

THE DIVORCED HEIRESS'S REVENGE

Chapter 505

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Chelsea furrowed her brows at the thought that her precious son had humbly cleaned Bella's feet in

public. She was not comfortable with it. She said, "You were working with Mr. Asher before, Steve. He's the

CEO of KS Group. You have a brighter future as his secretary. Why did you switch over to become Ms.

Bella's secretary instead? What future could you possibly have with her? The Thompsons' business

would be passed down to the firstborn son

"Haven't you watched the news, Mom? Ms. Bella is an influential figure in the city. The public coined

her the heiress of disguises. I believe she's just as competent as Mr. Asher," Steven interrupted.

"That's because her father is Wyatt Thompson. She can do whatever she wants without obstructions."

Chelsea was not pleased.

"Mom, Ms. Bella is good to me. I'm happy to work for her."

Steven held his mother's hands, his gaze intense. "Most importantly, Ms. Bella needs me. No matter

the cost, I will stay by her side for as long as she needs me, unless she doesn't need me anymore."

Chelsea was shocked. Her heart sank.

She felt as though her son had neglected her with a woman in his life.

Clarence stared at Steven in disbelief, as the latter's statement sounded like a love confession.

"Son, I know you feel that way for Bella, but are the feelings mutual?"

Chelsea panicked because she believed Bella had her son wrapped around her finger. She tried to talk some sense into him. "Your dad and I are proud of you. You're the apple of my eye. Look what you're doing for Bella. Even if our family is in debt to the Thompsons, Bella should be treating you with more respect."

With his mother tearing up, Steven helplessly held her.

"You're overthinking it, Mom. Ms. Bella is a great person. She has never asked me for anything.

Everything I did, I have done on my own free will."

The tension was thick in the other car.

"From now on, you are not to cause the Thompsons any more problems."

Neil sternly reprimanded Hunter, "What have I taught you? You should never forget your roots or be ungrateful! Besides, there is always money to make. Your net worth is more than \$100 million. Isn't it

enough? Why must you get involved with the Salvadors and tear the Thompsons down?”

“What did I do? The Thompsons were the ones getting in my face and throwing their weight around.”

Reflecting on the humiliation tonight, Hunter hissed through clenched teeth, “Bella must have whined to

her father, leading him to acquire Evergreen and control my law firm. I won’t let that girl get away with

it. I can’t just sit back and watch without doing anything. I need to teach Bella a lesson.”

“Haven’t you heard a thing I just said?”

Neil slapped Hunter in fury. “I’m your father. I’m only saying this for your own good. Do you think the

Thompsons would allow the Salvadors to be passive-aggressive or allow you to stir the pot? No one

knows better than me what a close-knit family the Thompsons are. You’re only looking for trouble by

starting with them.”

Hunter was not having it. He believed his father was being matic.

“If you want to screw with yourself, go ahead, but don’t drag mother, brothers, and me down with you.”

Now that they had cleared the air, Steven was back to working alongside Bella.

Although his first love was never meant to be, it was finally a closed chapter.

Nevertheless, there was one thing on his mind that he could not shake off.

That night, Amelia held him close and kissed him in a state of drunkenness.

“Steve? Steve? The pan is burning!”

Bella shouted, snapping Steven out of his thoughts. He realized the smoke was coming out of the pan.

“Cough! Cough! Oh, no!”

Steven turned off the fire in a panic and threw the burned pan into a sink of water.

“What’s wrong? You seemed distracted recently.”

Bella hurried over and checked on Steven to see if he was injured.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Bella. I guess I didn’t rest well. I will make you a not breakfast. ”

With his heart pounding out of his chest, Steven wanted to scrub th pan, but Bella stopped him. “No

time for that. We’re going to be late. Let’s eat at the hotel. Oh, drop me off at Mount Jaglee in the

National Forest Park this afternoon. I want to visit Frank.”