

Heiress 833

Chapter 833

Bella took Arnold out to lunch at the dining hall. Meanwhile, Asher

headed back to his room and locked the door behind him.

Asher went to the study and sat at his desk. The perpetual smile on

his face slowly stiffened, and his fingers worked to loosen his tie and unbutton his collar. With each button undone, he felt a little more at

ease.

A silver cross dangled out of his shirt, shining with a dim light.

As Asher closed his eyes and took a deep breath, his mind wandered

away from Arnold's face, and another person's image flashed before

him.

At the restaurant, Bella had whipped up a spread of delicious dishes

for Arnold.

Although it had been a long time since she had cooked, her skills hadn't dulled one bit. In fact, her cooking skills were so exquisite that

even the family's chef wanted to learn a few tricks from her.

Arnold's stomach rumbled as he eyed the mouth-watering spread on

the table.

"It's just some simple food, Dr. Larson. Please give it a taste," Bella encouraged, a smile playing on her lips.

But Arnold was a man with a principle. He couldn't be swayed by a mere meal. He took a deep breath and looked coldly at Bella. "Ms.

Thompson, although you are my aunt's beloved daughter, your status

holds little value to me."

He continued, "I made it clear on the phone before. I don't treat the rich. Justin is the president of the Salvador Corporation. He has plenty of doctors lined up to kiss up to the Salvador family. They will do everything they can to treat him. I'm not needed. I am a man of my word. If I say no, no one can change my mind. You'd better not waste

your energy."

Bella wondered. 'Hmm? Did Ash not treat him well enough?'

She calmly met his gaze, unfazed. She knew that men had a common

weakness-pride and the desire to win.

Bella picked up her teacup, took a sip of tea, and said casually, "Dr. Larson, I know you're a highly skilled doctor and are very confident with your medical skills. You have never failed in your medical career,

and not even once have you had a failed surgery. As long as you take over a patient, you can guarantee a 100% chance of recovery. But that's because you only take on patients with a guaranteed chance of recovery, right?"

Chapter 834

The atmosphere immediately became tense.

Arnold's eyes widened, as if he had heard something extremely

hurtful to his self-esteem. His face flushed with anger, and it took

him a moment to respond. "Huh?"

"Dr. Larson, have you been in Meridan for too long that your English has regressed? Do you want me to translate that into French for you?"

Bella's beautiful eyes hid a hint of cunning, and her smile carried an

invisible pressure, suppressing Arnold's free-spirited soul. Few

women could pull off such a commanding smile.

Arnold asked through gritted teeth. "Are you saying that I didn't

accept him as a patient because I couldn't cure Justin's illness? Is that what you're implying?"

"Is there any other explanation?" Bella shrugged.

"What a joke!" Arnold slammed the table in frustration. "Ms.

Thompson, have you been out of the country for too long? Don't you

know that my reputation in Meridan is even greater than that of Dr

Brown? I have solved countless difficult and complicated cases in my medical career, and I lost count of how many people I have saved

from the brink of death. Even the Grim Reaper takes a backseat when

I'm on duty. Saying my medical skills are not up to par is simply

insulting!"

Bella smiled without saying a word, quietly watching him get angry.

Suddenly, Arnold seemed to catch on. He leaned back, squinting at

her playfully. "Nice try, Ms. Thompson. That's a nice trick, but I'm not buying it. I won't fall for your schemes."

"You know, Dr. Larson, I always thought you were more open-

minded." Bella's tone held a mix of surprise and disappointment. "I mean, despite claiming that you don't treat the rich, you should know

that Mr. Salvador isn't just some rich guy. He's a well-known figure among the country's top entrepreneurs, and he has done a ton of charity work since taking over as the President of Salvador

Corporation. He has helped countless people through his foundation.

Surely, you've heard about all that, right?"

Bella added, "And yet, despite knowing all this, you still stick to your so

-called 'principles'. Don't you think you're being a bit too rigid and

inflexible?"

Even as she spoke, Bella couldn't help but be surprised by her own

words. It had been years since their divorce, yet she found herself defending Justin without hesitation.

Setting aside her emotions, it was a fact that Justin was undeniably

skilled. If one were to look past his emotional flaws, he could be said

to be almost perfect.

Otherwise, Bella wouldn't have silently loved him for so many year

without growing tired. When a woman feels both gratitude and

admiration for a man, there's no easy way out. Unfortunately for

Bella, she felt both for Justin.

That's why she has been obsessed for thirteen years.

"Ms. Thompson, it's pointless no matter what you say," Arnold insisted, though he seemed to be swayed by her words. "No matter

what you say, I won't give in. Just the fact that you used your brother to kidnap me back from abroad says it all. There is nothing to talk

about between us. You rely on your wealth and power and don't even

have the most basic respect for other people. I'm booking a ticket

back immediately, and if you dare to stop me, I'll call the police!"

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Just as Arnold was about to leave, Bella calmly took a sip of tea and

sighed softly, "Even Dr. Brown couldn't solve the problem. I thought

you were our only hope, but now..."

Arnold froze in his tracks, his eyes widening in shock. "Who? Who are you talking about?!"

"Dr Brown."

“You mean, Dr. Brown is treating Justin? That old doc is so unwise!” Arnold couldn’t help but sigh.

Bella, who was usually calm and collected, couldn’t contain her

excitement. She slapped the table suddenly and said, “Hey, don’t

insult her like that. Dr. Brown is not old at all!”

“I’m being respectful! Dr. Brown is my idol!” Arnold exclaimed with

admiration. “Although I haven’t seen her in person, in my mind, she’s

perfect in every way.”

Bella remained silent, listening intently.

“In our field, achieving Dr. Brown’s level of expertise and performing numerous high-profile surgeries would take at least thirty years! So what’s wrong with calling her an old doctor?”

Chapter 835

Bella rubbed her chin, mulling over the situation. ‘Looks like that’s a

done deal!’

If only Arnold knew that Bella, the mastermind behind his ‘kidnapping’

and the woman who insulted him and whom he disliked, was none

other than Dr. Brown, his idol. He would be beyond embarrassed by

his fanboy behavior. He might even want to bury himself alive!

”

“This is a man who even Dr. Brown has come to save. Do you still

question his character, Dr. Larson?” Bella asked with a calm smile,

By doing this, aren’t you questioning the character of your own idol?”

Although this statement was somewhat of a moral manipulation, at

this point, Bella felt she had to pull out all the stops to handle this

person.

Arnold pursed his lips, pulled up a chair, and slowly sat back down,

lost in thought.

“Okay, for the sake of Dr. Brown, I guess I’ll take a look at the case.”

Bella couldn’t hide her joy, but she maintained a subtle smile, “On

behalf of Dr. Brown, thank you.”

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After finally returning to the country, Drew didn't leave again, but he also couldn't sit still.

During the day, he slept soundly at home, and as soon as it got dark, he was eager to go out.

So Axel often teased him for being a nocturnal creature.

"If people don't know you, they'll think your work involves sneaking around, hiding during the day, and only coming out at night."

Drew invited Axel, Asher, and Bella out for a drink, but the two of them declined. Only Axel couldn't resist Drew's persistence, so he reluctantly agreed to accompany him.

After all, Drew seemed more like a younger brother when he was out drinking. But Axel made sure to secretly take some hangover supplements for the night out. Otherwise, his aging body couldn't handle it.

When the two arrived at the bar, they sought out a discreet booth to

avoid drawing too much attention.

However, the Thompson brothers' good looks were too hard to hide.

Their looks would kill even in the entertainment industry, not to

mention at a mere nightclub.

As a result, they couldn't enjoy themselves and were constantly approached by women asking for their phone numbers.

Axel was getting annoyed, but Drew found it amusing. He even suggested turning it into a drinking game.

Every time one of them was approached by a woman, the person

would have to take a shot. But they were evenly matched, and neither

emerged as the winner.

In the end, Drew couldn't take it anymore and said to the woman, "I

have a girlfriend."

The woman scoffed. "Yeah, right. I don't believe you. Why would two guys come out for drinks if they had girlfriends? You're obviously out looking for something."

She tried to cozy up to him, but Drew dodged skillfully, leaving her flustered. He whipped out his phone and showed her a photo of Bella.

“Here. This is my wife. Isn’t she beautiful?”

Axel nearly choked on his drink when he saw the photo.

“Tsk, what a joke.” The woman was full of jealousy and walked away with a huff.

Axel slammed his drink down and looked at him angrily. “Seriously, Drew? Who calls his sister their wife. That’s just plain wrong!”

“I have such a beautiful sister. Why should I hide her? Of course, I want everyone to see how beautiful she is,” Drew retorted, downing his drink in one go.

Suddenly, his eyes darkened, and he sneered. “Unlike a certain idiot in a suit! He had the most beautiful wife in the world at home, but he kept her hidden and cheated on her!”

Axel took a sip of his drink and asked, “Jerkface Justin?”

Chapter 836

“Which other idiot could it be if not him?” Drew sighed, lit a cigarette

between his lips, and shot Axel a resentful glare.

“I really don’t understand what Bella’s thinking. She’s already

divorced, and there are scandals everywhere about that jerk. Why

does she still have to go to such lengths to help him? She should just

let him be!”

Axel tried to comfort him. “Just think of it as Bella doing some

charity. Don’t take it too seriously.”

“Huh? Would Arnold be willing to treat Jerkface Justin?”

Axel remarked casually, “He would probably do it. I mean, there’s

nothing Bella can’t handle once she sets her mind to it.”

“Oh well. Since I don’t come back often, I can’t just leave without

doing anything,” Drew added, taking a deep drag of his cigarette. He

squinted his bright eyes and exhaled a smoke ring.

“How about this? I’ll sneak into the operating room and take the

opportunity to take care of Jerkface Justin.” Drew suggested, makin a slashing motion across his neck as he spoke.

Axel immediately shivered and exclaimed, “Hey, don’t mess around! If you dare touch Justin, Savrow will be turned upside down! Don’t make

it difficult for Bella and Dad!”

“Hehe, I’m just kidding.”

Drew gave Axel a pat on the shoulder before making his way toward

the crowded dance floor. He had a bit too much to drink and needed

to sober up.

Axel glanced at the packed dance floor, feeling a bit stifled. Since he

wasn’t fond of the smell of smoke, he decided to step out for some

fresh air.

The dance floor was alive with psychedelic lights, pulsating music, and the alluring movements of beautiful women. The atmosphere

was electric, sending adrenaline coursing through the crowd.

Drew danced closely with other women, a cigarette dangling from his

lips. While he had some skills on the dance floor, his style leaned

toward the ghetto side. If it weren't for his good looks, he might have

been mistaken for a rogue.

Suddenly, Drew caught a whiff of a fragrance that left his mind hazy.

Combined with the alcohol he had consumed, it momentarily left him

feeling confused and dazed.

Before he knew it, Drew found himself colliding with a warm, fragrant body, sending him stumbling backward.

Instinctively, he wrapped his arms around the woman's slender wa

their bodies pressed tightly together.

She smelled heavenly, and her body was irresistibly soft.

As the lights shifted, Drew squinted his eyes and looked down at the

person in his arms.

In an instant, Drew felt as though he had been struck by lightning. His fingers trembled with a tingling sensation as he held the woman's

waist.

“Bella?” Drew blurted it out instinctively.

But something wasn’t right. This woman could not have been Bella.

Bella didn’t have a mole on her eyebrow, nor would she ever wear this

type of sweet perfume.

Suddenly, Drew’s pupils contracted as his memory flashed back to

Meridan.

“Is it you?!” Drew exclaimed.

It was the woman he had encountered by chance in a foreign country.

She left an unforgettable impression on him.

“Do you know me, handsome? But I don’t know you,” Yvonne slurred,

her eyes cloudy from the alcohol. Her arms were wrapped around

Drew’s neck, and her warm breath tickled his neck. “But... I like your

direct way of approaching me.”

Chapter 837

Drew blinked his eyes frantically. He could feel his heart racing wildly. It was rare for his heart to beat so quickly, but the woman in his arms, with her restless eyes and limbs, stirred something within him.

It wasn't that he was attracted to her, but rather, this woman bore an

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uncanny resemblance to Bella. Holding onto this woman who was still trying to entice him, Drew found himself at a loss for words.

"Ugh, I feel like vomiting." Yvonne's eyes started to water as her delicate body began to slump.

The alcohol and vigorous dancing had taken a toll on her, leaving her stomach churning with unbearable pain. "Sir, can you help me out? I can't hold it in anymore."

If it had been any other woman, Drew would have surely pushed her away, far from him, to avoid being vomited on.

However, because of her resemblance to Bella, he couldn't bring himself to refuse. With a firm grip, he effortlessly lifted Yvonne's sof

waist and dutifully strode toward the restroom.

Everyone on the dance floor was left dumbfounded by the sight!

"Damn! That handsome guy is so strong! I wonder what it's like to be in his arms!"

"He's like the ultimate ideal boyfriend!"

"But hold up, don't you guys think the woman he's carrying looks a lot like... Bella Thompson, that heiress of the Thompson family? She's

“No way! You think it’s really her?! I noticed her as soon as she came in. That’s definitely Bella!”

“What’s she doing here, though? I mean, she’s like royalty, right?”

Wouldn’t she have a whole squad of bodyguards with her? After all,

her dad is Wyatt Thompson! I bet that girl is just a superfan of Bella. Maybe she even went for surgery to look like her.”

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Drew couldn’t possibly barge into the women’s restroom, so he took

Yvonne into the men’s restroom.

Unfortunately, there were two men in the middle of relieving

themselves inside. Seeing Drew and the woman come in, they were

unsure whether to finish up quickly or make a hasty retreat.

Drew kicked the door impatiently. “Done peeing? If you’re done, get

out!”

The two men hurriedly pulled up their pants and scurried away, quickly shutting the door behind them.

Yvonne leaned over the sink, vomiting violently, while Drew leaned against the wall, lighting a cigarette. Occasionally, he would glance

over at her.

Perhaps due to their brief interaction, Drew began to realize that this woman didn't resemble Bella as much as he had initially thought. After all, Bella possessed unparalleled beauty and charm that no other woman could match.

Once Yvonne had finished vomiting, she washed her face and rinsed

This face was so much like Bella's, carefully chosen for her by

Christopher.

Yvonne couldn't help but feel a sharp pain in her chest, so she gently

rubbed it and bit her lip with a bitter smile of self-mockery.

Drew's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Done vomiting? Feeling better

now?"

"Ah!" Yvonne let out a small scream, her eyes widening. It was as if

she didn't notice his presence next to her all along.

"What's wrong? I'm the one who brought you in here." Drew crossed his arms, casting a playful glance at her. "Earlier, some girl made me

bring her in here to vomit. After she's done, she's kicking me out. It

looks like I was just being used.”

“When did I ask you to bring me in here? This is the women’s restroom. You should leave immediately.” Yvonne responded. Her body was still swaying, but she kept her vigilance up.

As her mind cleared, she finally took in Drew’s tall, slender figure and sharp, handsome features. His clean eyebrows were slightly raised and his eyes held a playful demeanor, tinged with a lazy nonchalance that stirred no ripples.

Yvonne felt her cheeks flush, her heartbeat quickening slightly.

Chapter 838

Yvonne couldn’t believe that she was feeling a subtle attraction toward another man other than Christopher.

“Look around you. Does this look like the women’s restroom to you?”

Drew smirked, his lips curling. “You’re the one who should leave, miss.”

Yvonne’s face flushed even more at his remark, and she lowered her

gaze, ready to leave. But Drew suddenly grabbed her wrist, swiftly pulling her back.

Yvonne collided with his sturdy chest once again, sending shivers down her spine. Her heart raced even more.

Drew's deep gaze locked onto hers, a playful glint in his eyes."

Leaving so soon? You haven't even thanked me."

"T-Thank you." Yvonne stammered, her breath becoming erratic.

Drew's warm breath brushed against her nose, softening her icy

stare. "Has anyone ever told you that you resemble someone?"

Yvonne's heart raced, trying hard to break free, but Drew held her

tightly.

"You must be mistaken. I don't resemble anyone. I am just me."

She inexplicably felt timid and insecure, like an imposter. This face was Bella Thompson's, the one Christopher cherished so deeply.

"Alright, then tell me, who are you?" Drew's, penetrating gaze shifted

"Yvo-.."

Before Yvonne could finish her sentence, her phone rang. She pulled it

out and saw the caller ID on the screen, and her face immediately

drained of color.

With all her might, she struggled to break free from Drew's embrace

and dashed out of the door in a daze.

Drew's eyebrows shot up in curiosity, and he followed after her.

Yvonne didn't dare to leave through the front door openly but hurriedly left through the back door. As soon as she stepped out, a blinding spotlight hit her face, forcing her to shield her eyes with her arm,

unable to open them.

At that moment, a bodyguard approached her.

"Ms. Smith, the boss is waiting for you. Please come with me."

"Okay..."

At that moment, Yvonne was completely sober. With a tense

expression, she walked heavily toward the black luxury car, where

man she had longed for sat waiting.

But even with her beloved within arm's reach, she was in fear.

The car door opened, and Yvonne cautiously entered. As soon as the door closed, Christopher's clear yet angry voice pierced the darkness.

"What did I tell you? I told you not to return to Savrow without my command. Have you forgotten so quickly?"

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Iverson. Ah!"

The next moment, Yvonne felt her vision darken. A suffocating pain gripped her throat, making it impossible to breathe. Christopher's

eyes gleamed with coldness as he lunged forward, grabbing Yvonne's

neck and pinning her forcefully against the seat.

"Sorry? Is that all you can say? Do you have any idea how much

trouble you have caused me with just one rash move?"

Chapter 839

"Sorry..." Yvonne's face flushed bright red, her consciousness fading

into a blur.

"I've told you before. This face of yours can only appear at specific

times, hidden from the light of day! You are my secret trump card, and

you belong to me. You must obey whatever I tell you to do. You have no right to flaunt yourself, let alone act recklessly!”

Christopher’s eyes were full of malice, his grip around her neck tightening as if he wanted to snap it for real.

Sitting in the passenger seat, Taylor saw that Yvonne was on the verge of collapsing and sweated as he interceded for her.

“Mr. Iverson, Ms. Smith can’t hold on much longer! Please spare her this time, on account of the loyalty she has shown you over the years! She may have disobeyed your orders by coming back secretly, but it was to see you! Everything she does, she does for you. Please spare her just this once!”

Christopher coldly stared at Yvonne’s face, akin to a work of art. He exhaled a breath of stale air and released her.

Yvonne’s body was drenched in sweat, her complexion shifting from red to pale as she gasped for breath. Her eyes were filled with tears

as she looked at Christopher pleadingly. Despite enduring such pain,

she didn't harbor any resentment toward him, only seeking to soothe

his anger.

"I'm sorry... Mr. Iverson... I'm sorry... Yvonne clutched her neck in

Christopher didn't even spare her a glance, retrieving a pristine

handkerchief from his pocket. He wiped his hands and tossed the handkerchief out of the window with disgust. His eyes were filled with disdain. "You'll need to spend a fortune to take care of this face when you return. If it weren't for this face, I would have killed you long ago."

Yvonne's heart felt like it was being stabbed repeatedly upon hearing Christopher's words, her body trembling. "Thank you... Thank you."

Christopher lowered his gaze and asked in a deep voice, "Did a man

touch you in the club?"

"N-no... It was me. I accidentally bumped into him. I had too much to

drink and lost control. I've embarrassed myself." Yvonne's heart

skipped a beat, hastily shifting all the blame onto herself.

Christopher gave her a cold glance and instructed Taylor, "Go and

investigate who that man is. Check his identity and background.”

“Yes, Mr. Iverson.”

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Yvonne’s hands were tightly gripping her skirt. She felt somewhat

sorry for that man. But she also knew that Christopher was th

of person who considered his possessions sacred. If anyone els

touched them, it was equivalent to stealing.

Didn’t this indirectly prove that Christopher had a little bit of genu

affection for her? Even if this trace of affection existed only becaus

of Bella, there must be some affection, right?

The luxury car sped away from the alley, disappearing into the night.

At that moment, Drew strolled leisurely to the center of the alley, both

hands in his pockets.

As he watched the car vanish, his deep gaze narrowed.

“Yvonne?”.

The license plate number of the luxury car was imprinted in his mind.

Axel did not stay idle either. He never expected that on his rare visit to a bar, he would run into his “enemy” tonight.

At the entrance of the private room, a tipsy Roza was being dragged by two middle-aged men in suits and leather shoes. Her limbs were weak from the alcohol, and she was struggling to get away from the

two men.

“Let me go. I want to go back!” Roza pleaded, pushing them away in an attempt to balance herself.

However, the sinister smiles on the faces of the two men only grew wider. They paid no heed to her pleas. Their only intention was to drag her to a secluded place and take their time with her.

“Let me go!” Roza’s cries echoed in the air.

A cold, piercing voice cut through the commotion. “Let her go.”

Roza squinted her hazy eyes and lifted her gaze in astonishment to meet Axel’s handsome yet angry face.

Chapter 840

For a moment, Roza felt both shocked and ashamed. She pursed her lips tightly, not daring to make a sound.

One of the men spoke in French to Axel. "Who are you? Get out of the way. This is none of your business!"

Axel replied in fluent French, with a smirk. "If I were blind, then it wouldn't be my business. But now that I see it, it's my business."

'Damn! This bastard's French is so good!' Roza thought to herself, secretly amazed.

What kind of monsters were her master's brothers? Not only were they handsome, but they were also cultured! Not to mention, she found the way Axel spoke in French to be quite sexy. She couldn't help but feel her ears turn incredibly hot.

"Who the hell are you? Get lost!" The other man snapped in Italian, his expression growing more hostile.

"I'm your father," Axel replied in Italian, his handsome features turning cold. "Don't test my patience. Let her go!"

"Bodyguards!"

The man roared angrily, and several bodyguards ran over from the other end of the corridor. It was clear that these two men had significant status, given the number of people guarding them outside.

Axel remained unfazed, his brows furrowed as he cautiously assessed the situation.

Ever since he was a child, Wyatt had heeded his mother's wishes and hired professional martial arts instructors to teach his four sons and Bella the necessary self-defense skills to protect themselves.

After all, no matter the number of bodyguards they had, they couldn't be protected around the clock. In moments of crisis, their self-defense skills could keep them safe.

However, Axel hadn't practiced his skills in a long time, leaving him a bit rusty. When dealing with these people, his victory wasn't guaranteed.

"Axel, don't worry about me anymore!"

At that moment, Roza focused on Axel's safety above her own. Her voice strained with urgency as she shouted, "You need to get out of here... Leave before anything else happens!"

"Then I'm taking you with me. I can't leave behind a woman who can't fend for herself!" Axel clenched his fists, his gaze fierce, and charged directly at the two men who were restraining Roza.

At the same time, all the bodyguards rushed forward!

"No!"

Roza watched in horror as Axel became the primary target of everyone's aggression. Her complexion was drained of color. Her heart was pounding so hard that it felt like it would burst out of her chest!

Axel's heart trembled, but he clenched his fists even tighter, determined to rescue Roza. Apart from Bella, he had never risked everything for any other woman in his life.

Axel's moved like lightning. Before the two bodyguards in front could react, he had already knocked down the two men holding Roza with a single punch.

"Grab my hand! Quickly!" Axel was sweating profusely and staring intently at Roza as he reached out to her.

"Axel! Watch out! Behind you!" Roza exclaimed in shock. A woman who rarely shed tears was now on the verge of crying.

A bodyguard wielding a metal rod had sneaked up behind Axel and swung it toward the back of his head.

If the blow had landed on Axel's head, he could face either death or severe brain damage!

The weight of the potential consequences hit Roza like a ton of bricks. Because of her, Bella would lose her beloved brother! How could she ever live with herself? The guilt would haunt her forever.

Roza's eyes welled up with tears when she thought of this. Her teeth clenched tightly together as she dashed forward and wrapped her arms tightly around Axel's waist.

Axel looked on in astonishment, instinctively pulling her closer into his embrace.