

Heiress 611

Chapter 611

With downcast eyes, Asher glanced at his watch emotionlessly. "Mr. Iverson, I know my sister. She would never spend the night at a man's house. She never once did. Yet, last night, she stayed at yours.

You owe me an explanation."

"You won't let her spend the night out, but you supported her secret marriage. You let her marry a jerk without being acknowledged and let her go through hell at her in-laws' home for three years behind your father's back." Christopher sat across from Asher with a smile.

Asher's breath hitched as he pursed his lips. "It's not the same thing. Don't try to turn it against us.

Bella married Justin because she once loved him so much. She made that choice herself. As her

brother, I

respect her wishes, even though I disapprove of them. But you're

different, Mr. Iverson."

Christopher tensed his jawline, and his expression was no longer

calm.

“I know Bella doesn’t feel the same way about you. Your pushiness on the matter will only annoy Bella and make me see you in a different light.” Aggression was reflected in Asher’s eyes.

Christopher pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up and smiled faintly.

He swallowed hard to fight back the fury.

“I only invited Bella here last night. My mother and I wanted to see her, and we had a pleasant dinner together. Justin later called Bella, and God knows what he said, because Bella passed out from rage.”

Christopher was livid just thinking of last night’s incident.

Asher scowled.

He could tell the man was not lying, but Asher would not put all his faith in Christopher’s words.

“Even so, it is not right for you to keep Bella at your place for the night without informing us. Bella is the apple of my father’s eye, and she is precious to me too. Bella might not mind what happened last night, but I won’t let it slide.”

Asher slowly rose to his feet and walked along the hallway to the entrance, looking intimidating. “Mr.

Iverson, our parents are close, and you may have feelings for Bella, but I should make things clear for

you on behalf of my father. You can be friends with Bella, but I am against you getting involved with her

romantically. My father won't approve of it either. You'll never be associated with my family."

The words, though not hurtful, were humiliating.

In other words, Christopher could forget ever marrying or dating Bella.

As Asher made his way out, Christopher said with a smile, "Mr. Thompson, Bella will marry me one

day, and I look forward to the day

you attend our wedding."

"You must be dreaming to think Bella will marry you."

Asher scoffed and waltzed out the door.

The moment the door was closed, Christopher's smile froze.

"When have I ever needed your approval to do anything? What a joke."

Just then, Christopher's phone rang. It was his secretary calling.

"Mr. Iverson, I have two things to report to you. First, Ms. Zoe Hoffman just returned from abroad."

Christopher curled his lips. "And the other thing?"

"You asked me to investigate Justin's medical history. I have not gotten the specifics, but Justin was

badly injured last month and was treated at Deux Hospital. He was discharged two days later.”

“I don’t need to know the specifics. It’s enough for me to know that he was badly injured.” The man raised his brow with intrigue.

“What do you plan to do now, Mr. Iverson?” His secretary asked cautiously.

“I want him dead,” Christopher said menacingly.

The secretary sighed and lamented, “We are not in our territory. Otherwise, you would have killed Justin a long time ago.”

“It’s fine. He’ll die in my hands sooner or later. I have patience.”

Chapter 612

Ryan’s private jet descended at Savrow Airport in the middle of the night.

Zoe, with her vibrant brown curls cascading down her back and a luxurious fur coat draped around her, stepped down from the staircase and entered a fancy car.

Since the knockoff incident with Bethany, Ryan banned Zoe from leaving the house and confiscated her phone. That way, Zoe could not contact her friends who might lead her astray.

Later, she made a huge fuss and starved herself.

Feeling bad for Zoe, Claire persuaded her son to lift the ban and send

Zoe to Inalia instead for some soul-searching.

Now that it was winter, Ryan begrudgingly let Zoe return to Savrow

Zoe had spent way too much time in Inalia, but Ryan never once

visited her. That was cruel of him.

“Where’s Ryan? Why didn’t he pick me up from the airport?”

Zoe threw a tantrum in front of Ryan’s bodyguard, Adam. She k

kicking the back of the front passenger seat, where Adam sat.

Adam had watched Zoe grow up. Although he was Ryan’s confidante,

he had also worked for Zoe for a long time. Adam looked at Zoe

tenderly and was coy about Ryan’s whereabouts.

“Mr. Hoffman has been busy lately.”

“He’s changed. I don’t mean anything to him anymore.” Zoe pounded the back of the seat in tears. “He

would always pick me up, no matter how busy he was before. This time around, he didn’t even call me

once. He doesn't care about me anymore!"

She screamed and fussed until she choked out sobs.

Adam felt bad for her.

In the end, Adam mustered the courage and murmured, "I have news, Ms. Hoffman, but you must keep your cool."

"What is it?" Zoe took the tissue from the bodyguard to wipe her tears.

"Mr. Hoffman hasn't been in touch with you recently because he has been busy with Ms. Carrie Salvador." Adam was secretive about it.

"What did you say?" Zoe was baffled.

"That's not the only thing."

Adam drew closer to her and cut to the chase. "Mr. Hoffman is living with Ms. Carrie now."

"No way! No way!"

Seeing red, Zoe yelled, "How could that fool live in my family home? My brother has never brought a

woman home before.”

“Mr. Hoffman didn’t bring her back to the Hoffmans’ residence. He

kept her in one of his many properties.”

Zoe felt her world crumbling.

“Where exactly? Take me there now.

Her private residence was nestled amid the affluence of Savrow’s

with its white walls and green top a testament to wealth.

Her house was not as grand as the Hoffmans residence, the

area was quiet and serene with stunning views. It was a perfect place

to relax.

She had stayed with Carme during her recovery in the past few days.

She had to skip work and social engagements to keep her company

for Corne’s sake. He retired from playing the field and changed

his opinion of

Ryan, I made you angry. Come and take a look.”

Carrie, dressed in a reef boodle with a white fluffy lining, smiled gleefully as she took Ryan's hand and

dragged him to the backyard

(as Ryan stared at the boy's face, finding that Carrie resembled the

little red riding hood.

Even a woman like her was tasking Ryan, much less Ryan.

Slow down. We have not cleared the snow from the path. I don't

want you to fall." The man's words were filled with tenderness.

Ryan cared for Carrie so much during the past few days that he had

not let her feet touch the ground. He escorted her around the villa,

except when she had to use the bathroom

He realized what it meant to spoil someone

It was a blanket of white in the backyard: the lush greenery covered

in snow was a beautiful sight.

Carrie was like a blossoming flower in the winter wonderland, capturing Ryan's entire attention and

pulling his heartstrings.

“Look, Ryan!”

Ryan held Carrie’s frozen hand tight in his grasp as she pointed at the

plump snowman in the middle of the yard. Her eyes were smiley. “I

made you a snowman. It’s pretty, right?”

He was filled with glee until he got a good look at the snowman.

His headshot was stuck to the face of the plump snowman, and it

was creepy.

That was not the only thing.

The picture Carrie chose did not capture his good looks.

Besides, the headshot was black and white, the type used on

gravestones.

“I have a lot of nice photos, Carrie. Why did you pick this one?” Ry

was speechless.

“Uh... I took this picture in secret. I wanted to give you a surprise.” Carrie looked up at him, wide-eyed

and rosy-cheeked.

“Why did you get the photo in black and white?”

“Erm... The printer ran out of colored ink.”

Ryan sighed wryly and ran his fingers down her red hoodie.

All was fine with him.

He S

not have asked for more when Carrie made him a gift.

“Woof! Woof!”

Suddenly, Ryan’s pet Doberman sprung out of nowhere and pounced

on the snowman.

“Hey, Millionaire! Get back here!”

Ryan shouted anxiously, but it was too late.

Millionaire knocked his head off.

“Woof! Woof!” Millionaire wagged its tail and barked excitedly.

Carrie blinked. "Erm... Ryan, your head fell..."

Ryan clenched his fists.

In the mood for playtime, Millionaire kicked the snowball back and forth.

Carrie exclaimed, "Wow! Millionaire is kicking your head like a ball."

Ryan clenched his teeth and yelled, shaking the snow off the branches. "Millionaire, how dare you kick your dad's head! I'm to disown you!"

Millionaire must have gotten the message because it turned to Carm with pleading eyes and whimpered.

"No! Don't punish Millionaire!"

Carrie nestled up to Ryan for once, dangling his arm. "I'll make you another one. Hang on."

Overwhelmed by a tingling sensation, the man stared at her with affection. "Millionaire, if your mom didn't plead your case, you would

be done for tonight.”

Ryan’s heart raced.

However, Carrie had run off to make another snowman.

It was a good thing Carrie did not hear what he just said.

Yet, somehow, he wished she had.

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Carrie hopped to the snowman, and Millionaire rolled the snowman’s

head back.

She carried the snowball and got on her tiptoes to put the head back.

1. Millionaire wagged its tail and circled the beautiful girl while

rolling by her feet.

“Hahaha. Aren’t you cold, Millionaire? I’ll knit you a sweater.”

“Woof! Woof!”

Millionaire wagged its tail, seemingly to acknowledge Carrie. He jumped on Carrie excitedly and licked

her cheeks.

“Hahaha, that tickles! Stop it, Millionaire.” Carrie fell to the ground,

and they started rolling around in the snow.

Ryan watched the heartwarming scene and stared at Carrie lovingly.

He thought he could never have such a mundane yet happy life

It never occurred to him that Carrie would be the one to give it

He had what other men had, too.

“Mr. Hoffman, Millionaire is a biter and only listens to you. I didn’t

expect Millionaire to get along well with Ms. Carrie,” Yasmin

approached and said with a gratifying smile.

“Millionaire’s a perv.”

Yasmin thought to herself, ‘Well, the pet takes after the owner.’

Ryan was jealous of Millionaire pouncing on Carrie and was tempted

to disown the dog.

Damn it. He had stooped so low to be jealous of a dog.

“Millionaire, leave her alone!” Ryan shouted angrily.

He went over and helped Carrie up. The latter was covered in snow.

“There’s too much snow. I don’t want you to catch a cold.” He leaned

forward and brushed the snow off her.

“Thank you, Ryan.”

“Don’t thank me.”

Ryan fixated on her pretty eyes, his breath sweeping against her rosy

cheeks. “Carrie, you are important to me. It makes me happy to be

with you. I should be the one to thank you.”

“But I have done nothing.” Carrie looked confused.

“You have done a lot.”

Ryan gripped her frozen hands and rubbed them against his

her hands to his lips and breathed out warm air.

“Come to my arms.”

The man unbuttoned his black coat, and she nestled into his embrace

She nuzzled up against him and closed her eyes in comfort,

enveloped in his scorching testosterone.

Ryan felt a fiery sensation creeping up his loins.

“Carrie.”

“Huh?” Carrie’s soft voice sounded muffled.

“You can only behave like this with me.”

Ryan lowered his gaze at her, his eyes fervent in the snowstorm. He wished he could hold her forever.

His voice was raspy. “I will be angry. if you behave like this with someone else. I can be scary when I’m mad.”

“H-How scary?” Carrie was timid, and it showed in her eyes..

The affectionate look on Ryan’s face was bewitching as he drew

close to her face, his lips nearly touching hers. “Very scary. Do you

want to test me? Hm?”

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Carrie shook her head, her heart beating out of her chest.

“I-I got it. I’ll only be like this with you. Don’t be mad, okay?”

Ryan had been nothing but nice to her for the past few days. He bought her lots of pretty clothes, which

Bethany normally wore. Carrie

did not own nice clothes before.

The food there was delicious. Although Bella’s cooking was better,

the food was still delicious.

Ryan would also blow her hair dry, feed her, and sleep in the same

bed as her.

They were just sharing a bed.

Ryan pampered and doted on her. She would be so ungrateful if she

made him angry.

“Good girl.”

Her bright, dewy eyes tempted Ryan to kiss her. Struck by a thought,

he wanted to slap himself in remorse.

He wondered if he was grooming her.

However, Ryan really hoped Carrie could stay by his side.

His heart dropped when he imagined her marrying someone else and

being in someone else's arms.

He could not bear the thought of her kissing another man and bearing

his child.

"I need you here, Mr. Hoffman." Yasmin took a call and called him

over.

"Alright."

Ryan went to Yasmin. "What's up?"

Yasmin glanced at Carrie before speaking in hushed tones, "I got a call from Ian, Mr. Salvador's

secretary. He said Mr. Salvador's injury

has gotten worse."

"What did you say?" Dismayed, Ryan did not watch his tone.

Carrie looked at them with a confused look.

“Ilan did not give me the specifics. He said that Mr. Salvador is focused on his recovery at his private villa, and no one knows about it. Ilan couldn’t stand it and contacted me in secret. He hopes you can visit him.”

“I got it. Bring the car around, Yasmin. We’ll leave now.”

Not wanting Carrie to worry, Ryan did not say a word about Justin’s injury to her. He simply told her that he had business to take care of and might not be home tonight. Carrie should go ahead and go to bed at the usual time.

“I’ll wait for you to come home. I’ll sleep when you’re back.” Carrie walked him to the door.

Though she did not make her feelings known, her reluctance was written all over her face.

Chapte

Feeling warm and cozy inside, Ryan smiled at her and instructed the helper, Fiona. “Take good care of Ms. Salvador.”

Minutes after Ryan's ride left, the three fancy cars that were supposed to escort Zoe back to the

Hoffmans' residence showed up

at the gates.

"This is the place, Ms. Hoffman," Adam muttered.

"My brother sure is generous to the dimwit bitch. Is that house supposed to be their marital home?"
Zoe

stared at the beautiful white

walls and green roof while shaking in rage.

"Don't be mad, Ms. Hoffman. It's known across Savrow what type of

man Mr. Hoffman is."

Adam consoled Zoe, "Mr. Hoffman will never be sincere with any woman. I have observed him in the

last few years. It's all novelty with Ms. Carrie. He will be bored soon enough."

"What do you know? It's different this time. He's my brother. I can tell

it's different."

Zoe's face was flushed. "Carrie has my brother wrapped around her finger. He had been with too many

pretty girls, and now he finds the idiot refreshing. It's like he's been hexed. Isn't he afraid that his child.

with the dimwit will be handicapped too? It will ruin the Hoffmans'

great genes."

Adam dared not say a word.

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"I will never allow the idiot to be my sister-in-law. Either she goes, or

I'll go!"

Zoe opened the car door angrily. With Adam staying put, she asked in surprise, "Aren't you coming

along?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Hoffman. I work for Mr. Hoffman, so I'm not in a position to intervene." Adam was caught

between a rock and a hard

place.

"Alright. I get it. I won't let anybody know that you helped me, but you

must keep an eye on my brother for me."

Zoe's creepy eyes were out of place with her appearance. "You have done well. Your work won't go

unrewarded.”

Adam shook his head and expressed his loyalty. “I’m happy to do anything for you, Ms. Hoffman.”

Zoe got out of the car and slammed the door. She uttered in disdain, Tsk. I’m way out of his league. If it

isn’t because I have use for him, it

makes me sick to breathe the same air as him.”

With her entourage of bodyguards and a secretary, the group banged

violently on the villa door.

Fiona ran out, her expression stiffening at the sight of Zoe. She sounded flustered. “M-Ms. Hoffman,

what brings you here?”

“Is Ryan in?”

Seeing that Fiona had been reassigned to serve Carrie, Zoe grew livid.

“M-Mr. Hoffman isn’t around.” Fiona panicked.

“Where is Carrie? The bitch must be in there.”

“Mr. Hoffman has said that no one is allowed into the villa without his permission, Ms. Hoffman.”

Though flustered, Fiona remained loyal

and refused Zoe and her group entry.

“Fiona, you have been working for my family for more than a decade. I won’t care that you’re family at

this point if you don’t give way,” Zoe

threatened.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Hoffman. I only take orders from Mr. Hoffman. Please

leave.”

“Argh!”

Zoe kicked the door, infuriated. “Smash the door open!”

In the end, her security detail rammed the door through and apprehended Fiona.

Zoe led her secretary to barge into the living room.

“Carrie! You bitch!”

Carrie sat on the sofa, watching cartoons while playing with

Millionaire.

She froze. Color drained from her face when Zoe entered the room.

She cowered in the corner of the sofa with her hands over her head.

“Don’t hit me! Don’t hit me!”

“You deserve a beating! You’re a disgusting idiot to seduce my brother! Die, bitch!” Zoe ran her mouth.

Zoe sprinted over and grabbed Carrie by the hair before hitting her in the face.

Zoe would not have the guts to hit anyone on Ryan’s watch.

With Ryan gone, nothing was stopping her from letting off steam with violence.

“Ugh!”

Carrie’s ear injury had just healed. She felt a sharp pain and broke out in a cold sweat after taking another hard hit.

“Get that disgusting bitch out of here! My brother owns this place, so it belongs to me too. I will not let her stay here,” Zoe commanded.

The secretary went straight to work, grabbing Carrie by the arm and dragging her out.

“Grrrr!”

The abuse of Carrie infuriated Millionaire. The loyal dog charged at the secretary and bit her arm.

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“Ah! Let me go! Let me go!” Zoe’s secretary screamed in pain from the bite as she let go of Carrie.

Zoe was shocked by this as well, so she backed away.

The secretary kicked Millionaire again and again, but Millionaire kept biting her, refusing to let her go.

“Don’t hurt Millionaire... Stop!” Carrie hugged the Doberman, protecting it with her weak body.

Zoe’s eyes reddened. She took advantage of the chaos to kick Carrie.

“Zoe Hoffman!”

The sharp, chilling roar of her name pierced through Zoe’s ears before she could retract her leg. She was caught red-handed for bullying

Carrie.

Zoe looked back stiffly. Her trembling heart almost leaped out of her chest, and she nearly choked in shock.

“R-Ryan...”

She saw Ryan standing there, glaring at her with rage. His handsome face was shrouded in gloom and fury.

His chest was heaving as anger surged in his eyes.

Carrie did not know Ryan had arrived. She was still hugging

Millionaire tightly with her eyes closed. Her trembling body curled up

pitifully.

Chapp:616

The secretary’s vision went black for a moment. She forgot about the pain in her arm due to the shock and fear.

Who could have foreseen Ryan would return so soon?

“Zoe Hoffman, did you hit Carrie?” Ryan’s eyes widened when he saw Carrie’s red and swollen cheek as he advanced closer to the poor girl.

Zoe shuddered fiercely.

She had never seen her brother look like that before. It was extremely terrifying.

Since things had gotten to this point, there was nothing Zoe could say to defend herself. Besides, Ryan had doted on Zoe so much since she was young.

No matter how much Ryan liked Carrie, he would not do anything drastic to Zoe because of Carrie, right? His family had always come first.

“Yeah, I hit her! You’re too much, Ryan! You’ve disappointed and hurt me so much!” Zoe yelled back at Ryan.

Zoe’s tears streamed down her face as she cried and continued
sent me to Inalia and left me alone for so long. You didn’t even me once! It turns out that you were
spending time with this bitch he

You abandoned your sister because of her! Ryan Hoffman! Do you st

Smack-!

Before Zoe even finished speaking, the crisp sound of a slap resounded through the living room.

Ryan slapped Zoe with an expressionless face. He had never done

this before.

Zoe's face was turned to the side from the force of the slap. Her fair and tender cheek immediately

swelled, leaving a humiliating red mark on her face. Ryan did not hold back his strength for this slap.

It really hurt...

With that slap, Zoe's cheek swelled, and her heart shattered into

pieces.

Yasmin happened to walk in right then. She was extremely shocked

to see this scene too.

Who in Savrow did not know that Ryan was famous in Savrow for being extremely doting on his sister?

Thus, Yasmin never expected to see this shocking scene in her

lifetime.

“Zoe Hoffman, I’m truly wondering if you’re my sister or just a

coldhearted and cruel woman who looks like her.”

Ryan did not glance at Zoe again. He helped Carrie up and gath

her into his arms, his heart aching as he hugged her tightly. “Ha

spoiled you so much? Is that why you’re no longer the simple and innocent little girl you once were? In

that case, you’re no longer my

little sister.”

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Zoe was completely stunned, and her pale face slowly darkened, as if

she were possessed.

“Ryan... What are you saying? Are you disowning me as your sister?

Ryan!”

Ryan ignored Zoe and focused on Carrie, rubbing her trembling back

over and over.

“Don’t be scared. Don’t be scared. I’m back. No one will dare to hurt

you again. No one.”

But this time, Carrie was not as obedient as she once was. Her breathing became heavier as she

resisted Ryan’s touch. She was like

a prickly little hedgehog.

“No... You’re not my brother. You’re Zoe Hoffman’s brother...”

Her soft and powerless little hands kept pushing against Ryan’s solid chest. With every push, Carrie

wished she had a knife she could use to stab into his chest and hurt him. “Let me go! I want to go

home... I

want Grandpa. I want to go home!”

“Carrie, be good, please...” Ryan tried to coax her, eyes red.

“Let go... Let me go!”

But no matter how Carrie cried and screamed, Ryan refused to let go,

not even for a second.

On the contrary, he held her tighter.

His large, rough palm wrapped around her slender waist. His grip was so tight that her fair skin had turned red through her white dress.

Then he narrowed his eyes slightly and pressed his thin lips to her ear, his voice hoarse as he said softly, "You're right. I'm not your brother... I'm your man, Carrie."

Zoe's eyes widened with shock as she watched her brother give all his love to the girl she had bullied since her school days. Zoe thought she could bully Carrie forever.

She felt like her heart had been dug out and her soul was going to be ripped in half.

The pain was crippling. It hurt a hundred times more than when she found out Justin loved Bella Thompson!

Ryan was the most important man in Zoe's life. She always thought that she would be able to live her whole life capriciously as his younger sister.

But no, she could feel herself losing the protection that was once solely hers.

He was going to give it all to Carrie Salvador!

“My... Man?” Carrie looked up, her teary eyes filled with heart- wrenching confusion.

“Yes, yours.” Ryan’s voice was husky, and his eyes smoldered with passion.

Zoe’s sparkling crystal palace life was about to fall to pieces.

Yasmin smiled in relief from a hidden corner as she watched Ryan confess his feelings to Carrie passionately.

Carrie had taken a beating, and her trauma had been triggered by Zoe’s appearance. She had been through a lot and ended up crying herself to sleep in Ryan’s arms.

Ryan carried her back to her room and used a clean towel to wipe her sweat and tears away before tucking her under the covers.

“Mmph...” Carrie rolled over. Her brows were scrunched deeply, which showed her discomfort.

Ryan's heart clenched with sadness, anger, and self-reproach. His

handsome face was serious and pale.

"I'm sorry, Carrie. It's all my fault. I didn't protect you well..."

Yasmin pushed open the door and walked in gingerly. She stood there, hesitant to speak for fear of

disturbing her boss' tender

moment.

"Say what you want to say." Ryan gently caressed Carrie's cheek, but his expression was cold.

"I have the footage you asked for."

Yasmin walked over to Ryan and respectfully handed the phone to

him.

Ryan managed to rush back so quickly because he knew what was happening at home through the

dozens of surveillance cameras he

installed.

There were practically no blind spots.

With his phone, Ryan could monitor the situation at home remotely, in

real-time.

He stared at the phone with a glum face.

Ryan watched from the moment Zoe entered and ordered her people to restrain Fiona, up to the point

she burst into the house to hit and

kick Carrie.

He remained silent for a moment.

“Mr. Hoffman, what do you think...?”

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Before Yasmin could finish speaking, she suddenly felt a sharp pain

in her wrist.

Ryan’s eyes looked like they were about to spit flames as he raised his hand and sent Yasmin’s phone

flying.

“Please calm down, Mr. Hoffman.” Yasmin hurriedly drew back and

bowed deeply.

But Ryan, filled with rage, had already stood up and strode out the

door.

Downstairs, Zoe's forehead was covered with sweat as she sat

uneasily on the sofa. She was surrounded by four of Ryan's bodyguards, unable to leave.

"M-Ms. Zoe... Mr. Ryan is angry... What should we do?" Zoe's secretary kneeled at Zoe's feet and

hugged Zoe's leg in fear.

"You're asking me? How should I know?!"

Heavy footsteps interrupted them.

Ryan walked over with Yasmin trailing behind him. Instantly, a freezing chill swept through the living

room.

"Ryan..." Zoe called his name weakly.

She realized that losing her temper was pointless at that moment, so

she could only pretend to be innocent and pitiful.

"You hit Carrie and even kicked her. I saw everything clearly on the

camera." Ryan took a deep breath, trying to forcibly suppress his

wrath.

If she were not his biological sister, it was truly unimaginable what

would have happened.

“Ryan... I-I was just overcome by anger in the heat of the moment. You watched me grow up. I’ve

never hit anyone before this! Even fuzzy caterpillars scare me... I’ve never done this before!” Zoe

defended herself with a red face.

But Ryan remained expressionless, and his face was completely

unreadable.

“It was her! She instigated me!”

Zoe turned slightly and kicked her secretary. “It was all her! She’s been fanning the flames ever since I

got off the plane. She instigated me to hit Carrie! I’ve always hated her, so how could I put up with it?!

It’s all because of her that I’m like this!”

“N-No... I didn’t...” The secretary was so frightened that she kneeled

and cowered. She wanted to refute it but did not dare to.

“Why do you hate Carrie? What has she ever done to you?” Ryan

asked with a grim gaze.

“She-”

Zoe spluttered and found a random excuse. “She’s a retard, but she still dared to seduce you! How

could I allow a woman like that to become my future sister-in-law?!”

“Why can’t she be your sister-in-law? Do I need your approval to

choose a girlfriend?” Ryan narrowed his eyes slightly and laughed, but

this was a more terrifying sight than his anger.

“I-1-” Zoe wanted to cry from anger, completely disheartened by his

behavior.

“And there’s one thing you’ve gotten wrong.”

Ryan recalled the woman who played happily in the snow and her soft

lips. His body was ignited with desire. “She didn’t seduce me. I seduced her. I’m the one who wants to

be with her.”

Zoe’s vision flickered out, feeling like her world had caved in.

The trash that she had been trampling all over this whole time was about to rise above her!

“Yasmin.”

“Yes, Mr. Hoffman.” Yasmin stepped forward.

“Break this woman’s arms and legs and send her off to Angress.”

Ryan’s voice was cold as he casually gave Zoe’s secretary a death sentence.

Angress...

“Mr. Hoffman! It wasn’t me... Ms. Zoe told me to do all of it! Mr.

Hoffman!”

No matter how the secretary cried, it was of no use.

Yasmin waved her hand indifferently, and two tall, burly bodyguards

came forward to drag Zoe’s secretary out like a sack.

Zoe was petrified, not daring to move a muscle.

This was the first time in her life that she saw her handsome brother live up to his ”

nickname.

“This is my private villa. Apart from myself, Yasmin, and a few other of my most trusted men, no one

else knows about this place,

including you and Mom.”

Ryan looked down and took out an exquisite cigarette case before

taking a cigarette out and placing it between his lips. “So, who exactly tipped you off?”

Zoe was trembling under her gorgeous fur coat. Her cold sweat soaked through the thick coat.

Chapter 619

“Those around me are all well aware of my temper. What I hate the

most are traitors.”

Ryan lit his cigarette with his gloved hand and tilted his head up slightly to exhale the smoke. Then he

asked calmly, “Who told you.

that Carrie and I were staying here, Zoe?”

It was like a thorn was lodged in Zoe’s throat. Her face turned pale, and she had completely lost the

ability to speak.

This was her brother Ryan, who doted on her and loved her the most.

But at this moment, she was terrified of him.

“You don’t know? That’s fine. I do.”

As he finished his sentence, another two bodyguards dragged Adam inside. He had already been beaten half to death.

Zoe covered her mouth in shock.

There was a bright red trail of blood that followed Adam the way he had been dragged into the living room.

I

“Adam, you’ve been with me for a decade, and I normally treat you well. If it weren’t for me back then, you would have been beaten to death on the streets long ago.”

Ryan sat down leisurely on the chair that Yasmin had brought over. Is this how you repay me? By pretending to be loyal in front of me but fawning all over my sister behind my back? You’re pretty good

at

playing the double agent, I see.”

“M-Ms. Zoe... Help me...

Now that things had come to this point, Adam had no choice but to beg Zoe for help.

Zoe hurriedly turned away. She nearly wanted to puke at the sight of his face, which had been beaten

beyond recognition.

“Yasmin, you know the rules.” Ryan narrowed his eyes slightly before slowly taking a puff of his

cigarette.

“Yes, Mr. Hoffman.”

Yasmin walked up to Adam with an indifferent expression and leaned down to grip his jaw with her left

hand.

Zoe covered her face with her hands and screamed in shock before

fainting.

After that night, there was no more news about Justin.

Three nights in a row, Bella had nightmares, and every single

them had to do with Justin.

Although they said that dreams were often the opposite of reality,

those dreams were too realistic.

No matter how she thought about the pool of blood at Christopher Iverson's doorstep, she felt like

something was off.

"Bella, these are the meds for the second course of treatment."

Chopp!

Mila knocked on the door and entered the room to place the

medication in front of Bella.

Bella was packing her things in preparation to go back to Savrow. She hurriedly put down what she

was holding and picked up the bottle of medicine happily. "Thank you, Aunt Mila."

"What are you thanking me for? As long as it's something our dear Bella wants, I'll try my best to satisfy

you."

Mila lovingly stroked Bella's beautiful hair before suddenly asking, " Oh, right. How's Justin's wound?"

“You’re concerned about him?” Bella was slightly surprised.

“How is that possible?!”

Mila hurriedly explained, as if afraid of being tied to that man. “The medication he’s been taking was developed by my family’s pharmaceutical company. Of course, I have to ask how our test subject is doing. I’m concerned about the side effects of our company’s medication.”

When Bella heard this, she pursed her lips. A gloom overwhelmed her.

The drug that the Larsons had developed to treat internal organ injuries was actually still in its clinical trial stage and had not been officially launched yet.

But for the sake of treating Justin’s injuries, Bella could only take the risk and use it on Justin..

Otherwise, Justin’s condition would have continued to deteriorate, which would have left permanent after-effects.

“He seemed fine, like he didn’t have any problems. But Aunt Mila, wwhat are the drug’s side effects?”

Mila shook her head and sighed. “I don’t know. That’s why I asked h how he was doing. But there are two things he has to pay extra a attention to while on the drug.”

Bella hurriedly asked, "What is it?"

"The first is to not get injured again because the body needs to rest. Another thing is to avoid getting angry and overly emotional. That would be harmful to his body and would even cause his health to deteriorate further."

Bella's breath hitched, and she frowned slightly.

At the thought of that pool of blood, her heart began to tingle with

pain.

Chapter 620

As Bella and Steven were all packed up they prepared to head back Savrow with the medication Mila

gave Bella.

1. "Are you in a rush? Aren't you going to eat first?" Celeste rushed over, still

wearing an apron.

May Aunt Celeste. I'm in a rush to get back

her halfway and held Celeste's small face gently, bonding to one side and then the other to

look at it." Aunt Celeste, my injury is coming soon. You should rest well for the next two to three

doing any housework. You should be going to the spa beauty treatments, okay? You need to

be the person who can't even earn this weekend!"

ver. I actually don't even want to celebrate it. I feel so tired of having to socialize

with so many people this Celeste sighed helplessly. "I'm just doing this to make your

making my dad happy. My dad is making you happy. I want to celebrate your

birthday for you."

arning appeared in Beth in Bella's eyes. "Listen to me. You're not strain yourself anymore. it have

many eyes and ears at but don't listen to me they'll report it back to me. Then, I'll If that

happens, I'll just enjoy the free food at your birthday

won't give you a birthday present. Hmph!"

stood beside her, could not help but smile fondly.

Bella could not be cuter than when she pretended to be angry, because she would stick her nose in the

air and pout.

Celeste smiled gently and lightly pinched Bella's cheek. "What other birthday gift will be better than

having my family together?”

Celeste grew up in an orphanage. While singing in a drama troupe, she was discovered by a talent scout and signed on to a talent agency. That was how she stumbled her way into the entertainment industry and became an actress.

She came from a poor background and had a rough life. Compared to Wyatt Thompson’s other wives,

Celeste was not of noble birth, like Mila Larson. Neither was she like Sasha Jenkins, who had a terrifying

mob boss father to back her up.

Celeste always felt very insecure and unworthy of Wyatt, feeling even more undeserving of this family.

She only wanted to live quietly, humbly, and in a low-profile manner. She did not wish for anything but to keep the simple and happy life

she had now. She did not want to trouble anyone.

Bella choked up a little when she heard this.

Sigh, how she admired Wyatt.

Bella suddenly wanted to follow in her father’s footsteps and have

multiple partners.

It was just a shame that there were lots of good women, but good

men were few and far between. She was afraid that her partners

would turn out to be trash.

“Bella.”

A somewhat stern, baritone voice spoke.

Bella quickly looked back, only to see Asher walk down the white

marble stairs, wearing a black pastor’s robe and holding a Bible in his

left hand.

“Wasiber.”

Bella don’t be in a rush to leave just yet. I have something I want to taktovou about in private.”

In the tea room, Asher personally made a good cup of tea for his sister. The fragrance of the tea drifted

into the air and invigorated the

spirit

Bella propped her chin on her hands as she watched her brother demonstrate his tea-making skills with fascination. He was as elegant and charming as a prince.

It was hard to imagine the kind of woman who could be worthy of her eldest brothers.

"Bella, are you interested in Christopher Iverson?" Asher gently pushed the cup of tea towards Bella and asked calmly.

"Huh?!" Bella was stunned by this sudden question and nearly dropped the cup of tea that she had just picked up.

"I'm asking you a serious question."

"No! No way in hell!" Bella was resolute as she shook her head repeatedly.

"Then don't get too close to him from now on." Asher picked up his cup of tea and sipped on it gracefully.

"Uh, he came looking for me first. I never approached him."

"So you're not accepting him, but you're not rejecting him either? Are you a player?" Asher mocked in a warm tone.

“What do you mean, Asher? How am I being a player? And who says that about their own sister?!”

Bella flushed angrily.

“Bella, if you don’t like him, you have to draw a clear line with him. The way you’re acting is giving

Christopher Iverson the wrong impression that he has a chance with you.”