

Heiress 881

Chapter 881

“Bella’s loss over those three years is worth Justin’s lifetime of redemption.”

Ian felt a jolt in his heart: He recalled the pitiful and helpless Bella when she was living in the Salvador household. She had always stood by Justin with fervent devotion, no matter what.

He could not help but shed tears silently.

Justin had suffered too much, but Bella was just as heartbroken.

Ian was afraid that Justin might need help during the night and would not be able to call for assistance, so he just spent the night on the sofa in the bedroom without even changing.

The next morning, his body clock awakened him. As soon as he opened his eyes, he instinctively looked toward Justin’s direction.

To his surprise, the bed was empty. Justin was nowhere to be found.

“Mr. Salvador... Mr. Salvador?!”

Ian panicked and sprung up from his seat like a startled fish. He started frantically searching the room for Justin.

Just then, the bathroom door swung open.

There stood Justin, impeccably dressed in a sharp three-piece suit, complete with a meticulously selected array of accessories—a wristwatch, tie, and tie pin.

His composed demeanor showed no sign of illness, which almost made Ian forget how weak Justin had appeared the night before.

“Is there something on my face?” Justin asked as he adjusted his sleeve, his voice slightly hoarse.

Though his breath still seemed a little shallow, it was hardly noticeable.

“Mr. Salvador, w-why are you up? You need more rest!” Ian expressed deep concern for his condition.

“We have an important strategic meeting at the office today. I must attend it,” Justin replied, his expression calm and collected as usual.

“Gosh... I totally forgot about it!”

Ian slapped his forehead in frustration before gently advising him.

Mr. Salvador, you're still unwell. Why don't we skip today's meeting and prioritize your recovery?”

Justin's cold demeanor prevailed as he raised his hand to silence Ian

“I'm fine. Just get the car ready.”

At exactly 10:00 a.m., a black Rolls-Royce appeared in front of the Salvador Corporation's building

The flashy license plate “Savrow A9999” immediately drew the attention of everyone around.

“9999! And it's a Savrow A license plate! That's incredibly rare!”

Curious chatter broke out among the crowd,

“I remember that license plate going for auction. It sold for over \$20 million! It even made the news!”

“What?! \$20 million for a license plate?! My mind can’t even comprehend that!”

“I’m really curious. Who could the owner of this car be?”

“Isn’t it obvious? It’s someone we’ll never come close to!”

Meanwhile, in the luxurious car, Asher sat upright, his long lashes cast down as he studied the opened Bible resting on his knees, holding a cross in his hand and murmuring prayers.

After finishing his prayer, he gently closed the Bible and whispered, “Amen.”

When he raised his gaze once more, his eyes were bloodshot. He looked like a demon emerging from long-held darkness into newfound light.

Chapter 882

Steven opened the car door and stepped out of the passenger seat.

Asher had summoned Steven to once again assume the role of KS Group CEO’s secretary. Steven made his appearance in a sleek, tailored gray suit. His sharp gaze exuded an air of seriousness, making him look undeniably handsome.

Despite the admiring glances from female colleagues around him, Steven remained oblivious, opening the rear car door and bowing respectfully.

“Mr. Thompson, please.”

Asher’s composed and handsome face showed no trace of emotion, resembling a flawless and timeless sculpture.

As he stepped out of the car, the women around him could not help but gasp in awe.

“OMG! He’s so handsome! We’ve got a new subject for tonight’s dream!”

“You’re so greedy. Aren’t you already dreaming about Mr. Salvador? And now you want another one?”

“Is he really that handsome? I think he’s not as good-looking as Mr. Salvador...”

“You don’t understand. This one is completely different from Mr. Salvador. Mr. Salvador has a strong and impactful handsomeness, while this one exudes a restrained and mysterious charm, silently capturing your heart. Isn’t it more enticing this way?”

“But who is this young man? Why is he at the Salvador Corporation’s door? Is he here to see someone?”

Asher entered the Salvador Corporation building’s lobby with a composed demeanor.

Following closely behind him was Steven, and though there were only two of them, their presence seemed to impose an invisible pressure, commanding attention wherever they went.

Approaching the reception desk, the receptionist hastily stood up.

“We’re here to see Mr. Justin Salvador.” Steven spoke first, his tone icy.

“M-Mr. Salvador?”

The receptionist was startled.

The receptionist, who hardly ever encountered Mr. Salvador in person as appointments were usually directly handled by his secretary, la Harris, was surprised by the sudden request to see Mr. Salvador.

“M-May I ask if you have an appointment?” The receptionist had choice but to ask, as per protocol.

“No, we don’t,” Steven replied.

“I’m sorry, but without an appointment, you can’t see Mr. Salvador. Please contact Secretary Harris for that...”

“Could you please inform Mr. Justin Salvador or his secretary?”

Asher, who had been silent all this while, suddenly spoke in a cold tone. “The person who wishes to see him is Asher Thompson, CEO of KS Group.”

Asher Thompson.

Asher Thompson?!

The receptionist stood there dumbfounded for a moment before finally coming back to her senses and hurriedly picking up the phone to call Ian.

Asher did not wait for Ian to come downstairs to meet them. Instead, he and Steven took the elevator to the floor where the meeting rooms were.

As soon as they entered the corridor, the bodyguards stopped them.

“I’m here to see Mr. Salvador,” Asher said expressionlessly.

The bodyguard said firmly, “Mr. Salvador is currently attending an important meeting and cannot see anyone. Please leave.”

The bodyguard thought, 'Who the hell just comes charging up he demanding to see Mr. Salvador? What kind of place does he think th is? I would be fired if I let them in.'

Asher narrowed his dark and deep eyes and walked straight ahead.

The two bodyguards reached out to stop them, but Steven stood in front of Asher.

With a stern expression, Steven swiftly struck each guard with a punch, bringing them down with ease.

It was not that the bodyguards were weak. They simply had not expected anyone to attack them on their territory.

They quickly scrambled back up, calling for reinforcements and launching a counterattack.

However, they had underestimated Steven's combat skills. With his Taekwondo black belt and training under Asher during his youth, two mere bodyguards stood no chance against Steven.

With a fierce glare, Steven did not use his hands this time. Instead, he delivered a series of swift kicks that left the two bodyguards incapacitated.

"The Salvador bodyguards are too weak. If Justin Salvador relies on people like you for protection, he's probably on the brink of death," Steven remarked coldly, brushing off the dust from his suit. He then stretched his neck as if loosening his muscles.

"Let's go, Steve."

Asher strode forward with unstoppable momentum, his eyes fix ahead.

Chapter 883

At that instant, Ian rushed out of the meeting room and intercepted them again.

“Mr. Thompson, while we welcome your presence, don’t you think it’s inappropriate, both ethically and legally, to resort to violence against our staff?”

Ignoring Ian’s words, Asher countered with a question. “Should I wait for Justin Salvador to come out, or should I just barge in?”

Ian’s anger surged, his expression darkening. “I’m sorry, but Mr. Salvador is currently in a meeting. He won’t be able to see you. Please leave!”

Asher smirked slightly and advanced toward him.

Ian’s internal alarm bells rang as he extended his arms to block Asher

“Ah!”

In the blink of an eye, Asher swiftly made his move. Before Ian could even comprehend what was happening, Asher twisted his arm to the back and forcefully flung him aside.

Ian crashed to the ground. His arm was dislocated!

He clenched his teeth in pain as sweat beaded his forehead. He watched Asher and Steven push open the door and enter the conference room.

Inside the conference room, the mood was solemn.

Justin, who was sitting at the head of the conference table, exuded a commanding presence. His handsome figure resembled that of an emperor presiding over his court.

The executives below him listened attentively as he calmly outlined the agenda for the upcoming work.

However, despite his authoritative demeanor, the sudden intrusion of

Asher and Steven drew the attention of everyone in the room.

Everyone in the room was shocked and exchanged bewildered glances.

Everyone present-recognized the intruders.

Though Justin was aware of their presence, he chose to ignore them, continuing to read from the report in his hands.

“Justin, let’s talk.” Asher’s eyes were cold and stern.

Asher’s cold and direct address cut through the tension, disregarding Justin’s status.

Justin paused briefly, meeting Asher’s stern gaze with calm resolve.

“Let’s call it a day. We’ll continue tomorrow. Meeting adjourned.”

With those words, the other executives stood up in unison, leaving Justin alone in the conference room.

The silence in the room turned into tension.

“Asher, you can go ahead and say what you have to say now,” Justin said calmly, his emotions concealed.

Asher was already seething with anger. Seeing Justin’s seemingly indifferent attitude only fueled his rage further.

He was unaware that Justin was still recovering from his illness, barely able to sit through the meeting with sheer willpower and medication.

Justin was utterly drained, and his back was drenched in cold sweat.

“Justin, you did something to my sister.” Asher’s tone turned frosty, and his presence was intimidating.

Upon hearing this, Steven’s eyes flashed with rage, turning bloodshot. ‘ Did something? What does that mean? Did Justin really harass Ms. Thompson? How could he?! How dare he even consider such a thing?!

Steven felt an unprecedented wave of anguish, as if someone were strangling him and depriving him of air.

Justin’s breath caught in his throat. His fingers slowly clenched on the tabletop. His eyes were burning intensely. “I’ll take responsibility if she’s willing to, she remains my wife.”

Then, as if he had suddenly transformed into another person, he chuckled bitterly and somewhat nervously. “But I believe she would want that. I don’t think she would want to repeat the same mistake again, right?”

Asher’s lips curled into a cold sneer. His expression resembled that of a handsome yet ferocious deity of the underworld.

“Justin! Do you even understand how a divorce works?!”

Steven could not bear it any longer and roared in anger. “Once divorced, you are no longer husband and wife. You have no right to touch Ms. Bella! How could you?! How dare you?!”

“Whatever happened is in the past. At this point, I have nothing else to say.”

Justin’s heart trembled as he recalled that night, and his eyes reddened with tears.

He did not ever want to leave her again.

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed through the room.

With a swift movement, Asher effortlessly leaped onto the massive conference table.

Chapter 884

Asher strode a few steps forward until he towered over Justin. His gaze was icy as he looked down at the pale complexion of the man before him.

“Justin, you should go to hell!”

In an instant, Asher abruptly leaned forward and tackled Justin, who was seated on the chair, to the ground.

They crashed heavily to the floor, prompting Steven to scream in shock. “Be careful, Mr. Thompson!”

Justin’s back suffered a severe blow. His internal organs trembled violently.

Suddenly, a cold gleam flashed before Justin’s eyes.

With a fierce gaze, Asher held a cross-shaped dagger high above, aiming it menacingly at Justin’s ink-black pupils.

“Don’t do it, Mr. Thompson!” Steven exclaimed in panic.

Steven could completely understand Asher’s feelings. However, despite his deep hatred for Justin for taking away Bella’s virginity, Steven was also aware of the consequences if Asher hurt Justin.

If Asher injured Justin, he would be jailed, and Bella would also be consumed by profound self-blame.

This was not something Bella wanted.

A noble and refined man like Asher should not have to dirty his own hands for the likes of this scoundrel.

As the dagger's tip threatened to pierce his eyeball, Justin showed no fear. Instead, his expression shifted to a bleak and bitter resignation.

He looked numb to it all.

"Asher! Stop it!"

In the nick of time, Ryan rushed over and flung himself at Asher, using every ounce of strength to pin him down.

As a result, the sharp dagger's trajectory shifted course.

Justin felt a chilling sensation around his neck, followed by a sharp pain.

The dagger drew a long, thin wound across his neck. Blood oozed out in a sight that was both shocking and heart-wrenching.

Justin laid flat on the ground. He reached up to touch his neck, feeling the stickiness in his palm, oddly finding a sense of relief in the pain.

If Ryan had been just a second late, the dagger would have pierd through his eye.

Asher was not one to act impulsively, but once he made a move, he would ensure the other party remembered it for a lifetime, harboring resentment.

With his eyes blazing, Asher glared at Justin and pressed the tip of the dagger against Ryan's shoulder. "Move aside. Don't meddle in this."

"I'll meddle however I want!"

Ryan gasped for breath, his teeth clenched, and he poked his own chest. "If you have the guts, then stab me right here! I was the one who orchestrated it all! It's all my fault! Don't hurt Justin. If you want

to kill someone for this, just come at me! But have you ever considered Bella's feelings in all of this? Do you think she would want to see this horrible situation? Do you think she would want her beloved brother's hands stained with blood?!"

Bella's name was like a calming tune to Asher.

His eyes, brimming with murderous intent, gradually cooled down.

When Asher withdrew the dagger, Ryan secretly breathed a sigh of relief. Only God knew how nervous he had been just now. He felt like his heart was about to jump out of his chest.

"Mr. Thompson!" Steven hurried over to help Asher up.

Ryan also went to help Justin. At this moment, his hands were still trembling, and he was still in fright.

Ryan thought himself bold enough to straddle both sides of the fence. Little did he know that Wyatt Thompson's eldest son would dare murder someone in broad daylight, right in someone else's conference room.

Asher was a goddamn devil!

Asher had intended to speak, but with the situation escalating, he chose to remain silent.

He reflected. 'Right. Justin is not worthy of Bella's affection, nor is he worthy enough to make me stain my own hands. He should be left to live and perish on his own terms.'

"Don't come close to my sister ever again. Consider this your final warning."

Asher tucked the dagger back into his suit pocket, his eyes burning red. "Come on, Steve. Let's go."

Just as they turned to leave, Justin's hoarse voice broke the silence.

"If she's willing to, I'll marry her."

With his back against Justin, Asher let out a disdainful laugh. "You won't ever have the chance to do so. Even if every man in the world were to perish, my sister will never marry you."

Chapter 885

Asher and Steven left in a dignified manner.

However, news of the KS Group CEO's sudden visit to the Salvador Corporation spread rapidly throughout the skyscraper.

Ryan assisted Justin back to his office with Ian, who could not shake off his concern.

Ian had dislocated his arm, and the pain made him sweat through his clothes, yet he remained stoic, not uttering a single word.

Ryan noticed something was amiss when he saw that Ian was also injured. He promptly called for assistance and insisted on taking Ian to the hospital for treatment.

“Usually, Asher is refined and composed, but when he loses it...

Damn, it’s scary beyond words...” Ryan sighed, expressing the sheer terror of the situation.

“He’s doing all of this for his sister. I understand him.” Justin sat weakly on the sofa, his neck tilted back, both physically and mentally drained.

If someone else had dared to harass Bella, Justin might have reacted even more recklessly than Asher did.

Recalling Asher’s last words before he left, Justin felt breathless. His blood seemed to freeze in his veins.

“Well, if it were Carrie, I probably wouldn’t have stayed calm either.”

Ryan looked at the wound on Justin’s neck with concern. Though not too deep, blood still stained his shirt collar. “You should go to the hospital and get that treated.”

“It’s not a big deal,” Justin replied with a strained breath.

“Why did Asher suddenly turn so hostile toward you?” Ryan asked with concern.

“He found out that I was intimate with Bella.”

“It seems that for Asher, Bella is no longer just a sister but more like his own daughter. He’s acting like a fatherly older brother. Well, at least he didn’t barge in here with a gun and shoot you. So, you’re lucky, dude,” Ryan joked lightly, trying to ease the tension.

“Well, but in the end, it’s still my fault. I shouldn’t have done this to Bella after the divorce...”

Justin ran his hands through his hair and let out a heavy sigh. "By Ryan, I couldn't control myself. I couldn't control my thoughts. T was all I wanted at that moment."

Recalling Carrie's words, Ryan suddenly felt sorry for Bella's heartache and grievances. "Justin, if you think about it, it's not surprising that Asher wanted to kill you. After all, what you did to Bella back then was truly despicable."

"What are you talking about?" Justin asked, looking puzzled.

"Two years ago, you took advantage of Bella. You two were already intimate two years ago, yet you seemed to have no recollection of it. Don't you think you're despicable?"

"Ryan."

Justin's eyes widened in shock as he grabbed Ryan's hand, his fingers trembling. "Is that true? Who told you about this?!"

Ever since Bella told him those things the other day, he had gotten suspicious.

However, he had never been able to accept this revelation. It nearly overturned his entire understanding of things.

"Carrie witnessed everything back then, unintentionally."

Ryan sighed helplessly and recounted to Justin, almost word for word, the secret that Carrie had revealed the other day.

Justin's mind buzzed. The tremendous impact left him almost numb, and everything felt so surreal.

He had indeed been intimate with Bella back then, when they were husband and wife.

Justin thought, 'Why... Why didn't Bella tell me about this?!

Chapter 886

What a fool! How could that woman be so foolish?

"Carrie witnessed it. If you can't trust anyone else, at least trust Carrie. Seriously, it blows my mind that you don't remember that incident with her. It's downright absurd!"

"I don't know... I honestly don't know..."

Justin's head throbbed with pain as he clutched it. "That night was my mother's death anniversary. I was in a bad mood and drank too much alcohol. After that, I started having these explicit dreams about Bella out of nowhere. I thought it was just a dream. I never thought

we actually had sex..."

"Two years ago! I remember you breaking up with Rosalind at that time. You told me you'd definitely get back together with Rosalind and divorce Bella because Bella meant nothing to you."

Ryan continued, "Isn't that right, Justin? Do you remember the mean things you said back then?"

Every word from Ryan felt like a knife stabbing into Justin's heart. Each word he said was a slap to his soul. He sank into the sofa, haunted by the memory of Bella's tearful and resentful gaze.

Justin thought, 'What was going through Bella's mind that night two years ago? How deep was her love for me? She even endured such torment and cruelty, yet she still chose to stay by my side. I really deserve to suffer. Asher's knife should have cut deeper.'

"Justin, I actually think you fell in love with Bella a long time ago. It's

just that you've never understood the true meaning of love and how to truly love someone. You've always been manipulated by Rosalind, blinded by her past kindness toward you, so you couldn't see Bella for

who she was. You couldn't confront your own emotions."

Ryan shook his head in a mix of anger and disappointment toward his best friend. "I came here today to tell you all of this. Initially, I wanted to urge you not to let go of Bella. I wanted you to fight for her and to persevere no matter what. But now, seeing Asher's attitude towards you, I'm starting to believe that perhaps some missed opportunities are simply fate's way of intervening. Perhaps you and Bella aren't destined to be together. Forcing it would only cause more pain for the both of you. Besides, Bella values her family deeply. Asher's stance is clear. He won't accept you, and neither will the Thompson family.

Even if Bella still has feelings for you in her heart, even if the both of you somehow reconcile, can you truly be happy together?"

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There were too many unresolved issues that stood between them.

Ryan couldn't even bring himself to persuade Bella to take Justin back, as it would only bring her more suffering.

"Ryan.."

Justin's voice was heavy with defeat, his gaze weary and tired. "I want to meet Bella... I want to apologize to her."

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Christopher was deeply concerned upon hearing about Bella's car accident, so he rushed to the hospital to visit her that very night.

"Mr. Iverson, Mr. Asher went to the Salvador Corporation today and caused a scene with Justin. It stirred up quite a commotion, and

some of Salvador Corporation's staff even ended up getting hurt." Taylor reported eagerly to Christopher.

Christopher's sharp eyes narrowed slightly. "Oh? What exactly happened?"

"I couldn't gather all the details about what happened between Mr. Thompson and Justin. But knowing how protective Mr. Thompson is

over his sister, he wouldn't cause such a commotion unless it was for

Ms. Thompson's sake."

Christopher's eyes darkened slightly. 'Could Bella's car accident somehow be connected to Justin? There must have been something

significant that triggered Asher, who was usually composed and

calm, to lash out at Justin.'

"Regardless, from my perspective, this incident may be a blessing in

disguise," Christopher said with a faint, mocking laugh. "Previously,

Asher always looked down on me and sided with Justin. He even tried

to set Bella up with that bastard, Justin. Now that they've had a

falling out, it puts Justin and me on the same starting line. Perha

have an advantage now."

"Absolutely! Your advantage is far superior. How could someone like

that bastard, Justin, even compare to someone as noble as you? That

would be an insult to you."

Taylor obviously did not like Justin from the way he spoke of him." Justin is nothing more than a puppet manipulated by Gregory to

"

maintain his reputation. If Gregory's eldest son returns in good health, would there be a place for Justin in the Salvador household?"

Upon hearing those words, Christopher's eyes flickered with a mix of

intense and indiscernible emotions.

After a moment of silence, he suddenly asked, "Did you manage to dig up any information on the guy I told you to look into? The one who was hanging around Yvonne?"

Taylor hesitated, wearing a troubled expression as he apologized, "I'm really sorry, Mr. Iverson... I couldn't find anything."

Christopher raised an eyebrow. "Nothing?"

"Yes, I will take full responsibility." Taylor explained, sweating profusely, "But I used all my connections to gather information on that man. His data was as encrypted as it gets, clean with nothing whatsoever!"

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"Hmm, he sounds like a mysterious fellow," Christopher said with a smirk, though his eyes lacked any hints of amusement. "What about Yvonne? Is she behaving herself?"

"Of course, Ms. Smith hasn't left the Pivotage or the villa you provided for her. She's been staying put." Taylor assured him.

"Keep a close watch on her. I can't afford any unnecessary trouble,"

Christopher added with a firm tone.

As they arrived at the hospital, Christopher hurried to the floor where

Bella was staying. Just before they reached the entrance to the VIP ward, they were intercepted by Asher's bodyguards.

"Do you even know what the relationship between Ms. Thompson and Mr. Iverson is? Even if you don't know that, you should know how close Chairman Thompson and Chairman Iverson are. Don't you know that the KS Group and Iverson Group maintain a good relationship?" Taylor expressed. He felt indignant and frustrated because his boss was stopped.

The bodyguards exchanged glances upon hearing Taylor's words, but they remained at their positions, blocking Christopher's path.

Christopher smiled coldly as he adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses

Just as he was about to speak, a rather playful voice interrupted from

the ward.

"What's with all this talk about relationships? It sounds like a t

twister."

Christopher's gaze turned cold as he looked at the source of the

voice. His eyes narrowed suddenly.

It was the man he had tasked Taylor to investigate, but they couldn't find any information on him. This was the man who had been in contact with Yvonne on that fateful night.

'Who was this man? How was it possible for him to just show up here so casually?' Christopher thought.

Drew stood casually in his black windbreaker, hands in his pockets. His eyes seemed lazy, yet beneath them, his gaze was chilling and resolute, like a haughty devil.

“So, what exactly is the relationship between you and my little sister? I’m a little curious.”

With each word, Christopher’s brows suddenly furrowed, his fist

clenched. ‘Little sister? The little sister he mentioned... Was he referring to Bella?’

Christopher steadied his breath and asked with a faint smile. “May I ask what your last name is?”

“Brown,” Drew replied, tilting his chin slightly.

Christopher suddenly recalled Bella’s third brother, who also bore their mother’s last name, Brown.

He was aware that Wyatt’s first wife had given birth to five children,

so Bella still had another older brother he was not aware of.

There was only one possibility.

Christopher felt his heart sink as he adjusted his glasses.

The man before him was likely Bella’s mysterious fourth brother.

Chapter 888

Drew's lips curled with his trademark rebellious smirk while he calmly observed Christopher.

That night at the bar, the woman who resembled Bella dashed off and

hopped into the Iversons' car. As the alley was dimly lit, Drew couldn't

clearly identify who was inside at that time.

However, as a top-tier special agent, Drew's observational and

memory skills were extraordinary. Just based on the distant

silhouette, he was over seventy percent certain that the man sitting beside Yvonne that night was Christopher.

"Nice to meet you. You must be Bella's fourth brother." Christopher greeted Drew with a charming smile.

"Oh? You recognize who I am?" Drew raised an eyebrow, slightly

taken aback.

"Bella and I go way back as childhood friends, and our fathers

close bond as well. I used to visit Yara Park often when I was you

Christopher spoke gently and calmly, his smile warm. "I know th

Mrs. Thompson has five children, and Bella has four brothers. Her

third and fourth brothers are fraternal twins who took their mother's

last name."

Drew narrowed his eyes, waiting silently for him to continue.

"Bella's third brother is Declan Brown, whom I've had the pleasure of

meeting. He currently holds a high-ranking position in the military. But

I have never met you, Mr. Brown, nor do I know your name."

Christopher continued, his lips curling slightly. "But it doesn't matter.

Since you are Bella's brother, I'll consider you an elder brother to me

too."

"You seem to have quite the grasp on our family dynamics," Drew

remarked, tilting his head with a playful glint in his eyes.

"When it comes to Bella, I'm always eager to learn more out of

genuine concern for her," Christopher replied, his gaze unwavering

and sincere.

Drew had heard from Axel that Christopher had shown interest in Bella. As her brother, it was his duty to protect her from any potential harm. He was determined not to let Bella fall for another wrong guy and make the same mistakes.

However, for some reason, the man before him made Drew feel somewhat uneasy. While Justin deserved to be condemned and permanently blacklisted, Christopher did not quite sit right with him either.

Considering the incident at the bar that night, Drew still felt about it, even though there wasn't any solid evidence to come was Christopher.

Christopher stepped forward urgently. "I heard that Bella was in a car accident. I'm very worried about her condition and want to go in and

see her. Is that okay?"

"Bella..."

"Drew..."

Before Drew could finish his sentence, a sweet voice called out to

him. He turned abruptly and saw Amelia gracefully walking toward them after closing the door to the ward.

Drew quickly asked. "Is Bella asleep?"

Amelia pursed her lips and shook her head. She glanced at Christopher. "Bella heard Christopher's voice and said she would like

to see him."

Christopher's eyes lit up with hope when he heard this.

"Oh, since it's Bella's wish, please go ahead," Drew replied, stepping

aside to make way for him.

"Thanks, Drew." Christopher expressed his gratitude with a warm

smile, maintaining his refined demeanor as he hurried past him.

As Drew watched the man enter the ward and close the door behind

him, he promptly stopped Amelia.

“Amelia, what exactly is Christopher and Bella’s relationship?”

Amelia paused, her fingertip touching her lips lightly furrowing in thought. “Well, they’re kind of like childhood you know? Childhood friends with no secrets between the

“Seriously?” Drew exclaimed, his eyes widening in disbelief.

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arts,

“It’s true. When they were in primary school, they were insepara

remember vividly that Christopher used to get picked on by other ki and Bella was always there to defend him. Then, Uncle Lance broug Charles and Christopher to our house. From what my mom implied, seemed like they were there to propose marriage to Bella.”

Drew hurriedly asked. “Did Wyatt agree to it?”

Chapter 889

Amelia gently shook her head and said, “No, from what I have heard

from Aunt Mila and the others, it seems Dad wasn’t pleased with both

of Uncle Lance’s sons, so he’s been avoiding the topic. However,

Uncle Lance seems quite determined to have Bella as his future daughter-in-law.”

“Hmph, that old man is living in a fantasy! My sister is like a goddess,

and marrying her off to those brutes from the Iverson family is like

throwing pearls into the mud! Wyatt likely sees it the same way, which is why he didn’t give his blessing.”

Drew scoffed, muttering under his breath, “I suppose that old man

still has a touch of wisdom.”

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“Bella, I’m here.” Christopher entered the ward quietly, his heart

twisting at the sight of Bella. She sat by the bedside, look and haggard. It pained him to see her in this condition.

He admitted to his deceitful schemes and despicable actions

when it came to loving Bella, his devotion was unparalleled. In th

lifetime, he vowed to marry no one but her.

For 15 years, his affection for her never changed.

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“Chris, you’re here.” Bella shook her head and smiled at him. “Thank you for coming to see me. Please, have a seat.” She gestured toward

the couch.

Yet Christopher only wanted to sit by her side, to be as close to her as

possible. He longed to hold her, embrace her, and kiss her.

Christopher swallowed hard, his throat tight, as he settled beside the bed. He spoke in a gentle tone, “Where are you injured? Does it still hurt? How did you end up in a car accident?”

“It’s just some minor injuries. Nothing serious.” Bella responded, her clear eyes carrying a touch of bitterness. “I’m just upset about my

limited edition La Voiture Noire. It’s probably wrecked.”

“The car doesn’t matter. Your safety is what’s important.” Christopher

couldn’t help but grasp her hand firmly in his warm palm. “Whatever car you want, I will get it for you, even if there’s only one in the whole

world.”

He was willing to give Bella everything.

Bella’s pupils contracted slightly as she quickly withdrew her hand

from Christopher’s grasp, a hint of discomfort flashing in her eyes,

piercing Christopher's heart.

Christopher thought, 'Why? It's clear that any possibilit

and Justin was over, so why did she still resist my affe

not worthy? Did I not deserve even a glimmer of hope?'

"Bella, I..."

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"Chris, thank you for your sincerity." Bella's eyes welled up with tea

her smile carrying a touch of sorrow. "But I no longer want anything to do with love. Not now, and definitely not in the future. I can't

reciprocate your feelings, Chris. Please don't waste your time on me

anymore."

Steven and Asher left during the day, leaving only Amelia to take care

of Bella. Drew couldn't help but feel uneasy with just two young women here. Despite his eldest brother leaving his personal

bodyguards behind, Drew still couldn't shake off his concerns.

As the night progressed, Drew and Amelia sat together on a long

bench in the corridor. Having tended to her sister all day, Amelia was

exhausted. Her head gradually drooped, and her eyelids were weighed down by sleepiness. In her fatigued state, she looked innocent and

endearing.

Eventually, Amelia couldn't fight off sleep any longer. Her head tilted,

coming to rest on Drew's shoulder.

Drew was momentarily surprised, his gaze softening as he looked at

Amelia. He didn't dare to move, struck by the unexpected closeness.

Since he was a child, Drew has maintained a certain distance from

his father's other kids. It was as if he never truly considered them to

be his family.

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However, as time passed and after facing numerous experiences

together, his mindset gradually changed.

It was unclear how much time had passed when Amelia suddenly

woke up. She sat up straight, her eyes staring blankly ahead. She

wiped the drool from the corner of her mouth with her hand.

“Why are you awake? Just sleep a little longer,” Drew said, glancing at

her. He found her absent-mindedness to be cute and endearing. She reminded him so much of Bella when they were young.

“I-I’m sorry, Drew!” Amelia panicked suddenly, noticing her drool on

Drew’s shoulder. She blushed with embarrassment and said, “I-I

stained your clothes... I’ll go wash them for you! I’m sorry!”

Seeing her flustered, Drew couldn’t help but feel sorry for his

youngest sister. Their family dynamic always revolved around Bella.

They almost instinctively regarded Bella as the youngest si

did they realize that Amelia was the one who truly needed

care and attention within the Thompson family, yet she was o

overlooked.

Little

“Don’t worry, it’s nothing,” Drew said with a gentle smile, patting h

thigh. “Come here. Lie down and get some rest.”

Amelia’s face blushed even more. “I can’t...”

“Bella used to rest her head on my thighs when she slept.”.

Amelia pressed her lips together tightly. She kneaded her hands

nervously until they turned red.

Drew understood her hesitation, knowing she couldn’t bring herself to

accept such intimacy. After all, she was just his half-sister. To Amelia, Drew’s acknowledgment of her as his sister was enough.

With a soft sigh, Drew removed his windbreaker and draped it over Amelia’s shoulders, wrapping her petite figure in it.

“Drew, I’m not cold. You should wear it.” Amelia began to protest, attempting to take it off.

“Be good and keep it on.” Drew insisted. His gaze softened as he gently pressed her shoulder. “That is, if you truly consider me your

brother.”

Upon hearing these words, Amelia no longer hesitated. Her heart

surged with warmth, accompanied by a hint of tears in her eyes.

Thanks to Bella, she now has a brother to look after her.

Just then, there was a commotion not too far away.

“Amelia, wait here. I’ll go check it out,” Drew said as he turned and

walked out.

As he caught sight of Justin and Ryan, Drew felt his expression darken. His brows furrowed with menace, and he exuded an

“Damn, it’s him!”

Ryan recognized Drew at a glance, recalling the incident of Drew

mercilessly beating Justin, sending shivers down his spine.

“You have the nerve to show up here?” Drew’s muscles tensed, his

gaze fierce as he approached Justin directly. “Get out now, before I lose my temper and throw you out!”

Justin lifted his pale, sorrowful face, his throat tightening. “I want to

see Bella. I have something important to tell her.”

Drew glared fiercely. "She doesn't have anything to say to you, so get

lost!"

"No." Justin took a deep breath, his eyes bloodshot. "If I can't see her,

I won't leave!"

With that, he attempted to push his way past Drew, seemingly out of

his mind.

Drew had intended to stop him, but to his surprise, Ryan was prepared and pulled out a stun gun, jabbing it directly into Drew's lower back.

"Ah!"