

Heiress's 474

Chapter 474

Bella walked out without hesitation. "Donate the money received to Savrow's Hope Foundation. I don't want a cent of it."

Stunned, Ryan let out a wry smile.

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Her beauty, icy and perfect, mirrored her ruthlessness. Bella was an ice queen in every sense.

Bella returned to her office to work while Steven took Ryan to discuss the settlement of compensation.

As Bella's attorney and secretary, Steven had the list of damages ready. The total was an eye-watering amount.

However, that was the price to pay for forging Alexa's design.

Ryan looked at the compensation agreement and sighed, his throat dry.

He could afford the money, but it was a hefty bruise to his ego.

Ryan had feelings for Bella before. Even though they were not meant to be together, he would love for them to be friends. He never wanted to hurt her.

Alas, they drifted further and further away from the possibility of ever becoming friends.

Zoe cried all the way to the parking lot, as if the world had done her wrong.

“The victim didn’t even shed a tear. Why are you the one crying when you caused all this?”

Ryan walked ahead with a sour face, and Zoe could not keep up with him.

“Is Bella’s heart made of stone, Ryan? I can’t believe she expects you to pay \$100 million. She’s better off robbing a bank.”

Zoe could not stand the thought of losing \$100 million to Bella. “You have never been in this frustrating position before, Ryan. Had I known this would be the case, I would never apologize to her.”

“Ms. Thompson was easy on you.

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Ryan stopped in his tracks, having had enough of Zoe. “If I didn’t set things right for you, do you think you would be saying sorry in that room? You would be issuing a formal apology in front of the press.”

Zoe shuddered at that thought.

“When you get back home, you are not allowed out without my permission. Just stay at home and reflect on your behavior.”

Ryan spoke coldly with a heavy heave before getting into the car.

“You can’t ground me, Ryan!”

Unbothered by Zoe’s window-rattling tantrum, Ryan sat stoically in the car.

He could not go soft on Zoe anymore. His indulgence would do nothing good for his only sister.

As the fancy car drove away, Zoe stomped her foot and burst into tears, hunched over.

“Please get in, Ms. Zoe.”

Two female bodyguards lugged Zoe into the car and closed the door.

Zoe watched miserably, as the car took her to the Hoffmans’ residence.

Her phone suddenly rang.

She dried her tears and took out her phone for a look. A concealed private number was calling.

“Who is it?” Zoe asked angrily.

“Ms. Hoffman.”

A man’s digitally altered voice was heard on the other end of the line,

“Who are you?” Zoe asked, choking out sobs.

“You must feel hurt and upset after what happened today. Your crush wouldn’t even look at you.”

Her eyes widened, and her heart raced.

Who was spying on her? The man seemed to have detailed

knowledge about her circumstances.

“What if I tell you that I can help you get what you want? Are you

willing to hear me out and collaborate with me?”