

Heiress 811

Chapter 811

Bethany thought Zoe must be out of her mind to say such boastful words.

Justin was the president of the Salvador Corporation, holding all the power and influence in his hands.

Not even Gregory could change his mind. What could the Hoffman family possibly do?

However, there was no need for her to mention all these. Bethany would quietly watch as the Hoffman family fussed around, waiting for them to become Savrow's laughingstock.

"Fine. As long as you're happy. I'll wish you a happy marriage with my brother in advance!" Bethany covered her throbbing face, sounding reluctant.

"Oh, do you remember the guy you mentioned before? Mayor

Solloway's son? You said he was interested in you, but you weren't, so he didn't make it." Zoe suddenly changed the topic.

Mayor Solloway's son? Bethany remembered him.

Her mother had brought her to a golf club to meet Mayor Solloway and his wife. It was an attempt to set her up with Mayor Solloway's son.

However, Mayor Solloway and his wife did not show interest in her. That ridiculous woman even wanted to meet her foolish sister, which was extremely distasteful.

To save her pride, she boasted to Zoe that the Solloway family was satisfied with her, but she rejected their marriage proposal because she thought she could find someone better.

“Yeah. Why? Why are you suddenly bringing him up?” Bethany huffed.

“Nothing. It’s just that he is pursuing me now.” Zoe chuckled smugly.

Bethany was stunned and sneered. “You’re about to marry the president of the Salvador Corporation. Would you even be interested in a mayor’s son?”

“Of course, I’m devoted to Justin, so I rejected him. However, he said he really likes me and is willing to do anything for me, and I mean anything!” Zoe’s laughter became wicked and eerie.

“What do you mean? What are you planning?” Bethany sensed Zoe’s underlying tone and questioned.

“I want him to marry Carrie.”

Bethany took a sharp breath. What a crazy woman! How could she demand something so bizarre from her admirer?

How did the Hoffman family raise such a lunatic?!

“After all, you’re Carrie’s sister. It’s inconvenient for me to step in, so

I’ll need you to help facilitate this marriage.”

Zoe laughed cunningly. “The Hoffman family is wealthy and powerful. If it were anyone else proposing marriage, my brother would never give up on Carrie. I could only break off any possibility of them being together if Carrie married into a political family like the Solloways.”

What a scheming woman!

“Ha, I’ve helped you before, but how did you repay me? I still remember how you almost sent me to jail!”

Bethany’s eyes reddened in anger. She accidentally pulled the wound on her face and broke out into a cold sweat. “Now, you want me to help you again. Why should I?”

“I’m about to become your sister-in-law. Isn’t it important to have a good relationship with me?”

Zoe lazily said, “Furthermore, Carrie snatched away the man you love. Don’t you want revenge?”

Besides me, who could help you?”

Bethany’s heart skipped a beat.

She recalled the brutal beating she received from Ryan's bodyguard. Her eyes were filled with angry tears and she clenched her fists tightly.

She thought, 'Ryan, I love you so much; but you don't even treat me like a human! I have no choice but to take away what you hold dear so that you can experience my pain!

"What do you want me to do? Just say it!"

While the Salvadors and Hoffmans were in chaos, something happened in the Iverson family as well, shrouding the family in gloom.

Just two nights ago, Charles got into a car accident in the heavy rain on the way home after meeting his friends.

Chapter 812

The driver died on the spot, and the bodyguard sitting in the passenger seat was still in the emergency room, but his chances of survival were slim.

Charles sat in the back, narrowly escaping death as the collision point was at the front of the car. His face was almost disfigured from the shattered glass shards, and his head was covered in blood.

However, he permanently lost both his legs due to a comminuted fracture.

Lance consulted surgeons all over the country, but none of them could make Charles stand up again!

The family sat in the living room, each with gloomy expressions.

Astrid sobbed. While it was unsure whether her tears were sincere, the emotions were there. "How could it be? That road was so smooth. Charles always took that route. How did the accident happen?"

The air felt heavy.

Christopher sat at the side, as if it had nothing to do with him, and crossed his legs. He gracefully drank coffee and remarked, "Even if he takes that route daily, it doesn't decrease the chances of an accident.

These are two different matters, Astrid."

Astrid wiped her tears with a napkin, glancing at Christopher with a dark gaze. "Charles got into a severe accident, but you sound quite happy. Did you finally get what you wanted?"

"Not really."

Christopher put down his cup and adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses." I'm just an emotionally stable person. I don't need to cry here as if Charles had already died."

"You!" Astrid's eyes reddened, and she trembled with anger.

"Enough! You've been fighting since you were children. Don't you get sick of it?! Astrid, Charles is lying

in the hospital, but you can't think of a way to help him. You're just causing trouble! Do you think our family isn't chaotic enough?" Lance slammed his fist on the sofa's armrest.

After a scolding, Astrid shivered, stopped crying, and glared fiercely at Christopher.

Christopher thought about it and said slowly, "Dad, I have an idea that might help Charles' legs."

Everyone focused their attention on him.

Lance's eyes lit up. He leaned forward. "Christopher! Tell me quickly!"

"Bella has another identity as an outstanding surgeon. She recently performed an extremely challenging brain surgery for Justin Salvador. She's known as Dr. Brown in the medical field."

James suddenly raised his head, staring coldly at Christopher's calm face, and gritted his teeth.

"Perhaps I could ask Bella if she's willing to help. If a renowned surgeon like her could perform surgery on Charles, he might have a slim chance to regain movement," Christopher suggested sincerely.

"What!? Bella is also a surgeon? She did brain surgery for Justin, too?"

"Is this real?" Lance felt that it was unbelievable.

The girl he had watched grow up was noble and prestigious, but how could she have such exceptional

medical skills?

If it were true, an outstanding woman like Bella should be his daughter -in-law!

“Of course. I’m not the only one who knows. It’s just that Bella likes to keep a low profile.”

“Great... That’s great!”

Lance finally had a glimmer of hope. His gaze at Christopher turned from coldness to excitement and

praise. “Christopher, come with me to Hatchbay tomorrow. We’ll plead for Bella to help Charles!”

“Sure, Dad.” Christopher agreed readily.

“Christopher, you’ve always been close to Bella. Even if she doesn’t care about me, she should agree

to help for your sake, right?” Lance even spoke gently to this son he had always looked down upon.

“She is a kind doctor. Even without me, I believe she would lend a helping hand.” Christopher smiled

humbly.

Lance flattered him, yet he did not act arrogant. Instead, he appeared modest.

Lance nodded approvingly. James took in their interaction and gritted his teeth.

After the family meeting, Christopher happily headed toward his room.

“Stop.”

Chapter 813

A cold and hostile voice came from behind. Christopher halted his steps and narrowed his eyes, turning around while yawning.

“James, is there anything you need? It’s getting late. I’d like to rest.”

“Christopher, you’re quite good at acting. Your plan to achieve two goals at once is also impressive.”

James stepped forward, staring at him sharply.

“Huh?” Christopher tilted his head as if he did not understand.

“You orchestrated Charles’ accident, didn’t you?” James stopped beating around the bush and confronted him directly.

“Huh?” Christopher continued to feign ignorance.

“You sent someone to crash into his car, but you didn’t kill him. Instead, you crippled him.”

James, being smart, had seen through Christopher’s vicious intentions. “Then, you presented an idea to Dad, recommending Ms.

Bella, just so you could have his approval and show your capability to share his burden. Christopher, you’re indeed a cunning monster!”

Christopher's long fingers adjusted his glasses. He raised his chin slightly and suddenly burst into laughter.

His laughter echoed through the empty hallway, making James feel a chill crawling down his spine.

"James, how could you be the Iverson Group's chairman? With your story-writing skills, you'd flourish as a writer. You wouldn't have been suppressed by Justin and Asher in the business field for so many years!" Christopher clutched his chest and laughed.

James gritted his teeth. "Christopher!"

"What does Charles' accident have to do with me? If you insist, then there's nothing I could do or say."

After that, Christopher turned around and left.

James pulled out his phone with a gloomy gaze and pressed on the screen, ending the recording.

Back in his room, Christopher took off his coat and had a bath. Then he sat on the sofa with a glass of red wine.

How delightful.

Sometimes, making someone wish that they were dead was more exhilarating than actually killing

them.

Someone knocked on the door. Taylor walked in and locked the door behind him.

“Mr. Christopher, you’re looking for me?”

“Did you handle everything properly?” Christopher sipped on his wine.

“Yes. The truck driver will take all the blame. He will not utter a word about the truth.”

“Good. Tomorrow, I’ll go to Hatchbay with Lance to convince Bella to treat Charles.”

“Huh? Why? How did Chairman Iverson know...?”

“It was my suggestion.”

Taylor was shocked. “Mr. Christopher, why do you want to save Charles? What if Ms. Bella really is that good of a surgeon and heals him?”

“How is that possible? She’s a surgeon, not a god.” Christopher mockingly laughed.

He had personally crippled Charles’ legs, and his bones were so shattered that it was impossible to piece them back together.

“proposed it, putting aside my past grievances to save Charles.

Lance will remember my kindness. Even if Bella can’t heal him, Lance will be grateful to me.”

“Smart!” Taylor was enlightened.

“So what if he’s Lance’s beloved son?”

Christopher stood up and went to the window, swaying his glass. His gaze was darker than the night.

“Wyatt would never marry his daughter to a cripple.”

“In the end, I will become Lance’s only hope.”

Chapter 814

Lance, desperate to save his son, immediately dialed Wyatt that night to confirm that he and Bella were

home. The next day, he rushed to

Hatchbay with Christopher.

“Wyatt! Wyatt! Please save my son!”

Lance cried out anxiously as soon as he stepped into the house, abandoning his image in front of his

old friend.

Wyatt and Mila greeted him immediately.

Looking at Lance’s disheveled and haggard appearance, Wyatt secretly chuckled.

This old geezer had tried to compete in handsomeness with him for a lifetime. He finally could not hold

up his image!

“Chairman Iverson, what happened to you?” Mila was shocked to see him in such a distraught state.

Lance strode toward them, but due to his age, his footsteps were shaky.

He tripped, lunged forward, and bowed to Wyatt and Mila.

Wyatt and Mila were speechless while Lance rubbed his aching muscles.

“Dad! Are you alright?” Christopher quickly helped Lance up, trying to suppress his laughter.

This old man’s love for his second son, Charles, was indeed

Chapter 815

At this moment, Charles was still unconscious. He should have awakened by now, but the doctor was

afraid he could not handle the shock and increased his dosage of anesthesia.

An hour later, Bella came out with the hospital director and two other surgeons, looking solemn.

“Bella, how’s Charles’ condition?” Lance immediately went forward.

The other Iverson family members, secretaries, and bodyguards surrounded her.

Bella frowned and said, after a moment of silence, “Uncle Lance, I’m not optimistic about Charles’ legs.

His fracture was severe, and it’s challenging to even connect the bones with metal nails, given the

extent of comminution. The chance for a full recovery is zero, and the probability of him standing up again is not even 20%.”

The Iversons were shocked.

Fortunately, Astrid and James were holding Lance, or the old man would have probably fainted on the spot.

Only Christopher leaned against the wall in a corner that nobody paid attention to. His glasses reflected a cold light as he curled his lips.

“Ms. Bella! Even if there’s only a one percent chance, please save my brother!” James spoke anxiously.

“Of course. Since I’m here, I’ll do my best.”

Bella’s eyes shone with hesitation.

Lance sensed that she wanted to say something. He asked nervously,

“Bella, if you have anything to say, just say it!”

“Uncle Lance, are you sure Charles’ legs were crushed in the accident?”

Bella's serious question left the Iversons shocked.

Only two people were calm with unfathomable looks. They were James and Christopher.

"Bella, what do you mean?" Lance questioned.

"I've treated countless fracture patients. With my experience, I could determine the cause of the injury through an examination. I could even guess what object caused it."

Bella halted, lowering her voice. "I don't think this is from a car accident. There are signs of foul play.

He might've been beaten by a heavy object like a metal bar."

As her words fell, Christopher's gaze darkened, and his face turned as pale as snow.

"Ms. Bella, do you mean that someone attacked my brother after his car crashed?"

James glanced in Christopher's direction, pretending to be worried. "If so, it seems that Charles' accident was also intentional, right?"

Intentional?!

The crowd was shocked.

"Dad! Look! I've said it's weird that Charles suddenly got into a car crash. I was right!" Astrid yelled angrily.

Lance's eyes widened as his expression sank.

"I don't know if someone intentionally caused the crash. I'm only stating some problems I noticed as a doctor. An hour later, I will perform surgery on Charles. It will be a long process, so you don't need to wait here, Uncle Lance. Go home or rest at the KS World Hotel since it's near. When the surgery is finished, I will inform you immediately," Bella suggested considerately.

"I'm not tired. I will wait here!"

Lance was increasingly favorable to his future daughter-in-law.

No matter what, he would make Bella marry into the Iverson family!

The surgery was longer than expected, starting from 1:00 p.m. and continuing until 9:00 p.m.

Finally, the lights in the operating room went out.

Bella walked out with the help of an assistant. After standing for several hours, her surgical gown had been drenched in sweat, and she had used countless towels to wipe her sweat. Her legs were even trembling.

Fortunately, her young body was able to withstand it.

“Bella!”

Christopher was the first to rush to her side, gently supporting her weak body. “You’ve worked hard.

You must be exhausted.”

“I’m alright. The surgery is most important...”

Bella suddenly felt her head spin. Her body trembled, and she could not stand steadily.

“Bella, be careful!” Afraid that she would collapse, Christopher put his arms around her waist, holding

her in place.

Chapter 816

When the Iversons saw this scene, they looked at each other with a knowing gaze.

Bella seemed intimate with Christopher. Perhaps they should expect good news from them soon.

However, Christopher’s status in the Iverson family did not seem to match Bella’s status.

“I’m fine.” Bella took a deep breath and gently freed herself from Christopher’s arms. She did not want

to give the wrong impression in front of so many people.

Christopher’s hands awkwardly hung in the air as his fingers curled inward stiffly.

At this moment, Lance rushed over, followed by his secretary and others.

“Bella, what’s the situation?”

“Uncle Lance, I’ve done all I could.”

Bella wiped off the beads of sweat on her forehead and panted helplessly. “Charles’ legs were damaged too severely. I could only save his left leg.”

“What about the right leg?!”

“We had to amputate it.”

Her words struck Lance like lightning and left him in the darkness.

“It’s okay, child. I know you did your best. At least we were able to save one of his legs. Your contribution is invaluable.”

“Also, Charles woke up when the surgery was nearing its end. He said someone broke his leg.” Bella did not hide this detail from them.

Lance was stunned, quickly questioning, “Who?! Who did it?”

“You’ll have to ask Charles for the specifics after he’s stabilized.”

Bella’s surgical skills were superb, and the surgery was considered smooth. The news that she managed to salvage one of Charles’ legs quickly spread throughout the hospital. It was nothing short of

a miracle.

Charles was moved to a VIP ward, and his family went in to accompany him, except for Christopher.

He sat with Bella on the bench outside, giving her a cup of coffee.

“Bella, you must be thirsty. Have this coffee.”

“Thank you.” Bella took it and gazed at Christopher, her tired eyes hiding inexplicable emotions.

“I should be thanking you. Thank you for saving my brother’s leg.

Although he would face inconvenience moving around, it’s much better to use prosthetics than sit in a wheelchair for the rest of his life.” Christopher’s expression was sincere.

“Chris.” Bella suddenly asked calmly “Did you do it?”

Christopher’s heart skipped a beat. “What?”

“Nothing.”

Bella stopped pursuing further and stood up slowly. “I’m hungry. I’m gonna get something to eat.”

“I’ll go with you.”

Naturally, Christopher could not leave her alone and stood up with her.

Suddenly, Bella rubbed her temples, feeling her vision blacking out with a slight nausea. Her body shook, about to fall.

As she did not eat much the whole day, Bella nearly fainted.

Fortunately, Christopher reacted quickly and grabbed her weak body the moment she fell backward.

“Bella...”

“Anna?!”

Bella narrowed her eyes when she heard the familiar and friendly voice calling out to her. She turned her head slowly.

The next second, a chill ran down her spine.

Not far away, Nigel looked stunned, appearing before her eyes while sitting in a wheelchair.

The man pushing the wheelchair was tall and broad, looking at her with a cold gaze.

It was Justin.

Chapter 817

The spacious hallway suddenly became quiet and oppressive. Seeing Bella in Christopher’s arms, leaning softly into his embrace, Justin felt a pang of pain in his heart. His eyes reddened.

In the days without him, their relationship seemed to have progressed rapidly.

Justin felt increasingly bitter as he thought about it. He lowered his eyes and stopped looking at Bella, gripping the handles of Nigel's wheelchair tightly.

"Bella, you've just finished an extremely tough surgery. You're exhausted and need to rest now."

Christopher was aware of Nigel and Justin, but he did not avoid them, keeping his focus on Bella. He looked at her affectionately. "I'll send you home."

"Grandpa Nigel?"

Bella ignored Christopher's gentle advances and walked toward Nig with a worried face. She kneeled on one knee and held his wrinkly hands. "Grandpa Nigel, why did you come to the hospital? Is there something wrong with your health?"

Justin pursed his lips, feeling bitter. A man of his size stood here, but

Bella acted as if she could not see him at all. It looked like she only had eyes for Christopher.

"Child, I'm fine. It's a chronic illness. My heart was aching, so Justin insisted on bringing me to the hospital this late at night." Nigel still looked at Bella dotingly.

"Grandpa Nigel, you can't neglect your health. You need to listen to me and undergo regular check-

ups." Bella was still worried.

"Anna, is this..." Nigel scrutinized Christopher with a meaningful gaze.

"Old Master Nigel, I'm Christopher Iverson." Christopher stepped forward and bowed politely.

"Oh, I remember you. I saw you at Celeste's birthday banquet. You are Chairman Iverson's youngest son." Nigel praised out of courtesy, "You look handsome and talented!"

Nigel thought about how close Christopher looked to Bella just now and felt displeased. They probably had a special relationship.

Moreover, Nigel was sensitive enough to notice the tension between Bella and Justin. They looked even more awkward than they did when they had just divorced.

What should he do?

Nigel wanted to pull Bella aside for a chat when a sharp voice sounded.

"Grandpa, how are you feeling?"

Bella raised her eyes and saw Zoe running toward them like a gush of wind, only wearing her pajamas.

Two bodyguards followed closely behind her but did not dare to get too close.

Nigel's mouth twitched when he saw Zoe, and he glared at Justin fiercely.

Justin's brows furrowed, and he looked at Zoe coldly. "Why did you come?"

"I heard that Grandpa was sick, so I couldn't fall asleep and sneaked out to visit Grandpa."

Zoe's cheeks were red as she spoke. Her messy hair, pajamas, and slippers proved how worried she was about Nigel.

"Miss, are you Ryan's sister?" Nigel asked with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

"Yes, Grandpa. I'm Zoe." Zoe intertwined her fingers nervously and blushed.

It was her first time meeting Nigel. In the future, she would marry into the Salvador family, and her current appearance was indeed inappropriate.

However, she thought this anxious look would highlight her concern for Nigel, making it less significant to care about her attire.

"Ms. Hoffman..."

"Grandpa, just call me Zoe."

Chapter 818

Zoe bent down, putting on an attentive expression. "Justin and I will stay by your side tonight. If you're

hospitalized, I will stay with you at the hospital, no matter how many days!”

Justin frowned deeper, looking displeased.

Bella noticed his expression. This rascal was different from the other big shots in the sense that he wore his dislike for someone on his face. With his bad temper and low emotional intelligence, Justin could only achieve success through sheer capability.

When she first married Justin, he showed her this unpleasant expression every day.

Was he unsatisfied with Zoe?

Bella turned her gaze away, not bothering to take another glance at him.

Even if he was unsatisfied now, he must have been satisfied when he knocked on Zoe’s hotel room door.

“Ms. Hoffman, I’ve undergone an examination, and it’s nothing big. I can go home now.”

Nigel even called Ryan by name, but he addressed Zoe as “Ms.

Hoffman,” showing his indifference. “Ms. Hoffman, do you want to accompany me to the hospital every day? It seems like you wish I’d never leave the hospital.”

He seemed to be joking, but in Zoe’s ears, it sounded sarcastic. She felt embarrassed.

She had heard Bethany complain about her grandfather long ago, saying that he was a foolish old geezer. Instead of doting on his own granddaughter, Nigel treated Bella like the apple of his eye. He disagreed with Bella and Justin's divorce and even gave Bella their family heirloom.

Fortunately, Rosalind smashed the family heirloom.

That bitch ultimately did one good thing before she disappeared for good.

"No, Grandpa, I didn't mean that." Zoe panicked and cast a pitiful glance at Justin.

Justin did not even look at her in the eye, cutting off all the signals Zoe sent him.

"Ms. Hoffman, thanks for your concern, but it's enough that Justin and Bella are here for me. It's late and unsafe for a lady like you to roam around outside. I saw your bodyguards with you, so get them to send you home." Nigel's attitude was gentle, not holding a grudge against a young girl.

However, Zoe's expression turned ashen. She looked pissed off.

This old geezer did not accept her goodwill or even offer to let Just send her home. He was clearly telling her to leave the way she came How evil!

She swore to send this old geezer to a nursing home the moment she married into the Salvador family.

Then, she would bribe the caregivers to mistreat him, not letting him eat or drink!

“Anna! Anna, come here!” Nigel’s expression changed, and he waved at Bella happily, ignoring Zoe.

“Yes, Grandpa Nigel.”

Bella resented Justin, but she did not want to make Nigel unhappy, so she walked to him obediently.

Looking at how the usually swift and decisive woman walked toward Nigel obediently, Justin thought

about the time he had just married her three years ago.

A soft part of his heart was moved.

Once upon a time, she liked everything about him, but he did not know his own feelings and was bad at

expressing them.

But so what?

Behind Justin’s dark gaze was a man laden with scars.

“Anna, will you come home with me and Justin? Stay at Crescent Bay tonight.”

Nigel softly stroked Bella’s hair. Afraid that she would feel res he added, “My house is big and has

many rooms. You can live room next to mine.”

Chapter 819

“I’ll make this rascal cook you breakfast tomorrow and prepare your bath tonight! Matt can take a rest for two days, so Justin will handle all the household chores!”

Justin pursed his lips, his brows twitching.

He could prepare her bathwater, but cooking? Nigel must have thought he had too much time to live.

“Grandpa Nigel, I...” Bella hesitated, her eyes flickering.

Just as she tried to form her words, Christopher suddenly stepped

forward. His lips curled up, forming a gentle smile that the older generation would love. “Old Master Nigel, I’m afraid Bella can’t

accompany you tonight.”

“Why?” Nigel frowned.

Christopher sighed, looking at Bella’s weary face with affection and distress. “Bella performed a challenging surgery on my brother today

and stood for almost ten hours. She was exhausted and almost

fainted when she came out of the operating room.”

“What?!” Nigel was stunned and leaned forward.

Justin was also shocked, his heart twisting.

How unreasonable and unbelievable! A mix of emotions made

Justin’s gaze complicated.

It turned out that she had just performed a major surgery. No wonder

she looked tired. Her complexion was not great either, as if she were

sick.

Justin’s jaw stiffened, and his lips slowly parted.

He wanted to say something, but his words were stuck in his throat,

and he could not get them out.

What was he feeling awkward about? Why was he hesitating?

“So I’m going to bring Bella home now. My house is further down the road from Bella’s villa, so we’ll go together.”

Christopher hovered his arms around Bella’s shoulder without directly touching her, showing his gentlemanly side in front of the Salvadors.” Old Master Nigel, I know you like Bella and care about her. But Bella divorced Justin. Even an outsider like me thinks it’s inappropriate for her to live in your house

under the same roof as Justin. If you really care about Bella, you should've considered her feelings a bit more."

His words were humble and calm, but they lit a fire in Nigel's heart. Even Justin's eyes were filled with anger.

How dare this brat speak to him like this? How dare he be so

arrogant?!

Justin frowned and was about to retort with a cold face when Bella said, "Chris, Grandpa Nigel is my family. Everything he does is for my sake. Don't say such words again."

"Oh! Old Master Nigel! I didn't expect to meet you here. What a

coincidence!"

The crowd glanced at the source of the voice. It was Lance, hurrying

toward them with his secretary.

A trace of surprise flashed across Bella's eyes.

Chairman Iverson was just crying over his beloved son becoming disabled not long ago, yet here he is now, talking and laughing like a

different person.

Bella could understand it. After all, the Salvadors and Iversons were

business rivals, so Lance would never show his fragile side in front of his enemy.

“Lance, I heard about Charles’ accident. Is he okay?” Nigel asked with concern.

“Charles got into a car crash. At first, his situation was not optimistic.”

Lance turned around and looked at Bella gratefully. “But Bella’s magical hands had helped Charles through his hardship! Others may not know how to cherish her, but that’s not something I can do anything about. Bella is a lucky star for the Iverson family! I’m good. friends with Wyatt, so I naturally treat Bella as my own daughter!”

Chapter 820

Everyone present could sense the hidden edge in his words.

Lance had long found out that Bella had divorced once, and her

former husband was Justin.

At that time, he indignantly thought that it was such a pity.

It was ridiculous enough for Bella to marry a Salvador, and to make things worse, Justin was an illegitimate son. She was undermining herself. Lance thought that his sons, even Christopher, would still be

a better candidate than Justin.

“Uncle Lance, are you thirsty? I’ll treat you to coffee.” Bella’s expression was a little awkward after hearing Lance’s words.

She knew Lance had a good relationship with Wyatt, but he did not need to say such words to Grandpa Nigel.

“Bella, I’m not thirsty! I haven’t showered you with enough praise!”

Lance was oblivious to Bella’s intentions.

Bella was speechless, while Zoe gritted her teeth in resentment with a gloomy face.

Why did all the big shots in Savrow have to dance in this wretched woman’s palm? Were all the other women in this world dead?

Justin stared at Bella sharply, his heart hurting as much as how cold his gaze was.

“Your own daughter? Lance, I guess you really like daughters. One daughter isn’t enough for you. You even want to acknowledge another one, huh?”

Nigel did not let go of the loophole in Lance's words. "It's different for

1. I want a granddaughter-in-law, and it could only be Bella. Anyone

else can dream on!"

Bella was shocked.

Christopher smiled, but his hands, placed behind Bella, curled into

fists. He was filled with discontent.

Zoe felt a buzz in her head. An overwhelming sense of humiliation

and embarrassment tugged at her heart.

She should not have come tonight. She should have hidden at home

and waited for her mother and grandfather to settle things for her by

forcing Justin to marry her.

If she took action, it would only bring humiliation and shame.

Lance's smile froze, and he wanted to retort, but Justin stepped in at

this moment.

“Grandpa, I’ve divorced Ms. Thompson for half a year. She has moved

1. Your actions will put her in a difficult spot.”

The hallway suddenly became quiet.

Bella felt a dull throb in her heart, but she smiled in relief.

There was nothing to regret. It was not the first time Justin had given

up on her.

All the vows a man made to a woman were lies. How many men

could pursue the same woman for a lifetime? How many men could

love the same woman for a lifetime?

Not even Wyatt could do it.

Bella thought of her filthy-rich father who had a love history that

would put King Henry VIII to shame.

“Brat! What nonsense are you saying?” Nigel glared at his grandson, forcing the words out of his teeth.

If not for the crowd around them, he would have gotten up to slap

Justin!

“Mr. Salvador, it seems that you have moved on as well. Moving forward would be the best ending for Bella and Justin. Isn’t that right, Old Master Nigel?” Christopher chuckled.