

Chapter 8 Wait For My Call

"You still owe Cassidy an apology!" Russell suddenly spat in a low voice. "She's in the hospital thanks to you.

The least you could do is apologize to her!"

Looking at Belinda's expressionless face, he added with disdain, "She doesn't want anything but a simple apology. Jesus Christ! You'll never be as kind as Cassidy."

Not as kind as her?

Of course she wasn't!

Indeed, she couldn't compare to Cassidy! Cassidy knew Russell was married, but she still chose to be his mistress!

Now she even wanted an apology? From her lover's wife?

Bullshit!

"Don't worry. I'll apologize to her," Belinda replied indifferently, her eyes devoid of warmth.

She would make it happen, since Cassidy wanted it so much.

But she didn't have to do it anytime soon.

"Let's settle the divorce first, and then I'll apologize to her."

As soon as she finished speaking, Belinda turned around and walked straight inside the building.

Russell watched her walk away but couldn't bring himself to move a muscle for a long time.

He was never happy with this marriage, but now it seemed that Belinda was the one who couldn't wait to get rid of him!

She was so desperate to divorce him that she was even willing to compromise and had agreed to apologize to Cassidy...

Huh!

Things were actually better this way. After all, a divorce would save him a lot of trouble.

Snorting coldly, Russell caught up to Belinda.

The divorce procedures were much easier than marriage procedures. After submitting the signed divorce papers and all pertinent documents and answering some questions, a few minutes later, they weren't husband and wife anymore.

After everything was said and done, Belinda kept her word and went straight to the hospital.

In the ward, under Russell's watchful eye, Belinda expressed her so-called "sincere" apology to Cassidy.

It took her more than ten minutes to elaborate on how sorry she was for Cassidy's misfortune. Finally, she turned around and looked at Russell, who was standing aside with a straight face, and asked scornfully, "Satisfied yet, Mr. Kameron?"

Before Russell could say anything, Cassidy spoke up. "Let bygones be bygones. Since Belinda has apologized, it's water under the bridge now."

"Well, in that case, I'll head out."

Russell watched as Belinda turned around and left gracefully, feeling completely baffled.

But soon he collected himself.

It was unlikely for a person to apologize for something she had never done!

Which meant that Belinda was indeed a vicious woman who had pushed Cassidy down the stairs!

Just as she walked out of the ward, Belinda caught a glimpse of a figure scurrying away at the end of the corridor.

It seemed things were going smoothly according to plan.

She smiled in satisfaction.

The faster the news spread, the better it would be for her.

Before long, Belinda received a barrage of notifications. She sifted through her messages, but one Twitter private message in particular caught her eye. It read, "All preparations are complete. When do you want to strike?"

"Wait for my call," she replied.

"Belinda, look! Somebody posted a video about you apologizing to Cassidy. Some netizens are even accusing you of attempted murder!"

"Do you need me to pull some strings in the media and have this matter erased from the Internet?"

In the evening, when Belinda went out to drink with her friends, everyone asked her about the incident.

In addition to a short video, a couple of pictures were also posted. In the photos, Belinda looked rather expressionless while making the apology, and Cassidy, looking weak and feeble in her hospital bed, smiled with relief.

Everything led to the assumption that Cassidy was indeed a victim in this tragedy.

Belinda briefly glanced at the photos on the phone. Then she sneered with satisfaction.

She returned the phone to her friend and raised her glass triumphantly. "Forget about that. Let's drink!"

The crowd was stunned.

But they obliged and the five of them downed their drinks in unison. At the end of the night, they had finished five bottles of red wine, two bottles of vodka, and countless cans of beer.

It wasn't until midnight that they slowed down.

Belinda had always had high alcohol tolerance. So, while her friends' speech started to slur, she was still quite sober.

