

## Heiress 891

### Chapter 891

Drew shook violently and fell to the ground. He was unable to stand up, feeling numb all over.

“Sorry, buddy, just lie down and rest here for a while. This won’t hurt too long,” Ryan said smugly, his eyes gleaming as he tapped the stun gun in his hand. “You Thompsons have some serious combat skills, so I have no choice but to use a few tricks of my own.”

“Damn it! You’re despicable!” Drew glared at him fiercely, his gaze alone enough to tear Ryan apart.

Ryan sighed, shrugging helplessly. I am willing to stoop this low for the sake of my one and only best friend.”

Meanwhile, Justin sprinted to the door of Bella’s hospital room, he was stopped by Amelia.

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“I need to see your sister,” Justin said, looking at Amelia

lowered

eyes, sweat dripping down his haggard cheeks.

Amelia bit her lip, unsure how to respond.

“Please.” Justin’s plea escaped the depths of his throat, hoarse desperation. “Let me see her.”

Unable to bring himself to hurt a girl, Justin could only plead with her.

Amelia looked at Justin for a moment, her expression softened by his desperation. With a deep sigh, she stepped aside, allowing him to

pass.

“Thank you,” Justin whispered gratefully as he hurried toward Bella’s

room.

As Justin reached for the door handle, he hesitated when Amelia’s soft voice broke the silence. “If you had known this would happen, why did you divorce her in the first place?”

His breath caught in his throat, and his chest was tight with emotion. Tears brimmed in his reddened eyes, exposing the turmoil within.

As Justin stepped into the room, Bella’s beautiful face instantly turned frigid.

A wave of hostility and resistance surged from within Justin’s heart.

Christopher gazed coldly at Justin, his lips twisting into a snarl. His eyes were burning with the animosity of a feud that had festered for

far too long.

Justin flinched at the intensity of the confrontation with Christopher,

feeling the air crackle with tension.

“Justin, I don’t want to see you. Please leave!” Bella’s voice t

and her eyes were red.

“I need to speak with you.” Justin swallowed hard, his words strained

and muffled.

“Get out!”

Bella’s sudden outburst startled him as she sat up abruptly. Her voice

was laced with anger. She even pounded her fist on the bed.

“Bella! You have yet to recover... Please don’t get too worked up.

Calm down!” Christopher hurriedly reached out and placed his hands on her trembling shoulders, his eyes full of concern.

Looking at Bella’s hysterical state, Justin felt his soul tear in pieces.

Justin took a step toward her. His step was heavy, as if carrying the weight of his guilt, and his vision was blurred by the tears.

“I came here to apologize.” Justin’s voice trembled with remorse. What I did to you two years ago was wrong. I hurt you, Bella. I’m truly sorry.”

Christopher’s brow furrowed deeply upon hearing those words. ‘Two years ago. They were still married back then. What could have

possibly happened that Justin felt the need to apologize to her?’

In the next moment, Christopher could sense Bella's body trembling

even more violently. Her eyes were bloodshot as she stared at Justin with an anguished gaze.

Suddenly, she reached out and grabbed a glass of water from the

bedside table. She then threw the glass at Justin with all he

With Justin's quick reflexes, he could have easily dodged it. B didn't. He only stood there stiffly, allowing the glass to smash o his forehead and shatter into pieces on the ground.

A large lump immediately swelled up on his forehead. Yet, Justin felt

no pain. His mind was numb and empty.

"Who cares about your apology?!" Bella's voice cracked with emotion

as tears brimmed in her eyes.

Justin stared blankly at Bella. The weight of her words settled heavily

on him, and his heart throbbed with an unbearable ache.

"We ended things a long time ago. Stop humiliating me!"

Chapter 892

Why did Justin come all the way here just to remind Bella of that incident? Why did he even bother apologizing to her?

Bella never wanted his apology. In fact, she didn't even know what

she truly wanted. A deep sense of disappointment and shame enveloped Bella completely, leaving her trembling with anger.

She was not someone who cried easily, but at that moment, tears were streaming down her face uncontrollably.

Christopher had never seen Bella in such a vulnerable state before.

The vibrant and confident woman he once knew seemed broken

because of Justin.

Christopher pleaded, his voice full of concern. "Bella, please don't cry."

Ignoring Justin's presence, Christopher opened his arms as if there

were no one else in the room, gently embracing the distraught

Bella's entire body went limp, her mind in a haze as she rested her forehead on Christopher's shoulder, her tears quickly soaking his

clothes.

A rush of warmth flooded Christopher's heart, and a faint smile

appeared on his lips. At that moment, a sense of satisfaction filled

the void in his heart like never before. He had never felt so happy and

content.

This scene delivered a blow straight to Justin's heart. He staggered back a few steps until his back was against the wall, and a chill swept through his body.

"Justin, why are you still here?" Christopher patted Bella gently while he glared coldly at Justin. "If you truly feel sorry for Bella, you should honor her wishes and leave. Your presence serves no purpose other than reopening Bella's wounds over and over again. She has finally found peace. Why do you insist on reminding her of the pain she endured because of you?"

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Justin stumbled out of the hospital room, his head swimming with a whirlwind of emotions. The bruise on his forehead throbbed painfully, its deep red hue contrasting starkly against his pale complexion, as if every drop of blood had been drained from his body.

At that moment, he couldn't bear to face Ryan or anyone else. All he wanted was solitude. He wanted a place where he could retreat from

the world and be alone with his thoughts for a while.

With heavy steps, Justin walked down the stairs, his back leaning

against the wall. His tall figure gradually bowed, each step ber

than the last, as if his very bones were on the brink of crumbling

beneath him.

Suddenly, the door to the stairs creaked open, flooding the space with a chilly light that illuminated Justin's face, which was glistening with a sheen of sweat. Justin froze for a moment, then straightened up immediately, gathering his composure.

"You're still here? Your shamelessness truly knows no limits."

Chapter 893

Justin found himself face to face with Christopher. He stared at Justin with a cold, mocking gaze. "Even now, you're not giving up? You saw what just happened. Bella needs me, not you. But I suppose I owe you one. If it weren't for your cruelty, Bella might not have been able to fully let you go and accept me."

Justin took a deep breath, a heavy weight pressing down on his chest. He had no desire to exchange words with Christopher. Just being in his presence filled Justin with disgust and repulsion.

In the past, he would have already started a fight with this man who stole his beloved's heart. But now, did he even have the right to do so?

As Justin walked past Christopher, he suddenly stopped Justin and asked, "Why did you apologize to Bella? What did you do to her two years ago?"

Justin's footsteps came to a stop as he closed his eyes. Memories of that fateful night flooded Justin's mind, his lips grazing against her red earlobe, whispering over and over again how much he loved her.

Though Bella had never uttered the word "love" to him, he had sensed her lingering affection. Initially, there had been a flicker of hope between them. But he repeatedly disappointed her and made her suffer, ultimately destroying that tiny glimmer of hope.

Justin's chest throbbed with pain, spasming as tears welled up at the corners of his eyes. He crooked his parched lips. "Do you really want

to know?"

Christopher replied proudly. "Of course. As someone who has loved

Bella for 15 years, I want to know everything about her.”

Justin locked eyes with him, his gaze unwavering, his eyes reflecting depths as profound as an abyss.

After a moment, a chilling smile crept across Justin’s handsome yet pale face. His voice was hoarse and deep as he said, “I had sex with

her two years ago when she was still my wife.”

Christopher’s pupils dilated in shock.

“Bella has long been mine,” Justin declared, his words laced with a

bitter truth.

“You monster!”

Christopher’s fury surged like a tidal wave, his fists clenching tightly as he launched a punch toward Justin’s face. He couldn’t bear the thought of anyone laying a hand on Bella, his Bella. How could this monster do that to her when he didn’t even love her back then?

But before his blow could land, there was a sharp crack.

Justin swiftly raised his palm, catching Christopher’s fist with such speed that he seemed like an entirely different person from the man who had just stood there and taken a hit from Bella.

A frown etched deep into Christopher’s forehead as he struggled to retract his hand, feeling an unprecedented sense of oppression



weighing upon him. Never before had anyone exerted such

dominance over him.

## Chapter 894

“It’s only natural for Bella to hit me since I owe it to her.” Justin’s eyes narrowed slightly as he spoke, his grip tightening gradually, intensifying the discomfort Christopher felt.

“If she wanted to stab me in the heart with a knife or cut me to

shreds, I would willingly endure it.”

Justin continued. “But you? Who do you think you are to lay a hand on me? I’m only here for Bella’s sake. Don’t push your luck and think that I’ll tolerate your nonsense.”

With a swift motion, Justin raised his hand, sending Christopher stumbling back until his back slammed against the wall.

At that moment, Christopher realized the difference in their strength.

He wasn’t a match for Justin.

“Hahahaha!” Christopher leaned against the wall, his sinister laughter echoing in the dimly lit staircase, a stark contrast against his delicate, fair complexion. “So you still haven’t given up on Bella, huh? You still

want to compete with me? Do you really think you stand a chance.

against me?”

“Christopher, I never intended to compete with you,” Justin replied calmly, his voice steady despite the tension between them. “If you truly love Bella, I won’t stand in your way. I won’t interfere with anyone who wants to give her their love.”

Justin was aware that he had never given Bella the love she deserved. If someone else could, he was willing to let her go.

“But I know exactly what kind of person you are, so I’ll keep my eyes

on you. If you show even the slightest hint of wrongdoing, I won’t let you off the hook.”

Justin’s eyes flashed with a sharp and intimidating glare.”

Christopher, you’ll always be under my radar.”

With that, Justin turned around arrogantly and left, slamming the door

behind him.

Christopher thought, ‘Justin, even someone like you can’t guarantee your own safety. What makes you think you can compete with me for

Bella?’

Christopher adjusted his golden-rimmed glasses. His once-angelic features turned sinister.

In a sudden burst of rage, he smashed the glass door of the fire hydrant to pieces with his fist. “Justin... The price of stealing my

woman is to die in hell!”

Ryan had been waiting outside the hospital for Justin, smoking

cigarettes one after another.

When he spotted Justin emerging from the door, pale as a ghost, Ryan put out his cigarette with his feet and called out to him. "Justin!"

However, Justin seemed utterly disconnected from the world, walking past Ryan in a daze and silently getting into the car.

Ryan grew even more worried.

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The luxury car made its way back to Tideview Manor.

In the car, Ryan spoke up in a hushed tone, "The villa that Ian mentioned is officially sealed and up for auction now. There's quite a bit of interest in it from potential buyers."

He continued, "Ian has already sorted through everything in the villa. He's packed up some of your mother's photos for you to take back to Tideview Manor."

Chapter 895

"He threw everything else into the trash and destroyed it completely, leaving no trace behind. Justin? Justin? Are you listening to me?"

"Ryan, I'm not going back to Tideview Manor. I want to visit Grandpa. I

miss him.” Justin said, his voice breaking on the last words.

Ryan looked at him in shock, feeling worried. Justin’s eyes were now

red, with tears streaming down his face. His broad shoulders

trembled uncontrollably.

He was actually crying.

They had been friends for twenty years, and Justin had never shed a single tear, not even at his mother’s funeral. But now, for Bella, he

cried like a child.

Bella’s physical injuries from the car accident weren’t serious, but real damage was inflicted on her emotionally.

During the next couple of days, Christopher remained by her side in the hospital, refusing to leave.

Although there was little he could do to care for her, he insisted on staying. Even if he was unable to do anything, he wanted Bella to know he was there for her from morning until night, every single day.

When Wyatt and his wives returned from their trip abroad, they received a phone call as soon as they got off the plane.

“Uncle Wyatt, it’s me.”

“Christopher?” Wyatt was somewhat surprised. “Is there something

you need to tell me?”

Christopher’s voice was filled with worry. “Bella was in a car accident

a few days ago and ended up in the hospital. I’ve been by her side, helping her through her recovery.”

“What? Bella had an accident?!”

Wyatt’s blood pressure skyrocketed in an instant, his vision blurred,

and his heart was pounding like a drum.

“Why didn’t I know about this? Why wasn’t I informed?”

“It was Bella’s decision, Uncle Wyatt. She didn’t want you to worry

about her.”

“Silly girl! How could she do this?! Does she not consider me her

father?!”

Wyatt’s anger and frustration surged at the idea of his beloved daughter being alone in a hospital bed without his knowledge. His face flushed red with a mix of anger and anxiety, and his heart was

twisting in pain.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Wyatt. Bella is doing fine now. She should be discharged tomorrow,” Christopher reassured him gently.

“Ah, thank you for letting me know and for looking after Bella during this time. Let’s arrange a suitable time, and I’ll treat you to a meal to express my gratitude. Which hospital is Bella at? Is it Thompson Hospital? I’ll head there right away!”

“Uncle Wyatt, I’m waiting for you outside the airport. Let me take you there,” Christopher offered.

After a brief pause, Christopher lowered his voice and said, “By the

way, there are some important matters I’d like to discuss with you in

private.”

Chapter 896

When Wyatt shared the news of Bella’s accident with his three wives,

they were all worried and insisted on accompanying him to visit her.

However, he ultimately decided to dissuade them and sent them back

to Hatchbay before heading to the hospital.

As Wyatt walked out of the airport with Quentin and his bodyguards,

he saw Christopher waiting for him at the entrance, standing

gracefully next to his sports car.

“Hello, Uncle Wyatt.” Christopher showed a gentle smile and bowed

deeply to Wyatt.

Wyatt paused and thought for a moment before getting into Christopher’s car. After all, Christopher said he had something to tell him about Bella. Meanwhile, Quentin and the bodyguards fol ed

closely behind them in a separate car.

Normally, if an upstart like Christopher wanted to meet an

established business mogul like Wyatt, he would have to wait in despite their family’s connections. However, given the urgency of

situation concerning Bella, Wyatt couldn’t afford to wait.

The sports car smoothly made its way toward the hospital.

“Uncle Wyatt, I have been at Bella’s side for the past few days. She’s been in a constant state of distress, her emotions incredibly unstable.” Christopher’s eyes were filled with pain. “I have known her for a long time, but this is the first time I have seen her in such agony.

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I know how much you dote on her, so seeing her like this will surely

break your heart.”

Wyatt could already feel a sharp pain in his chest. Everyone knew Bella held a special place in his heart above all his other children. No.

one could compare to her.

He knew that Wyatt's biggest weakness was Bella. If anyone dared to

harm Bella, Wyatt would be the first to defend her. Christopher

understood this all too well.

"Son, what happened when I was not around?" Wyatt anxiously looked at Christopher. "What difficulties did Bella encounter? Who did

this to my precious daughter?"

"Uncle Wyatt, who else can make someone as strong as Bella so heartbroken?" Christopher secretly clenched his fist, his gaze icy. Who was the one who hurt her in the first place and then abandoned, her? Who would not stop getting entangled with her and breaking her

heart over and over again?"

"Justin?" Wyatt's thick eyebrows furrowed deeply.

"There isn't anyone else other than him."

"Was the car accident also related to that bastard?"

Christopher pushed his glasses up lightly, his eyes gloomy. "All I know is that on the day of the accident, Bella went to see Justin. I'm not sure what happened between them, but whatever it was left Bella distracted, leading to the car accident on her way back. Her car was wrecked, but fortunately, no one was seriously injured."



“Justin! When will he stop harassing my daughter?” Wyatt slammed

his hand against the car door furiously, unable to contain his anger.

“There is one more thing, Uncle Wyatt, but I don’t know if I should tell you.” Christopher hesitated.

“Tell me! Do you know what that bastard has done to my daughter?

Tell me everything!” Wyatt stared at Christopher with bloodshot eyes,

trembling with anger.

Christopher’s eyes flashed, and in a low voice, he told Wyatt about

what Justin had done to Bella while she was unconscious. He was

able to put together everything that happened after Justin came to apologize to Bella.

With his intelligence, he could easily make a rough guess based on Justin’s words and Bella’s reaction. Through his contact with Bella these days, he had managed to gather more information to confirm

his suspicions.

It didn’t matter if there were parts he didn’t understand. Christopher filled them in where Justin’s words fell short.

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Wyatt listened silently to Christopher, not saying a word. Only the sound of his heavy breaths, filled with hatred, could be heard in the

car.

“Uncle Wyatt, try not to let your anger consume you. Please take care

of yourself.” Christopher’s eyes were full of concern.

“That Salvador bastard! How much longer does he plan to torment my daughter?” Wyatt pressed his hand on his chest, trying to stop the

pain surging in his heart.

“Although some bad things happened to Bella, it’s all in the past. I’ll

make sure to protect her from now on.

Christopher looked at Wyatt, his eyes ablaze. “Uncle Wyatt, I love

Bella. I will make her the happiest woman in the world. I swear that I

love Bella with all my heart. It has nothing to do with her being your daughter or my situation in the Iverson family. I have loved her as a person since I was young. No one can replace Bella’s place in my

heart.”

Wyatt looked shocked, staring at Christopher’s eyes, which were gleaming with sincerity. Before this, he had his own opinions about Christopher and the entire Iverson family. He had never experienced

so-called business marriages, so he naturally didn’t want Bella to marry someone she didn’t love and be miserable for life.

But it seemed that Christopher's feelings for Bella were genuine. Wyatt was an experienced person, and he could tell that the love in Christopher's eyes when he mentioned Bella was impossible to fake.

Wyatt thought, 'Maybe I shouldn't spoil Bella anymore. She has always said she wants to find her own happiness. But in the end, what did she find? A scumbag who can't even control his own lust!'

"Chris." Wyatt rarely addressed him so affectionately, but his gaze

was very serious. "You know Bella's current situation. She loved

Justin so deeply and gave him everything. It may take a long time. before she can heal the pain in her heart and be open to your feelings. No matter how serious or passionate you are, she may not see you as a romantic partner."

He continued, "Bella is my daughter, and I know her temperament

better than anyone. Maybe you can persist like this for a year or two, but what about ten years or even twenty years? Can you continue

waiting for her like this? Won't you regret it?"

"I know that she still has feelings for Justin, but I don't care."

Christopher's eyes were filled with passion and wet with tears. Behind

them, his eyes showed signs of relief and sincerity. "I want to marr her, despite everything she's been through. I'll only marry Bella in thi

lifetime."

Wyatt's brows furrowed deeply. It would be a lie to say he wasn't

moved at all.

"Uncle Wyatt, I beg you to give me a chance. Please!"

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When Wyatt arrived at the hospital, Bella was already asleep.

Wyatt felt pent-up and had been holding back the words he wanted to say to his daughter all along. But now that he saw her haggard,

sleeping face, he choked up, unable to say anything. He wanted to stay by her bedside quietly and accompany her.

What more could be said? Everything that happened in the past could not be undone. Saying anything further would only add salt to her

wounds.

In the early hours of the morning, Asher and Axel walked in together.

Asher said softly, "Dad, go back and get some rest. Bella will be discharged tomorrow, and we'll take her home."

"I'm not tired." Wyatt's tone was cold. It was obvious he was mad at them.

"Dad, we were wrong this time. We really shouldn't have kept it from you." Axel sighed heavily. "But we also did it for your sake, and besides, you raised so many sons. Isn't this the time for us to support you? We can take care of Bella."

## Chapter 898

Wyatt sneered at him. "Do you think you can really handle it? If you could, Bella wouldn't be lying here right now!"

Asher's eyes instantly dimmed, and he kept his mouth shut.

Axel also pursed his lips. Although he was usually eloquent, he had nothing to say.

"Ash, let's talk outside," Wyatt said, standing up stiffly. After sitting for too long, his back was aching.

"Yes, Dad." Asher quickly moved to support his father, and the two temporarily left the ward.

They went to the lounge.

"What did you say?" Asher was greatly shocked, his eyes narrowing. You want Bella to be with Christopher? But why?"

"If we really want Bella to break free from Justin's shadow, I think the best way is to let her start a new relationship. Let someone who truly

loves her be with her."

Wyatt's gaze was deep, as if he had already made up his mind. "Right

now, Christopher is so devoted to Bella, and our two families are well-

matched. Besides, I've watched him grow up. Why not give them a

chance? Maybe he can heal Bella's inner wounds. Bella can't continue

to suffer like this, she deserves a fresh start."

"Watched him grow up? Do you really think you truly understand Christopher's character?" Asher asked impatiently, his tone growing heavier. "Christopher has been involved in some shady dealings in Sentania over the past few years. Some of his businesses are downright shady. Are you really comfortable letting Bella be with him?"

"That's in Sentania, not here. Besides, if he treats Bella well and they stand a chance, I don't mind helping him to clean up his business."

"Dad!" Asher choked on his words, his throat tightening. "Why are you suddenly like this? Bella is not going to be happy about it!"

"Even if I don't do this, does it make her happy?!" Wyatt suddenly stood up, his eyes burning with resentment as he shouted angrily at him. "Since she joined the Doctor without Borders, when have I ever intervened in her affairs? I gave her the freedom to follow her heart, but where has it gotten her? She ended up in a broken marriage, became both emotionally and physically scarred from abuse, and even now, she's still being bullied by Justin! Is my daughter worth a little? Does she have to remain lonely and unwanted without Justin?"

Asher's eyes widened in shock. He could tell that Wyatt already knew about the undisclosed matter between Bella and Justin. But besides

the two parties involved, only Asher knew about it, and he hadn't

uttered a single word to his father. How did his father know? Who told

him?

"Christopher holds no position in the Iverson family, and his

relationship with your Uncle Lance is quite ordinary. Currently, he might not seem like the perfect match for Bella. But that's alright. As long as he genuinely treats Bella well and with sincerity, I don't mind

giving him a hand."

Wyatt thought of the harm Justin had done to his daughter and hated Justin so much that he wished he could shoot him dead. "Hmph, Justin's days of being special in Savrow are numbered!"

Asher felt inexplicably depressed. Wyatt's intentions to groom Christopher as his future son-in-law were crystal clear.

"Have you discussed with Bella regarding this decision? Would she be okay with you meddling in her love life?"

"I'm not going to discuss anything" Wyatt replied as he closed his eyes and waved his hand dismissively. "Eventually, Bella will come to realize that loving someone doesn't always mean they are the right fit or the best choice. Only the person who loves her back is suited to be her life partner. At the very least, she wouldn't be hurt again."

## Chapter 899

Late at night, at the Tideview Manor, Bethany had just taken a shower. She changed the bandages on her face from her plastic surgery and was ready to enjoy some wine.

"Linny? Linny!" Bethany shouted twice, and the maid, Linny, ran in.

"I'm here, Ms. Bethany."

Ever since Bella arranged for her to be a spy, Linny has been trying her best to get close to Shannon and Bethany to gain their trust. She knew that Shannon was suspicious by nature and would not trust

anyone.

On the other hand, Bethany was much less suspicious compared to her mother, and she was easier to approach. Thus, Linny decided to pour all her efforts into Bethany, and being at her beck and call gave her the opportunity to serve Bethany. Otherwise, as a lowly servant like her, who had previously served Carrie, Bethany would have kicked her out of the Tideview Manor. How would she be able to complete the task Bella gave her?

“Go to the wine cellar and get me a good bottle of wine,” Bethany said lazily while she put a mask on her face. “If you mess up and choose a cheap wine, I will deduct your salary for the month.”

“Yes, Ms. Bethany,” Linny responded obediently, and she immediately went to get the red wine for Bethany

Throughout this period, Bethany had always been making Linny’s life difficult with petty demands, causing her much distress. Linny was

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well aware that Bethany was using her as a punching bag because she used to be Carrie’s maid. Nevertheless, it didn’t matter. Linny had a plan in mind and could endure all the bullying. She believed in karma, trusting that one day, Bella would take revenge for her and deal with this vicious mother-daughter duo.

Bethany suddenly realized that she had left her phone in the entertainment room on the third floor. She was so annoyed that she stomped her foot and wanted to order Linny to get it for her.

Unable to wait any longer, Bethany decided to go get it herself. She put on a mask and walked out of the room. After walking for a while, she suddenly saw a black shadow flash by.

“Ah!” Bethany screamed out loud, scared. The mask on her face almost fell to the ground.

Just a few steps ahead, a woman with a pale face and messy hair



suddenly appeared in the dimly lit corridor, resembling a ghost.

Bethany looked closely and sighed in relief. She couldn't help but fe

surprised.

"Mom...? Is that you?" Bethany looked at Shannon, who always looked elegant and poised. She was shocked to see her in such a haggard state. She hadn't seen Shannon since the last party, but it

wasn't too long ago.

'What happened to her?' Bethany thought.

Shannon immediately ran toward Bethany, grabbed her arm, and ran

back to the room.

Bethany asked nervously. "Mom, what's the matter? Did something

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happen?"

Shannon remained seated on the sofa, trembling despite being in a warm room. She was wrapped in a thick coat and refused to take it

off.

"Bethany, I said something I shouldn't have tonight."

Bethany was filled with confusion. Something wrong? What did you say?"

## Chapter 900

"Earlier tonight, I went for another cosmetic procedure. Dr. Fairchild gave me an injection, claiming that it would relax me even more than the medication I usually take," Shannon confessed, her hands

clutching her head and her eyes filled with panic.

Shannon's voice trembled, her gaze still unfocused. "After I got the injection, I felt really relaxed and drifted off to sleep. When I woke up, Dr. Fairchild asked me who Mary was."

"Mom, what did you tell him? Who is Dr. Fairchild? How could you?"

At that time, Bethany also knew the truth behind Mary's death. In a way, Shannon could be said to be the culprit behind Mary's suicide. However, she had orchestrated it cleverly back then. She bribed the maid who took care of Mary and replaced her daily medication for depression. She even manipulated Rosalind and Bethany into spreading rumors through their children, which ultimately led to

Mary's worsening condition and her suicide.

Shannon had killed her greatest rival without even a single drop of blood on her hands. It was her proudest achievement, yet one she could never openly boast about.

"I don't know. I don't know what I said. I don't know what I told him."

Shannon's entire body continued to tremble, her voice quivering. "But Dr. Fairchild swore to me that he would keep everything he heard secret. He promised he would never reveal it to anyone!"

Bethany was dumbfounded. "Mom! How can you be so naive? Dr.

Fairchild is not related to you. What if he reveals the truth? What if he

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uses it to blackmail you in the future?"

What shocked her even more was the medication Shannon was taking.

Bethany thought, 'What kind of medicine was that? A truth serum? How could she spill the secrets buried deep in her heart without any recollection?'

At that moment, Bethany heard a noise. Her heart raced as she

glanced toward the bedroom, cautiously tiptoeing over. When she reached the door, she pushed it open, only to find an empty room with no one inside.

Bethany let out a sigh of relief, her forehead covered in cold sweat. The topic Shannon was talking about weighed heavily on her. If someone heard it, they would be in big trouble.

"It won't happen. He's my man. He would never betray me!" Shannon reassured herself, though uncertainty lingered in her words.

But what could she do? She was now completely dependent on Dr. Fairchild, both mentally and physically.

"Mom, I'm your daughter, and I would never hurt you. Please listen to

me." Bethany sat down beside Shannon and held her cold hand

tightly. "You should have less contact with Dr. Fairchild from now on.

He must have some ulterior motives for you! You must silence whoever knows about Mary's death. As long as he is alive, he's a fatal threat to you!"

"It won't happen. It's been almost twenty years. Any evidence is long gone!" Shannon shivered as she burrowed into Bethany's arms." Unless that bitch, Mary, miraculously rises from the dead to accuse

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me, no one knows what really happened back then!"

"Who said that no one knows? Rosalind is still around!"

"She's nothing, just a discarded pawn! If she wants to come back to Savrow one day, she has to keep her mouth shut!"

Shannon gradually calmed down, and reason regained the high ground. "What about the maid who looked after Mary back then? Have you been keeping an eye on her for years?"

Bethany's eyes were gloomy. "Yes, she's been in Richmond all these years, running a small restaurant there. She has received our favor, so she will likely keep the secret to herself."

Although Bethany had some resentment toward Shannon, she knew

the principle of one for all and all for one.

If Shannon fell, her days with the Salvador family would not be good

either. The entire Salvador family would fall into Justin's hands, and

Bethany would probably not even be able to raise her head in the

future.

Shannon took a moment to calm herself down before allowing Bethany to help her back to the room.

As soon as they left, the closet door in the bedroom creaked ope

slightly.