

Heiress 871

Chapter 871

Bella's heart skipped a beat. Her hand trembled, and with a bang, the photo frame fell to the ground and broke into pieces.

The glass shards accidentally cut her ankle, and a few blood droplets

oozed from the thin wound.

"Why are you here?"

Justin's deep and hoarse voice came from behind her, piercing

through her fragile back.

Bella did not turn around. She said coldly, "Sorry for disturbing you. I'll

leave immediately." /

Justin stared at Bella. She wore his shirt, which was oversized on her,

and under the gentle glow of the soft lights, he could vaguely see her

petite and curvy figure. She exuded a type of charm that made him

want to embrace and protect her.

His throat bobbed, and his tongue felt unbearably dry.

Just now, he suddenly woke up from a slumber, drenched in sweat

He subconsciously reached out beside him but found nothing. Bella was gone.

However, he saw her clothes on the floor. Bella did not even put on her high heels, so she must still be in the villa. He calmed down and quickly got out of bed to look for her

Justin had forgotten how things went out of control. Did he hurt her?

Guilt filled his heart, and his eyes reddened. He walked toward her.

At this moment, Bella suddenly turned around, lowering her head as she walked briskly past him.

Justin's pupils contracted, and he quickly grabbed her.

"Don't go."

"You don't have the right to order me around."

Justin circled his arm around her and pulled her into his embrace. His gaze was like a sharp knife as he stared into her cold eyes, saying,

Bella, after what happened last night, don't you have anything to say to me?"

"No."

Bella avoided his intense gaze and emphasized, "Let go."

"Bella, I don't do flings. Although we are divorced, after everything that happened last night, I will definitely take responsibility." J eyes were sincere as his fingers gripping her wrist continued to tighten.

"It's just a one-night stand. What responsibility? We're both adults. We can take responsibility for our choices."

Bella snorted and shook off his hand, and her tone turned sarcastic.

But you should be more careful in the future. Don't get drugged again.

"Bella!" Justin felt a pain in his heart. He squeezed her shoulder with frightening strength.

"Don't touch me! Fuck off!"

Bella clenched her fists, pounding at Justin's naked chest angrily. Her indignant roar carried a hint of hoarseness from crying, pricking Justin's heart.

Justin thought, 'She cried? Why? Was it because I hurt her?'

His breath hitched. He ignored her intense emotions and hugged her tightly.

Even Bella did not know that tears were streaming down her face.

She thought, 'Why was I crying? Did I cry because Justin took advantage of me? Or was it because Justin still had not dealt with the memories he shared with Rosalind?'

Obviously, the latter hurt her more.

No matter how much she struggled, Justin held onto her firmly, refusing to let go.

"I will take responsibility for you."

"I don't need you to. Just let me go."

Chapter 872

Bella's crystal-clear tears dropped on his shoulder, scalding him. "Justin, I hate you! Don't touch me!"

"Who else would I touch?" Justin's voice was hoarse and trembling.

"Justin, if you want to take responsibility, why did you divorce me? Why didn't you say this back then?"

"What...?" Justin was stunned.

"When you should have taken responsibility, you shoved me away."

Now that I don't need you, why can't you just get lost?"

While Justin was distracted, Bella ruthlessly bit his arm as if she wanted to tear off a piece of his flesh.

Justin grimaced and relaxed his grip a bit. Bella immediately escaped from his arms like a frightened rabbit, disappearing from the study in the blink of an eye.

Justin stood rooted to the spot, thinking about what Bella just said.

Suddenly, he thought of the clean sheets in the bedroom, and his heart tightened.

Bella was not a casual woman. During the three years of their marriage, he did not have sex with her. She was probably still a virgin when they divorced.

Therefore, last night should have been the first time for both of them, yet there was no trace of blood on the sheets.

“Why didn’t you say this back then?”

Justin’s eyes widened. He felt as if he were struck by lightning.

Had they consummated the marriage back then?

But why did he not have any recollection?

Why could he not remember anything?

Justin felt as if he was frozen and unable to move. He stood there in a daze, finally regaining some strength after a long while. Then he reached out to clutch his chest.

At this moment, he noticed a pile of shining glass pieces under the light.

Justin walked over with heavy footsteps and slowly knelt down. His vision went black when he saw the broken frame with a photo of him and Rosalind during their teenage years. Everything became clear to him.

Bella returned to the bedroom and hurriedly put on her clothes, leaving the villa at the fastest speed possible.

Tears streamed down her face as she sped on the road back home, her heart confused and anxious.

When she entered the city center, she crashed into a car. Fortunately, it was not too severe, but the bumper of her limited-edition sports car was completely ruined.

As Bella was at fault for the rear-end collision, she had to take full responsibility. The owner of the Mercedes, whose car was hit, sighed in relief.

Even if he sold himself, he could not afford the repair costs of Bella's car!

Bella hid in the car, afraid to go out. While in a state of panic, the first person she thought of was still her brother.

She dialed Asher's number with trembling hands, and her call was picked up immediately.

Asher was always there for his beloved sister.

"Bella, what's up?"

"Ash... Where are you? Please come. I need you."

Twenty minutes later, Asher's Rolls-Royce reached the scene of the accident at the fastest speed, even running two red lights.

"Bella!"

Asher got out of the car and saw Bella's damaged sports car. His heart sank, and the usually calm man panicked.

Arnold also came out of the car. When he saw a car crash, he immediately felt nervous.

He was ready to perform first aid for Bella. After all, he was a doctor, and his profession could be useful in critical conditions.

“Bella, how are you? Are you hurt?!” Asher opened the door and leaned in, feeling around Bella’s arms and legs and searching for signs of injuries,

Chapter 873

“I’m fine. I’m fine, Ash.” Bella’s red eyes brimmed with tears, and her face was ashen.

However, Asher looked at her in shock, thinking that things were not so simple.

He knew Bella, and she was not someone who cried easily. She even fought on the battlefield. How could a minor accident scare her to tears?

Something else must have happened.

Something severe.

“Although it just looks like some scratches, you still need to do a detailed examination at the hospital. We should get a CT scan for any signs of concussion.” Arnold put aside his usual playful side and suggested seriously.

Asher frowned and immediately carried Bella up, walking back to his car.

At this moment, Steven arrived. Seeing Bella leaning weakly against

Asher, he could not help but break into a cold sweat.

“Ms. Bella! Ms. Bella, how do you feel?”

“Steven, handle the aftermath. I’ll bring Bella to the hospital now.” Asher quickly got into the car after ordering Steven.

“Yes, Mr. Asher. Leave it to me!” Steven kept his eyes fixed on Bella as his heart ached.

Asher carried Bella into the car while he hugged her tightly.

Looking at the loving siblings, Arnold felt a hint of jealousy. However, more of it was admiration and longing.

In the Larson family, familial relationships ran thin. Everyone only focused on benefits and power play. They said blood was thicker than water, but even blood ties meant little in his family.

That was why he chose to develop his career alone overseas.

The only family truly kind to him, Mila, was exiled from the Larson family because she chose to be with Wyatt Thompson. She was labeled as a shameless woman who disgraced the Larson family’s name and never returned until now.

However, Mila returned to the Larson family once, and it was the only time. He heard that it was for Bella. It seemed Mila begged for some medicine for Bella, kneeling outside the study for three whole days without consuming anything. Only then did Mila’s father agree to see her.

This incident did not make Arnold feel that his aunt was embarrassing. Instead, he gained respect for her.

It was evident that Wyatt treated her well, and the Thompson family saw her as one of their own. That was why she was willing to sacrifice for Bella.

“Arnold.” Asher suddenly called out to him.

“Huh?” Arnold was surprised, feeling a little unused to being addressed like that..

“Are you staying with Steven here, or are you coming with me?” Asher asked in a deep voice.

Arnold was stunned for a moment. He then smiled and said, “Do you need to ask? Of course, I’ll choose you.”

‘Of course, I’ll choose you.’ Arnold’s words were like an arrow that pierced Asher’s heart, making it tremble.

In the past, his lover also liked to smile at him, saying confidently, “Asher, no matter what happens, I’ll stand by your side. You are the only faith I want to protect in my life.”

Asher’s car drove toward the Thompson Hospital. Asher hugged Bella tightly, patting her back like he was calming a child while comforting her with gentle words.

“Ash... Ash... It hurts.”

Bella buried her pale face in Asher’s chest. Although she tried her best to suppress her emotions, her soft sobs still betrayed her heartbreak.

Asher felt a wet patch on his chest, and his heart seemed to be flooded with her tears. “Bella, tell me, where does it hurt?”

Bella closed her eyes and slowly raised her trembling hands, pointing at her heart.

“Here. It hurts so much.”

Asher’s eyes sharpened. He held his breath as he gripped her cold little hands.

Who else could make his tough sister so heartbroken? It could only be Justin.

Chapter 874

Ryan was summoned to a meeting at the company by Logan.

Halfway through, he received a call from Justin, asking Ryan to meet him at the villa by the Phoenix Lake immediately, as long as he was not dead.

Thus, Ryan had to leave the Hoffman Group amidst curious gazes before the meeting ended.

Ryan sped along the way to Justin's villa.

"What the fuck?!".

Before even entering the gate, he saw a thick smoke hovering over the roof, looking like a volcano was about to erupt. His face turned pale with fright, and he ran into the villa with all his might.

He found Justin in the backyard, burning something in a metal bin.

Justin stood by the fire with a pale face and indescribable sadness between his deeply furrowed brows. The fire illuminated his face, making him look handsome and lonely, like a statue standing in the ruins of a war-torn area.

Ryan panicked and quickly approached him, asking anxiously, "Justin? Justin? What happened to you? What are you burning?"

Before his words fell, Justin threw another thing into the fire.

Ryan focused his gaze on it and was astonished to see that it was a photo of Justin and Rosalind together.

“Did you bring me here after I was drugged?” Justin suddenly spoke.

“Yeah, I only know this place. Didn’t you come here quite often back then?”

Ryan was still trying to figure out the situation. He said, “With the state you were in, I couldn’t send you back to Tideview Manor. Bringing you to my place was inconvenient, so I settled you here.”

Justin looked at him coldly. “Did you ask Bella to come here?”

“Yeah! When you were delirious, all you could say was her name. As your best friend, I had to help you! I made up a story to lure Bella here.”

Clang!

With raging, crimson eyes, Justin kicked over the burning metal bin/

Some of the scattered sparks landed on Ryan, and he quickly blocked his face with his arms, the scalding sparks still burned a hole in his expensive suit, even singeing his fringe.

“Fuck! Justin, have you gone mad? Are you trying to burn me too?” Ryan’s face flushed angrily, and he hurriedly patted away the sparks.

Justin had not made a full recovery. He balled his hands into fists and breathed heavily. The sweat had drenched the thin shirt he wore as he glared at Ryan.

“How could you bring her here? How could you?!”

“Here? What’s wrong with this place?” Ryan was confused, not yet realizing the severity of the situation.

“This villa was my gift to Rosalind, but you brought Bella here... Are you trying to crush her heart? Do you want her to hate me even more?”

Justin shouted hoarsely, and his body was trembling uncontrollably.

His outburst stunned Ryan.

They were like brothers that grew up together. Justin had never lost control of his emotions in front of him or misdirected his anger at him.

This proved how much Justin cared about Bella.

“Justin, I really didn’t know.”

“I’ve asked Ian to put this villa up for sale long ago, but it hasn’t sold yet. I’ve also asked him including these pho get rid of the things inside the villa, with Rosalind.”

Justin trembled violently much pain, as if his ped his hair tightly. He was in so head were

It was all my fault... If I knew

Thud!

Chapter 875

As if his soul had been drained, Justin suddenly collapsed on the ground.

“Justin!”

Ryan shouted and quickly went forward, helping Justin up from the ground. “What’s going on? Why are you trembling so much? Are you feeling cold?”

“Ryan... Do you know?”

Justin's fingers curled up on the ground, his eyes soaked with tears.

He looked broken. "What hurts Bella the most is my past with

Rosalind. That broke her heart... When she saw the photo, I knew that it was over for me. It's over for us...

"No! It's not! Who said it's over?"

Seeing how Justin was suffering from love and torturing himself,

Ryan felt his heart ache. "This is my fault! You're so busy, and your health is in poor condition. How could you have the time to care about these trivial matters? Damn it! It's all my fucking fault! I'll explain it to Bella now... I'll explain it all to her!"

Justin pulled him back and shook his head with a bitter smile. "In the end, it's all because of me. What's the use of explaining? Even if you explained it to her, does it cross off all the things I did in the past to hurt her?"

"Justin..." Ryan sucked in a breath, almost on the verge of tears.

Was there anyone else in the world who loved so painfully?

After Ryan sent Justin upstairs, Justin fell asleep soon.

The aftereffects of his injury were much more severe than he thought. Fortunately, it happened when he was with Ryan. If someone else were present, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Justin could have lost everything he has worked so hard for over the past ten years.

Ryan came down the stairs just as Ian entered the door.

“Mr. Hoffman...” On the way, Ian had already heard about the situation over the phone.

At that moment, Ian was so guilty that his face turned red.

“The blame is not entirely on you. This... Damn it!” Ryan wanted to slap himself in regret.

“I’ll explain to Ms. Thompson tomorrow. If she really refuses to forgive Mr. Salvador, I’ll resign.” Ian rubbed his eyes, making up his mind.

“Don’t be ridiculous! You’ve been with Justin for almost a decade. Without you, it would be like Justin losing his right hand.”

Ryan rubbed his temples helplessly. “I’ll clean up the mess I made. However, Bella has to be willing to meet me. Take good care of Justin during this period, and don’t tell anyone about his sickness, including Grandpa Nigel!”

Ian gritted his teeth and nodded.

After settling the matter, Ryan dragged his exhausted body back to his home with Carrie.

On the road, he recalled that when he helped Justin back to his room, the room was filled with a subtle scent of sex.

As a long-time player, Ryan knew immediately that Justin and Bella had done the deed last night.

Since they could sleep together, Bella must still have feelings for Justin. Was it really so unacceptable for her to see a few old photos that had not been dealt with in time?

Was it jealousy?

It felt as though a storm of jealousy was brewing.

“Ryan!”

Seeing Ryan’s return, Carrie dashed toward him, flying into his arms.

Her arms and legs wrapped around him like an adorable koala.

“Call me honey,” Ryan corrected gently.

“Mmm... Honey,” Carrie obediently complied, her cheeks flushing.

“That’s right, darling. Let me give you a kiss.”

Ryan’s large hands supported her petite, perky butt, and his cold lips met her rosy ones.

After cuddling on the sofa for a while, Ryan carried Carrie to the bedroom, holding her as they headed to the bathroom.

“Um... I would like to wash myself.” Carrie held Ryan’s neck, expressing a tiny objection.

“That would be a hassle. Just let me help you.” Ryan raised his charming eyes and smiled mischievously.

“No, no.”

Ryan lifted his eyebrows, pretending to be slightly displeased.

Eventually, Ryan carried his delicate girlfriend out of the water, wrapped her in a soft towel, and placed her on the vanity, gently drying her hair..

Carrie enjoyed every moment of Ryan's attentive care. During such moments, she would happily squint her doe-like eyes and wiggle her little feet.

Ryan seemed unusually quiet tonight, as if he had something on his mind.

"Honey?" Carrie gently called out to him.

Ryan snapped out of his thoughts and smiled. "What's up, darling?"

"Are you feeling down? Is something bothering you?"

Seeing Carrie's concern, Ryan could not hold back anymore and confessed, "Yeah, it's about Justin and Bella."

"Annie... What's going on with her? And what's wrong with Justin?"

Carrie asked, her worry evident.

Ryan pondered for a moment, realizing that although they had officially tied the knot, they were practically a married couple. He like he should be transparent with Carrie. Besides, she was a grown woman, and it was time she knew some of the complexities of Justin and Bella's relationship.

"Carrie, Justin... Well, it's mostly my fault. Because of me, he and

Bella had a major falling out, and I don't know how to patch things up

”

Ryan then explained the situation with Bella, how he had involved her to take care of Justin, and everything that had transpired.

Carrie listened quietly, her bright eyes flashing as she struggled to find the right words.

“I acted recklessly without much thought into it.”

Ryan, feeling miserable, pulled at his hair, his self-blame escalating. They hadn’t even been intimate in their marriage. Now that they’re divorced, I thought it was a good idea to bring them together... This is such a mess... It’s so unfair to Bella. I’m such an idiot!”

“Annie and Justin got intimate once

Carrie suddenly blurted out.

Ryan froze, his eyes widening in shock. “What do you mean? They were intimate?”

“It was about two years ago.”

Chapter 877

Carrie bit her lip, her brows furrowing as she softly recounted, “Two years ago, one night, I couldn’t sleep and found myself wandering around the house. I saw Annie entering Justin’s room alone. Back then, Justin wasn’t fond of her, and they rarely shared the bed. Most of the time, they slept in separate rooms. The three years Annie spent married to Justin were incredibly difficult. I could see that she loved him deeply but was too afraid to approach him. Annie could only silently watch over him. During quiet nights when Justin was away, she would sometimes lie on his bed for a while, secretly wear his shirts, and spray his cologne. However, she never let him find out about all of this. Annie truly loved Justin. She loved him so humbly Sometimes, I feel heartbroken for her.”

Even Ryan found it difficult to listen to this, feeling Bella's pain was undeserved.

Perhaps the most agonizing thing was not when two people drift apart, but having the person you love deeply within reach, yet knowing you could never truly have them.

"That night, I saw Annie enter Justin's bedroom. Soon after, Justin came home, completely drunk and reeking of alcohol. His face was flushed like he had a fever."

Ryan seemed to remember the occasion. It was the anniversary of Justin's mother's death, and he had organized a gathering with friends to help Justin cope.

The night was chaotic, and Justin must have had numerous drinks, completely blacking out.

Later, Ryan escorted Justin back to Tideview Manor. Justin was then helped into the house by the housekeeper. Ryan had no clue about what happened after that.

"And then?" Ryan hurriedly asked.

"And then... Justin headed back to his room, and for the entire night, neither he nor Annie came out. I got worried and curious. So, I pushed the door and walked in. Through the bedroom door, I heard... I..."

Carrie bit her lip, her face flushing as if she were burning up, too embarrassed to continue.

Ryan's pupils contracted gradually, shocked and speechless.

So, they had already slept together once while they were still married?

But his clueless best friend, who was too drunk to remember anything, had no recollection of sleeping with his own wife?!

Damn... Men really could not remember anything after they were done with their business, huh?

“Have you not mentioned this to Justin in the past two years?” Ryan asked.

“How could I? Besides, Annie obviously didn’t want Justin to find out,” Carrie replied.

“How would you know? If you had told Justin, maybe he would have treated Bella better! After all, they had already been intimate!” Ryan’s tone grew a bit harsh, with a hint of urgency in his voice.

Carrie shrugged with a hint of fear in her eyes.

Ryan quickly pulled her into an embrace, gently patting her back as he apologized. “I’m sorry... I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. I was just impatient. I just really hoped they could get back together.”

“At that time, Annie was always careful around Justin. She knew he wasn’t fond of her and even despised her... She was afraid that if he found out that they had slept together, he would resent her even more, thinking she took advantage of him.”

With tears welling up in her eyes, Carrie continued, “So... I had no choice but to help Annie keep this secret. Ryan, do you think I did something wrong?”

“No, no... Carrie, you did nothing wrong. You just wanted the best for Bella.”

Kissing Carrie’s ear gently, Ryan spoke with a voice filled with resentment toward Justin. “The one who’s in the wrong here is Justin. He’s made such a big mistake! He took advantage of a without even realizing it.”

“Is there anything else that I can do? I really want Justin and Annie to reconcile, too.” Carrie sighed sincerely.

“And they will. They’re bound to reconcile.”

Ryan sighed, though he lacked complete confidence. "I believe that deep down, Justin still holds an important place in Bella's heart.

They'll find their way back to each other eventually."

Chapter 878

Meanwhile, at the Thompson Hospital, Bella was admitted into the VIP ward, lying on the bed with an IV drip attached. Despite her physical and mental exhaustion, she could not fall asleep.

Asher sat at the edge of the bed, holding his sister's foot in his lap, gently tending to Bella's ankle wound with a cotton swab.

Only then did Bella feel a twinge of pain. She furrowed her brow in silence.

"Bella, you didn't return to the Savrow villa or Hatchbay last night. Where were you?" Asher asked softly, his hands trembling as he applied the medicine.

Bella remained silent.

"Did you go see Justin?"

The mention of that man's name was like a ticking time bomb. Ev time Asher brought it up, it was with the utmost caution. "Arnold sai you took him to see Justin yesterday, and it didn't end well. Then, you left the place alone after a phone call. Did you go see him?"

"Ash..."

After a moment, Bella finally met Asher's gaze with her hollow gaze, her voice hoarse. "I hate myself now... I feel so stupid..."

“Hey, what are you saying? Don’t be so hard on yourself.”

Asher’s heart ached as he leaned closer to embrace Bella. “I won’t let anyone who speaks ill of you off lightly.’

Compared to his family, God and religion seemed insignificant to Asher.

All Asher wanted was for his younger sister to live a smooth, peaceful, and joyful life.

Bella choked up in her big brother’s arms, unable to understand why seeing the photo of Justin and Rosalind together had such a powerful impact on her.

She felt as if her soul had fractured into pieces.

Just then, a nurse entered the room.

“Mr. Thompson, Ms. Thompson’s wound needs to be redressed.”

“Alright.”

Asher released his embrace around Bella and prepared to leave, his expression filled with concern.

The nurse helped Bella remove her loose hospital gown, revealing silver silk dress underneath. Her exposed skin was as smooth as jade, and her arms were delicate and slender.

Although Asher had helped Bella dress and put her to bed when she was younger, she was now a grown woman. He knew he needed to be cautious in such situations.

Just as Asher was about to turn and leave the ward, he inadvertently caught sight of something with the corner of his eye. He saw delicate red marks on Bella’s neck and collarbone that were strikingly prominent and intense!

The red marks did not just stop at Bella's neck. They extended downward, all the way to her chest and everywhere!

In an instant, Asher was stunned into stillness for several seconds.

His throat visibly bobbed as he reached forward, and his hands gripped Bella's slender shoulders tighter, his fingers almost embedding into her flesh.

The nurse was startled. Sensing the impending storm in Asher's demeanor, she quickly retreated out of the room.

"Bella... Did he do anything to you?"

Asher's eyes bore into Bella's. His voice was strained as he said, Justin touched you... Something happened between you two, right?"

Bella stared back at Asher with a dim expression, her dry lips twitching slightly.

She did not answer but her silence spoke volumes.

"Was it against your will?" Asher practically forced those words out his clenched teeth.

"No... I did it willingly."

With a thunderous crash, Asher felt as if the most tender part of his heart had shattered.

Chapter 879

As Asher stepped out of the hospital ward, his expression darkened ominously, as if he had emerged from the depths of hell.

Upon hearing about Bella's accident, Axel and Ralph, who were working in Savrow, and even Amelia, who was in class, all rushed to the hospital. Even Drew zoomed his way to the hospital without hesitation.

In a rare occurrence, all of the Thompson siblings gathered together for Bella, with only their third brother, Declan, who was serving in the military, absent.

"Ash, why did Bella suddenly get into a car accident?" Amelia, the youngest and most timid, was on the verge of tears, her eyes welling

Steven saw Amelia's distress and wanted to comfort her, but as a mere secretary, he refrained from overstepping his boundaries in front of his boss.

Steven could only keep his concern for her hidden in his heart, but his intense gaze never left Amelia for a moment.

Perhaps, for a person like him, the only thing he could do was to silently stand behind her, guarding her without uttering a word.

"That's right, Ash. Bella is a skilled driver. Her driving skills aren't any worse than mine. How could she be rear-ended? In fact, they should be struggling to keep up with her car's tail lights," Drew expressed his bewilderment.

On his way to the hospital, Drew's heart remained tightly clenched. He had faced life-threatening situations and stared down the barrel of a gun without flinching, yet Bella's predicament had him all

frazzled.

Axel and Ralph looked nervously at Asher. The air in the corridor turned dense.

Meanwhile, frost cloaked Asher's handsome features, and his strong jawline tensed. He remained silent for what felt like an eternity.

"Ash?" Axel nudged him. "What's going on?"

"Bella's fine. Just a few scratches and a little shaken up by the accident."

After a long pause, Asher withdrew from his thoughts of anger and spoke lightly. "For the next few days, let's take turns taking care of Bella. It'll be tough, but necessary. Let's keep this matter to ourselves for now. For now, don't inform Dad and the others about this. They're all spending time with Aunt Celeste. Besides, Bella wouldn't want to burden them either."

"Ash, you're pissing me off now. Are you treating us like outsiders?!"

Drew snapped at him with furrowed brows. "Bella is our younger sister. It's only right for us to take care of her. We'll stay by her side even if you don't say anything!"

"He's right. Nothing's more important than Bella," echoed Axel and Ralph.

"Ralph and Axel, you both have work to attend to, but I don't have anything urgent. Steven and I can stay with Bella all day. Both of you should go back and rest." Amelia spoke and exchanged a meaningful glance with Steven.

"It's okay. I've already informed the station."

Axel immediately declined, sighing with self-reproach. "As Bella's brother, I've never done anything for her since we were young. Now that she needs someone by her side, how can I not be there for her?"

What kind of ridiculous brother would I be, then?"

The Thompson siblings had never schemed against each other, unlike typical high-society families.

They always supported each other through thick and thin. It was a kind of familial bond that others envied but could not replicate.

“Ash, you’ve arranged everything for us, but what about yourself? Do you have something to attend to?” Being a prosecutor, Axel had a keen intuition and sensed that Asher’s behavior was slightly unusual, as if he were suppressing some anger.

“I have some matters to attend to.”

After that, Asher glanced once more at the ward’s door, hesitated briefly, then reentered.

Inside, Bella completed her treatment and now wore a hospital gown, lying still on the bed with her eyes closed, her state of consciousness unknown.

Asher’s delicate eyelashes fluttered slightly as he approached his sister silently. Leaning down gently, he kissed her forehead lightly.

“Have a good rest, my dear sister. I’ll come check on you again later.”

“Ash...”

Bella kept her eyes closed, her voice barely audible as she spoke “I’m fine, really. Don’t worry about me.”

Of course, she did not say otherwise.

However, her pretence of strength placed through Keher’s most vulnerable emotions, causing tears to well up in his eyes, nearly breaking his composure.

With a somber expression, Asher made his way to the underground parking lot.

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With a somber expression, Asher made his way to the underground parking lot.

Chapter 880

As he approached his car, Asher was greeted by Arnold's voice from behind.

"Asher."

Asher's tall figure paused. He took a deep breath before slowly turning to face Arnold.

The lighting in the underground parking lot was dim.

"What's up?" Asher composed himself, his deep gaze fixed on Arnold.

Arnold's narrow, fox-like eyes narrowed slightly as he approached Asher.

"I understand that you're worried about your sister. I understand exactly how you feel."

Arnold's delicate lips approached Asher's ear, his tone alluring. "But promise me, don't do anything stupid. Don't let your dear little sister worry about you. And spare me the worry, too. I know you're busy, so I'm not gonna ask for a ride."

Arnold straightened up, adopting his usual carefree grin once more. It looks like I'll be sticking around for a little longer. Maybe I'll swing by a car dealership later and get a car for convenience. Ash, do you have any connections with people working at a dealership? Can they give me a discount?"

Before Arnold had fully settled, Asher's breathing grew heavy.

Arnold's pupils contracted, his heart pounding like a drum.

"Well, I have enough time to give you a ride."

"Once we return to Yara Park, feel free to take any car from the underground garage."

For two full days, Justin hardly ate anything. He only drank some water and spent the majority of the time in a deep, oblivious slumber.

Ian remained by his side, tending to him incessantly. His anxiety was palpable, and he felt like an ant on a hot pan. Every evening, he would look out the window, praying sincerely for Justin's swift recovery.

He would rather endure the sickness himself than witness his boss's suffering.

Justin was just a wandering zombie without Bella in his life. It must be agonizing.

"Ian, how's your boss doing?"

Ryan called Ian to check on Justin. His voice was tinged with deep concern. "Has he woken up? I'll come over right away to see him."

"You don't have to come, Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Salvador has already taken his medication and fallen asleep," Ian replied gloomily.

"But is it medication for treatment or just sleeping pills? Every time

Justin takes them, he sleeps endlessly. Maybe we should take him to the hospital. I'll arrange everything and ensure that it remains confidential!"

"There's no need for that, Mr. Hoffman. Even Ms. Thompson, the renowned specialist, couldn't find a solution for Mr. Salvador's condition. What else can the other doctors do?"

Ian turned back to look at the unconscious Justin with a heavy heart."

I don't even know if there's any real significance in him taking this medication."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Salvador gets severe side effects from it. Although his tremors stopped after taking the medicine, he suffers from frequent vomiting and drowsiness. It feels like he's just trading one form of pain for another. If this continues, I fear he may become completely incapacitated!"

Ryan was shocked. He went speechless for a moment.

"Mr. Salvador has sacrificed so much for Ms. Thompson. Everything happened because of her... So, why? Why can't she just give Mr.

Salvador another chance?" Ian's anxiety caused him to speak somewhat recklessly.

"Don't say that, Ian."

After a pause, Ryan sighed softly, "Bella has never done anything wrong. Now that Justin is going through this tribulation, perhaps it's a form of redemption. After all, as someone who is always by Justin's side, you've witnessed everything in their three-year marriage. I'm sure you understand it very well."