

Chapter 11 What Exactly Is She Capable Of

Russell ridiculed his own self. He had trusted in Cassidy this whole time, but what had she done with his trust?

He smiled self-mockingly and said, "If there's nothing else, I'm going back to the company. Take care of yourself." After saying that, he shrugged off her grip and took off without turning back. Cassidy was left in the dust, speechless.

"Ding—"

The elevator doors closed slowly. Standing at the door of the ward, Cassidy's expression darkened. She rushed back inside, picked up the phone from the bedside table and dialed a number. Soon, the other party answered.

"Yes, Miss Bradley?"

"He knows something's up. Fix this as soon as possible. We can't let anything happen at a time as critical as this, got it?" she barked through gritted teeth. Russell's indifference towards her just now pissed her off to no end.

She wasn't going to let Belinda ruin her plans!

Outside the window, the sun was shining brightly, bathing the ward in a warm glow. But this only served to annoy Cassidy, who then pulled the gray curtains to block out the sunlight completely.

The ward was instantly shrouded in darkness. Cassidy pulled open the drawer and took out a bottle of medicine. Then, she sneered, "How's the company?"

"Not great, but the situation has been stabilized for now."

The man on the other end of the line answered briefly, leaving the details out for now.

Cassidy knew the drill, so she didn't press further. She simply nodded and unscrewed the lid of the bottle. With the quick flick of her wrist, the pills inside the bottle spilled all over the ground.

"Ask him to come back to the hospital right now."

After saying that, Cassidy hung up her phone and muted it. After putting her phone aside, she returned to bed and closed her eyes peacefully.

Meanwhile, a black Bentley was making its way down the road when it suddenly pulled over to the curb. Wearing a pair of sunglasses, Russell was sitting behind the wheel, one arm propped on the window, a cigarette clamped between his fingers. He took a long drag and exhaled the smoke slowly.

Browsing through the call logs on his phone, there was one particular number he didn't save. He tried dial it, but no one picked up.

Russell frowned and cast the phone aside. Just as he was about to start the car, his phone rang again.

After glancing at the caller ID, he stubbed out the cigarette and answered the phone. "What's up?"

"Mr. Kameron, I've gotten to the bottom of things!" Enzo shared his latest discovery. "Belinda's real target is the Kameron Group all along. Releasing the video regarding Miss Bradley was just the beginning."

"How could she have the courage to battle an entire company..."

Before he could finish his sentence, it suddenly occurred to Russell that the divorce agreement had a strange stipulation.

It said that Belinda was willing to waive the right to any assets shared by the couple.

"I see."

Russell sneered in disdain. It seemed Belinda had planned everything since before she even drew up the divorce agreement.

It was so absurd! She was the one who had insisted on marrying him back then. However, after this incident at Rena's 80th birthday party, Belinda seemed to have changed into a completely different person. Not only did she demand for a divorce, she was also blatantly plotting against his Kameron Group.

What else could this woman have hidden from him over the past few years? What exactly was she capable of?

After a moment of pensive silence, Russell said coldly, "Get me a copy of the hospital's surveillance footage. Then find Cassidy's attending doctor and send me her medical record."

Hearing this, Enzo was stunned. "Mr. Kameron, speaking of Miss Bradley, the hospital just informed us that she fainted after her condition took a turn for the worse. They said it had something to do with her injury."

"What?!" After a short pause, Russell pulled himself together quickly and asked, "Which injury?"

"The one on her leg."

Russell fell silent.

He wasted no time and hung up on Enzo without saying anything more. With knitted brows, he turned the car around and zoomed back towards the hospital.

On the other side, Enzo exhaled a long sigh. The air felt less intense in the office for a moment. However, upon returning to his desk and seeing all the unread messages on his phone, a flicker of annoyance flashed in his eyes.

He picked up the phone and sent out a text. Then, he turned it off.

Now that the news had spread all over the Internet, Belinda had predicted what would happen next, so she had prepared a new SIM card in advance.

After taking a nap, Belinda went online to check on the latest situation.

She had only browsed for a few minutes before she exited the page in

dissatisfaction.

It was far from enough.

In order to frame Belinda, Cassidy was willing to go all out and even flung her own self down the stairs. Would some petty online comments really get to her?

Belinda doubted these bashers could hurt Cassidy at all.

And this definitely wasn't what Belinda wanted.

With a straight face, she opened another website specializing in the economic news and typed the name of the Kameron Group. The page showed the latest trend of its stock value. Although it was still going down, the decline wasn't as bad as before. It was only a matter of time before it ticked up again.

After all, the Kameron Group wouldn't allow this situation to get the better of them. It was only a matter of time before their PR department figured out a way to curb the scandal's negative impact on the company.

Turning off the computer, Belinda put on a cream white dress, making her look neat and dainty. Then, she left Calvin's place with her suitcase.

Apart from Russell and Cassidy, there was someone more important to her...

In Harmonia Hospital, Eimbury.

The corridor of the hospital was long. Russell slowly walked towards the private ward and pushed the door open. The doctor turned around and greeted him briskly. "Mr. Kameron, Miss Bradley's physical condition is not very stable at the moment. It would be better to keep her company 24/7, in case of any emergency."

Her words were quite straightforward, but Russell didn't say anything back. He simply nodded his head lightly.

"How's she doing now?" he finally managed to ask.

"Don't worry. It's not a big deal. Relapses are not uncommon. Besides, her ankle was sprained, which aggravated the pain. I'll prescribe some

painkillers and she should recover after a couple of days. But you need to take care of the patient and make sure she doesn't get stressed in the coming days."

Russell nodded wordlessly.

The doctor tore off the prescription sheet and handed it to Russell. After exchanging a few more words, she left. Standing alone in the ward with both hands in his pockets, Russell stared at Cassidy, who was lying in bed with an awkward expression.

Unable to bear the coldness in Russell's eyes, Cassidy tried to say something. "Russell, it's really not what you think. Don't get me wrong..."

"You're injured. Get some rest. We'll talk later," Russell interjected abruptly.

"But I don't want you misunderstand me..."

Cassidy said sadly, a single teardrop rolling down her cheek. "No matter how much they bash me on the Internet, I'm not scared. Their words don't hurt me, and neither does the bruises on my body. But Russell, you have to know that I would never—"

"Cassidy," Russell interrupted her, but his tone was much gentler now. "I don't want to hear you say that again."

Cassidy forced a sad smile and put on her usual tender facade. "Since you said so, I won't bring it up again."

Looking at her pitiful face, Russell was lost for words. He couldn't help but step forward and gently tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear for her.

Russell had been so tolerant about the incident, so Cassidy didn't dare to ask for anything more. So they just chatted lightheartedly to kill time.

All of a sudden, Cassidy's expression changed.

Russell's forehead furrowed in worry. "What's wrong? Do you feel ill? Let me find the doctor."

He stood up abruptly to go and fetch the doctor, but then Cassidy

suddenly grabbed him by the wrist. Her face was flushed as she whispered, "Russell, come here."

Cautiously, Russell leaned over.

The next second, the woman yanked at his arm, making him fall into her bed.

Chapter 12 Homecoming

Before he understood what was happening, Russell found himself on top of Cassidy's fragile body.

Cassidy reached out to help him, but unexpectedly, she pulled off his suit jacket. Afraid of hitting Cassidy's wounds, Russell tried to climb off of her, but he inadvertently twisted his hand while supporting his body. The pain made him frown tightly.

"Russell, are you okay?"

Cassidy wanted to sit up to check on Russell's injury. For a moment, she forgot that he was practically on top of her. When she sat up, she bumped into his shoulder and subconsciously grabbed his shirt to steady herself.

The action made the topmost button of his shirt come off.

A gust of cold air blew against Russell's exposed chest, and his eyebrows furrowed tightly. How could a bespoke shirt be this shitty in quality?

"I'm so sorry, Russell. I didn't mean it..."

Before Russell could say anything, Cassidy took the initiative to blame herself. As she spoke, she put on a pitiful expression, her eyes welling up with tears. For some reason, instead of feeling sorry for her, Russell felt disgusted.

"I'm fine. It's just a shirt."

His low, husky voice stirred Cassidy's heart. Just then, a thought occurred to her. Before Russell could climb off of her, she gritted her teeth and wrapped her arms around his waist. She could feel the man stiffen at her touch.

"Cassidy, let go of me," he ordered in a dangerously low voice. His

expression darkened and his eyes flashed cruelly.

"Russell, I love you. You and Belinda are divorced now. We can finally be _"

"Cassidy!" Russell roared, silencing her effectively. Taking a deep breath, he swallowed his anger and scolded her, "Do you even know what you're talking about? Even if I've divorced Belinda, it doesn't mean anything. I can make her come back anytime I want. Do you understand?"

Make her come back?

No!

By the time Russell had shaken off her hands, Cassidy was still in a daze. He wordlessly put on his suit jacket and straightened his clothes. Except for the missing button, he looked perfectly fine.

In the past, he had always hated Belinda for no reason, but now, he hated Cassidy even more for reasons he couldn't really explain. All his trust in her had suddenly collapsed in the span of one day.

When Cassidy looked into Russell's cold eyes, her heart leaped to her throat.

She opened her mouth, but in the end, she didn't know what to say. She wasn't an idiot. It was better to shut up at a time as critical as this.

Damn it! She shouldn't have been so impulsive just now!

"I will send a nurse to look after you." After a slight pause, Russell added in a sharp tone, "And don't you ever do that again, Cassidy."

As soon as Russell left, Cassidy went mad from anger. She started kicking and screaming like crazy in the ward.

A nurse soon knocked on the door and scolded her. "This is a hospital, not a preschool. Please keep quiet."

Cassidy fell into stunned silence.

Even a lowly nurse had the balls to scold her?

Damn it! Even though Belinda and Russell were divorced, she still haunted her!

Cassidy gritted her teeth angrily. She deserved to be Russell's wife, not Belinda!

It was nearly time for dinner. The villa of the Lindfield family was brightly lit and alive as both servants and masters alike scrambled to prepare a lavish dinner for their esteemed guest.

At six o'clock sharp, the doorbell rang. One of the servants briskly headed towards the front door, only to be stopped by Victor, who had suddenly rushed out of the kitchen. "That must be my sister. Let me open the door."

The servant smiled knowingly and bowed. Without hesitation, she went back to her work.

Sitting on the suitcase on the porch, Belinda rang the doorbell again, muttering to herself, "Strange. Why hasn't anyone opened the door yet?"

As soon as she finished speaking, the luxurious mahogany door was suddenly opened from the inside. Belinda looked up and saw a tall and handsome man standing in front of her. Of course, if the man wasn't wearing a pink apron with the print of a kitten, she would've thought that Victor was even more handsome.

"Victor!"

Belinda rushed forward and threw her arms around her brother. "I missed you so much!"

Although Victor was overjoyed, he still stepped back from Belinda and pursed his lips unhappily. "Can't you see that I'm wearing a dirty apron? Why'd you hug me?"

"Psh! I don't care." With a cheeky smile, Belinda squeezed Victor's arm and acted like a spoiled child. She pointed at his apron and teased, "Were you cooking dinner just for me?"

"Please. The world doesn't revolve around you."

Victor rubbed Belinda's nose playfully and winked at her.

The man then took her suitcase and led Belinda inside. The Lindfield family home still looked exactly the same. Even the antique vase was still placed in its original position where she remembered.

Suddenly, Belinda felt a lump in her throat.

No matter what happened to her, her family was always there for her. She felt so stupid now that she reflected on her past. It had been years since she was last home, and for what? Because of a man who wasn't worth her time.

"What's wrong?" Sensing his sister's emotional fluctuation, Victor asked with concern. "You're a grown woman, but you still like to cry so much."

"No, that's not true..."

Belinda sniffed and swallowed back her sobs.

Her bastard of an ex-husband wasn't worth her tears.

After exchanging a few words with Victor, Belinda went back to her old room with her suitcase. While she might've been Mrs. Kameron for three whole years, there was not much she could take home from the Kameron family.

After putting her things down, the servant came up and knocked on the door. "Dinner's ready, Miss Lindfield."

"I'll be right there!"

Although the Lindfield family was rich, they didn't live extravagantly and they hated being wasteful, so their meals at home were usually quite simple. However, today was the day Belinda came home. Her father, Harley Lindfield, decided to cook a full spread of dishes in honor of his daughter's return.

As soon as Belinda caught a whiff of the food, she knew who cooked them.

She sat down at the table and said with a playful smile, "Dad, this is too much. Didn't you promise me you wouldn't waste any food?"

"My dear daughter is finally home. It doesn't matter if we waste just a little tonight." Harley's eyes became half-moons as he grinned. "Belinda, I'm glad you're home."

Belinda nodded. "It's good to be home. And I'm gonna stay here."

She had signed the divorce agreement, and now, she had nothing to do with the Kameron family. As for the justice she sought, she was in no rush. She would take revenge slowly.

"Is that so?"

A sarcastic male voice suddenly sounded.

Raising her head, Belinda looked at the unruly but handsome man in the corner. With a sweet smile, she said, "Larry, I'm sitting here, aren't I? Please forgive me already."

Pursing his lips, Larry stopped being sarcastic with her. He said with a frown, "Looks like you've learnt how to talk back, huh?"

Hearing this, Belinda rolled her eyes internally. Her brother could be really mean sometimes even though he did care about her so much.

"Oh, shut up, will you?" Victor kicked Larry under the table and complained, "Eating will probably stop you from blabbering nonsense."

Harley glanced at the two brothers speechlessly. When he looked at Belinda, his expression softened and his eyes were filled with love. "Belle, since you're back, why don't you come to the office with your brothers?"

At the mention of this, the two brothers instantly quieted down.

Given the vast wealth of the Lindfield family, even if Belinda didn't work a day in her life, it wouldn't be a problem.

The reason why her family wanted her to work in the family business was that they wanted to distract her a little so she wouldn't be thinking of Russell and their divorce all the time. They wanted her to move on with her life and be happy.

Belinda wasn't stupid. She soon understood their good intentions.

Indeed, working in the company of the Lindfield family was the best way for her to get over her past. However, she didn't want the Lindfield family to be her springboard.

She firmly believed in her capabilities.

She could do this on her own.

