deep breath, and continued, "As her family, we should always be there for her, no matter what. We shouldn't just express our own anger without considering how she feels. It's like stabbing her in the heart with our words."

She continued, "Wyatt, I was the first to support you, and I have seen how Bella has grown up-how strong and sensible she is. Over the years, even though she grew up privileged, she has never tried to stop you from anything or make unreasonable demands on you, right?"

Wyatt's lips were pressed so tightly that they turned white. The tension was evident as he processed what Mila said and faced the reality of his own harshness toward his daughter.

"Your daughter has never asked you for anything, and now all she wants is Justin. Why can't you just grant her this?" Mila remarked bitterly.

"She's sacrificing so much for that bastard! Can I even consider myself her dad if I stand by and let her harm herself?" Wyatt felt a touch of compassion, but he remained stubborn.

"But Bella has never truly been happy all these years." Mila's eyes started to turn red. "It's only when she's with Justin that I really get the sense that she is genuinely happy from the bottom of her heart." "But Justin, he..."

"Wyatt, do you remember what Yara said to you before she passed away? Can you remember her exact words?"

Wyatt felt a tingling sensation shoot up his back, like an electric shock running to the top of his head, causing his pupils to shrink involuntarily.

Of course he remembered.

Even if his vision faded, his speech became slow, and his body weakened, he believed he would always remember Yara's appearance, words, and joyful expression.

Even if he was dying, remembering their time together could still bring a heartfelt smile to his face.

