

## Heiress 831

### Chapter 831

“Bella, there’s something I’m not sure if I should say…”

“Then don’t say it.” Bella already knew what Drew was about to say,

and it was definitely not something pleasant.

Bella felt bitter. “Because of me, Justin is dealing with severe

complications in his brain. It’s affecting his nervous system, and I

don’t know what awaits him in the future. He could have seizures or

even be paralyzed.”

Drew’s eyebrows furrowed upon hearing this.

“I don’t want to have anything to do with him anymore, but I don’t

want to owe him anything either,” Bella admitted, her gaze meeting Drew’s. Her eyes were clear and cold, yet it was also heartbreaking

“I’m not trying to save him. I just want to redeem myself.”

The air in the living room became even heavier.

In an attempt to lighten the atmosphere, Axel interjected, "Hey Ash, that Arnold guy... Is he really a man?"

"Yes," Asher replied curtly.

Axel pressed further. "How does it feel to hold him?"

Asher remained silent, not bothering to entertain his twin.

Drew couldn't resist teasing him. "Ax, I thought you were a decent man. Turns out you have a unique taste, huh?"

He continued, "Ax, if you have such needs in the future, you should have said so earlier. Bella, why bother sending me for this task? You should have made Axel go. He's dying to do it!"

"What are you thinking, you brat?!"

Axel widened his eyes, wanting to kick this younger brother of his. "

It's just that I've never

a little curious! What if bch

a good-looking man before, so fu

shemale?"

Bella sighed, massaging her forehead. "Ax, your imagination is truly something."

Drew teased. "Which normal, straight man would be so curious about

other men?"

Axel shot back. "That means I'm still young. Only old people lose their curiosity!"

The banter between the brothers continued, and the night concluded with their bickering.

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The next day, Arnold slept in until noon due to his jet lag.

As soon as he opened his sleepy eyes, he heard a steady knock on his door.

Chapter 832

Initially, Arnold was reluctant to open the door. But the person outside was knocking persistently and patiently, never stopping.

Annoyed, Arnold sprang up from the bed, walked to the door with an angry expression, and yanked the door open. "What's the matter? You're so noisy!"

To his surprise, Asher stood at the door in a suit and leather shoes, greeting him with a gentle smile. "Mr. Larson, did you sleep well last night?"

“It’s alright, just a little lonely. After all, there is no one to cuddle with in bed.” Arnold’s words were all self-indulgent, venting his anger at being kidnapped.

“Can I come in?” Asher asked.

Arnold pursed his lips and stepped aside, allowing him to enter. They walked to the living room, just outside the bedroom.

Arnold was already treating the place as his own home, sprawling on the sofa. His fair legs crossed and rested on the coffee table.

He glanced toward Asher, who was sitting upright. “What’s so urgent that you’re here so early in the morning, cousin?”

It was only then that he noticed that there was a medical kit on the coffee table.

“I noticed you were injured yesterday, so I brought you some  
medicine.”

Arnold raised his eyebrows slyly and leaned closer to him. “Have you  
ever heard of the saying that there’s no such thing as a free lunch?”

Asher, feeling the tension, met Arnold’s gaze. “What are you trying to  
say?”

“Are you here on Bella’s orders to deliberately please me, or are you

really concerned about the injury on my foot?" Arnold asked. His

voice did not match his feminine appearance, but it still carried a

seductive charm.

"You are Bella's guest and also Aunt Mila's nephew. This is the least I

should do." Asher lowered his eyelids again.

"Hah! You really are the CEO of a big corporation. You know all the

right things to say."

Just then, a knock interrupted the moment.

Bella's sweet voice came from outside. "Ash? Are you inside? Is Dr

Larson awake? I've made lunch."

"Yes," Asher responded, smiling faintly. "Are you hungry? Bella is an excellent cook. But there aren't many people that she would personally cook for. Shall we go and have a taste of Bella's cooking?"

Initially, Arnold wanted to refuse, but the growl from his stomach betrayed him.

"Forget it! Since I'm here, I might as well eat my fill first. Anything else can come afterward,"

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