

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 851 -900

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 851-“Well, being the highlight of the event isn't what's important. What matters is that Mr. Salvador likes me...” From a nearby distance, Bella caught every word of Cecily's statement. Her eyebrows furrowed slightly.

Watching Cecily's affected demeanor, Arnold felt his suppressed nausea resurfacing.

“Be a good girl. Show Mr. Salvador everything you've got and be attentive to him. Then he will gradually develop feelings for you.” Even at this moment, Cameron did not miss the chance to belittle Bella. He sneered. “My dear daughter, no matter what, you're bound to be better than that replaceable Bella My girl, you need to be confident. You're just as good as Bella. It's just that you and Mr. Salvador are a bit short on fate, but that doesn't matter. We can work on that. On the contrary, Bella and Mr. Salvador were absolutely not on the cards. Otherwise, how could they end up divorcing each other Bella listened quietly to Cameron and her daughter's arrogant conversation. Her elegant demeanor remained composed.

Arnold stared in disbelief as Cameron and Cecily left the parking lot.

“Justin Salvador is your ex-husband?” “Yeah, I should've told you earlier. It's not really a secret anymore anyway.” Bella's expression remained indifferent.

“Well, you're certainly a model ex-wife, then.” Arnold could not help but tease Bella, “Most people would wanna strangle their exes after a divorce, but here you are, going out of your way to help your ex-husband. Are you still hung up on the past, or does he have something on you?” “I simply want a proper closure for myself. Let's go,” Bella replied emotionlessly, striding toward the hotel.

Watching Bella's resolute and distant figure as she walked away, Arnold could not help but find her intriguing. Despite her young age, she possessed a striking resolve, like a sword slicing through a raging storm.

Arnold could not help but smirk. “Bella, you're growing increasingly fascinating to me.” ... Cameron bumped into an acquaintance midway and struck up a conversation, leaving Cecily to proceed to the banquet hall ahead of him.

With confidence, Cecily presented her invitation to the staff at the door.

“Ms. Cecily, this way, please.” “Thanks.” Just as Cecily was about to step inside after adjusting her hair, she heard the distinct sound of high heels approaching from behind.

Turning around in surprise, she was startled to see Bella and Arnold striding confidently toward the banquet hall, Cecily clenched her teeth. Her gaze turned icy. ‘Why is this woman suddenly here? No one informed me that she was going to be here today! Also, who's the strikingly handsome man accompanying her? He's so good-looking! Is he her

new lover, or perhaps her new romantic interest?' "Well, well, Bella! What a pleasant surprise to run into you here!" Cecily's expression changed in a split second as she greeted Bella warmly.

Arnold scoffed disdainfully. If he had not heard Cameron and Cecily's arrogant conversation in the parking lot earlier, he might have actually thought that Bella and Cecily had a great relationship as cousins.

Moments like these were why Arnold was reluctant to return to his homeland. The dynamics between these affluent families were too complicated and insincere for him.

"What's wrong with me being here? If you can grace this hall with your presence, why can't I?" Bella retorted without sparing Cecily a glance. Her lips curled slightly, and her stance was domineering.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 852-"That's not what I meant. It's just that you've always been really discreet with your doings. You never show up at events like this." "Really? Well, you'll have to get used to it now." Bella narrowed her alluring eyes slightly. Her gaze gave off a hint of intrigue as she addressed her cousin. "I'll be making more public appearances from now on. It seems like we'll have to spend more time catching up, Cecily." Cecily's face wore a forced smile, though she was seething inside.

The staff politely asked Bella. "Miss, may I see your invitation, please?" "I don't have one," Bella admitted openly.

"Pfft!" Cecily could not hold back her laughter as she mockingly remarked finally seizing an opportunity to regain some ground. "My dear Bella have you been out of the loop for too long? Don't you know that you need an invitation to get into a high society event like this? You're making things difficult for the staff." The staff looked visibly perplexed. "I'm sorry, miss, but you can't enter without an invitation." "I'm Bella Thompson," Bella stated calmly, her expression indifferent.

The name "Bella Thompson" struck the staff like a thunderbolt, leaving them dumbfounded.

In the past, Bella would just mention her father's name for convenience.

But now, after causing quite a stir in Savrow, her name alone held enough weight. There was no need to rely on her father's name anymore.

"Ah, Ms. Thompson! My apologies!" "No worries. I had some urgent matters to attend to and wanted to see Mr. Salvador. My bad, I didn't think this through carefully." Bella then adopted a humble tone, offering a slight smile. "Since I don't have an invitation, I understand that it'd be hard for you to let me in. Could you please inform Mr. Salvador that I'm here to see him?" "It's alright, Ms. Thompson. Please, come right in!" The staff's

attitude was notably more attentive, a complete contrast to their previous treatment of Cecily.

“Thank you. This is Mr. Larson, a friend of mine. Can we please en together?” Bella asked politely.

“Of course! This way, please!” The staff courteously escorted Bella and Arnold into the banquet hall.

Cecily was left standing alone at the entrance. Her face flushed with frustration as she stomped her foot.

It had always been like this since they were children. No matter how hard Cecily tried, her radiance would inevitably be overshadowed by Bella.

Meanwhile, Justin and Ryan were walking together toward the banquet hall.

“How is Carrie lately?” Despite Justin’s neutral expression, he was still concerned about his sister’s well-being.

“Carrie’s been doing well. Once I finish my current tasks, I’m planning on taking her to Switzerland for a while so that she can get better treatment.” Whenever someone mentioned Carrie, Ryan’s eyes softened with warmth and anticipation for the future. “I’ve reached out to a psychiatrist who can help Carrie overcome her struggles, especially with her autism and trauma.” “Trauma? What do you mean?” Justin halted, puzzled.

“I’m not sure either. Yasmin was the one who told me about this. She believes that Carrie may have been traumatized previously. I think probably had something to do with Bethany. After all, Bethany constantly bullied Carrie in your house back then. Anyone would develop trauma in such a situation.” A cold, determined glint flickered in Ryan’s narrowed eyes. “But it doesn’t matter anymore. I’ve already sought revenge for Carrie. If Bethany dares to lay her hand on Carrie again, I’ll make sure she faces severe consequences!” “Have you done something to Bethany?” Justin asked, his expression cold and detached.

“Why? Are you concerned about her?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 853-Justin replied, “Just curious.” “Well, I didn’t do much. I just gave her face a little makeover. Heh.” Ryan could not help but chuckle as he recalled the gruesome sight of Bethany’s torture in the warehouse.

“Oh, no wonder. I was wondering why I hadn’t seen Bethany lately. I guess she must be too embarrassed to show everyone her face.” Justin nodded thoughtfully and then turned to Ryan with a serious expression. “Carrie has been staying with you all this time. You haven’t harmed her in any way, right?”

Ryan's heart skipped a beat as he recalled holding Carrie's delicate and soft body last night. He suddenly felt flushed all over.

Just as Ryan struggled to respond, Ian ran over from the other end of the corridor.

"M-Mr. Salvador! Ms. Thompson is here!" Ryan widened his eyes and looked at Justin. Upon hearing that Bella had arrived, Justin seemed momentarily dazed. He asked again, "Who's here?" "Ms. Thompson! Ms. Thompson! She's in the banquet hall right now!" Ian exclaimed excitedly, unable to contain his joy.

After all, Ian had not seen the Young Madam in quite a while.

Regardless of whether Justin missed her presence, Ian certainly did.

The overwhelming scent of sickeningly sweet perfume hit Justin like a wave, making him dizzy. He felt the urge to shove Cecily away from him.

"Ah... I-I'm sorry, Mr. Salvador. I lost my balance for a moment. I'm really sorry." Cecily pressed her hands against her chest, adopting a fragile demeanor, though she was thrilled inside.

No man could resist a woman throwing themselves into their arms, especially not such a beautiful woman like her.

However, just as Cecily lifted her pitiful eyes to meet Justin's gaze, she trembled in fear, feeling goosebumps all over her body.

Those captivating eyes showed no emotion as they stared at her coldly, sending chills down her spine.

At this moment, Shannon and Bethany happened to come downstairs, so they witnessed this scene.

Bethany had managed to fix her face, although it had not fully recovered and required thick layers of makeup to conceal the scar. "Who is that woman who threw herself at Justin?" Shannon yawned. Just last night, Shannon had taken advantage of Gregory's trip abroad to have a rendezvous with that young, handsome doctor.

Youth, indeed, was a blessing.

After meeting that young doctor, Shannon felt she had regained her youthful glow.

"Let's see." Bethany carefully examined the scene and racked her brain before recalling, "Oh, her name is Cecily. She's from the Thompson family." "She's a Thompson? Since when did the Thompsons have such a little vixen?" Shannon felt annoyed at the mention of the Thompson family and quickly labeled Cecily.

Well, indeed, birds of a feather flock together, and similar characters always recognize each other at sight.

“She’s Wyatt Thompson’s niece. Her father is Wyatt Thompson’s younger brother, who only holds a nominal position in the group and doesn’t have much real power. So, no matter how much she stirred things up in the circle, she couldn’t really make a big deal out of it.” Bethany disdainfully remarked, “I didn’t even recognize her at first glance. I heard she’s addicted to getting cosmetic procedures done.

She probably went for another touch-up.” Shannon could tell that this girl was not someone to mess with. She could not help but ask, “How is her relationship with Bella?” “Not great, from what I’ve heard.” “Heh, that’s interesting.” With another yawn, Shannon seemed unfazed by the commotion. “Ah, is that annoying girl from the Hoffman family not here today? It would’ve been nice to see them stir something up together. Watching such dramas is really invigorating.” Bethany knew that Logan Hoffman had been making lots of efforts behind the scenes to get Zoe to marry into their family. At such a crucial moment, Zoe needed to maintain a low profile, which was why she did not attend this event.

The thought of Zoe soon becoming her sister-in-law left Bethany feeling extremely distressed. It was so bad that she had trouble sleeping.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 854-There were a multitude of people in the banquet hall.

The instant Justin and Bella locked gazes, it felt as though the world around them had faded into silence.

Cecily’s heart fluttered with excitement at the sight of her crush.

Hastily, Cecily took out her compact powder to freshen up her appearance. Then she took cautious steps toward Justin as her heart pounded intensely.

However, just as she had walked halfway, several socialites surrounded Justin, leaving her stranded in the outer circle.

Cecily clenched her skirt in frustration. ‘Why is it so difficult to get close to this man?’ Meanwhile, Bella had silently married this outstanding man in the past, leaving Cecily feeling indignant. Why was fate so biased? Why did every good thing go to Bella?

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. She widened her eyes in anger and pushed her way to the front.

As Cecily got closer to Justin, she pretended to lose her balance and accidentally” lunged toward him.

Justin furrowed his brows, intending to dodge Cecily, but he was surrounded on all sides and had nowhere to go. Thus, Cecily managed to crash into his arms.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 855-However, the thought of Zoe being able to help her get revenge on Carrie and Ryan brought Bethany some comfort.

At this moment, Bethany casually scanned the room.

When she spotted Ryan sitting on the sofa in the corner, she was haunted by immense trauma. Her legs suddenly weakened, and she plopped down on the steps in fright.

People around her turned their attention to Bethany, enjoying her embarrassing predicament.

“What’s wrong with you?” Shannon stared at the pale-faced Bethany with disdain. “Get up now! People are watching!” However, Bethany’s legs were still trembling. She could not stand up.

It marked the first instance in her life where she experienced the feeling of being threatened, subdued, and tormented by psychological trauma.

Bethany thought, ‘Ryan Hoffman... You’re a devil!’ Bella helplessly watched as Cecily fell into Justin’s embrace and thought, ‘That despicable man didn’t even try to push her away immediately.’ A chill swept over Bella, numbing her delicate features.

Meanwhile, Arnold picked up his champagne glass leisurely, took a sip, and leaned on the table, watching the commotion around Justin with amusement, Arnold clicked his tongue twice. “My dear cousin, I think I now understand why the both of you got a divorce. This man is a chick magnet. Being with him feels like having your backyard on fire every day. There’s simply no sense of security for you. Besides, look at him now. He must be feeling incredibly pleased with himself, right? He doesn’t even acknowledge you, his ex-wife, anymore. You’re just wasting your time on him.” “Are you done talking nonsense?” Bella shot Arnold a cold look.

“That’s not nonsense. It’s the truth! I’m only telling you this because you’re my cousin. If it were someone else, I wouldn’t even bother telling them this.” Arnold smirked.

“Get out of the way,” Justin said coldly to Cecily.

“Huh? Ah!” Cecily did not even have time to react before Justin forcefully push her aside, sending her stumbling back.

With her unstable footing on her towering heels, she fell backwa The two women behind her quickly moved out of the way, as if avoiding a plague. Cecily ended up sitting on the ground in embarrassment.

Just then, Cameron walked into the banquet hall with other guests and caught sight of his daughter’s humiliating situation.

One of the guests beside Cameron asked, “Mr. Thompson, I heard that your daughter is also here tonight.” Cameron was so embarrassed that he wished he could bury himself in a hole.

He regretted bringing Cecily along. The venture had barely begun, and his reputation was already in tatters!

The situation suddenly became a little chaotic.

Cecily sat on the ground, dumbfounded by what just happened.

Suddenly, a familiar sound of high heels approached from behind Cecily, one step at a time, as if treading on her spine.

“Mr. Salvador.” The voice speaking was crisp and pleasant, graceful yet commanding, sending shivers down Justin’s spine.

“It’s Bella Thompson!” “Yeah! That’s her! Gosh... She’s even more beautiful in person. She has such long legs, slender shoulders, and fair skin!” “I love her suit. It’s so stylish! My high-end gown doesn’t look as appealing to me anymore.” “Come on. If you have a beautiful face like Bella, you’d look good eve in a potato sack! She’s probably the only one who could pull off that suit, too. Who else could look that good in it?” The socialites immediately made a path for Bella.

Justin locked eyes with her, suppressing the tumultuous desire in his heart as he walked past Cecily without batting another eye.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 856-It was as if Cecily was nothing more than trash to Justin.

Cecily was utterly disoriented. She was kneeling on the ground, even forgetting to stand up.

No despair exists without comparison.

In fact, she had never felt worse.

“Yes, Ms. Thompson? Do you need something?” Justin approached Bella, his gaze piercing and his voice rough.

“Yeah. Can we speak in private?” Bella’s eyes remained calm. She did not raise her voice, but it was audible.

Justin agreed without hesitation. “Sure.” Amidst the onlookers’ gazes, the two big shots left the banquet hall.

Behind them were only murmurs of astonishment, echoing one af another.

They were truly a perfect match, so well-matched that it filled othe with envy.

Bella and Justin made their way to the hotel’s back garden.

The cool night air gently tousled Bella’s dark hair, creating a picturesque scene.

Their silence seemed to carry a thousand unspoken words, yet they understood each other without saying a word.

Even their silence was filled with mutual understanding, evoking a sense of melancholy.

“I wasn’t expecting you to be here tonight. You even came with a new companion.” Justin broke the silence, his words still as sharp as ever. “I thought you’d be here with Mr. Iverson.” “What? Are you disappointed that I didn’t show up with Chris?” Bella retorted, “Well, I didn’t expect to see you so close with my cousin either. The way you two were interacting earlier seemed quite sweet. Did my sudden appearance ruin your little moment with her?” She had a real knack for sharp-tongued remarks.

Justin felt a lump in his throat, struggling with a mix of emotions. His handsome face flushed red, then paled.

“Did you call me out here for this?” Justin asked coldly, “We’ve been divorced for quite some time already. Are you still concerned about the women I associate with?” Bella smirked, shaking her finger dismissively. “Justin, don’t think to highly of yourself. Whoever you choose to associate with is none o my concern. But if you’re actually interested in Cecily, perhaps I could help you out there. After all, she’s my cousin. Well, you never know. We might even end up being in-laws someday.” With clenched fists, Justin felt a surge of heat rising within him.

No one could ever provoke him like Bella did.

Only Bella managed to stir up this part of him.

3/3 “But remember, Cecily is still part of the Thompson family. It’s not appropriate for her to just be your mistress. So, why don’t you think it over? Instead of wavering

between Ms. Hoffman and Cecily, why don't you make a choice and stick with it?" Her words could not have been harsher.

Justin felt a twist in his heart, his eyes fuming with anger as he pressed Bella firmly against the tree trunk, his arm supporting him as he leaned in. He glared down at her with intense, dark eyes that were swirling with turbulent emotions.

Bella's throat felt dry, and her lips were tightly pressed together.

She could even feel the subtle tremors of Justin's muscles beneath his dark suit, but she dared not meet his gaze.

"Bella, if you've chosen to leave me, you should've stayed away from Why do you keep coming back to me?" "Justin..." Justin's pale lips moved closer to Bella's. His lowered gaze turned hazy. "I may have loved you, but that doesn't mean you can tramp on my dignity over and over again!" Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 857-Justin's words, though devoid of any profanity, felt like a sharp blade piercing through Bella, leaving her with a bloody wound.

"Justin, I've never trampled on your dignity. After our divorce, wasn't it you who came crawling back every time, unable to accept reality?" Bella's eyes subtly reddened, yet she defiantly flashed a smile that could infuriate even the calmest soul. "Your dignity is something you willingly discarded. How dare you have the audacity to blame me for it now?" She thought to herself, 'I shouldn't have come here. I shouldn't have bothered about his condition! Justin, you deserve to wallow in your own misery!' Justin's breath hitched. Suddenly, he felt dizzy, and his towering figure swayed slightly.

"Hey! What the hell are you doing?!" Swoosh!

Before Justin could speak, a pebble, aimed with precision, struck Justin at the back of his head.

Justin winced in pain, his brows furrowing tightly.

Meanwhile, Arnold stormed toward Justin, aiming to grab the collar of his shirt.

However, Justin's reflexes were lightning-fast.

He deftly dodged to the side, leaving Arnold to grasp at thin air as he stumbled forward several meters. With his naturally long limbs, he resembled a mantis poised to strike.

Bella, who had been quite furious, could not help but stifle a laugh at Arnold's comical mishap. She pressed her lips tightly together.

Justin's brows furrowed, his hands reaching to rub the back of his neck. A hint of sinister allure now tinged his handsome features.

"Is that all you've got? Sneaking up on someone from behind?" "Sneaking up on someone from behind? I'd rather do that than resort to assaulting women in the dark!" Arnold dusted himself off and got up from the ground, still shaken by Justin's reaction earlier. "You're already divorced, yet you still resort to violence? You're the mighty president of the Salvador Corporation. Is that all you've got?" "What exactly is your relationship with her?" Justin stared at Arnold with cold eyes.

This feminine-looking guy dared to lay hands on him for Bella, so Justin thought that he must also hold Bella in high regard.

Stumped on how to introduce himself, Arnold opened his mouth, only for Bella to softly interject, "His name is Arnold Larson, a neurologist I brought over from Meridan." A neurologist?

Justin suddenly realized something and fell silent.

"I came here specifically for your condition this time," Bella said calmly, her gaze steady as she looked at Justin, devoid of any extra emotion, like a doctor examining a patient.

The distant look in her eyes only fueled Justin's irritation.

"I'm not sick," Justin responded coldly.

"Don't act tough. You know better than anyone whether you're sick or not." Bella spoke solemnly. "Previously, you suffered a severe head injury. Although I performed surgery on you, it wasn't entirely successful. Whenever you get emotional, your body will tremble involuntarily, and your actions will become uncontrollable. Over time, you may start hallucinating and even lose consciousness. If it gets serious, you may become paralyzed. Do you really want to end up like that? Aren't you afraid of how devastated Grandpa would be if he found out?" Arnold looked at Bella in disbelief.

Justin's brain surgery... She was the one who operated on him?!

How unbelievable!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 858—"Dr. Larson is a renowned neurologist from Meridan. I brought him to Savrow to treat your sequela," said Bella.

"You may leave now. I don't need treatment," Justin responded curtly, his gaze lowered in rejection.

"Do you think I'm seeking your approval, Justin?" Bella's eyes widened with indignation.

“And did you think I would approve of it, Bella? My health is none of your concern. You need not bother,” Justin retorted icily, his tone devoid of emotion.

“You!” “If you wish to continue attending the event, please proceed to the banquet hall. If your sole purpose here was to discuss this matter with me, you can leave with your companion now.” As Justin finished his sentence, he turned around expressionlessly and walked away without hesitation.

“You fool! Have you lost your mind?!” Bella yelled after him.

However, Justin continued walking.

“Justin! Stop right there! Justin Salvador!” As he moved farther away, his imposing figure vanished into the night.

Bella stood still in place, allowing the cold wind to batter her slender frame. She felt the chill seeping into her core, permeating every fiber of her being....

A profound sense of loss crept up her legs, winding its way through her and making it impossible to evade.

“Someone once offered me \$1 billion to treat them, but I didn’t agree to it. Now that I’ve personally come to see Mr. Salvador, he wouldn’t even spare me a glance. Heh.” Arnold leaned against the tree trunk, chuckling playfully. “Well, should we call Mr. Salvador a tough guy, or should we say that he’s just plain dumb?” “He’s just plain dumb.” Bella’s eyes welled up with tears.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought too. I just didn’t want to say it.” Arnold watched Bella’s trembling figure quietly, then asked softly, “Hey, do you still love him?” Bella felt a sudden jab in her heart. She clasped her fingers tightly.

“What did you just say?” “I’m asking if you still love Justin.” “Does that have anything to do with you?” “You still love him.” Arnold’s fox-like eyes narrowed. “Your lack of a direct answer is an answer in itself.” “Arnold, now that you’ve seen all this, I’ll just tell you about it.” Bella turned to face Arnold, speaking each word carefully. “I once loved him very, very much. I even thought my heart could beat a lifetime for him. Even if he didn’t love me, I was willing to be there for him for a lifetime. But now, all I feel is guilt toward him. I don’t want to owe him anything anymore. That’s all.” With a graceful smile and a casual wave, Bella strode forward confidently. “Let’s leave the past behind.” Arnold’s heart skipped a beat, his smile fading slowly.

He was not one to believe in true love, but if he ever encountered it, he would deeply respect it.

- Meanwhile, in the underground parking lot...

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 859-Cecily was crying in the car with snot and tears streaming down her face. Her makeup smudged messily across her eyes, making it hard to even look at her.

“Stop it! What are you crying for? Look at yourself! You’re so pathetic!” Cameron exclaimed, his nose flaring in irritation.

“Sob... Sob... What’s wrong with crying? I made a complete fool of myself in front of so many people. What’s wrong with shedding a few tears?” Cecily sniffed miserably, wiping away her tears. “Mr. Salvador is just too much... I fell right in front of him, and he didn’t even bother to help me up! How could he just ignore me like that? He’s only interested in that despicable Bella! She’s got him completely wrapped around her finger!” Cameron recalled Justin’s cold, indifferent gaze that was fixed on Bella, and it fueled his anger.

“Dad... Mr. Salvador is definitely still hung up on Bella! What am I supposed to do?” Cecily sobbed.

“What kind of nonsense is that?! If he had still been interested in her, they wouldn’t have gotten a divorce! They got a divorce because they couldn’t stand each other for another day!” Cameron sighed heavily, his gaze darkening. “Right now, if you want to get closer to Justin, Bella isn’t your only obstacle! There’s also that girl from the Hoffman family!” Thinking of Zoe, Cecily felt a headache coming on.

On top of that, rumors of a marriage alliance between the Hoffmans and Salvadors were circulating widely, fueled by Zoe’s recent scandal involving Justin in the hotel.

But for some reason, she always felt that Zoe, that inexperienced girl, was not much of a threat.

It was Bella who she was afraid of. Cecily felt like Bella was hovering over her like a sword ready to fall on her head, constantly giving her a sense of impending danger. Bella’s presence is like a bone stuck in her throat, like a thorn in her side, like sitting on pins and needles!

“Yeah... And that girl from the Hoffman family...” Cecily sniffled, “Mr. Salvador is really something. I can understand if he favors Bella, but how can he still be tangled up with that Zoe girl? Am I not even as good as that brat?” “You. You’re usually quite sharp, yet somehow oblivious in matters the heart.” Cameron disdainfully clicked his tongue. “Justin doesn’t see Zoe as his equal. Maybe this whole hotel rendezvous thing was just some scheme Zoe cooked up to marry Justin so that she could become the lady boss of the Salvador Corporation. If Justin really had feelings for that Hoffman girl, why hasn’t he made any official announcements or declarations yet? I don’t think this marriage alliance will actually happen!” Upon hearing this, Cecily had a sudden epiphany.

She always listened to her father, knowing he was a very decisive person. Otherwise, he would not have stood a chance against her decisive and ruthless Uncle Wyatt.

“Well, since the Hoffmans can resort to such tactics, why can’t we? Right now, it’s better to seize the opportunity when it presents itself.” Cameron narrowed his eyes.

Cecily quickly asked, “Dad, what do you mean?” “Cecily, as the saying goes, if you don’t let go of the bait, you’ll never catch the fish. If you don’t give up your dignity, you won’t get a rich husband!” Cameron patted Cecily’s shoulder heavily. “In my opinion, if you truly desire Mr. Salvador, you have to let go of your morals and take a risk.” Morals? She never had them to begin with.

Take risks? That was definitely necessary.

If she was unwilling to take risks, how did she expect to marry Justin?

“Dad! My dear daddy, do you have any ideas in mind? Tell me quickly Cecily hooked her arm around Cameron’s and coquettishly asked.

“As things stand, your chances of privately meeting Justin are not plentiful, so you must seize every opportunity!” Cameron whispered in her ear for a while, and Cecily’s tightly furrowed brow suddenly relaxed, as if a heavy burden had been lifted.

“Got it, Dad. To become Mr. Salvador’s wife, I’ll do anything you ask of me!” *

Justin returned to the banquet hall, visibly in a sour mood.

Ryan immediately rushed to his side, carefully observing him for a moment before tentatively asking, “What’s wrong? You didn’t have a fallout with Bella, did you?” Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 860-“There wasn’t much to talk about, to begin with.” Justin sank heavily into the sofa, downing the champagne in his glass in a gulp.

Thoughts of Bella left him feeling suffocated and restless.

He felt so suffocated that he could not catch his breath. His starry eyes burned with frustration.

“Y-You’re unbelievable! If Bella is willing to meet you, it must be to clear the air between the two of you! Why didn’t you seize the opportunity to mend things and win her over? You don’t seriously want to become my brother-in-law, do you?! On behalf of the Hoffman family, I’ll be the first to oppose your marriage!” Ryan glared at Justin, looking like a flustered secretary trying to talk some sense into his clueless boss.

“Ryan, do you think I’m the only one at fault here?” Justin’s hand tightened around the glass, his knuckles straining against his skin as if he were forcibly suppressing some tormenting emotion.

“What do you mean? So, you’re blaming Bella now, is that it?” “I don’t know.” “Justin, you have no right to blame Bella after all the sacrifices she made for you. If you truly love her, everything she does will make sense to you! Don’t even try to reason with women. That’s simply the stupidest act ever,” Ryan said frankly. As Justin pondered, footsteps approached them.

“Mr. Salvador and Mr. Hoffman, what a pleasure to meet you gentlemen!” Both of them looked up, and before them stood Cameron and Cecily.

Upon seeing this woman, Justin’s gaze turned cold instantly.

He did not say a word, yet his demeanor made it clear that he did not want to associate with the Thompson family duo.

Earlier, Cecily had just cried miserably in the parking lot, but now she had reapplied her makeup, particularly emphasizing her eye makeup. Her pink-tinted eyes appeared quite pitiable and coquettish.

Ryan was not familiar with Cameron, let alone Cecily.

However, as the heir of the Hoffman Group, Ryan would still be polite to people.

So Ryan stood up, smiled politely, and asked, “Forgive my ignorance.

don’t believe we’ve met before.” “I’m Cameron Thompson, the Vice Chairman of KS Group.” With a genial smile, Cameron added, “Oh, now that I think about it, M Salvador is closer to our family. After all, he had quite a deep relationship with my eldest niece.” “Eldest niece?” Ryan was slightly surprised.

“Yes, my elder brother’s pride and joy, Bella Thompson. She’s my niece.” As Cameron explained, he wrapped his arm around Cecily’s shoulder. With warmth in his voice, he continued, “Bella is Cecily’s cousin. They grew up together since they were young and have always been close!

Ryan recoiled in surprise.

So, this Cameron guy was actually Wyatt Thompson’s younger brother!

This came off as a bit of a surprise. Ryan reassessed his opinion of Cameron.

Cecily noticed that Ryan’s expression had softened considerably, and she could not help but feel a sense of triumph. Despite being an insignificant member of the Thompson family, Cameron still had the advantage of their powerful name, which commanded respect.

“Do you both need something?” Justin asked, his voice cold as he swirled his

champagne glass.

There was no warmth in his reception, not even a hint of it.

In fact, he felt a strong aversion to Cameron's attempts to cozy up to him, especially with his frequent mentions of Bella, as if trying to his favor.

Over the years, as the president of the Salvador Corporation, Jus has encountered too many insincere and cunning individuals in the business world. Although he was young, he had developed a keen eye for discerning people's true intentions.

While Cameron may be Wyatt's brother, he was nothing like Chairman Thompson.

They, too, were simply not compatible.

"Ahem... Well, you see, my daughter acted rashly in front of you earlier, Mr. Salvador. She's here to offer her apologies. But I assure you, my daughter knows her boundaries. Mr. Salvador, I hope you won't misunderstand her intentions," Cameron added, forcing a smile.

"M-Mr. Salvador, I apologize for my behavior earlier. I'm really sorry..." Cecily added, her hands clasped in front of her, looking quite pitiful.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 861

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 861-Justin did not even raise his head to look at Cecily. He sipped on his wine and said casually, "It's nothing. I didn't take it to heart." "Cecily, don't be so reckless and clumsy anymore. You are also representing the Thompson family. How is this behavior proper?" Cameron criticized his daughter sternly. "You should learn from your cousin. You keep saying people like her more, but even as your father, I'm starting to find you inferior!" "I'm sorry, Dad. I will learn from Bella." Cecily bit her lip, tears shining in her eyes. "If I try harder, Bella will eventually approve of me, right? She wouldn't look down on me like before." "Look down on you?" Justin's eyes darkened, and he raised his brows. "I was married Bella, and I know what kind of person she is. When she was with she never looked down on anyone. Why would she look down on cousin?" Ryan nodded on the side.

Although Ryan had a foul mouth and acted like a bastard sometimes, he knew when to be serious.

"I... I don't mean that..." Cecily was embarrassed, and her face flushed.

"I know Bella, so I won't believe your words. But I'll advise you not to Chapter 861 talk about her like that when you're outside if your relationship with her is as close as Mr. Cameron says." A sharp light flashed across Justin's eyes. He did not threaten Cecily, but his words brought a strong sense of intimidation.

Cecily panicked, signaling desperately to Cameron with her eyes.

“Cecily, you don’t even know how to talk. Look, Mr. Salvador has misunderstood!” Cameron could only intervene. “Cecily, offer a toast to Mr. Salvador and apologize! Mr. Salvador, please don’t blame Cecily. She speaks before she thinks, and she lacks in many areas. Can you not be angry with her for Bella’s sake?” Cameron could not be more humble, but he had no choice. If he did not put himself in a lower position, Justin might just leave!

Justin respected Wyatt, and Cameron was Wyatt’s brother, after all.

At this moment, a waiter brought over a tray with several glasses of champagne.

Cecily simply took two glasses for herself and Justin. “Mr. Salv please accept my apologies. I will be more careful in the future.” Coincidentally, Justin had finished his champagne and was thinking about getting another glass. He took the glass Cecily offered him and downed the drink.

Cecily smiled and gracefully finished her glass of wine.

“Mr. Hoffman, I have a few business partners of KS Group that are interested in working with the Hoffman Group. Why don’t you come Chapter 861 with me for a small chat? Perhaps we could work together.” Cameron extended an invitation to Ryan like a kind senior.

Ryan’s eyes lit up as he heard it.

He was interested in women and money, seizing any business opportunity he sensed. After all, if he wanted to stand against his uncle, he needed to expand his connections in the business field. It was his main purpose for coming here tonight.

“Justin, I’m heading over there!” After that, he left with Cameron, leaving Justin and Cecily alone. Justin’s face darkened.

“Mr. Salvador, there will be a dance later. Do you mind...” Cecily’s eyelashes fluttered as she took the opportunity to invite Justin.

However, before she could finish her sentence, Justin shot her a cold glare.

She was terrified and dared not express her intentions any further.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 862-“Ms. Cecily, you should know that I am your cousin’s ex-husband.” Justin’s side profile was beautiful and intimidating.

He finally spoke to her.

However, it was about Bella.

“Yes, I know,” Cecily replied weakly.

“So, I think you should be more mindful of your surroundings. Don’t appear in front of me, especially when Bella is around.” Cecily did not know what got to her. She misunderstood his words and asked with a flushed face, “Then... Does it mean that when Bella is not around, I could...” “I think you have no chance of meeting me at all at other times ignore what you say. Don’t overthink it.” Justin’s gaze was cold a drank another glass of champagne.

Cecily was so embarrassed that she wanted to find a hole to hide She was shamelessly clinging to this man, who gave her the cold shoulder.

She had been quite successful in her romantic life over the past few years. It had always been men chasing after her relentlessly, and this was the first time she had willingly thrown herself at a man.

However, it did not matter.

Justin was worth it! As long as she could become Justin’s wife, she Chapter 362 and her father could finally raise their heads in front of Wyatt, no longer needing to rely on him.

Justin drank one glass after another. Anyone who wasn’t blind could see that he was in a bad mood.

Cecily sat beside him, accompanying him in drinking while observing his reactions.

An unnoticeable, wicked smile flashed across her eyes.

When Cameron ordered the waiter to serve them champagne just now, their plan had silently unfolded.

She thought, ‘Drink. Drink more. Then, you will forget about Bella. You will only see me from now on.’ After coming out of the backyard, Bella and Arnold did not hurry back.

It was not that Bella was unwilling to part with Justin. She had co all this way, so she had to take a look at Shannon’s current situati Bella wandered around the house for some time but did not see Shannon. Arnold had already felt a little impatient.

“Hey, what are you looking for?” “Someone.”.

“Who?” “It has nothing to do with you.” Bella focused on searching for her enemy and could not be bothered to entertain Arnold.

“Tsk, what is it? You’re acting so mysterious.” Arnold pouted. “Oh. Since Justin refuses to get treated, does it mean I can go back immediately?” “No,” Bella straight-up opposed.

“Why? I have things going on in Meridan. Do you think I have the time to waste here with you?” “I’ll meet Grandpa Nigel tomorrow and ask him to talk to Justin. Even though Justin doesn’t listen to me, he’ll listen to Grandpa Nigel.” Bella was determined about this matter. Once she decided on something, nobody could change her mind.

“Tsk! He doesn’t even appreciate you. Unbelievable!” While Arnold wanted to vent his resentment, Bella suddenly shushed him.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Pla

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 863-Not far away, two people walked out of the lounge. It was Shannon’s personal assistant and maid.

Bella quickly pulled Arnold with her and hid behind a pillar, secretly eavesdropping on them.

The maid muttered, “What’s wrong with Madam Shannon recently?

She’s acting weird.” “Yeah, she was fine on the way here. Now, she asked me to bring her clothes because she felt cold. But when she put on the jacket, she said it was too thick and scolded me for it.” The assistant looked indignant.

“Not just that! I wonder what’s going on with Madam Shannon’s body? Her body temperature is so unstable, and her appetite has increased!” The maid looked around cautiously and said, “Did you know that I once saw Madam Shannon in the kitchen at midnight, eating the d inside the fridge?” “How is that possible? Madam Shannon never eats desserts to maintain her figure!” “Who knows? She was stuffing her mouth with cake. I was horrified...” Bella and Arnold heard them clearly, both frowning.

“Also...” The maid inched closer to the assistant and whispered in a lower voice, “Did Madam Shannon have an affair?” The assistant’s face turned pale, nudging the maid. “If you want to stay alive, you’d better take these words to your grave! We grew up together, so I’ll let this slide. But you can’t say this to another person! Do you hear me?” “Fine! But did Madam Shannon have an affair?” The maid insisted.

“I don’t know the specifics, but Madam Shannon kept going for cosmetic treatments recently, and she has been quite close with that handsome young doctor. But we can’t conclude that she’s having an affair just because of this.” The two then disappeared from the doorway.

Bella, who heard everything, frowned and was lost in her thoughts.

“Hmm... This sounds weird.” Arnold rubbed his chin.

“You think it’s weird too?” “A sudden increase in appetite, feeling hot and cold, unstable emotions... These abnormal symptoms sound like someone wh trying to give up on drugs.” Bella curled her lips coldly and walked to a corner. Her back faced Arnold as she dialed a number.

Someone picked up the call soon. A young male voice spoke with a respectful and polite tone. “Ms. Thompson, you finally contacted me.” Bella said, “Simon, it’s been quite some time. How have you been?” “Thanks to you, my cosmetic clinic has been thriving. Everything is fine.” Simon Fairchild was a talented plastic surgeon who came from a poor family. He was admitted to Savrow’s top university with excellent academic results. However, due to his family condition and his father’s early death, coupled with his mother’s illness, the heavy burden on him almost made him give up on his studies.

Later on, Wyatt used Bella’s name to establish a joint scholarship foundation with the university. Bella selected Simon as one of the recipients from the vast number of students.

Their relationship was not purely between a beneficiary and a sponsor. Over the years, Bella occasionally asked about his academic life, although they had never met.

Although Bella was the daughter of the wealthiest family in Hatchbay, she did not look down on him at all. Whenever Simon gathered the courage to email her, she would definitely reply within three day To Simon, Bella was not only his benefactor. She was also a light that pulled him out of hell.

He would provide his assistance to Bella as long as she wanted it would do anything for her at any time.

“Simon, has Shannon Quarry been getting injections from you recently?” Bella lowered her voice.

“Yes. She comes every week. At first, she only took one shot. Now, she needs three injections to be satisfied.” Simon smiled coldly. “As the dosage increases, the side effects will become more obvious. If I’m not mistaken, she may be binge eating, feeling cold for no reason, and suffering from insomnia.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 864-“Even more terrifying side effects are waiting for her.” Bella realized that the symptoms matched what the assistant and maid mentioned earlier.

“The way she is now has nothing to do with others. It’s her own fault.” “If you want, I can send her to hell with one injection.” Simon was like a machine without emotions, talking about death like it was nothing.

Bella was speechless. “Uh...” “She abused drugs and signed an agreement, so she has to take some of the responsibility. Moreover, dying of overdose is not uncommon in the industry. It will be treated as a medical accident. At worst, my medical license will be revoked, and I will be jailed for two years.” Simon was fearless.

“There’s no need. It’s not worth it to sacrifice your life for an evil bi like Shannon.” Bella sighed softly. “Simon, you’re working for me, so don’t worry will ensure you walk away from this unscathed, and it won’t affect you too much.” “It doesn’t matter, Ms. Thompson. I don’t care what happens to me.

The most important thing is to avenge your family.” Simon completely disregarded his own safety. “Rest assured, I have saved evidence. I could ruin Shannon’s image at any time with that evidence.” “Now is still not the time.” Bella clenched her fists in the dark and took a deep breath. “Even if we expose the evidence now, I don’t have a surefire way to defeat her. I want her to lose everything, lose Gregory’s support, and make everyone despise and reject her. If I make a move, I want to make sure she will never be able to recover from the fall!” Justin had good alcohol tolerance, but somehow, his head felt heavy after only a few glasses tonight. He was unable to catch his breath, and his eyelids were shut.

At this moment, the dance had begun.

The crowd went dancing on the dance floor. Nobody noticed what was happening between Justin and Cecily.

Justin struggled to catch his breath. He tugged at the Windsor knot at his collar, his throat dry, as a faint blush appeared on his cheek. The heat was like a light feather, teasing his sensitive nerves.

“Mr. Salvador, what’s wrong? Do you feel uncomfortable?” Cecily looked concerned, but her lips could not help curling up.

She knew the drug was taking effect. Justin leaned backward weakly as he closed his eyes and tried to adjust his breathing, attempting to suppress the heat that surged within his body.

What champagne was this to have such a strong delayed effect?

Or did Bella mess with his mind, causing him to feel depressed, which in turn made him drink more?

“I’m fine. I don’t need you.” Justin’s attitude toward Cecily was still aloof.

“Your face is so red. Are you having a fever?” Cecily encouraged herself as she spoke, pressing her soft breasts against Justin’s body. She raised her hand to touch his forehead.

Suddenly, there was a crisp slap.

“Ah!” Justin ruthlessly slapped away Cecily’s hand, and it turned red immediately.

The next second, Justin glared at her with maddened red eyes. He gritted his teeth and growled, “Don’t touch me. Scram!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 865-His blood-red eyes stared at her coldly.

Terrified, Cecily trembled, not daring to breathe heavily. She explained in a panic, “Mr. Salvador, I don’t mean anything else. I was just concerned about your health!” Justin pressed his hands on the armrest, supporting himself to stand. Just as he stood still, he felt the world spinning, and the indescribable heat spread throughout his veins like a raging fire.

Justin used the wall as a support to walk out of the banquet hall with difficulty.

However, Cecily could not possibly give up. She immediately followed Justin.

This was a rare opportunity for her, so she had to grasp it. If she could sleep with Justin, Bella or Zoe would not be an obstacle anymore.

In the empty hallway, Cecily became emboldened and threw herself at Justin. It was like what Cameron had said-she was truly shameless!

“Mr. Salvador, you can’t even stand steadily. Let me bring you back to your room to rest, alright?” “Get lost... Stay away from me. Can’t you understand what I’m saying?!” Justin pushed her away with all his might, his eyes filled with rage.

The disdain in his eyes could not be more glaring. It was as if Cecily was the plague.

Cecily was angry and anxious. She gritted her teeth and tried to hold onto Justin.

“Hey! What are you doing?!” A harsh voice came from behind. Cecily’s face turned pale with fright, and she quickly let go of her hand that was holding onto Justin’s arm.

Ryan was furious as he strode over to Justin’s side. He domineeringly put his arm around Justin’s shoulder and put some distance between his friend and Cecily.

“Ms. Cecily, what are you trying to do?” “I...” Cecily forced herself to keep calm, but Ryan’s imposing presence was no joke. A chill ran down her spine “Mr. Salvador seems to be in a bad mood. He drank a lot and got wasted, so I wanted to help to his room.”

“He was wasted? I know Justin’s alcohol tolerance better than anyone. He’s clear-headed before drinking with you. How is it that he’s drunk after two glasses?” Ryan scrutinized Cecily suspicious “Mr. Hoffman, what do you mean by that?” Cecily felt guilty, and her face flushed with anxiety. “I am from the Thompson family. My father is a reputable vice president of the KS Group. Could I have drugged Mr. Salvador? I’m not that despicable!” “Who knows? Justin is just too handsome and outstanding. I’ve seen too many women over the years who threw themselves at him, including those with a better background than you, Ms. Cecily.” Ryan was fearless. He could say anything when he was pissed off.

He did not show any mercy, even though Cecily was Bella’s cousin.

“Justin, how do you feel?” Ryan lowered his head and checked Justin’s condition with concern.

“Let’s go...” Justin murmured in a daze.

“Okay. Right away!” Ryan supported Justin and quickly walked while nagging, “How would you survive without me? You can do without women, but you can’t live without me!” “Wait!” Cecily was unwilling to give up and called out anxiously.

Ryan suddenly stopped and looked at her coldly. “Ms. Cecily, you to put away your inappropriate thoughts. Justin is some can never get.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 866-“Justin already has someone in his heart, and you are far inferior to her.” Ryan chuckled lightly, unbothered to explain further.

“Who? Is it Bella?” Cecily’s competitive personality was ignited. Sweat dripped down from her forehead as she questioned persistently, “Aren’t they divorced? If they love each other, how could they be divorced?” “Tsk, what do you know?” Ryan could not help but laugh. He retracted his cold gaze. “Although they are divorced, their feelings haven’t faded. Justin’s love for Bella is far from what you could imagine.

“Even though they are divorced and Bella might remarry in the future, nobody could replace her in Justin’s heart. Nobody.” Looking at the two men leaving, Cecily felt like she had lost strength. She could not stand steadily.

After a long while, she stomped her feet on the ground unwillingly screamed into the hallway.

“I don’t believe it! Liar! I don’t believe your nonsense!” Ryan took Justin to his car in the shortest time possible. In fact, along the way, he had already figured out that Justin was not drunk.

Someone had drugged him.

However, Ryan could not figure out when Justin was drugged. At that time, the waiter brought a tray of champagne. Cecily randomly took two glasses. How did she make sure Justin drank the spiked glass?

Were all the glasses spiked?

What a cunning trick!

“Justin, I’ll send you to your villa. You can’t go back like this.” Justin’s breathing became more rapid. He kept tugging on his shirt until the delicate buttons burst, revealing his fair and muscular chest, which looked exceptionally alluring.

“Fuck. No wonder those women always want to pounce on you!” Ryan quickly started the engine. When he leaned over to fasten Justin’s seatbelt, he heard the glassy-eyed Justin murmur a familiar name.

“Bella... Bella...” Ryan was stunned, and then he smiled.

Justin was such a stubborn man. He still could not forget Bella.

Ryan quickly buckled his seatbelt. Looking at Justin’s vulnerable state, he was exasperated but amused at the same time.

“I got it, Justin. As your best friend, will help you to the end!” After Bella confirmed the information she wanted, she prepared to leave the hotel with Arnold.

Her phone rang just as she got in the car.

Seeing that it was from Ryan, she had no intention of picking it up, but the phone rang relentlessly. It was irritating, much like Ryan.

“What?” Bella answered the call coldly.

“Bella! Justin is in trouble!” Ryan sounded anxious, as if a fire had broken out.

Bella’s heart immediately skipped a beat. Her expression was serious as she said, “What happened?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 867-“Well... I can’t say for sure, but he’s not looking good! I sent him back to his private villa. Aren’t you a doctor? Come take a look at him!” In an instant, several horrible scenarios played out in Bella’s mind.

Justin’s side effects from his injury had become a haunting concern for her.

When Ryan said there was a problem, her first reaction was that it was a post-traumatic symptom.

“Send me the address. I’ll head over now.” Bella frowned and ended the call.

Arnold had just finished smoking a cigarette and wanted to get into the car when he heard the engine roar. The car door was also locked!

“Hey, open the door! Let me in.” He pulled at the door.

“Something came up. Go back on your own.” Bella stared forward and gripped the steering wheel.

“Ms. Thompson, are you kidding me? This is Savrow, not Hat Where should I return to?” Arnold was speechless. “Send me back now!” “Call my brother and get him to pick you up.” As her voice fell, Bella’s car whizzed past Arnold.

Bella went to the address Ryan sent her and quickly arrived at Justin’s private villa.

When she stood at the door, she could not describe the emotions churning inside her.

It was depressing and bitter.

This villa was one of Justin’s personal assets, the one he stayed in most often. She had learned about it from Wilma.

Wilma told her that when Justin was in a bad mood or unwilling to return to Tideview Manor, he would stay overnight at this villa, not with another woman. Wilma used this to comfort Bella, who was all alone.

Wilma even suggested she look for Justin at this villa, but Bella refused.

Bella thought that Justin was in a bad mood because he could not meet the person he wanted to, and returning to Tideview Mar would only mean encountering the woman he did not want to see.

Why would Bella humiliate herself by going to this villa? She was satisfied with being an invisible person by his side.

That was enough for her, until that day, when she got into a car accident with Nigel and lost her unborn child as a result.

One night, when Bella lay on the hospital bed to recuperate, she received an overseas phone call from Rosalind.

“Bella, do you think you’ve obtained Justin’s heart just because you married him? You will never have him. We’ve been spending the past few days together. Justin also gave me a necklace that’s the only one in 5 World You were with him for so long. Has he ever given you something? By the way, the villa by Phoenix Lake in the eastern suburbs was

a gift from Justin. We used to date there. Did he tell you about these?" After that call, Bella had another serious bleeding episode that night and was in critical condition.

Although her stepmothers rushed to her and stayed by her side, taking care of her, Bella was still weak.

She might never be able to bear children again.

For a woman who wanted to have biological children in the future, this was akin to a death sentence.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 868-Fortunately, it was all in the past.

With her family's care, Bella gradually healed the wounds in her heart. Her life was not just about getting married and having children. She had her father, stepmothers, siblings, and the vast world waiting for her to explore.

It was just that her connection to Justin and any possibility of love between them were cut off.

Bella took a deep breath and pressed the doorbell.

No one answered the door, even after a while. Bella wondered if Ryan was in the villa.

She frowned and pushed the door open impatiently. Unexpectedly, the door was unlocked.

Bella was used to overthinking, and she immediately had a feeling. The warning bells rang in her heart as she walked in living room.

The villa was not very spacious. It was not even as big as her Savrow.

However, it was comfortable and cozy, giving off a homely vibe. Tideview Manor, which looked luxurious and expensive, could not compare to this villa because it was too cold.

As she thought about it, Bella's eyelashes fluttered, and she felt indescribably depressed.

"Ryan, are you here? Ryan?" The villa was silent. Nobody responded. Growing more concerned, Bella quickly went upstairs and searched every room.

Finally, she pushed open the last door in the hallway. The temperature was significantly higher than in the other rooms, and she could vaguely sense Justin's masculine scent.

This room should be Justin's bedroom.

After all, they were married for three years. The familiarity carved into her bones could not be ignored.

“Justin?” Bella’s throat was dry as she called out to him. Unexpectedly, someone responded.

“Bella... Bella...” Bella could not wait anymore. She hurriedly opened the door entered.

The room was dimly lit, and Justin lay flat on the bed.

Justin thought he was dreaming. Bella resented him, so why w she come looking for him?

However, even in a dream, he still wanted her to stay.

People would only realize what they truly desired and what their hearts wanted in a state of vulnerability.

Bella’s heart sank. She quickly walked to the bedside and leaned down to check on his condition.

Suddenly, Justin grabbed her thin wrist. Bella gasped, feeling her world spin.

“Justin, what are you doing? Let me go!” “Bella... I miss you so much...” Bella’s eyes widened as she could not help but touch his sweaty forehead. “OMG! You’re burning up!” “Don’t leave me...” Justin stared at her as he murmured in a daze, “Bella, do you know how long I waited for this moment? Do you know how much I thought about you?”
Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 869-When Bella locked eyes with Justin, her heart raced.

She could clearly see the vulnerability in his eyes and the uncontrollable madness; On that night two years ago, she saw this gaze, which also ensnared her deeply, making her unable to break free.

“Justin, calm down. Let me go first... The rest of Bella’s words were stopped by Justin’s kiss.

Only God knew how he survived each day when he could not see her.

He felt like a zombie, aimlessly wandering the earth.

Bella lightly pushed him away, but Justin thought she was playing hard to get.

He felt enchanted by Bella, even in his dreams.

“Bella.” Justin panted as he parted her supple lips. “I don’t want anyone but you. You’re the only one for me.” Two years ago, Bella saved him.

Unexpectedly, even after their divorce two years later, she could not escape her intertwined fate with this man.

Their figures entangled as the moment turned romantic and sensual.

Bella wrapped the sheets around her body and sat up slowly. She glanced at Justin, who was sleeping soundly beside her.

He was still hugging her, and his sleeping face was stunningly handsome.

Bella lightly bit her lip and could not help but reach out to trace his cheeks. Her heart thumped loudly.

She touched his forehead, which was not burning anymore.

Bella sighed softly, got out of bed, and picked up the scattered clothes. After hesitating for a moment, she picked up Justin’s shirt and put it on as if it were sleepwear.

When she was still his wife, she would wear his shirt secretly when he was not home to feel his unique warmth and scent.

To her surprise, her mindset was not much different from back then.

Bella thought Justin would not wake up soon, so she wanted to get some water. After resting, she would leave quietly, as if nothing happened.

She walked out of the room with light steps and drank some water in the kitchen, calming her heart, which was still pounding heavily at that moment.

Thinking of their passionate kiss, Bella smiled to herself. Even the iced water she drank felt warm in her throat.

She had always been curious about this place. Now that she was here, Bella wandered around.

The kitchen, garden, and living room were nicely decorated. Bella could tell that the owner designed it with care.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 870-Bella thought of how Rosalind once provoked her, saying that the villa was a gift from Justin and their love nest.

Was it true?

Bella's heart tightened, and she felt as if it was ruthlessly crushed by an invisible hand. She felt unable to breathe.

She walked back to Justin's room with heavy footsteps, preparing to leave after getting dressed.

The side hall was silent, and opposite his bedroom was the study.

In a daze, Bella somehow walked into the study and saw a bookshelf filled with photo frames.

Bella pursed her lips and walked to the photo frames, picking one up randomly. The photo depicted a boy with delicate features but melancholy expression. Bella recognized him as a young Justin. The woman, sitting on a vintage sofa while hugging the boy stunningly beautiful face. Her eyes were enchanting.

Bella blinked. She guessed this was Justin's biological mother, his former mother-in-law, whom she had never met.

"So beautiful..." She could not help exclaiming.

Bella had to admit that even though Wyatt's three wives had their own unique charms, the three of them combined could not compare to Justin's mother. Only Bella's biological mother could rival Justin's mother.

Indeed, men are trash. They did not know how to cherish what they had. Justin's mother was a thousand times more beautiful than Shannon, but Gregory still had an affair. How ridiculous!

Bella looked at several more frames. They were either photos of Justin and his mother or portraits of his mother.

When she wanted to leave the study, she saw a familiar face.

Rosalind.

It was Rosalind.

Bella's fingers trembled as she picked up one of the photo frames, a picture of Rosalind and Justin during their teenage years.

They wore the same school uniform. Rosalind had a bright smile as she slightly leaned her head on Justin's broad shoulders. They looked like a perfect match and were also childhood sweethearts.

Bella instantly felt herself plunging into the deep end, surrou cold, her shoulders slightly trembling.

She thought that Rosalind was in the past. She would never be hu that woman again.

However, when she saw this picture, she still felt herself spiraling into a tunnel of pain, so helpless that she could not save herself.

One should not have encountered such stunning people who shone too brightly in their youth.

It was the same for her and Justin.

At this moment, she heard the door open behind her.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 871

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 871-Bella's heart skipped a beat. Her hand trembled, and with a bang, the photo frame fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

The glass shards accidentally cut her ankle, and a few blood droplets oozed from the thin wound.

"Why are you here?" Justin's deep and hoarse voice came from behind her, piercing through her fragile back.

Bella did not turn around. She said coldly, "Sorry for disturbing you. I'll leave immediately." / Justin stared at Bella. She wore his shirt, which was oversized on her, and under the gentle glow of the soft lights, he could vaguely see her petite and curvy figure. She exuded a type of charm that made him want to embrace and protect her.

His throat bobbed, and his tongue felt unbearably dry.

Just now, he suddenly woke up from a slumber, drenched in sweat He subconsciously reached out beside him but found nothing. Bella was gone.

However, he saw her clothes on the floor. Bella did not even put on her high heels, so she must still be in the villa. He calmed down and quickly got out of bed to look for her Justin had forgotten how things went out of control. Did he hurt her?

Guilt filled his heart, and his eyes reddened. He walked toward her.

At this moment, Bella suddenly turned around, lowering her head as she walked briskly past him.

Justin's pupils contracted, and he quickly grabbed her.

"Don't go." "You don't have the right to order me around." Justin circled his arm around her and pulled her into his embrace. His gaze was like a sharp knife as he stared into her cold eyes, saying, "Bella, after what happened last night, don't you have anything to say to me?" "No." Bella avoided his intense gaze and emphasized, "Let go." "Bella, I don't do flings. Although we are divorced, after everything that happened last night, I will definitely take responsibility." J eyes were sincere as his fingers gripping her wrist continued to tighten.

"It's just a one-night stand. What responsibility? We're both adu We can take responsibility for our choices." Bella snorted and shook off his hand, and her tone turned sarcastic.

But you should be more careful in the future. Don't get drugged again.

"Bella!" Justin felt a pain in his heart. He squeezed her shoulder with frightening strength.

"Don't touch me! Fuck off!" Bella clenched her fists, pounding at Justin's naked chest angrily. Her indignant roar carried a hint of hoarseness from crying, pricking Justin's heart.

Justin thought, 'She cried? Why? Was it because I hurt her?' His breath hitched. He ignored her intense emotions and hugged her tightly.

Even Bella did not know that tears were streaming down her face.

She thought, 'Why was I crying? Did I cry because Justin took advantage of me? Or was it because Justin still had not dealt with the memories he shared with Rosalind?' Obviously, the latter hurt her more.

No matter how much she struggled, Justin held onto her firmly, refusing to let go.

"I will take responsibility for you." "I don't need you to. Just let me go.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 872-Bella's crystal-clear tears dropped on his shoulder, scalding him. "Justin, I hate you! Don't touch me!" "Who else would I touch?" Justin's voice was hoarse and trembling.

"Justin, if you want to take responsibility, why did you divorce me? Why didn't you say this back then?" "What...?" Justin was stunned.

"When you should have taken responsibility, you shoved me away.

Now that I don't need you, why can't you just get lost?" While Justin was distracted, Bella ruthlessly bit his arm as if she wanted to tear off a piece of his flesh.

Justin grimaced and relaxed his grip a bit. Bella immediately escaped from his arms like a frightened rabbit, disappearing from the study in the blink of an eye.

Justin stood rooted to the spot, thinking about what Bella just said.

Suddenly, he thought of the clean sheets in the bedroom, and his heart tightened.

Bella was not a casual woman. During the three years of their marriage, he did not have sex with her. She was probably still a virgin when they divorced.

Therefore, last night should have been the first time for both of them, yet there was no trace of blood on the sheets.

"Why didn't you say this back then?" Justin's eyes widened. He felt as if he were struck by lightning.

Had they consummated the marriage back then?

But why did he not have any recollection?

Why could he not remember anything?

Justin felt as if he was frozen and unable to move. He stood there in a daze, finally regaining some strength after a long while. Then he reached out to clutch his chest.

At this moment, he noticed a pile of shining glass pieces under the light.

Justin walked over with heavy footsteps and slowly knelt down. His vision went black when he saw the broken frame with a photo of him and Rosalind during their teenage years. Everything became clear to him.

Bella returned to the bedroom and hurriedly put on her clothes, leaving the villa at the fastest speed possible.

Tears streamed down her face as she sped on the road back home, her heart confused and anxious.

When she entered the city center, she crashed into a car. Fortunately, it was not too severe, but the bumper of her limited-edition sports car was completely ruined.

As Bella was at fault for the rear-end collision, she had to take full responsibility. The owner of the Mercedes, whose car was hit, sighed in relief.

Even if he sold himself, he could not afford the repair costs of Bella's car!

Bella hid in the car, afraid to go out. While in a state of panic, the first person she thought of was still her brother.

She dialed Asher's number with trembling hands, and her call was picked up immediately.

Asher was always there for his beloved sister.

"Bella, what's up?" "Ash... Where are you? Please come. I need you." Twenty minutes later, Asher's Rolls-Royce reached the scene of the accident at the fastest speed, even running two red lights.

"Bella!" Asher got out of the car and saw Bella's damaged sports car. His heart sank, and the usually calm man panicked.

Arnold also came out of the car. When he saw a car crash, he immediately felt nervous.

He was ready to perform first aid for Bella. After all, he was a doctor, and his profession could be useful in critical conditions.

"Bella, how are you? Are you hurt?!" Asher opened the door and leaned in, feeling around Bella's arms and legs and searching for signs of injuries, Claim Bonus For Free Every Day>>

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 873-"I'm fine. I'm fine, Ash." Bella's red eyes brimmed with tears, and her face was ashen.

However, Asher looked at her in shock, thinking that things were not so simple.

He knew Bella, and she was not someone who cried easily. She even fought on the battlefield. How could a minor accident scare her to tears?

Something else must have happened.

Something severe.

"Although it just looks like some scratches, you still need to do a detailed examination at the hospital. We should get a CT scan for any signs of concussion." Arnold put aside his usual playful side and suggested seriously.

Asher frowned and immediately carried Bella up, walking back to his car.

At this moment, Steven arrived. Seeing Bella leaning weakly against Asher, he could not help but break into a cold sweat.

“Ms. Bella! Ms. Bella, how do you feel?” “Steven, handle the aftermath. I’ll bring Bella to the hospital now.” Asher quickly got into the car after ordering Steven.

“Yes, Mr. Asher. Leave it to me!” Steven kept his eyes fixed on Bella as his heart ached.

Asher carried Bella into the car while he hugged her tightly.

Looking at the loving siblings, Arnold felt a hint of jealousy. However, more of it was admiration and longing.

In the Larson family, familial relationships ran thin. Everyone only focused on benefits and power play. They said blood was thicker than water, but even blood ties meant little in his family.

That was why he chose to develop his career alone overseas.

The only family truly kind to him, Mila, was exiled from the Larson family because she chose to be with Wyatt Thompson. She was labeled as a shameless woman who disgraced the Larson family’s name and never returned until now.

However, Mila returned to the Larson family once, and it was the only time. He heard that it was for Bella. It seemed Mila begged for some medicine for Bella, kneeling outside the study for three whole days without consuming anything. Only then did Mila’s father agree to see her.

This incident did not make Arnold feel that his aunt was embarrassing. Instead, he gained respect for her.

It was evident that Wyatt treated her well, and the Thompson family saw her as one of their own. That was why she was willing to sacrifice for Bella.

“Arnold.” Asher suddenly called out to him.

“Huh?” Arnold was surprised, feeling a little unused to being addressed like that..

“Are you staying with Steven here, or are you coming with me?” Asher asked in a deep voice.

Arnold was stunned for a moment. He then smiled and said, “Do you need to ask? Of course, I’ll choose you.” ‘Of course, I’ll choose you.’ Arnold’s words were like an arrow that pierced Asher’s heart, making it tremble.

In the past, his lover also liked to smile at him, saying confidently, "Asher, no matter what happens, I'll stand by your side. You are the only faith I want to protect in my life." Asher's car drove toward the Thompson Hospital. Asher hugged Bella tightly, patting her back like he was calming a child while comforting her with gentle words.

"Ash... Ash... It hurts." Bella buried her pale face in Asher's chest. Although she tried her best to suppress her emotions, her soft sobs still betrayed her heartbreak.

Asher felt a wet patch on his chest, and his heart seemed to be flooded with her tears. "Bella, tell me, where does it hurt?" Bella closed her eyes and slowly raised her trembling hands, pointing at her heart.

"Here. It hurts so much." Asher's eyes sharpened. He held his breath as he gripped her cold little hands.

Who else could make his tough sister so heartbroken?

It could only be Justin.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 874-Ryan was summoned to a meeting at the company by Logan.

Halfway through, he received a call from Justin, asking Ryan to meet him at the villa by the Phoenix Lake immediately, as long as he was not dead.

Thus, Ryan had to leave the Hoffman Group amidst curious gazes before the meeting ended.

Ryan sped along the way to Justin's villa.

"What the fuck?!".

8 Before even entering the gate, he saw a thick smoke hovering over the roof, looking like a volcano was about to erupt. His face turned pale with fright, and he ran into the villa with all his might.

He found Justin in the backyard, burning something in a metal bin.

Justin stood by the fire with a pale face and indescribable sadness between his deeply furrowed brows. The fire illuminated his face, making him look handsome and lonely, like a statue standing in the ruins of a war-torn area.

Ryan panicked and quickly approached him, asking anxiously, "Justin? Justin? What happened to you? What are you burning?" Before his words fell, Justin threw another thing into the fire.

Ryan focused his gaze on it and was astonished to see that it was a photo of Justin and Rosalind together.

“Did you bring me here after I was drugged?” Justin suddenly spoke.

“Yeah, I only know this place. Didn’t you come here quite often back then?” Ryan was still trying to figure out the situation. He said, “With the state you were in, I couldn’t send you back to Tideview Manor. Bringing you to my place was inconvenient, so I settled you here.” Justin looked at him coldly. “Did you ask Bella to come here?” “Yeah! When you were delirious, all you could say was her name. As your best friend, I had to help you! I made up a story to lure Bella here.” Clang!

With raging, crimson eyes, Justin kicked over the burning metal bin/ Some of the scattered sparks landed on Ryan, and he quickly blocked his face with his arms, the scalding sparks still burned a hole in his expensive suit, even singeing his fringe.

“Fuck! Justin, have you gone mad? Are you trying to burn me too?” Ryan’s face flushed angrily, and he hurriedly patted away the sparks.

Justin had not made a full recovery. He balled his hands into fists and breathed heavily. The sweat had drenched the thin shirt he wore as he glared at Ryan.

“How could you bring her here? How could you?!” “Here? What’s wrong with this place?” Ryan was confused, not yet realizing the severity of the situation.

“This villa was my gift to Rosalind, but you brought Bella here... Are you trying to crush her heart? Do you want her to hate me even more?” Justin shouted hoarsely, and his body was trembling uncontrollably.

His outburst stunned Ryan.

They were like brothers that grew up together. Justin had never lost control of his emotions in front of him or misdirected his anger at him.

This proved how much Justin cared about Bella.

“Justin, I really didn’t know.” “I’ve asked Ian to put this villa up for sale long ago, but it hasn’t sold yet. I’ve also asked him including these pho get rid of the things inside the villa, with Rosalind.” Justin trembled violently much pain, as if his ped his hair tightly. He was in so head were It was all my fault... If I knew Thud!

splitting open. “It was my negligence..

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 875-As if his soul had been drained, Justin suddenly collapsed on the ground.

“Justin!” Ryan shouted and quickly went forward, helping Justin up from the ground. “What’s going on? Why are you trembling so much? Are you feeling cold?” “Ryan... Do you know?” Justin’s fingers curled up on the ground, his eyes soaked with tears.

He looked broken. “What hurts Bella the most is my past with Rosalind. That broke her heart... When she saw the photo, I knew that it was over for me. It’s over for us... “No! It’s not! Who said it’s over?” Seeing how Justin was suffering from love and torturing himself, Ryan felt his heart ache. “This is my fault! You’re so busy, and your health is in poor condition. How could you have the time to care about these trivial matters? Damn it! It’s all my fucking fault! I’ll explain it to Bella now... I’ll explain it all to her!” Justin pulled him back and shook his head with a bitter smile. “In the end, it’s all because of me. What’s the use of explaining? Even if you explained it to her, does it cross off all the things I did in the past to hurt her?” “Justin...” Ryan sucked in a breath, almost on the verge of tears.

Was there anyone else in the world who loved so painfully?

After Ryan sent Justin upstairs, Justin fell asleep soon.

The aftereffects of his injury were much more severe than he thought. Fortunately, it happened when he was with Ryan. If someone else were present, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Justin could have lost everything he has worked so hard for over the past ten years.

Ryan came down the stairs just as Ian entered the door.

“Mr. Hoffman...” On the way, Ian had already heard about the situation over the phone.

At that moment, Ian was so guilty that his face turned red.

“The blame is not entirely on you. This... Damn it!” Ryan wanted to slap himself in regret.

“I’ll explain to Ms. Thompson tomorrow. If she really refuses to forgive Mr. Salvador, I’ll resign.” Ian rubbed his eyes, making up his mind.

“Don’t be ridiculous! You’ve been with Justin for almost a decade.

Without you, it would be like Justin losing his right hand.” Ryan rubbed his temples helplessly. “I’ll clean up the mess I made. However, Bella has to be willing to meet me. Take good care of Justin during this period, and don’t tell anyone about his sickness, including Grandpa Nigel!” Ian gritted his teeth and nodded.

After settling the matter, Ryan dragged his exhausted body back to his home with Carrie.

On the road, he recalled that when he helped Justin back to his room, the room was filled with a subtle scent of sex.

As a long-time player, Ryan knew immediately that Justin and Bella had done the deed last night.

Since they could sleep together, Bella must still have feelings for Justin. Was it really so unacceptable for her to see a few old photos that had not been dealt with in time?

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 876-Was it jealousy?

It felt as though a storm of jealousy was brewing.

“Ryan!” Seeing Ryan’s return, Carrie dashed toward him, flying into his arms.

Her arms and legs wrapped around him like an adorable koala.

“Call me honey,” Ryan corrected gently.

“Mmm... Honey,” Carrie obediently complied, her cheeks flushing.

“That’s right, darling. Let me give you a kiss.” Ryan’s large hands supported her petite, perky butt, and his cold lips met her rosy ones.

After cuddling on the sofa for a while, Ryan carried Carrie to the bedroom, holding her as they headed to the bathroom.

“Um... I would like to wash myself.” Carrie held Ryan’s neck, expressing a tiny objection.

“That would be a hassle. Just let me help you.” Ryan raised his charming eyes and smiled mischievously.

“No, no.” Ryan lifted his eyebrows, pretending to be slightly displeased.

Eventually, Ryan carried his delicate girlfriend out of the water, wrapped her in a soft towel, and placed her on the vanity, gently drying her hair..

Carrie enjoyed every moment of Ryan’s attentive care. During such moments, she would happily squint her doe-like eyes and wiggle her little feet.

Ryan seemed unusually quiet tonight, as if he had something on his mind.

“Honey?” Carrie gently called out to him.

Ryan snapped out of his thoughts and smiled. "What's up, darling?" "Are you feeling down? Is something bothering you?" Seeing Carrie's concern, Ryan could not hold back anymore and confessed, "Yeah, it's about Justin and Bella." "Annie... What's going on with her? And what's wrong with Justin?" Carrie asked, her worry evident.

Ryan pondered for a moment, realizing that although they had officially tied the knot, they were practically a married couple. He like he should be transparent with Carrie. Besides, she was a grown woman, and it was time she knew some of the complexities of Justin and Bella's relationship.

"Carrie, Justin... Well, it's mostly my fault. Because of me, he and Bella had a major falling out, and I don't know how to patch things up." Ryan then explained the situation with Bella, how he had involved her to take care of Justin, and everything that had transpired.

Carrie listened quietly, her bright eyes flashing as she struggled to find the right words.

"I acted recklessly without much thought into it." Ryan, feeling miserable, pulled at his hair, his self-blame escalating. They hadn't even been intimate in their marriage. Now that they're divorced, I thought it was a good idea to bring them together... This is such a mess... It's so unfair to Bella. I'm such an idiot!" "Annie and Justin got intimate once Carrie suddenly blurted out.

Ryan froze, his eyes widening in shock. "What do you mean? They were intimate?" "It was about two years ago." Claim Bonus For Free Every Day>>

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 877-Carrie bit her lip, her brows furrowing as she softly recounted, "Two years ago, one night, I couldn't sleep and found myself wandering around the house. I saw Annie entering Justin's room alone. Back then, Justin wasn't fond of her, and they rarely shared the bed. Most of the time, they slept in separate rooms. The three years Annie spent married to Justin were incredibly difficult. I could see that she loved him deeply but was too afraid to approach him. Annie could only silently watch over him. During quiet nights when Justin was away, she would sometimes lie on his bed for a while, secretly wear his shirts, and spray his cologne. However, she never let him find out about all of this. Annie truly loved Justin. She loved him so humbly Sometimes, I feel heartbroken for her." Even Ryan found it difficult to listen to this, feeling Bella's pain was undeserved.

Perhaps the most agonizing thing was not when two people drift apart, but having the person you love deeply within reach, yet knowing you could never truly have them.

"That night, I saw Annie enter Justin's bedroom. Soon after, Justin came home, completely drunk and reeking of alcohol. His face was flushed like he had a fever."

Ryan seemed to remember the occasion. It was the anniversary of Justin's mother's death, and he had organized a gathering with friends to help Justin cope.

The night was chaotic, and Justin must have had numerous drinks, completely blacking out.

Later, Ryan escorted Justin back to Tideview Manor. Justin was then helped into the house by the housekeeper. Ryan had no clue about what happened after that.

"And then?" Ryan hurriedly asked.

"And then... Justin headed back to his room, and for the entire night, neither he nor Annie came out. I got worried and curious. So, I pushed the door and walked in. Through the bedroom door, I heard... I..." Carrie bit her lip, her face flushing as if she were burning up, too embarrassed to continue.

Ryan's pupils contracted gradually, shocked and speechless.

So, they had already slept together once while they were still married?

But his clueless best friend, who was too drunk to remember anything, had no recollection of sleeping with his own wife?!

Damn... Men really could not remember anything after they were done with their business, huh?

"Have you not mentioned this to Justin in the past two years?" Ryan asked.

"How could I? Besides, Annie obviously didn't want Justin to find out," Carrie replied.

"How would you know? If you had told Justin, maybe he would have treated Bella better! After all, they had already been intimate!" Ryan's tone grew a bit harsh, with a hint of urgency in his voice.

Carrie shrugged with a hint of fear in her eyes.

Ryan quickly pulled her into an embrace, gently patting her back as he apologized. "I'm sorry... I shouldn't have spoken to you like that. I was just impatient. I just really hoped they could get back together." "At that time, Annie was always careful around Justin. She knew he wasn't fond of her and even despised her... She was afraid that if he found out that they had slept together, he would resent her even more, thinking she took advantage of him." With tears welling up in her eyes, Carrie continued, "So... I had no choice but to help Annie keep this secret. Ryan, do you think I did something wrong?" "No, no... Carrie, you did nothing wrong. You just wanted the best for Bella." Kissing Carrie's ear gently, Ryan spoke with a voice filled with resentment toward Justin. "The one who's in the wrong here is Justin. He's made such a big mistake! He took

advantage of a without even realizing it.” “Is there anything else that I can do? I really want Justin and Annie to reconcile, too.” Carrie sighed sincerely.

“And they will. They’re bound to reconcile.” Ryan sighed, though he lacked complete confidence. “I believe that deep down, Justin still holds an important place in Bella’s heart.

They’ll find their way back to each other eventually.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 878-Meanwhile, at the Thompson Hospital, Bella was admitted into the VIP ward, lying on the bed with an IV drip attached. Despite her physical and mental exhaustion, she could not fall asleep.

Asher sat at the edge of the bed, holding his sister’s foot in his lap, gently tending to Bella’s ankle wound with a cotton swab.

Only then did Bella feel a twinge of pain. She furrowed her brow in silence.

“Bella, you didn’t return to the Savrow villa or Hatchbay last night. Where were you?” Asher asked softly, his hands trembling as he applied the medicine.

Bella remained silent.

“Did you go see Justin?” The mention of that man’s name was like a ticking time bomb. Ev time Asher brought it up, it was with the utmost caution. “Arnold sai you took him to see Justin yesterday, and it didn’t end well. Then, you left the place alone after a phone call. Did you go see him?” “Ash...” After a moment, Bella finally met Asher’s gaze with her hollow gaze, her voice hoarse. “I hate myself now... I feel so stupid...” “Hey, what are you saying? Don’t be so hard on yourself.” Asher’s heart ached as he leaned closer to embrace Bella. “I won’t let anyone who speaks ill of you off lightly.’ Compared to his family, God and religion seemed insignificant to Asher.

All Asher wanted was for his younger sister to live a smooth, peaceful, and joyful life.

Bella choked up in her big brother’s arms, unable to understand why seeing the photo of Justin and Rosalind together had such a powerful impact on her.

She felt as if her soul had fractured into pieces.

Just then, a nurse entered the room.

“Mr. Thompson, Ms. Thompson’s wound needs to be redressed.” “Alright.” Asher released his embrace around Bella and prepared to leave, his expression filled with concern.

The nurse helped Bella remove her loose hospital gown, revealing silver silk dress underneath. Her exposed skin was as smooth as jade, and her arms were delicate and slender.

Although Asher had helped Bella dress and put her to bed when she was younger, she was now a grown woman. He knew he needed to be cautious in such situations.

Just as Asher was about to turn and leave the ward, he inadvertently caught sight of something with the corner of his eye. He saw delicate red marks on Bella's neck and collarbone that were strikingly prominent and intense!

The red marks did not just stop at Bella's neck. They extended downward, all the way to her chest and everywhere!

In an instant, Asher was stunned into stillness for several seconds.

His throat visibly bobbed as he reached forward, and his hands gripped Bella's slender shoulders tighter, his fingers almost embedding into her flesh.

The nurse was startled. Sensing the impending storm in Asher's demeanor, she quickly retreated out of the room.

"Bella... Did he do anything to you?" Asher's eyes bore into Bella's. His voice was strained as he said, Justin touched you... Something happened between you two, right?" Bella stared back at Asher with a dim expression, her dry lips twitching slightly.

She did not answer but her silence spoke volumes.

"Was it against your will?" Asher practically forced those words out his clenched teeth.

"No... I did it willingly." With a thunderous crash, Asher felt as if the most tender part of his heart had shattered.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 879-As Asher stepped out of the hospital ward, his expression darkened ominously, as if he had emerged from the depths of hell.

Upon hearing about Bella's accident, Axel and Ralph, who were working in Savrow, and even Amelia, who was in class, all rushed to the hospital. Even Drew zoomed his way to the hospital without hesitation.

In a rare occurrence, all of the Thompson siblings gathered together for Bella, with only their third brother, Declan, who was serving in the military, absent.

"Ash, why did Bella suddenly get into a car accident?" Amelia, the youngest and most timid, was on the verge of tears, her eyes welling. Steven saw Amelia's distress and

wanted to comfort her, but as a mere secretary, he refrained from overstepping his boundaries in front of his boss.

Steven could only keep his concern for her hidden in his heart, but his intense gaze never left Amelia for a moment.

Perhaps, for a person like him, the only thing he could do was to silently stand behind her, guarding her without uttering a word.

“That’s right, Ash. Bella is a skilled driver. Her driving skills aren’t any worse than mine. How could she be rear-ended? In fact, they should be struggling to keep up with her car’s tail lights,” Drew expressed his bewilderment.

On his way to the hospital, Drew’s heart remained tightly clenched. He had faced life-threatening situations and stared down the barrel of a gun without flinching, yet Bella’s predicament had him all frazzled.

Axel and Ralph looked nervously at Asher. The air in the corridor turned dense.

Meanwhile, frost cloaked Asher’s handsome features, and his strong jawline tensed. He remained silent for what felt like an eternity.

“Ash?” Axel nudged him. “What’s going on?” “Bella’s fine. Just a few scratches and a little shaken up by the accident.” After a long pause, Asher withdrew from his thoughts of anger and spoke lightly. “For the next few days, let’s take turns taking care of Bella. It’ll be tough, but necessary. Let’s keep this matter to ourselves for now. For now, don’t inform Dad and the others about this. They’re all spending time with Aunt Celeste. Besides, Bella wouldn’t want to burden them either.” “Ash, you’re pissing me off now. Are you treating us like outsiders ?!” Drew snapped at him with furrowed brows. “Bella is our younger sister. It’s only right for us to take care of her. We’ll stay by her side even if you don’t say anything!” “He’s right. Nothing’s more important than Bella,” echoed Axel and Ralph.

“Ralph and Axel, you both have work to attend to, but I don’t have anything urgent. Steven and I can stay with Bella all day. Both of you should go back and rest.” Amelia spoke and exchanged a meaningful glance with Steven.

“It’s okay. I’ve already informed the station.” Axel immediately declined, sighing with self-reproach. “As Bella’s brother, I’ve never done anything for her since we were young. Now that she needs someone by her side, how can I not be there for her?

What kind of ridiculous brother would I be, then?” The Thompson siblings had never schemed against each other, unlike typical high-society families.

They always supported each other through thick and thin. It was a kind of familial bond that others envied but could not replicate.

“Ash, you’ve arranged everything for us, but what about yourself? Do you have something to attend to?” Being a prosecutor, Axel had a keen intuition and sensed that Asher’s behavior was slightly unusual, as if he were suppressing some anger.

“I have some matters to attend to.” After that, Asher glanced once more at the ward’s door, hesitated briefly, then reentered.

Inside, Bella completed her treatment and now wore a hospital gown, lying still on the bed with her eyes closed, her state of consciousness unknown.

Asher’s delicate eyelashes fluttered slightly as he approached his sister silently. Leaning down gently, he kissed her forehead lightly.

“Have a good rest, my dear sister. I’ll come check on you again later.” “Ash...” Bella kept her eyes closed, her voice barely audible as she spoke. “I’m fine, really. Don’t worry about me. Of course, she did not say otherwise. However, her pretense of strength placed through Keher’s most vulnerable emotions, causing tears to well up in his eyes, nearly breaking his composure. With a somber expression, Asher made his way to the underground parking lot. Chapter 879 Bella kept her eyes closed, her voice barely audible as she spoke. “I’m fine, really... Don’t worry about me.” Of course, she did not say otherwise.

However, her pretense of strength pierced through Asher’s most vulnerable emotions, causing tears to well up in his eyes, nearly breaking his composure.

With a somber expression, Asher made his way to the underground parking lot.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 880-As he approached his car, Asher was greeted by Arnold’s voice from behind.

“Asher.” Asher’s tall figure paused. He took a deep breath before slowly turning to face Arnold.

The lighting in the underground parking lot was dim.

“What’s up?” Asher composed himself, his deep gaze fixed on Arnold.

Arnold’s narrow, fox-like eyes narrowed slightly as he approached Asher.

“I understand that you’re worried about your sister. I understand exactly how you feel.” Arnold’s delicate lips approached Asher’s ear, his tone alluring. “But promise me, don’t do anything stupid. Don’t let your dear little sister worry about you. And spare me the worry, too. I know you’re busy, so I’m not gonna ask for a ride.” Arnold straightened up, adopting his usual carefree grin once more. It looks like I’ll be sticking around for a little longer. Maybe I’ll swing by a car dealership later and get a car for convenience. Ash, do

you have any connections with people working at a dealership? Can they give me a discount?" Before Arnold had fully settled, Asher's breathing grew heavy.

"Arnold's pupils contracted, his heart pounding like a drum.

"Well, I have enough time to give you a ride." "Once we return to Yara Park, feel free to take any car from the underground garage." *

For two full days, Justin hardly ate anything. He only drank some water and spent the majority of the time in a deep, oblivious slumber.

Ian remained by his side, tending to him incessantly. His anxiety was palpable, and he felt like an ant on a hot pan. Every evening, he would look out the window, praying sincerely for Justin's swift recovery.

He would rather endure the sickness himself than witness his boss's suffering.

Justin was just a wandering zombie without Bella in his life. It must be agonizing.

"Ian, how's your boss doing?" Ryan called Ian to check on Justin. His voice was tinged with deep concern. "Has he woken up? I'll come over right away to see him." "You don't have to come, Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Salvador has already taken his medication and fallen asleep," Ian replied gloomily.

"But is it medication for treatment or just sleeping pills? Every time Justin takes them, he sleeps endlessly. Maybe we should take him to the hospital. I'll arrange everything and ensure that it remains confidential!" "There's no need for that, Mr. Hoffman. Even Ms. Thompson, the renowned specialist, couldn't find a solution for Mr. Salvador's condition. What else can the other doctors do?" Ian turned back to look at the unconscious Justin with a heavy heart. "I don't even know if there's any real significance in him taking this medication." "What do you mean?" "Mr. Salvador gets severe side effects from it. Although his tremors stopped after taking the medicine, he suffers from frequent vomiting and drowsiness. It feels like he's just trading one form of pain for another. If this continues, I fear he may become completely incapacitated!" Ryan was shocked. He went speechless for a moment.

"Mr. Salvador has sacrificed so much for Ms. Thompson. Everything happened because of her... So, why? Why can't she just give Mr.

Salvador another chance?" Ian's anxiety caused him to speak somewhat recklessly.

"Don't say that, Ian." After a pause, Ryan sighed softly, "Bella has never done anything wrong. Now that Justin is going through this tribulation, perhaps it's a form of redemption. After all, as someone who is always by Justin's side, you've witnessed everything in their three-year marriage. I'm sure you understand it very well."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 881

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 881-“Bella’s loss over those three years is worth Justin’s lifetime of redemption.” Ian felt a jolt in his heart: He recalled the pitiful and helpless Bella when she was living in the Salvador household. She had always stood by Justin with fervent devotion, no matter what.

He could not help but shed tears silently.

Justin had suffered too much, but Bella was just as heartbroken.

Ian was afraid that Justin might need help during the night and would not be able to call for assistance, so he just spent the night on the sofa in the bedroom without even changing.

The next morning, his body clock awakened him. As soon as he opened his eyes, he instinctively looked toward Justin’s direction.

To his surprise, the bed was empty. Justin was nowhere to be found.

“Mr. Salvador... Mr. Salvador?!” Ian panicked and sprung up from his seat like a startled fish. He started frantically searching the room for Justin.

Just then, the bathroom door swung open.

There stood Justin, impeccably dressed in a sharp three-piece suit, complete with a meticulously selected array of accessories-a wristwatch, tie, and tie pin.

His composed demeanor showed no sign of illness, which almost made Ian forget how weak Justin had appeared the night before.

“Is there something on my face?” Justin asked as he adjusted his sleeve, his voice slightly hoarse.

Though his breath still seemed a little shallow, it was hardly noticeable.

“Mr. Salvador, w-why are you up? You need more rest!” Ian expressed deep concern for his condition.

“We have an important strategic meeting at the office today. I must attend it,” Justin replied, his expression calm and collected as usual.

“Gosh... I totally forgot about it!” Ian slapped his forehead in frustration before gently advising him.

Mr. Salvador, you're still unwell. Why don't we skip today's meeting and prioritize your recovery?" Justin's cold demeanor prevailed as he raised his hand to silence Ian "I'm fine. Just get the car ready." *

At exactly 10:00 a.m., a black Rolls-Royce appeared in front of the Salvador Corporation's building. The flashy license plate "Savrow A9999" immediately drew the attention of everyone around.

"9999! And it's a Savrow A license plate! That's incredibly rare!" Curious chatter broke out among the crowd, "I remember that license plate going for auction. It sold for over \$20 million! It even made the news!" "What?! \$20 million for a license plate?! My mind can't even comprehend that!" "I'm really curious. Who could the owner of this car be?" "Isn't it obvious? It's someone we'll never come close to!" Meanwhile, in the luxurious car, Asher sat upright, his long lashes cast down as he studied the opened Bible resting on his knees, holding a cross in his hand and murmuring prayers.

After finishing his prayer, he gently closed the Bible and whispered, "Amen." When he raised his gaze once more, his eyes were bloodshot. He looked like a demon emerging from long-held darkness into newfound light.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 882-Steven opened the car door and stepped out of the passenger seat.

Asher had summoned Steven to once again assume the role of KS Group CEO's secretary. Steven made his appearance in a sleek, tailored gray suit. His sharp gaze exuded an air of seriousness, making him look undeniably handsome.

Despite the admiring glances from female colleagues around him, Steven remained oblivious, opening the rear car door and bowing respectfully.

"Mr. Thompson, please." Asher's composed and handsome face showed no trace of emotion, resembling a flawless and timeless sculpture.

As he stepped out of the car, the women around him could not help but gasp in awe.

"OMG! He's so handsome! We've got a new subject for tonight's dream!" "You're so greedy. Aren't you already dreaming about Mr. Salvador? And now you want another one?" "Is he really that handsome? I think he's not as good-looking as Mr.

Salvador..." "You don't understand. This one is completely different from Mr. Salvador. Mr. Salvador has a strong and impactful handsomeness, while this one exudes a restrained and mysterious charm, silently capturing your heart. Isn't it more enticing this way?" "But who is this young man? Why is he at the Salvador Corporation's door? Is he here to see someone?" Asher entered the Salvador Corporation building's lobby with a composed demeanor.

Following closely behind him was Steven, and though there were only two of them, their presence seemed to impose an invisible pressure, commanding attention wherever they went.

Approaching the reception desk, the receptionist hastily stood up.

“We’re here to see Mr. Justin Salvador.” Steven spoke first, his tone icy.

“M-Mr. Salvador?” The receptionist was startled.

The receptionist, who hardly ever encountered Mr. Salvador in person as appointments were usually directly handled by his secretary, la Harris, was surprised by the sudden request to see Mr. Salvador.

“M-May I ask if you have an appointment?” The receptionist had n choice but to ask, as per protocol.

“No, we don’t,” Steven replied.

“I’m sorry, but without an appointment, you can’t see Mr. Salvador. Please contact Secretary Harris for that...” “Could you please inform Mr. Justin Salvador or his secretary?” Asher, who had been silent all this while, suddenly spoke in a cold tone. “The person who wishes to see him is Asher Thompson, CEO of KS Group.” Asher Thompson.

Asher Thompson?!

The receptionist stood there dumbfounded for a moment before finally coming back to her senses and hurriedly picking up the phone to call Ian.

Asher did not wait for Ian to come downstairs to meet them. Instead, he and Steven took the elevator to the floor where the meeting rooms were.

As soon as they entered the corridor, the bodyguards stopped them.

“I’m here to see Mr. Salvador,” Asher said expressionlessly.

The bodyguard said firmly, “Mr. Salvador is currently attending an important meeting and cannot see anyone. Please leave.” The bodyguard thought, ‘Who the hell just comes charging up he demanding to see Mr. Salvador? What kind of place does he think th is? I would be fired if I let them in.’ Asher narrowed his dark and deep eyes and walked straight ahead.

The two bodyguards reached out to stop them, but Steven stood in front of Asher.

With a stern expression, Steven swiftly struck each guard with a punch, bringing them down with ease.

It was not that the bodyguards were weak. They simply had not expected anyone to attack them on their territory.

They quickly scrambled back up, calling for reinforcements and launching a counterattack.

However, they had underestimated Steven's combat skills. With his Taekwondo black belt and training under Asher during his youth, two mere bodyguards stood no chance against Steven.

With a fierce glare, Steven did not use his hands this time. Instead, he delivered a series of swift kicks that left the two bodyguards incapacitated.

"The Salvador bodyguards are too weak. If Justin Salvador relies on people like you for protection, he's probably on the brink of death," Steven remarked coldly, brushing off the dust from his suit. He then stretched his neck as if loosening his muscles.

"Let's go, Steve." Asher strode forward with unstoppable momentum, his eyes fix ahead.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 883-At that instant, Ian rushed out of the meeting room and intercepted them again.

"Mr. Thompson, while we welcome your presence, don't you think it's inappropriate, both ethically and legally, to resort to violence against our staff?" Ignoring Ian's words, Asher countered with a question. "Should I wait for Justin Salvador to come out, or should I just barge in?" Ian's anger surged, his expression darkening. "I'm sorry, but Mr.

Salvador is currently in a meeting. He won't be able to see you.

Please leave!" Asher smirked slightly and advanced toward him.

Ian's internal alarm bells rang as he extended his arms to block Asher "Ah!" In the blink of an eye, Asher swiftly made his move. Before Ian could even comprehend what was happening, Asher twisted his arm to the back and forcefully flung him aside.

Ian crashed to the ground. His arm was dislocated!

He clenched his teeth in pain as sweat beaded his forehead. He watched Asher and Steven push open the door and enter the conference room.

Inside the conference room, the mood was solemn.

Justin, who was sitting at the head of the conference table, exuded a commanding présence. His handsome figure resembled that of an emperor presiding over his court.

The executives below him listened attentively as he calmly outlined the agenda for the upcoming work.

However, despite his authoritative demeanor, the sudden intrusion of Asher and Steven drew the attention of everyone in the room.

Everyone in the room was shocked and exchanged bewildered glances.

Everyone present-recognized the intruders.

Though Justin was aware of their presence, he chose to ignore them, continuing to read from the report in his hands.

“Justin, let’s talk.” Asher’s eyes were cold and stern.

Asher’s cold and direct address cut through the tension, disregardin Justin’s status.

Justin paused briefly, meeting Asher’s stern gaze with calm resol “Let’s call it a day. We’ll continue tomorrow. Meeting adjourned.” With those words, the other executives stood up in unison, leaving the trio alone in the conference room.

The silence in the room turned into tension.

“Asher, you can go ahead and say what you have to say now,” Justin said calmly, his emotions concealed.

Asher was already seething with anger. Seeing Justin’s seemingly indifferent attitude only fueled his rage further.

He was unaware that Justin was still recovering from his illness, barely able to sit through the meeting with sheer willpower and medication.

Justin was utterly drained, and his back was drenched in cold sweat.

“Justin, you did something to my sister.” Asher’s tone turned frosty, and his presence was intimidating.

Upon hearing this, Steven’s eyes flashed with rage, turning bloodshot. ‘ Did something? What does that mean? Did Justin really harass Ms. Thompson? How could he?! How dare he even consider such a thing?!

Steven felt an unprecedented wave of anguish, as if someone were strangling him and depriving him of air.

Justin's breath caught in his throat. His fingers slowly clenched on the tabletop. His eyes were burning intensely. "I'll take responsibility if she's willing to, she remains my wife." Then, as if he had suddenly transformed into another person, he chuckled bitterly and somewhat nervously. "But I believe she would want that. I don't think she would want to repeat the same mistake again, right?" Asher's lips curled into a cold sneer. His expression resembled that of a handsome yet ferocious deity of the underworld.

"Justin! Do you even understand how a divorce works?!" Steven could not bear it any longer and roared in anger. "Once divorced, you are no longer husband and wife. You have no right to touch Ms. Bella! How could you?! How dare you?!" "Whatever happened is in the past. At this point, I have nothing else to say." Justin's heart trembled as he recalled that night, and his eyes reddened with tears.

He did not ever want to leave her again.

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed through the room.

With a swift movement, Asher effortlessly leaped onto the massive conference table.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 884-Asher strode a few steps forward until he towered over Justin. His gaze was icy as he looked down at the pale complexion of the man before him.

"Justin, you should go to hell!" In an instant, Asher abruptly leaned forward and tackled Justin, who was seated on the chair, to the ground.

They crashed heavily to the floor, prompting Steven to scream in shock. "Be careful, Mr. Thompson!" Justin's back suffered a severe blow. His internal organs trembled violently.

Suddenly, a cold gleam flashed before Justin's eyes.

With a fierce gaze, Asher held a cross-shaped dagger high above, aiming it menacingly at Justin's ink-black pupils.

"Don't do it, Mr. Thompson!" Steven exclaimed in panic.

Steven could not completely understand Asher's feelings. However, despite his deep hatred for Justin for taking away Bella's virginity, Steven was also aware of the consequences if Asher hurt Justin.

If Asher injured Justin, he would be jailed, and Bella would also be consumed by profound self-blame.

This was not something Bella wanted.

A noble and refined man like Asher should not have to dirty his own hands for the likes of this scoundrel.

As the dagger's tip threatened to pierce his eyeball, Justin showed no fear. Instead, his expression shifted to a bleak and bitter resignation.

He looked numb to it all.

"Asher! Stop it!" In the nick of time, Ryan rushed over and flung himself at Asher, using every ounce of strength to pin him down.

As a result, the sharp dagger's trajectory shifted course.

Justin felt a chilling sensation around his neck, followed by a sharp pain.

The dagger drew a long, thin wound across his neck. Blood oozed out in a sight that was both shocking and heart-wrenching.

Justin laid flat on the ground. He reached up to touch his neck, feeling the stickiness in his palm, oddly finding a sense of relief in the pain.

If Ryan had been just a second late, the dagger would have pierd through his eye.

Asher was not one to act impulsively, but once he made a move, h would ensure the other party remembered it for a lifetime, harboring resentment.

With his eyes blazing, Asher glared at Justin and pressed the tip of the dagger against Ryan's shoulder. "Move aside. Don't meddle in this." "I'll meddle however I want!" Ryan gasped for breath, his teeth clenched, and he poked his own chest. "If you have the guts, then stab me right here! I was the one who orchestrated it all! It's all my fault! Don't hurt Justin. If you want to kill someone for this, just come at me! But have you ever considered Bella's feelings in all of this? Do you think she would want to see this horrible situation? Do you think she would want her beloved brother's hands stained with blood?!" Bella's name was like a calming tune to Asher.

His eyes, brimming with murderous intent, gradually cooled down.

When Asher withdrew the dagger, Ryan secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Only God knew how nervous he had been just now. He felt like his heart was about to jump out of his chest.

"Mr. Thompson!" Steven hurried over to help Asher up.

Ryan also went to help Justin. At this moment, his hands were still trembling, and he was still in fright.

Ryan thought himself bold enough to straddle both sides of the la Little did he know that Wyatt Thompson's eldest son would dare murder someone in broad daylight, right in someone else's conference room.

Asher was a goddamn devil!

Asher had intended to speak, but with the situation escalating, he chose to remain silent.

He reflected. 'Right. Justin is not worthy of Bella's affection, nor is he worthy enough to make me stain my own hands. He should be left to live and perish on his own terms.' "Don't come close to my sister ever again. Consider this your final warning." Asher tucked the dagger back into his suit pocket, his eyes burning red. "Come on, Steve. Let's go." Just as they turned to leave, Justin's hoarse voice broke the silence.

"If she's willing to, I'll marry her." With his back against Justin, Asher let out a disdainful laugh. "You won't ever have the chance to do so. Even if every man in the world were to perish, my sister will never marry you."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 885-Asher and Steven left in a dignified manner.

However, news of the KS Group CEO's sudden visit to the Salvador Corporation spread rapidly throughout the skyscraper.

Ryan assisted Justin back to his office with Ian, who could not shake off his concern.

Ian had dislocated his arm, and the pain made him sweat through his clothes, yet he remained stoic, not uttering a single word.

Ryan noticed something was amiss when he saw that Ian was also injured. He promptly called for assistance and insisted on taking Ian to the hospital for treatment.

"Usually, Asher is refined and composed, but when he loses it... Damn, it's scary beyond words..." Ryan sighed, expressing the sheer terror of the situation.

"He's doing all of this for his sister. I understand him." Justin sat weakly on the sofa, his neck tilted back, both physically and mentally drained.

If someone else had dared to harass Bella, Justin might have reacted even more recklessly than Asher did.

Recalling Asher's last words before he left, Justin felt breathless. His blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

“Well, if it were Carrie, I probably wouldn’t have stayed calm either.” Ryan looked at the wound on Justin’s neck with concern. Though not too deep, blood still stained his shirt collar. “You should go to the hospital and get that treated.” “It’s not a big deal,” Justin replied with a strained breath.

“Why did Asher suddenly turn so hostile toward you?” Ryan asked with concern.

“He found out that I was intimate with Bella.” “It seems that for Asher, Bella is no longer just a sister but more like his own daughter. He’s acting like a fatherly older brother. Well, at least he didn’t barge in here with a gun and shoot you. So, you’re lucky, dude,” Ryan joked lightly, trying to ease the tension.

“Well, but in the end, it’s still my fault. I shouldn’t have done this to Bella after the divorce...” Justin ran his hands through his hair and let out a heavy sigh. “By Ryan, I couldn’t control myself. I couldn’t control my thoughts. T was all I wanted at that moment.” Recalling Carrie’s words, Ryan suddenly felt sorry for Bella’s heartache and grievances. “Justin, if you think about it, it’s not surprising that Asher wanted to kill you. After all, what you did to Bella back then was truly despicable.” “What are you talking about?” Justin asked, looking puzzled.

“Two years ago, you took advantage of Bella. You two were already intimate two years ago, yet you seemed to have no recollection of it. Don’t you think you’re despicable?” “Ryan.” Justin’s eyes widened in shock as he grabbed Ryan’s hand, his fingers trembling. “Is that true? Who told you about this?!” Ever since Bella told him those things the other day, he had gotten suspicious.

However, he had never been able to accept this revelation. It nearly overturned his entire understanding of things.

“Carrie witnessed everything back then, unintentionally.” Ryan sighed helplessly and recounted to Justin, almost word for word, the secret that Carrie had revealed the other day.

Justin’s mind buzzed. The tremendous impact left him almost numb, and everything felt so surreal.

He had indeed been intimate with Bella back then, when they were husband and wife.

Justin thought, ‘Why... Why didn’t Bella tell me about this?!’

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 886-What a fool! How could that woman be so foolish?

“Carrie witnessed it. If you can’t trust anyone else, at least trust Carrie. Seriously, it blows my mind that you don’t remember that incident with her. It’s downright absurd!” “I don’t know... I honestly don’t know...” Justin’s head throbbed with pain as he clutched

it. "That night was my mother's death anniversary. I was in a bad mood and drank too much alcohol. After that, I started having these explicit dreams about Bella out of nowhere. I thought it was just a dream. I never thought we actually had sex..." "Two years ago! I remember you breaking up with Rosalind at that time. You told me you'd definitely get back together with Rosalind and divorce Bella because Bella meant nothing to you." Ryan continued, "Isn't that right, Justin? Do you remember the mean things you said back then?" Every word from Ryan felt like a knife stabbing into Justin's heart. Each word he said was a slap to his soul. He sank into the sofa, haunted by the memory of Bella's tearful and resentful gaze.

Justin thought, 'What was going through Bella's mind that night two years ago? How deep was her love for me? She even endured such torment and cruelty, yet she still chose to stay by my side. I really deserve to suffer. Asher's knife should have cut deeper.' "Justin, I actually think you fell in love with Bella a long time ago. It's Chapter 886 2/3 just that you've never understood the true meaning of love and how to truly love someone. You've always been manipulated by Rosalind, blinded by her past kindness toward you, so you couldn't see Bella for who she was. You couldn't confront your own emotions." Ryan shook his head in a mix of anger and disappointment toward his best friend. "I came here today to tell you all of this. Initially, I wanted to urge you not to let go of Bella. I wanted you to fight for her and to persevere no matter what. But now, seeing Asher's attitude towards you, I'm starting to believe that perhaps some missed opportunities are simply fate's way of intervening. Perhaps you and Bella aren't destined to be together. Forcing it would only cause more pain for the both of you. Besides, Bella values her family deeply. Asher's stance is clear. He won't accept you, and neither will the Thompson family.

Even if Bella still has feelings for you in her heart, even if the both of you somehow reconcile, can you truly be happy together?" wou There were too many unresolved issues that stood between them.

Ryan couldn't even bring himself to persuade Bella to take Justin back, as it would only bring her more suffering.

"Ryan..." Justin's voice was heavy with defeat, his gaze weary and tired. "I want to meet Bella... I want to apologize to her." *

Christopher was deeply concerned upon hearing about Bella's car accident, so he rushed to the hospital to visit her that very night.

"Mr. Iverson, Mr. Asher went to the Salvador Corporation today and caused a scene with Justin. It stirred up quite a commotion, and Chapter 886 3/3 some of Salvador Corporation's staff even ended up getting hurt." Taylor reported eagerly to Christopher.

Christopher's sharp eyes narrowed slightly. "Oh? What exactly happened?" "I couldn't gather all the details about what happened between Mr. Thompson and Justin. But knowing how protective Mr. Thompson is over his sister, he wouldn't cause such a

commotion unless it was for Ms. Thompson's sake." Christopher's eyes darkened slightly. 'Could Bella's car accident somehow be connected to Justin? There must have been something significant that triggered Asher, who was usually composed and calm, to lash out at Justin.' "Regardless, from my perspective, this incident may be a blessing in disguise," Christopher said with a faint, mocking laugh. "Previously, Asher always looked down on me and sided with Justin. He even tried to set Bella up with that bastard, Justin. Now that they've had a falling out, it puts Justin and me on the same starting line. Perhaps we have an advantage now." "Absolutely! Your advantage is far superior. How could someone like that bastard, Justin, even compare to someone as noble as you? That would be an insult to you.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 887-Taylor obviously did not like Justin from the way he spoke of him." Justin is nothing more than a puppet manipulated by Gregory to maintain his reputation. If Gregory's eldest son returns in good health, would there be a place for Justin in the Salvador household?" Upon hearing those words, Christopher's eyes flickered with a mix of intense and indiscernible emotions.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly asked, "Did you manage to dig up any information on the guy I told you to look into? The one who was hanging around Yvonne?" Taylor hesitated, wearing a troubled expression as he apologized, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Iverson... I couldn't find anything." Christopher raised an eyebrow. "Nothing?" "Yes, I will take full responsibility." Taylor explained, sweating profusely, "But I used all my connections to gather information on that man. His data was as encrypted as it gets, clean with whatever!" on "Hmm, he sounds like a mysterious fellow," Christopher said with a smirk, though his eyes lacked any hints of amusement. "What about Yvonne? Is she behaving herself?" "Of course, Ms. Smith hasn't left the Pivotal or the villa you provided for her. She's been staying put." Taylor assured him.

"Keep a close watch on her. I can't afford any unnecessary trouble," Christopher added with a firm tone.

As they arrived at the hospital, Christopher hurried to the floor where Bella was staying. Just before they reached the entrance to the VIP ward, they were intercepted by Asher's bodyguards.

"Do you even know what the relationship between Ms. Thompson and Mr. Iverson is? Even if you don't know that, you should know how close Chairman Thompson and Chairman Iverson are. Don't you know that the KS Group and Iverson Group maintain a good relationship?" Taylor expressed. He felt indignant and frustrated because his boss was stopped.

The bodyguards exchanged glances upon hearing Taylor's words, but they remained at their positions, blocking Christopher's path.

Christopher smiled coldly as he adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses. Just as he was about to speak, a rather playful voice interrupted from the ward.

“What’s with all this talk about relationships? It sounds like a t twister.” Christopher’s gaze turned cold as he looked at the source of the voice. His eyes narrowed suddenly.

It was the man he had tasked Taylor to investigate, but they couldn’t find any information on him. This was the man who had been in contact with Yvonne on that fateful night.

‘Who was this man? How was it possible for him to just show up here so casually?’ Christopher thought.

Drew stood casually in his black windbreaker, hands in his pockets. His eyes seemed lazy, yet beneath them, his gaze was chilling and resolute, like a haughty devil.

“So, what exactly is the relationship between you and my little sister? I’m a little curious.” With each word, Christopher’s brows suddenly furrowed, his fist clenched. ‘Little sister? The little sister he mentioned... Was he referring to Bella?’ Christopher steadied his breath and asked with a faint smile. “May I ask what your last name is?” “Brown,” Drew replied, tilting his chin slightly.

Christopher suddenly recalled Bella’s third brother, who also bore their mother’s last name, Brown.

He was aware that Wyatt’s first wife had given birth to five children, so Bella still had another older brother he was not aware of.

There was only one possibility.

Christopher felt his heart sink as he adjusted his glasses.

The man before him was likely Bella’s mysterious fourth brother.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 888-That night at the bar, the woman who resembled Bella dashed off and hopped into the Iversons’ car. As the alley was dimly lit, Drew couldn’t clearly identify who was inside at that time.

However, as a top-tier special agent, Drew’s observational and memory skills were extraordinary. Just based on the distant silhouette, he was over seventy percent certain that the man sitting beside Yvonne that night was Christopher.

“Nice to meet you. You must be Bella’s fourth brother.” Christopher greeted Drew with a charming smile.

“Oh? You recognize who I am?” Drew raised an eyebrow, slightly taken aback.

“Bella and I go way back as childhood friends, and our fathers close bond as well. I used to visit Yara Park often when I was you Christopher spoke gently and calmly, his

smile warm. "I know th Mrs. Thompson has five children, and Bella has four brothers. Her third and fourth brothers are fraternal twins who took their mother's last name." Drew narrowed his eyes, waiting silently for him to continue.

"Bella's third brother is Declan Brown, whom I've had the pleasure of meeting. He currently holds a high-ranking position in the military. But I have never met you, Mr. Brown, nor do I know your name." Christopher continued, his lips curling slightly. "But it doesn't matter.

Since you are Bella's brother, I'll consider you an elder brother to me too." "You seem to have quite the grasp on our family dynamics," Drew remarked, tilting his head with a playful glint in his eyes.

"When it comes to Bella, I'm always eager to learn more out of genuine concern for her," Christopher replied, his gaze unwavering and sincere.

Drew had heard from Axel that Christopher had shown interest in Bella. As her brother, it was his duty to protect her from any potential harm. He was determined not to let Bella fall for another wrong guy and make the same mistakes.

However, for some reason, the man before him made Drew feel somewhat uneasy. While Justin deserved to be condemned and permanently blacklisted, Christopher did not quite sit right with him either.

Considering the incident at the bar that night, Drew still fel about it, even though there wasn't any solid evidence to com was Christopher.

Christopher stepped forward urgently. "I heard that Bella was in a ca accident. I'm very worried about her condition and want to go in and see her. Is that okay?" "Bella..." "Drew..." Before Drew could finish his sentence, a sweet voice called out to him. He turned abruptly and saw Amelia gracefully walking toward them after closing the door to the ward.

Drew quickly asked. "Is Bella asleep?" Amelia pursed her lips and shook her head. She glanced at Christopher. "Bella heard Christopher's voice and said she would like to see him." Christopher's eyes lit up with hope when he heard this.

"Oh, since it's Bella's wish, please go ahead," Drew replied, stepping aside to make way for him.

"Thanks, Drew." Christopher expressed his gratitude with a warm smile, maintaining his refined demeanor as he hurried past him.

As Drew watched the man enter the ward and close the door behind him, he promptly stopped Amelia.

"Amelia, what exactly is Christopher and Bella's relationship?" Amelia paused, her fingertip touching her lips lightly furrowing in thought. "Well, they're kind of like childhood friends you know? Childhood friends with no secrets between them." "Seriously?" Drew exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief.

Drew's brows arched, "It's true. When they were in primary school, they were inseparable. I remember vividly that Christopher used to get picked on by other kids and Bella was always there to defend him. Then, Uncle Lance brought Charles and Christopher to our house. From what my mom implied, seemed like they were there to propose marriage to Bella." Drew hurriedly asked. "Did Wyatt agree to it?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 889-Amelia gently shook her head and said, "No, from what I have heard from Aunt Mila and the others, it seems Dad wasn't pleased with both of Uncle Lance's sons, so he's been avoiding the topic. However, Uncle Lance seems quite determined to have Bella as his future daughter-in-law." "Hmph, that old man is living in a fantasy! My sister is like a goddess, and marrying her off to those brutes from the Iverson family is like throwing pearls into the mud! Wyatt likely sees it the same way, which is why he didn't give his blessing." Drew scoffed, muttering under his breath, "I suppose that old man still has a touch of wisdom."

"Bella, I'm here." Christopher entered the ward quietly, his heart twisting at the sight of Bella. She sat by the bedside, looking and haggard. It pained him to see her in this condition.

He admitted to his deceitful schemes and despicable actions when it came to loving Bella, his devotion was unparalleled. In his lifetime, he vowed to marry no one but her.

For 15 years, his affection for her never changed.

Christopher said, "Chris, you're here." Bella shook her head and smiled at him. "Thank you for coming to see me. Please, have a seat." She gestured toward the couch.

Yet Christopher only wanted to sit by her side, to be as close to her as possible. He longed to hold her, embrace her, and kiss her.

Christopher swallowed hard, his throat tight, as he settled beside the bed. He spoke in a gentle tone, "Where are you injured? Does it still hurt? How did you end up in a car accident?" "It's just some minor injuries. Nothing serious." Bella responded, her clear eyes carrying a touch of bitterness. "I'm just upset about my limited edition La Voiture Noire. It's probably wrecked." "The car doesn't matter. Your safety is what's important." Christopher couldn't help but grasp her hand firmly in his warm palm. "Whatever car you want, I will get it for you, even if there's only one in the whole world." He was willing to give Bella everything.

Bella's pupils contracted slightly as she quickly withdrew her hand from Christopher's grasp, a hint of discomfort flashing in her eyes, piercing Christopher's heart.

Christopher thought, 'Why? It's clear that any possibility and Justin was over, so why did she still resist my affections? Did I not deserve even a glimmer of hope?' "Bella, I..." He saw her as if "Chris, thank you for your sincerity." Bella's eyes welled up with tears, her smile carrying a touch of sorrow. "But I no longer want anything to do with love. Not now, and definitely not in the future. I can't reciprocate your feelings, Chris. Please don't waste your time on me anymore." Steven and Asher left during the day, leaving only Amelia to take care of Bella. Drew couldn't help but feel uneasy with just two young women here. Despite his eldest brother leaving his personal bodyguards behind, Drew still couldn't shake off his concerns.

As the night progressed, Drew and Amelia sat together on a long bench in the corridor. Having tended to her sister all day, Amelia was exhausted. Her head gradually drooped, and her eyelids were weighed down by sleepiness. In her fatigued state, she looked innocent and endearing.

Eventually, Amelia couldn't fight off sleep any longer. Her head tilted, coming to rest on Drew's shoulder.

Drew was momentarily surprised, his gaze softening as he looked at Amelia. He didn't dare to move, struck by the unexpected closeness.

Since he was a child, Drew has maintained a certain distance from his father's other kids. It was as if he never truly considered them to be his family.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 890-However, as time passed and after facing numerous experiences together, his mindset gradually changed.

It was unclear how much time had passed when Amelia suddenly woke up. She sat up straight, her eyes staring blankly ahead. She wiped the drool from the corner of her mouth with her hand.

"Why are you awake? Just sleep a little longer," Drew said, glancing at her. He found her absent-mindedness to be cute and endearing. She reminded him so much of Bella when they were young.

"I-I'm sorry, Drew!" Amelia panicked suddenly, noticing her drool on Drew's shoulder. She blushed with embarrassment and said, "I-I stained your clothes... I'll go wash them for you! I'm sorry!" Seeing her flustered, Drew couldn't help but feel sorry for his youngest sister. Their family dynamic always revolved around Bella.

They almost instinctively regarded Bella as the youngest since they realized that Amelia was the one who truly needed care and attention within the Thompson family, yet she was overlooked.

Little “Don’t worry, it’s nothing,” Drew said with a gentle smile, patting h thigh. “Come here. Lie down and get some rest.” Amelia’s face blushed even more. “I can’t...” “Bella used to rest her head on my thighs when she slept.”

Amelia pressed her lips together tightly. She kneaded her hands nervously until they turned red.

Drew understood her hesitation, knowing she couldn’t bring herself to accept such intimacy. After all, she was just his half-sister. To Amelia, Drew’s acknowledgment of her as his sister was enough.

With a soft sigh, Drew removed his windbreaker and draped it over Amelia’s shoulders, wrapping her petite figure in it.

“Drew, I’m not cold. You should wear it.” Amelia began to protest, attempting to take it off.

“Be good and keep it on.” Drew insisted. His gaze softened as he gently pressed her shoulder. “That is, if you truly consider me your brother.” Upon hearing these words, Amelia no longer hesitated. Her heart surged with warmth, accompanied by a hint of tears in her eyes.

Thanks to Bella, she now has a brother to look after her.

Just then, there was a commotion not too far away.

“Amelia, wait here. I’ll go check it out,” Drew said as heed up and walked out.

As he caught sight of Justin and Ryan, Drew felt his express darken. His brows furrowed with menace, and he exuded an “Damn, it’s him!” Ryan recognized Drew at a glance, recalling the incident of Drew mercilessly beating Justin, sending shivers down his spine.

“You have the nerve to show up here?” Drew’s muscles tensed, his gaze fierce as he approached Justin directly. “Get out now, before I lose my temper and throw you out!” Justin lifted his pale, sorrowful face, his throat tightening. “I want to see Bella. I have something important to tell her.” Drew glared fiercely. “She doesn’t have anything to say to you, so get lost!” “No.” Justin took a deep breath, his eyes bloodshot. “If I can’t see her, I won’t leave!” With that, he attempted to push his way past Drew, seemingly out of his mind.

Drew had intended to stop him, but to his surprise, Ryan was prepared and pulled out a stun gun, jabbing it directly into Drew’s lower back.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 891

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 891-Drew shook violently and fell to the ground. He was unable to stand up, feeling numb all over.

“Sorry, buddy, just lie down and rest here for a while. This won’t hurt too long,” Ryan said smugly, his eyes gleaming as he tapped the stun gun in his hand. “You Thompsons have some serious combat skills, so I have no choice but to use a few tricks of my own.” “Damn it! You’re despicable!” Drew glared at him fiercely, his gaze alone enough to tear Ryan apart.

Ryan sighed, shrugging helplessly. I am willing to stoop this low for the sake of my one and only best friend.” Meanwhile, Justin sprinted to the door of Bella’s hospital room, he was stopped by Amelia.

buty “I need to see your sister,” Justin said, looking at Amelia lowered eyes, sweat dripping down his haggard cheeks.

Amelia bit her lip, unsure how to respond.

“Please.” Justin’s plea escaped the depths of his throat, hoarse desperation. “Let me see her.” Unable to bring himself to hurt a girl, Justin could only plead with her.

Amelia looked at Justin for a moment, her expression softened by his desperation. With a deep sigh, she stepped aside, allowing him to pass.

“Thank you,” Justin whispered gratefully as he hurried toward Bella’s room.

As Justin reached for the door handle, he hesitated when Amelia’s soft voice broke the silence. “If you had known this would happen, why did you divorce her in the first place?” His breath caught in his throat, and his chest was tight with emotion. Tears brimmed in his reddened eyes, exposing the turmoil within.

As Justin stepped into the room, Bella’s beautiful face instantly turned frigid.

A wave of hostility and resistance surged from within Justin’s heart.

Christopher gazed coldly at Justin, his lips twisting into a snarl. His eyes were burning with the animosity of a feud that had festered for far too long.

Justin flinched at the intensity of the confrontation with Christopher, feeling the air crackle with tension.

“Justin, I don’t want to see you. Please leave!” Bella’s voice t and her eyes were red.

“I need to speak with you.” Justin swallowed hard, his words straine and muffled.

“Get out!” Bella’s sudden outburst startled him as she sat up abruptly. Her voice was laced with anger. She even pounded her fist on the bed.

“Bella! You have yet to recover... Please don’t get too worked up.

Calm down!” Christopher hurriedly reached out and placed his hands on her trembling shoulders, his eyes full of concern.

Looking at Bella’s hysterical state, Justin felt his soul tear in pieces.

Justin took a step toward her. His step was heavy, as if carrying the weight of his guilt, and his vision was blurred by the tears.

“I came here to apologize.” Justin’s voice trembled with remorse. What I did to you two years ago was wrong. I hurt you, Bella. I’m truly sorry.” Christopher’s brow furrowed deeply upon hearing those words. ‘Two years ago. They were still married back then. What could have possibly happened that Justin felt the need to apologize to her?’ In the next moment, Christopher could sense Bella’s body trembling even more violently. Her eyes were bloodshot as she stared at Justin with an anguished gaze.

Suddenly, she reached out and grabbed a glass of water from the bedside table. She then threw the glass at Justin with all her might. With Justin’s quick reflexes, he could have easily dodged it. But he didn’t. He only stood there stiffly, allowing the glass to smash on his forehead and shatter into pieces on the ground.

A large lump immediately swelled up on his forehead. Yet, Justin felt no pain. His mind was numb and empty.

“Who cares about your apology?!” Bella’s voice cracked with emotion as tears brimmed in her eyes.

Justin stared blankly at Bella. The weight of her words settled heavily on him, and his heart throbbed with an unbearable ache.

“We ended things a long time ago. Stop humiliating me!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 892-Why did Justin come all the way here just to remind Bella of that incident? Why did he even bother apologizing to her?

Bella never wanted his apology. In fact, she didn’t even know what she truly wanted. A deep sense of disappointment and shame enveloped Bella completely, leaving her trembling with anger.

She was not someone who cried easily, but at that moment, tears were streaming down her face uncontrollably.

Christopher had never seen Bella in such a vulnerable state before.

The vibrant and confident woman he once knew seemed broken because of Justin.

Christopher pleaded, his voice full of concern. "Bella, please don't cry." Ignoring Justin's presence, Christopher opened his arms as if there were no one else in the room, gently embracing the distraught Bella's entire body went limp, her mind in a haze as she rested her forehead on Christopher's shoulder, her tears quickly soaking his clothes.

A rush of warmth flooded Christopher's heart, and a faint smile appeared on his lips. At that moment, a sense of satisfaction filled the void in his heart like never before. He had never felt so happy and content.

This scene delivered a blow straight to Justin's heart. He staggered back a few steps until his back was against the wall, and a chill swept through his body.

"Justin, why are you still here?" Christopher patted Bella gently while he glared coldly at Justin. "If you truly feel sorry for Bella, you should honor her wishes and leave. Your presence serves no purpose other than reopening Bella's wounds over and over again. She has finally found peace. Why do you insist on reminding her of the pain she endured because of you?" :

Justin stumbled out of the hospital room, his head swimming with a whirlwind of emotions. The bruise on his forehead throbbed painfully, its deep red hue contrasting starkly against his pale complexion, as if every drop of blood had been drained from his body.

At that moment, he couldn't bear to face Ryan or anyone else. All he wanted was solitude. He wanted a place where he could retreat from the world and be alone with his thoughts for a while.

With heavy steps, Justin walked down the stairs, his back leaning against the wall. His tall figure gradually bowed, each step better than the last, as if his very bones were on the brink of crumbling beneath him.

Suddenly, the door to the stairs creaked open, flooding the space with a chilly light that illuminated Justin's face, which was glistening with a sheen of sweat. Justin froze for a moment, then straightened up immediately, gathering his composure.

"You're still here? Your shamelessness truly knows no limits."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 893-Justin found himself face to face with Christopher. He stared at Justin with a cold, mocking gaze. "Even now, you're not giving up? You saw what just happened. Bella needs me, not you. But I suppose I owe you one. If it weren't for your cruelty, Bella might not have been able to fully let you go and accept me." Justin took a deep breath, a heavy weight pressing down on his chest. He

had no desire to exchange words with Christopher. Just being in his presence filled Justin with disgust and repulsion.

In the past, he would have already started a fight with this man who stole his beloved's heart. But now, did he even have the right to do so?

As Justin walked past Christopher, he suddenly stopped Justin and asked, "Why did you apologize to Bella? What did you do to her two years ago?" Justin's footsteps came to a stop as he closed his eyes. Memories of that fateful night flooded Justin's mind, his lips grazing against her red earlobe, whispering over and over again how much he loved her.

Though Bella had never uttered the word "love" to him, he had sensed her lingering affection. Initially, there had been a flicker of hope between them. But he repeatedly disappointed her and made her suffer, ultimately destroying that tiny glimmer of hope.

Justin's chest throbbed with pain, spasming as tears welled up at the corners of his eyes. He crooked his parched lips. "Do you really want to know?" Christopher replied proudly. "Of course. As someone who has loved Bella for 15 years, I want to know everything about her." Justin locked eyes with him, his gaze unwavering, his eyes reflecting depths as profound as an abyss.

After a moment, a chilling smile crept across Justin's handsome yet pale face. His voice was hoarse and deep as he said, "I had sex with her two years ago when she was still my wife." Christopher's pupils dilated in shock.

"Bella has long been mine," Justin declared, his words laced with a bitter truth.

"You monster!" Christopher's fury surged like a tidal wave, his fists clenching tightly as he launched a punch toward Justin's face. He couldn't bear the thought of anyone laying a hand on Bella, his Bella. How could this monster do that to her when he didn't even love her back then?

But before his blow could land, there was a sharp crack.

Justin swiftly raised his palm, catching Christopher's fist with such speed that he seemed like an entirely different person from the man who had just stood there and taken a hit from Bella.

A frown etched deep into Christopher's forehead as he struggled to retract his hand, feeling an unprecedented sense of oppression weighing upon him. Never before had anyone exerted such dominance over him.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 894-"It's only natural for Bella to hit me since I owe it to her." Justin's eyes narrowed slightly as he spoke, his grip tightening gradually, intensifying the discomfort Christopher felt.

“If she wanted to stab me in the heart with a knife or cut me to shreds, I would willingly endure it.” Justin continued. “But you? Who do you think you are to lay a hand on me? I’m only here for Bella’s sake. Don’t push your luck and think that I’ll tolerate your nonsense.” With a swift motion, Justin raised his hand, sending Christopher stumbling back until his back slammed against the wall.

At that moment, Christopher realized the difference in their strength.

He wasn’t a match for Justin.

“Hahahaha!” Christopher leaned against the wall, his sinister laughter echoing in the dimly lit staircase, a stark contrast against his delicate, fair complexion. “So you still haven’t given up on Bella, huh? You still want to compete with me? Do you really think you stand a chance.

against me?” “Christopher, I never intended to compete with you,” Justin replied calmly, his voice steady despite the tension between them. “If you truly love Bella, I won’t stand in your way. I won’t interfere with anyone who wants to give her their love.” Justin was aware that he had never given Bella the love she deserved. If someone else could, he was willing to let her go.

“But I know exactly what kind of person you are, so I’ll keep my eyes on you. If you show even the slightest hint of wrongdoing, I won’t let you off the hook.” Justin’s eyes flashed with a sharp and intimidating glare.” Christopher, you’ll always be under my radar.” With that, Justin turned around arrogantly and left, slamming the door behind him.

Christopher thought, ‘Justin, even someone like you can’t guarantee your own safety. What makes you think you can compete with me for Bella?’ Christopher adjusted his golden-rimmed glasses. His once-angelic features turned sinister.

In a sudden burst of rage, he smashed the glass door of the fire hydrant to pieces with his fist. “Justin... The price of stealing my woman is to die in hell!” Ryan had been waiting outside the hospital for Justin, smoking cigarettes one after another.

When he spotted Justin emerging from the door, pale as a ghost, Ryan put out his cigarette with his feet and called out to him. “Justin!” However, Justin seemed utterly disconnected from the world, walking past Ryan in a daze and silently getting into the car.

Ryan grew even more worried.

Change 194 The luxury car made its way back to Tideview Manor.

In the car, Ryan spoke up in a hushed tone, “The villa that Ian mentioned is officially

sealed and up for auction now. There's quite a bit of interest in it from potential buyers." He continued, "Ian has already sorted through everything in the villa. He's packed up some of your mother's photos for you to take back to Tideview Manor." Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 895-"He threw everything else into the trash and destroyed it completely, leaving no trace behind. Justin? Justin? Are you listening to me?" "Ryan, I'm not going back to Tideview Manor. I want to visit Grandpa. I miss him." Justin said, his voice breaking on the last words.

Ryan looked at him in shock, feeling worried. Justin's eyes were now red, with tears streaming down his face. His broad shoulders trembled uncontrollably.

He was actually crying.

They had been friends for twenty years, and Justin had never shed a single tear, not even at his mother's funeral. But now, for Bella, he cried like a child.

Bella's physical injuries from the car accident weren't serious, but real damage was inflicted on her emotionally.

During the next couple of days, Christopher remained by her side the hospital, refusing to leave.

Although there was little he could do to care for her, he insisted on staying. Even if he was unable to do anything, he wanted Bella to know he was there for her from morning until night, every single day.

When Wyatt and his wives returned from their trip abroad, they received a phone call as soon as they got off the plane.

Chapter 895 2/3 "Uncle Wyatt, it's me." "Christopher?" Wyatt was somewhat surprised. "Is there something you need to tell me?" Christopher's voice was filled with worry. "Bella was in a car accident a few days ago and ended up in the hospital. I've been by her side, helping her through her recovery." "What? Bella had an accident?!" Wyatt's blood pressure skyrocketed in an instant, his vision blurred, and his heart was pounding like a drum.

"Why didn't I know about this? Why wasn't I informed?" "It was Bella's decision, Uncle Wyatt. She didn't want you to worry about her." "Silly girl! How could she do this?! Does she not consider me her father?!" Wyatt's anger and frustration surged at the idea of his beloved daughter being alone in a hospital bed without his knowledge. His face flushed red with a mix of anger and anxiety, and his heart was twisting in pain.

"Don't worry, Uncle Wyatt. Bella is doing fine now. She should be discharged tomorrow," Christopher reassured him gently.

“Ah, thank you for letting me know and for looking after Bella during this time. Let’s arrange a suitable time, and I’ll treat you to a meal to express my gratitude. Which hospital is Bella at? Is it Thompson Hospital? I’ll head there right away!” Chapter 195 (3/3)

“Uncle Wyatt, I’m waiting for you outside the airport. Let me take you there,” Christopher offered.

After a brief pause, Christopher lowered his voice and said, “By the way, there are some important matters I’d like to discuss with you in private.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 896

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 896-When Wyatt shared the news of Bella’s accident with his three wives, they were all worried and insisted on accompanying him to visit her.

However, he ultimately decided to dissuade them and sent them back to Hatchbay before heading to the hospital.

As Wyatt walked out of the airport with Quentin and his bodyguards, he saw Christopher waiting for him at the entrance, standing gracefully next to his sports car.

“Hello, Uncle Wyatt.” Christopher showed a gentle smile and bowed deeply to Wyatt.

Wyatt paused and thought for a moment before getting into Christopher’s car. After all, Christopher said he had something to tell him about Bella. Meanwhile, Quentin and the bodyguards followed closely behind them in a separate car.

Normally, if an upstart like Christopher wanted to meet an established business mogul like Wyatt, he would have to wait in despite their family’s connections. However, given the urgency of situation concerning Bella, Wyatt couldn’t afford to wait.

The sports car smoothly made its way toward the hospital.

“Uncle Wyatt, I have been at Bella’s side for the past few days. She’s been in a constant state of distress, her emotions incredibly unstable.” Christopher’s eyes were filled with pain. “I have known her for a long time, but this is the first time I have seen her in such agony.

Chapter 200 I know how much you dote on her, so seeing her like this will surely break your heart.” Wyatt could already feel a sharp pain in his chest. Everyone knew Bella held a special place in his heart above all his other children. No.

one could compare to her.

He knew that Wyatt's biggest weakness was Bella. If anyone dared to harm Bella, Wyatt would be the first to defend her. Christopher understood this all too well.

"Son, what happened when I was not around?" Wyatt anxiously looked at Christopher. "What difficulties did Bella encounter? Who did this to my precious daughter?" "Uncle Wyatt, who else can make someone as strong as Bella so heartbroken?" Christopher secretly clenched his fist, his gaze icy. Who was the one who hurt her in the first place and then abandoned, her? Who would not stop getting entangled with her and breaking her heart over and over again?" "Justin?" Wyatt's thick eyebrows furrowed deeply.

"There isn't anyone else other than him." "Was the car accident also related to that bastard?" Christopher pushed his glasses up lightly, his eyes gloomy. "All I know is that on the day of the accident, Bella went to see Justin. I'm not sure what happened between them, but whatever it was left Bella distracted, leading to the car accident on her way back. Her car was wrecked, but fortunately, no one was seriously injured." "Justin! When will he stop harassing my daughter?" Wyatt slammed Chapter 296 his hand against the car door furiously, unable to contain his anger.

"There is one more thing, Uncle Wyatt, but I don't know if I should tell you." Christopher hesitated.

"Tell me! Do you know what that bastard has done to my daughter?"

"Tell me everything!" Wyatt stared at Christopher with bloodshot eyes, trembling with anger.

Christopher's eyes flashed, and in a low voice, he told Wyatt about what Justin had done to Bella while she was unconscious. He was able to put together everything that happened after Justin came to apologize to Bella.

With his intelligence, he could easily make a rough guess based on Justin's words and Bella's reaction. Through his contact with Bella these days, he had managed to gather more information to confirm his suspicions.

It didn't matter if there were parts he didn't understand. Christopher filled them in where Justin's words fell short.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 897

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 897-Wyatt listened silently to Christopher, not saying a word. Only the sound of his heavy breaths, filled with hatred, could be heard in the car.

"Uncle Wyatt, try not to let your anger consume you. Please take care of yourself." Christopher's eyes were full of concern.

“That Salvador bastard! How much longer does he plan to torment my daughter?” Wyatt pressed his hand on his chest, trying to stop the pain surging in his heart.

“Although some bad things happened to Bella, it’s all in the past. I’ll make sure to protect her from now on.

Christopher looked at Wyatt, his eyes ablaze. “Uncle Wyatt, I love Bella. I will make her the happiest woman in the world. I swear that I love Bella with all my heart. It has nothing to do with her being your daughter or my situation in the Iverson family. I have loved her as a person since I was young. No one can replace Bella’s place in my heart.” Wyatt looked shocked, staring at Christopher’s eyes, which were gleaming with sincerity. Before this, he had his own opinions about Christopher and the entire Iverson family. He had never experienced so-called business marriages, so he naturally didn’t want Bella to marry someone she didn’t love and be miserable for life.

But it seemed that Christopher’s feelings for Bella were genuine. Wyatt was an experienced person, and he could tell that the love in Christopher’s eyes when he mentioned Bella was impossible to fake.

1/3 Chapter 897 2/2 Wyatt thought, ‘Maybe I shouldn’t spoil Bella anymore. She has always said she wants to find her own happiness. But in the end, what did she find? A scumbag who can’t even control his own lust!’ “Chris.” Wyatt rarely addressed him so affectionately, but his gaze was very serious. “You know Bella’s current situation. She loved Justin so deeply and gave him everything. It may take a long time. before she can heal the pain in her heart and be open to your feelings. No matter how serious or passionate you are, she may not see you as a romantic partner.” He continued, “Bella is my daughter, and I know her temperament better than anyone. Maybe you can persist like this for a year or two, but what about ten years or even twenty years? Can you continue waiting for her like this? Won’t you regret it?” “I know that she still has feelings for Justin, but I don’t care.” Christopher’s eyes were filled with passion and wet with tears. Behind them, his eyes showed signs of relief and sincerity. “I want to marr her, despite everything she’s been through. I’ll only marry Bella in thi lifetime.” Wyatt’s brows furrowed deeply. It would be a lie to say he wasn’t moved at all.

“Uncle Wyatt, I beg you to give me a chance. Please!” *

When Wyatt arrived at the hospital, Bella was already asleep.

Wyatt felt pent-up and had been holding back the words he wanted to say to his daughter all along. But now that he saw her haggard, sleeping face, he choked up, unable to say anything. He wanted to stay by her bedside quietly and accompany her.

What more could be said? Everything that happened in the past could not be undone. Saying anything further would only add salt to her wounds.

In the early hours of the morning, Asher and Axel walked in together.

Asher said softly, "Dad, go back and get some rest. Bella will be discharged tomorrow, and we'll take her home." "I'm not tired." Wyatt's tone was cold. It was obvious he was mad at them.

"Dad, we were wrong this time. We really shouldn't have kept it from you." Axel sighed heavily. "But we also did it for your sake, and besides, you raised so many sons. Isn't this the time for us to support you? We can take care of Bella."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 898-Wyatt sneered at him. "Do you think you can really handle it? If you could, Bella wouldn't be lying here right now!" Asher's eyes instantly dimmed, and he kept his mouth shut.

Axel also pursed his lips. Although he was usually eloquent, he had nothing to say.

"Ash, let's talk outside," Wyatt said, standing up stiffly. After sitting for too long, his back was aching.

"Yes, Dad." Asher quickly moved to support his father, and the two temporarily left the ward.

They went to the lounge.

"What did you say?" Asher was greatly shocked, his eyes narrowing. You want Bella to be with Christopher? But why?" "If we really want Bella to break free from Justin's shadow, I think the best way is to let her start a new relationship. Let someone who truly loves her be with her." Wyatt's gaze was deep, as if he had already made up his mind. "Right now, Christopher is so devoted to Bella, and our two families are well-matched. Besides, I've watched him grow up. Why not give them a chance? Maybe he can heal Bella's inner wounds. Bella can't continue to suffer like this, she deserves a fresh start." "Watched him grow up? Do you really think you truly understand Christopher's character?" Asher asked impatiently, his tone growing heavier. "Christopher has been involved in some shady dealings in Sentania over the past few years. Some of his businesses are downright shady. Are you really comfortable letting Bella be with him?" "That's in Sentania, not here. Besides, if he treats Bella well and they stand a chance, I don't mind helping him to clean up his business." "Dad!" Asher choked on his words, his throat tightening. "Why are you suddenly like this? Bella is not going to be happy about it!" "Even if I don't do this, does it make her happy?!" Wyatt suddenly stood up, his eyes burning with resentment as he shouted angrily at him. "Since she joined the Doctor without Borders, when have I ever intervened in her affairs? I gave her the freedom to follow her heart, but where has it gotten her? She ended up in a broken marriage, became both emotionally and physically scarred from abuse, and even now, she's still being bullied by Justin! Is my daughter worth a little? Does she have to remain lonely and unwanted without Justin?"

Asher's eyes widened in shock. He could tell that Wyatt already knew about the undisclosed matter between Bella and Justin. But besides the two parties involved, only

Asher knew about it, and he hadn't uttered a single word to his father. How did his father know? Who told him?

"Christopher holds no position in the Iverson family, and his relationship with your Uncle Lance is quite ordinary. Currently, he might not seem like the perfect match for Bella. But that's alright. As long as he genuinely treats Bella well and with sincerity, I don't mind giving him a hand." Wyatt thought of the harm Justin had done to his daughter and hated Justin so much that he wished he could shoot him dead. "Hmph, Justin's days of being special in Savrow are numbered!" Asher felt inexplicably depressed. Wyatt's intentions to groom Christopher as his future son-in-law were crystal clear.

"Have you discussed with Bella regarding this decision? Would she be okay with you meddling in her love life?" "I'm not going to discuss anything" Wyatt replied as he closed his eyes and waved his hand dismissively. "Eventually, Bella will come to realize that loving someone doesn't always mean they are the right fit or the best choice. Only the person who loves her back is suited to be her life partner. At the very least, she wouldn't be hurt again." Spin to Claim m Your Surprise Reward!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 899-Late at night, at the Tideview Manor, Bethany had just taken a shower. She changed the bandages on her face from her plastic surgery and was ready to enjoy some wine.

"Linny? Linny!" Bethany shouted twice, and the maid, Linny, ran in.

"I'm here, Ms. Bethany." Ever since Bella arranged for her to be a spy, Linny has been trying her best to get close to Shannon and Bethany to gain their trust. She knew that Shannon was suspicious by nature and would not trust anyone.

On the other hand, Bethany was much less suspicious compared to her mother, and she was easier to approach. Thus, Linny decided to pour all her efforts into Bethany, and being at her beck and call gave her the opportunity to serve Bethany. Otherwise, as a lowly servant like her, who had previously served Carrie, Bethany would have kicked her out of the Tideview Manor. How would she be able to complete the task Bella gave her?

"Go to the wine cellar and get me a good bottle of wine," Bethany said lazily while she put a mask on her face. "If you mess up and choose a cheap wine, I will deduct your salary for the month." "Yes, Ms. Bethany," Linny responded obediently, and she immediately went to get the red wine for Bethany Throughout this period, Bethany had always been making Linny's life difficult with petty demands, causing her much distress. Linny was 2/3 well aware that Bethany was using her as a punching bag because she used to be Carrie's maid. Nevertheless, it didn't matter. Linny had a plan in mind and could endure all the bullying. She believed in karma, trusting that one day, Bella would take revenge for her and deal with this vicious mother-daughter duo.

Bethany suddenly realized that she had left her phone in the entertainment room on the

third floor. She was so annoyed that she stomped her foot and wanted to order Linny to get it for her.

Unable to wait any longer, Bethany decided to go get it herself. She put on a mask and walked out of the room. After walking for a while, she suddenly saw a black shadow flash by.

“Ah!” Bethany screamed out loud, scared. The mask on her face almost fell to the ground.

Just a few steps ahead, a woman with a pale face and messy hair suddenly appeared in the dimly lit corridor, resembling a ghost.

Bethany looked closely and sighed in relief. She couldn't help but be surprised.

“Mom...? Is that you?” Bethany looked at Shannon, who always looked elegant and poised. She was shocked to see her in such a haggard state. She hadn't seen Shannon since the last party, but it wasn't too long ago.

‘What happened to her?’ Bethany thought.

Shannon immediately ran toward Bethany, grabbed her arm, and ran back to the room.

Bethany asked nervously. “Mom, what's the matter? Did something 3/1 happen?” Shannon remained seated on the sofa, trembling despite being in a warm room. She was wrapped in a thick coat and refused to take it off.

“Bethany, I said something I shouldn't have tonight.” Bethany was filled with confusion. “Something wrong? What did you say?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 900-“Earlier tonight, I went for another cosmetic procedure. Dr. Fairchild gave me an injection, claiming that it would relax me even more than the medication I usually take,” Shannon confessed, her hands clutching her head and her eyes filled with panic.

Shannon's voice trembled, her gaze still unfocused. “After I got the injection, I felt really relaxed and drifted off to sleep. When I woke up, Dr. Fairchild asked me who Mary was.” “Mom, what did you tell him? Who is Dr. Fairchild? How could you?” At that time, Bethany also knew the truth behind Mary's death. In a way, Shannon could be said to be the culprit behind Mary's suicide. However, she had orchestrated it cleverly back then. She bribed the maid who took care of Mary and replaced her daily medication for depression. She even manipulated Rosalind and Bethany into spreading rumors through their children, which ultimately led to Mary's worsening condition and her suicide.

Shannon had killed her greatest rival without even a single drop of blood on her hands. It was her proudest achievement, yet one she could never openly boast about.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what I said. I don’t know what I told him.” Shannon’s entire body continued to tremble, her voice quivering. “But Dr. Fairchild swore to me that he would keep everything he heard secret. He promised he would never reveal it to anyone!” Bethany was dumbfounded. “Mom! How can you be so naive? Dr.

Fairchild is not related to you. What if he reveals the truth? What if he 2/3 uses it to blackmail you in the future?” What shocked her even more was the medication Shannon was taking.

Bethany thought, ‘What kind of medicine was that? A truth serum? How could she spill the secrets buried deep in her heart without any recollection?’ At that moment, Bethany heard a noise. Her heart raced as she glanced toward the bedroom, cautiously tiptoeing over. When she reached the door, she pushed it open, only to find an empty room with no one inside.

Bethany let out a sigh of relief, her forehead covered in cold sweat. The topic Shannon was talking about weighed heavily on her. If someone heard it, they would be in big trouble.

“It won’t happen. He’s my man. He would never betray me!” Shannon reassured herself, though uncertainty lingered in her words.

But what could she do? She was now completely dependent on Dr. Fairchild, both mentally and physically.

“Mom, I’m your daughter, and I would never hurt you. Please listen to me.” Bethany sat down beside Shannon and held her cold hand tightly. “You should have less contact with Dr. Fairchild from now on.

He must have some ulterior motives for you! You must silence whoever knows about Mary’s death. As long as he is alive, he’s a fatal threat to you!” “It won’t happen. It’s been almost twenty years. Any evidence is long gone!” Shannon shivered as she burrowed into Bethany’s arms.” Unless that bitch, Mary, miraculously rises from the dead to accuse 3/1 me, no one knows what really happened back then!” “Who said that no one knows? Rosalind is still around!” “She’s nothing, just a discarded pawn! If she wants to come back to Savrow one day, she has to keep her mouth shut!” Shannon gradually calmed down, and reason regained the high ground. “What about the maid who looked after Mary back then? Have you been keeping an eye on her for years?” Bethany’s eyes were gloomy. “Yes, she’s been in Richmond all these years, running a small restaurant there. She has received our favor, so she will likely keep the secret to herself.” Although Bethany had some resentment toward Shannon, she knew the principle of one for all and all for one.

If Shannon fell, her days with the Salvador family would not be good either. The entire Salvador family would fall into Justin's hands, and Bethany would probably not even be able to raise her head in the future.

Shannon took a moment to calm herself down before allowing Bethany to help her back to the room.

As soon as they left, the closet door in the bedroom creaked open slightly.