

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 601 - 650

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 601-Christopher was insatiable by nature, rarely feeling gratified by anything in the world.

Making Justin pay was one of the unlikely things that pleased him.

"Mr. Iverson, what brings you here?" Snapping out of her thoughts, Bella asked curiously.

"I've moved here. I'm living in the villa behind yours." Christopher stared at her affectionately.

"What?" Bella was shocked.

Justin's heart dropped as he had a bad feeling.

"We're neighbors now, Bella." While talking, Christopher tilted his head and smiled in a youthful and gentle manner. He extended his right hand to her. "Hello, neighbor. I hope we can get along." Though baffled, Bella remained unruffled and politely shook Christopher's hand.

Christopher managed to mercilessly and cleanly cut off Justin, the ex- husband who once was most intimate with Bella.

"Bella, do you want to visit my new home?" Like Bella, Christopher was an opportunist. He extended an invitation to her. "I bought a lot of groceries, including some fresh salmon and crayfish. They're all your favorites. I'll cook for you." His words were filled with love.

Christopher was considerate, attentive, and a gentleman. He was the boyfriend of every woman's dreams.

"I'll need to take a rain check. We live in the same neighborhood, so we'll run into each other more frequently. We have plenty of time in the future. Thank you for the offer, though, Mr. Iverson." Bella was flustered and not in the right mind for a housewarming session.

"My mother will be at my place tonight." Christopher's eyes fixated on Bella as he invited her earnestly once.

more. "I told her that I'd invite you over to the house for dinner. She was excited and said that it had been years since she last saw you. She wanted to meet Chairman Thompson's favorite daughter." Bella was taken aback. "Is Mrs. Iverson back from Sentania?" "Yeah. I brought my mother back." Christopher grinned with relief.

“That’s great.” Justin was alarmed.

However, he could not add a word to their conversation. All he could do was stand there and do nothing.

Justin, who sat on top of the business world, had such moments of desperation too.

He had become a fool for his little lady.

“You know my mother, Bella. She rarely has moments when she’s conscious and herself.” The sadness in Christopher’s eyes tugged on Bella’s heartstrings. “I hope you can meet her when she’s of sound mind. It makes the encounter meaningful. Can I be abrupt and ask you for this small favor?” The Iversons and the Thompsons went way back. Plus, Bella did not really have anything planned tonight anyway. She did not have a reason to refuse.

“Alright then. Sorry to trouble you for dinner, Mr. Iverson.” Fueled with rage, Justin clenched his fists.

“Not at all. I want to thank you for accepting my invitation, Bella.” With joy apparent on his face, Christopher gestured for Bella to come along with him.

They then walked right past Justin.

However, Justin was not one to give up or back down so easily, especially when it came to competing with Christopher. He did not want to let the love of his life walk away with another man.

What should he do?

He contemplated his options.

His inner voice was telling him to leave his ego out the door and stop Bella from leaving.

Nothing was more important than his wife. He had to keep her.

“Bella!” As his heart pounded out of his chest, Justin took strides to keep up with the pair.

Before Justin could get close to Bella, Christopher sensed Justin. He turned around and aggressively pulled a punch, aiming straight for Justin’s face.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 602-Swoosh!

A violent breeze brushed past the tip of Justin's nose. There was sure power, ruthlessness, and speed in the punch.

If Justin was not a skilled fighter, he would not have been able to dodge the unsuspecting attack.

Justin was able to gather a lot of information from the missed.

assault.

Underneath Christopher's polished appearance was a vicious beast.

Justin could not possibly let Bella go with him.

No way!

Everything happened too fast. Bella walked ahead, oblivious to the men fighting over her in the back.

Christopher pulled another punch, and Justin ducked in time retaliated with a high kick. However, the counterattack merely passed Christopher's chest.

Christopher backed away to regain his balance. His seemingly arms under his silver cuffs tensed as he clenched his fists. His vein bulged.

Justin, who was ambushed, stood there, rooted to the ground.

Christopher pushed his glasses up his nose, hiding the bloodthirst behind the lens.

For over a decade, Christopher had been learning to fight from the best fighters in Sentania, perfecting his skills to become stronger so that he could protect his mother and recruit elites.

Christopher dabbled in close combat, shooting, and knives. He was gifted in that respect. Although he was not blessed with the best of health, he was able to make up for his deficiencies by putting in the hard work.

Hence, Christopher was confident he could take Justin on.

Nevertheless, after the brief clash with Justin, Christopher realized he had underestimated his opponent.

Justin was stronger than most men.

Even if Christopher were to give everything he had, he might not be able to defeat Justin.

Christopher furrowed his brows grimacingly.

Suddenly, he curled his lips slyly, sending shivers down Justin's spine. Something did not sit right with Justin.

Christopher's eyes, always tender in Bella's presence, were savage and rampant, challenging Justin's patience.

Upon narrowing his eyes, Christopher threw himself forward.

Letting his muscle memory and the urge to beat up the man take control, Justin reacted with a right hook to Christopher's left cheek.

Bella happened to turn around and witness this scene.

Justin was shocked to catch Christopher, bleeding in the mouth, smiling wickedly instead of getting angry.

Shit!

He fell right into Christopher's trap!

Christopher was not trying to hit him. He was trying to lure him to draw blood.

Justin cursed himself for being a fool to fall for it.

"Chris!" Bella widened her eyes and ran to help Christopher.

She blurted out his nickname in a panic.

Christopher's eyes bulge in surprise. Disregarding the burning pain on his cheek, he clutched Bella's wrist and asked in a trembling voice, Bella... What did you call me?" It then hit Bella.

She took a bit of time to process what she just said. It was just a form of address, and she used to call him that name when they were kids.

Hence, she cried, "Chris." Christopher's eyes welled up in excitement, his facial muscles twitching.

Only God knew how long he had been waiting for her to use the term of endearment.

It had been too long-15 years too long.

Could Justin understand 15 years of yearning and lovesickness? No, the heartless man could never understand this.

Justin froze as the color drained from his face.

He could hear something breaking as his body slowly gave out.

Bella had once again broken his heart to pieces.

It appeared Bella and Christopher were close, and it all started when they were kids.

Justin questioned what he meant to Bella.

“Have you gone mad, Justin? Mr. Iverson was just inviting me to meet his mother at his place. What did he ever do to you? Why must you injure him?” Bella helped Christopher up and snapped an angry look at Justin.

There were a lot of emotions in her gaze.

She was angry, helpless, and, more so, disappointed.

For the past 13 years, Justin had been an unattainable presence for her.

Now, she could feel the untouchable shine of him fading as he drifted further from the man she remembered him to be.

“I’m fine, Bella. Don’t be mad.” The murderous intent in Christopher’s eyes was no longer present. He looked tenderly at her and said nicely, “I can understand why Mr.

Salvador attacked me.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 603-Christopher continued, “Everything he does is for you.” “For me? Including hurting someone?” Unable to put up with Justin’s behavior, Bella scoffed. “He’s just covering up his misdeed in the name of justice. Don’t say that it’s for me. I won’t stand for this.” “Bella!” Justin felt suffocated, and his misery showed in his voice. “I don’t want to explain or justify my behavior. I just have one thing to ask you. What am I to you?” As her breath hitched, Bella felt her heart drop.

Despite the dimly lit surroundings, she could see the shattered and anguished look on Justin’s face.

Christopher stared intently at Justin’s pale face like a hawk on its prey.

“If you stop pestering me and being a nuisance in my life, we might have a chance of becoming business partners. But if you persist in your ways, our only possible relationship is that of enemies.” Without taking another look at Justin, Bella held onto Christopher and left.

Justin stood there in a daze, as if the whole world had left him behind.

Before he knew it, the chilly breeze pierced through him, drying the tears in his eyes before they could pool again.

He would never love another the way he loved her.

Even the strongest love could fade with time.

Christopher's villa was the second largest in the upscale area.

The biggest belonged to Bella.

Since the Iversons owned the neighborhood, Christopher could just pick any villa he wanted.

As they entered the compound, Bella felt bad that Christopher was badly bruised in the face. She asked cautiously, "Does it hurt?" Christopher curled his lips, grinning brightly and warmly. However, the smile was stiff because of the bruise. "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt that bad." "The bastard didn't hold back." Furious, Bella wanted to punish Justin.

"Mr. Salvador was in the army, and he went to military school. It doesn't surprise me that he was heavy with the beating." Bella scowled. "How did you know that he was in the army? Did you run a background check on him?" Unflustered, Christopher said with a faint smile, "Mr. Salvador and I are rivals, whether in business or love. If I want to win, I should know my enemy well." Reading between the lines, Bella pursed her luscious lips.

It was a shame that she did not see Christopher the same way.

In fact, she played dumb to his feelings for her.

"Please cover for me later when my mother asks about this, Bella." Christopher looked over and nervously gave her the heads-up.

"How should I cover for you? It's not like you can fall and hit one side.

of your face." Bella furrowed her brows, finding the excuse hard to believe.

Christopher let out a wry smile, but the joy in his eyes was clear. His affection was reserved only for her.

"I got an idea!" Struck by a thought, Bella pulled out a compact powder from her purse and handed it to him. "Cover up your bruise with this." "What's this?" "Do you know how to use it?" Christopher looked at her with clear eyes and shook his head.

"I'll help you." Bella opened the compact and dabbed the powder puff on the pressed powder before drawing close to Christopher's face. She proceeded to dab the puff on his swollen cheek.

"Hiss..." The man grimaced in pain.

"Does it hurt?" Bella asked.

Christopher narrowed his eyes and leaned closer to Bella. He was just inches away from her baby-smooth and beautiful face.

He could not love her more than he already had.

Their breaths mingled as the tips of their noses nearly touched.

Bella could even smell his minty breath mixed with his violet cologne, which made her feel lightheaded.

"It hurt a little just now, but it doesn't hurt anymore." Christopher looked deep into her eyes with a grin.

Bella stepped back a little, nearly dropping her compact powder.

Although she cried out his nickname in a moment of panic, that did not mean that they had become closer.

"Come on, Bella. Any later, and I might not get dinner ready in time." Christopher stopped teasing her. He had to take things slow, as slow and steady would win him the race.

The pair walked through the gates of the villa and disappeared out of sight.

On the other side of the metal gates, Justin stood alone on the opposite road. His bloodshot eyes were drawn to the villa's distant glow.

FAct Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 604-Everything in Christopher's home looked new. It was clear that he had moved in not too long ago.

The villa's interior was decorated in minimalistic colors of black, white, and gray. Bella could tell right away that the furniture and appliances were top-of-the-line brands that exuded a subtle luxury.

Bella shuddered a little when she walked into the house.

The reason was not because of the heating. The empty space, paired with the monotonous colors, gave off a sense of oppression and chill.

“Do you feel cold, Bella?” Christopher took out a pair of white slippers from the shoe cabinet and got down on one knee to place them by Bella’s feet. “Put them on. I’ll turn up the heating.” As her lashes fluttered, Bella slipped her dainty feet into slippers.

The fluffy slippers were comfortable.

They were new, and the size seemed to fit her just right, as if they were made for her.

m “You’re back, Mr. Iverson.” Zelda, a housekeeper to Christopher and his mother, Sophie, approached to welcome them.

“Bella, this is Zelda.” Christopher introduced them with a smile, “Zelda, this is-” “I know! She’s Ms. Thompson, the one you always talk about! Hello there, Ms. Thompson.” Zelda checked Bella out with enthusiasm. “You’re so beautiful, Ms. Thompson. Oh, my goodness. You’re prettier than the winner of Miss Sentania.” Bella blushed and smiled with embarrassment. “Thank you for the compliment, Zelda.” “Come in. Come in! It must be cold outside. Mr. Iverson, your mother has been waiting for you.” Zelda led them to the living room, turning back to check on them from time to time. With each glance, she found them a perfect match for each other.

Bella felt anxious.

She could barely remember what Sophie looked like.

Bella often visited the Iversons’ residence in her younger days, and Lance was usually the one to greet her. Sophie rarely made an appearance. She had encountered Sophie maybe once or twice, but she remembered the woman to be kind and gentle.

“Mom!” Hearing Christopher’s greeting, the middle-aged woman in a wheelchair with a beige blanket over her lap slowly turned around.

Feeling a catch in her throat, Bella felt upset.

Sophie was around Mila’s age, but she was silver-haired and a shadow of her former beauty.

“Son, you’re back.” Sophie smiled. Although she aged significantly, her smile was beautiful as always. It was clear that she was a stunner back in the day.

Christopher went up and gave her a hug. "Mom, Ms. Thompson is here to see you." "Ah... Bella? Is it Bella?" Sophie was perky, like a child, her eyes reflecting her tenderness for Bella. "Zelda! Zelda!" "I'm here, Mrs. Iverson," Zelda responded.

"Hurry up and get Bella some juice and candy." "Alright." Zelda grabbed a handful of candy from the coffee table and presented it to Bella. "Here you go, Ms. Thompson." Though surprised, Bella took the candy.

It never occurred to her that Sophie had such a different approach to hosting guests.

"Chris, you must bring your friends to the house. Don't worry about disrupting my rest. I don't want you to be alone and have no one to play with." Sophie looked worriedly at her son.

Bella looked at Christopher in shock, "Don't worry, Mom. I don't feel lonely with Bella by my side." As sadness fled across his eyes, Christopher patted Sophie's back. "Even if all the kids won't play with me, Bella won't ignore me." "Alright. Bella, you must visit us often." Sophie looked at Bella as if she were still the little girl from 15 years ago.

"Thank you, Mrs. Iverson."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 605-Swayed by emotions, Bella approached Sophie and got down on one knee. She looked up with a bright smile and said, "Chris has a friend in me, so don't worry." Christopher took off his jacket, his slender build drawn out by his white shirt and gray vest. He went to the kitchen, looking rather chic.

Although Bella was a guest, she felt bad letting him cook for her.

Thus, she followed him to the kitchen.

"I'll help you. You don't have a chef. It will take you forever to cook dinner." Bella looked at the table of ingredients and rolled up her sleeves to get to work.

"It's okay. I have everything ready. It should be quick and easy to make dinner." While talking, Christopher looked at her with concern and murmured, "Bella, I remember that you're allergic to smoke. It can get greasy and smoky in the kitchen. You should head to the living room and with my mother." Bella paused, her eyes twinkling in surprise. "H-How did you know I'm allergic to smoke?" "Don't you remember? Your dad would take you to my home when you were a kid, and my brother would demand a cookout, ordering the household help to start the grill in the backyard. When it started to get smoky, your dad carried you away nervously, saying that you were allergic to smoke. I still remember your dad getting worked up and yelling at my dad." Christopher chuckled. "You're the apple of your dad's eye." Bella stared at him in a daze and felt a lump in her throat.

Despite her best efforts, she could not stop her eyes from tearing up.

During the three years she had been with Justin and cooked for him, the man had no idea that she had an allergic reaction to smoke.

However, Christopher did not forget the trivial matter that happened over a decade ago.

"It's okay. I'll help you." Bella stood alongside Christopher in front of the sink, preparing the fresh ingredients skillfully.

Christopher swallowed hard and quietly stepped closer to her.

"Thank you, Bella." "I should thank you for treating me to dinner." "That's not what I mean." Christopher's voice was raspy as he smiled wryly. "You've seen my mother. Her memory is regressing badly. Sometimes, she doesn't even recognize me. There are times that she thinks I'm still 7 years old." "I understand. It's one of the symptoms of Alzheimer's." Bella sighed.

"I'm grateful that you are willing to make her happy with me." Their eyes met, and their foreheads bumped into each other.

They chuckled, taken aback.

It was a happy and tender moment at the villa.

Beyond the walls of the residence, it was cold and windy.

Justin stood rooted to the ground outside the villa, staring intently at the warm light.

He had no idea how long he had been there or how much longer he would stand there.

There was only one thing on his mind.

He was waiting for Bella. He was waiting for her to come out and see him.

She had to leave one way or another, right?

Suddenly, Justin felt something cold on his face. The biting cold spread throughout his body.

He lifted his chin as the tiny snowflakes fell on his pale face and melted into his bloodshot eyes.

It was snowing.

Savrow welcomed its first snow in the winter.

The first snow was a blank canvas. It signified a fresh full of potential and the promise of something special.

He thought to himself, 'Bella, I want to experience the first snow with you.' Justin breathed out a puff of cold air and pulled out his phone shakily to dial Bella's number.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 606-Dinner was pleasant and full of laughter.

Christopher had planned to bring out a bottle of well-aged red wine, but Sophie kept serving Bella juices. Bella had drank orange juice, grape juice, pineapple juice, and other varieties of squashed fruits.

After dinner, Zelda took Sophie elsewhere for other activities to give Christopher and his beloved a moment alone.

Christopher gave Bella a tour of his villa, showing her his art collection of paintings and artwork.

These babies could fetch an astronomical price at an auction.

Standing before a desk, Bella leaned forward with a magnifying glass. She appreciated a painting. Her bright eyes reflected her joy.

"Do you like it? If you do, I'll wrap it up for you to take home." Christopher propped his arm against the bed, staring at her with a tilted head.

She admired the painting, while he admired her.

"Wrap it up for me? You know better than anyone that anything consists of at least seven figures. These are authentic works. I can't believe you're offering the painting to me for free." Bella stood up straight and cheekily looked at Christopher through the magnifying glass. She blinked. "Are you an antique collector? Or are you just collecting for fun? If you're a real collector, you should act like Wyatt. He freaks out when anyone tries to touch his collection. I can't imagine him giving his stuff away." Christopher smiled and spoke in a soft and alluring tone. "I'm only generous to two people. That's you and Chairman Thompson." Bella's heart skipped a beat, and she pursed her lips.

Christopher and Justin were two extremes. The former was a sweet talker, while the latter would not have anything nice to say even with a gun to his head.

"Wyatt is a greedy man. If he knows you own such treasures, he'll certainly take your generosity for granted." "Chairman Thompson is welcome to take anything he likes. I don't have much to offer, but if there's anything that catches his eye, I won't be stingy with him." Christopher's tone could not be more sincere.

“What about you? Do you have anything you want apart from getting a slice of your family assets?” Bella asked subtly.

With tender eyes, Christopher answered in his mind, ‘I want y It’it’s snowing, Bella,” he said something else out loud instead.

R”Really?” BeBella beamed with excitement.

ShShe loved the snow. When she was a little girl, her mother would hold heher as they admired the snow in the backyard. Her mother would take heher hand and guide her to draw on the snowy surface.

“COCommon. Let’s check out the snow.

Christopher led Bella to the balcony and opened the door. Bella was mesmerized by the blanket of snow.

The fluttering snow fell like feathers.

“It’s so beautiful!” Bella looked up at the night sky and expressed her thrill.

Standing behind her, Christopher took off his jacket and draped it over The her shoulders. He wrapped her up tightly and murmured sweetly, snow is beautiful, but I don’t want you to catch a cold.” The lingering warmth from the man’s jacket cast away the chill that Bella felt.

She turned over to meet his burning gaze.

Bella murmured, “You...” The man’s heart raced, and his breathing turned heavy.

“Your glasses are foggy. Can you even see the snow?” Bella asked in a serious tone.

Christopher was taken aback, but he smiled faintly, not hiding the affection in his eyes.

‘Bella, do you know? There’s a saying in Sentania that couples who experience the first snow together will eventually marry each other.’” Christopher thought to himself.

Not minding her frozen, stiff cheeks, Bella reached out to capture the snowflakes. Her face was alight with joy.

Christopher, stirring with feelings, was tempted to grab her hand and never let her go.

A disruptive phone call shattered this joyful moment. Bella glanced at her phone screen and frowned.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 607-JuJustin’s name haunted Bella.

Seeing that it was his love rival calling, Christopher hid the chilling glint behind his gold-rimmed glasses and said, "Bella." Despite her stirring emotions, Bella decided to take the call. "Hello?" Disappointment was written all over Christopher's eyes.

He hit Justin's guts.

Justin looked at the lit window, not knowing if Bella was behind the window, or if she could see him. His voice was hoarse.

"It's snowing, Bella. This is Savrow's first snowfall for the winter." "Yeah." Bella kept an emotionless face. "Why are you calling?" Justin was stumped for words. It took a moment before he had the courage to ask, "Can you invite me to see the snow tonight?" "Do you have a girlfriend, Mr. Salvador?" Bella frowned in surprise.

"I don't." "Knowing our relationship, do you think it's appropriate?" "Either way, it beats your relationship with Christopher." Justin had a case of sour grapes.

Bella was amused and surprised. "Ha. Well, I don't share your sentiment. I won't do anything until I see you tonight, Bella." She was stubborn, and there was no talking sense to him.

"I will wait for you until you go." Bella could be more headstrong than him.

"Are you kidding me off, Bella?" Justin narrowed his eyes angrily and clutched his chest, barely catching his breath. "Are you really going to spend the night at Christopher's? Do you know what you're doing?" Rage consumed Bella.

With her back facing Christopher, she walked to a corner, took a deep breath, and said huskily, "Mr. Salvador, I'm grateful that you saved my life, but that doesn't mean you get to use it against me, for the things I don't want to." "I just wanted to see the first snowfall with you. That's all!" But I don't want to! Justin, I'm not interested in the slightest!" Bella yelled into the phone, her dramatic reaction startling Justin.

Christopher swiftly walked up to Bella and held her trembling shoulders.

"What's wrong, Bella?" Christopher drew her close and whispered in her ear.

Justin caught Christopher's murmur.

Bella closed her tearful eyes and shook her head helplessly.

The scene from Christmas Eve two years ago came to mind.

Savrow welcomed a belated snowfall on Christmas Eve.

However, that scene was painted with a bloody caraccident. She had by been carrying Justin's child for less than two months.

le cunin nearly tore her apart. She had to bid a goovy goodbye to her boro o child.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 608-ristopher held@celia in his arms before she sank to the erground.

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ustin stood outsidien snow, his head and shoulders coverers thin a heet of white.

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uddenly, the metal gate orthos Villa opened.

ustin perked up.

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hristopher headed his way with a apele, grimacing look.

Where's Bella?" Clenching hissisms, Justindocked Christop 1 the eye.

ad hristopher pushed his glasses up anddecoout a sinister sm anted himself like a proud winner. "She will be staying the nig by place. She won't be going home or enjoying be snow with yo he's resting now. If you have any shred of dicianity left, you shoul eave now and save yourself the humiliation. I needdo get back to ite strain showed in Justin's voice. "You must be delintaedwith nursel, Christopher. You are only together with Bella ahroough anipulation!" "SISO/What?" The aggression was visible in Christopher's eyes. He was a different peierson in front of Bella. "I'm willing to do anything to win the love of mylefer and t make no apologies. I'm unlike someone who acts like he ordyly as eves for Bella but plays the field instead." "Chansiccooner!" Justin shouted angrily, his voice trembling. The blood inn's stopat was getting thicker.

"Durro y your three-year marriage with Bella, you never once celebrated any holidays with her. You were with Ms. Gold during Valentine's Day, Christmas, and Bella's birthday, am I right?" Christopher mocked with a smile, "You should go to Ms. Gold for a romantic night like today. Are you trying to insult Bella now?" Color washed off Justin's face as agony overtook every fiber of his being.

"You're my rival, Justin and only looked into your past because of Bella. I will protect her, and won't let the same thing happen again.

Christopher's eyes were cold. "Get lost. A filthy man on the inside out like you does not deserve to be around Bella," With Christopher gone, silence filled the air once again.

Justin froze in the snowstorm for a long time.

Suddenly, he lunged forward and covered his mouth.

"Ugh!" His eyes bulged, and he felt wetness on his palm.

Blood dripped to the ground, tainting the snow.

When Christopher returned to the villa, he was not in a hurry to check on Bella, who was unconscious.

He tiptoed upstairs and entered his study to check the surveillance outside the villa's perimeter on his computer.

Sinking his back into his leather chair, Christopher wanted to admire Justin's defeat, but to his surprise, he found something else to his delight.

The strong and handsome man knelt on one leg in the snow, breathing laboriously with a bloody mouth.

Did Justin cough out blood?

"Hahahaha! Justin, what a wonderful surprise." Christopher took out his phone to call his secretary, his eyes never leaving the screen.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Iverson?" "Investigate Justin's recent health records. Is he ill or injured? Which hospital was he at? I want to know everything."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 609-Beliala's dread was still fuzzy the next morning. She was a little.

disoriented.

She abruptly opened her eyes and jolted up from bed.

The monotonous colors of black, white, and gray and the calming incense in the room relaxed her.

"This is a man's room. Christopher?" Belia had a aciccirole teadache, as if someone had just hit her head with a club.b.

The last thing she remembered from last night was arguing with Justin, and evergruining sise after was a blur.

With her heart pounding.c. Beila got up and left the room.

Downstairs in the kitctuerenc Christopher wore a white shirt olled his sleeves to his elbows/sele was at the kitchen counter, m breakfast for Bellala, The warm morning sun ousidiaid the window shone on the man, softening his facial lines. Helwembandsome and poised like a gentiernan in a painting..

He often cooked but never worerama Horon.

Christopher never wore the same garntiment twice anyway.

"Mr. Iverson." Christopher looked up tenderly at the sound of Bella's voice. "You're awake, Bella. How do you feel?" "Mr. Iverson, last night-" "Didn't we agree on it, Bella? Just call me Chris." Christopher pouted a little. Still, he did not stop the task at hand, like a dutiful wife. "You weren't feeling well last night, and you passed out. I guess you could be low on blood sugar or overwhelmed. Don't worry.

You slept in my room, but I didn't touch you." "I know..." Bella rested her head in her palm exhaustedly. She was not naïve.

She had no idea whether she was hypoglycemic, but she was not in a good mood last night. The past trauma still haunted her, and it still hurt.

It never crossed her mind that she would react strongly and be knocked unconscious by the pain.

That bastard, Justin, was the bane of her.

"Breakfast is ready, Bella. Come and eat," Christopher urged her gently as he put the plates down.

It was as if they were newlyweds, and Christopher, the husband, made breakfast for his wife since she slept in.

"I don't feel like eating. Thank you, though." Bella believed it was inappropriate enough that she stayed the night at the home of a guy she barely knew. She could not possibly stay for breakfast too.

That was suggestive, and she was not that type of woman.

"Thank you for having me. I should go now." While talking, Bella pressed her lips together awkwardly and walked toward the door.

Feeling crushed, Christopher caught up to her. "Bella, did I do something wrong?" "No. I'm just not used to spending the night and having breakfast at a man's place, especially one I'm not close with. It's just not me," Bella expressed indifferently with a distant smile.

Feeling hurt, Christopher clutched his fingers.

Justin could get close to her and hold her, but Christopher could not make her stay for breakfast.

If he had not shown up on time last night, Christopher wondered what Justin and Bella would have done. They could have kissed, and Justin.

could have stayed the night at her place.

Bella's phone rang. Asher was calling.

"Hey, Ash."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 610-"Bella... Axel, Ralph, Steve, and I are outside Christopher's villa." Asher's voice rolled like thunder.

He kept things short.

However, assurance and intimidation were present in his tone of voice.

"I'm fine, Ash. You're all being dramatic." Bella rubbed her temples, already imagining the commotion going on out there.

"Dramatic? Bella, you spent the night at another man's home. You were out all night! We nearly wept in panic," Axel cried out loud.

"Did that Iverson boy touch you, Bella? Were you there of your own free will, or did he set you up? I've got the cuffs ready for him." Ralph was a police officer through and through. One word from Bella, and he would rush in to arrest Christopher.

"Calm down! Chill the heck out!" Bella put on her heels in a panic and walked out the door.

Outside, fancy cars surrounded Christopher's villa.

"Ms. Bella!" Teary-eyed, Steven went up and held her shoulders. "Are you alright D Did Christopher lay a finger on you?" "No one would lay a finger on me unless they wanted the Thompsons oron their tail." Bella found them overstraining themselves with anxiety.

"Bella!" Her three brothers gathered around. They were relieved that Bella looked fine and her clothes were intact.

"Good morning, Asher, Axel." Christopher approached with a smile and turned to Ralph. "Ah, you're here too, Ralph. I guess it's not busy at the station this morning." Ralph gritted his teeth, tempted to just cuff the gu guy.

Axel was not having it. "We're not on a first-name basis. That's Mr.

Axel Thompson to you!" "That's true. I have not been back for a long time. We have grown apart, I suppose." Christopher did not mind them. Instead, he took a lingering look at Bella. "I don't care what you think of me, but my feelings for Bella have never changed." This was the second time Christopher hid their princess.

Although Christopher did nothing, his behavior constantly tested the Thompson brothers' patience.

"Come on, guys. We should head home." Sensing the tension in the air, Bella tugged on Asher's and Axel's sleeves while giving them a look.

"Take Bella home." With furrowed brows, Asher grabbed Bella's hand and gave her a little squeeze. "Mr. Iverson, a word, please." Christopher kept a friendly smile. "Sure." Seeing that there was no talking sense into Asher, Bella was escorted into the car by her brothers and Steven.

As the car drove away, Bella looked out the window, and her heart dropped.

The dried pool of blood on a blanket of snow by the road was alarming.

Tension was thick in the living room.

Asher sat sternly on the sofa with his legs crossed.

His gaze on Christopher was not as kind as before.

"Here, have some tea." Christopher served him a drink.

"I don't need it. I'll make this quick."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 611

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 611-With downcast eyes, Asher glanced at his watch emotionlessly. "Mr. Iverson, I know my sister. She would never spend the night at a man's house. She never once did. Yet, last night, she stayed at yours. You owe me an explanation." "You won't let her spend the night out, but you supported her secret marriage. You let her marry a jerk without being acknowledged and let her go through hell at her in-laws' home for three years behind your father's back." Christopher sat across from Asher with a smile.

Asher's breath hitched as he pursed his lips. "It's not the same thing. Don't try to turn it against us. Bella married Justin because she once loved him so much. She made that choice herself. As her brother, I respect her wishes, even though I disapprove of them. But you're different, Mr. Iverson." Christopher tensed his jawline, and his expression was no longer calm.

"I know Bella doesn't feel the same way about you. Your pushiness on the matter will only annoy Bella and make me see you in a different light." Aggression was reflected in Asher's eyes.

Christopher pushed his gold-rimmed glasses up and smiled faintly.

He swallowed hard to fight back the fury.

"I only invited Bella here last night. My mother and I wanted to see her, and we had a pleasant dinner together. Justin later called Bella, and God knows what he said, because Bella passed out from rage." Christopher was livid just thinking of last night's incident.

Asher scowled.

He could tell the man was not lying, but Asher would not put all his faith in Christopher's words.

"Even so, it is not right for you to keep Bella at your place for the night without informing us. Bella is the apple of my father's eye, and she is precious to me too. Bella might not mind what happened last night, but I won't let it slide." Asher slowly rose to his feet and walked along the hallway to the entrance, looking intimidating. "Mr. Iverson, our parents are close, and you may have feelings for Bella, but I should make things clear for you on behalf of my father. You can be friends with Bella, but I am against you getting involved with her romantically. My father won't approve of it either. You'll never be associated with my family." The words, though not hurtful, were humiliating.

In other words, Christopher could forget ever marrying or dating Bella.

As Asher made his way out, Christopher said with a smile, "Mr. Thompson, Bella will marry me one day, and I look forward to the day you attend our wedding." "You must be dreaming to think Bella will marry you." Asher scoffed and waltzed out the door.

The moment the door was closed, Christopher's smile froze.

"When have I ever needed your approval to do anything? What a joke." Just then, Christopher's phone rang. It was his secretary calling.

"Mr. Iverson, I have two things to report to you. First, Ms. Zoe Hoffman just returned from abroad." Christopher curled his lips. "And the other thing?" "You asked me to investigate Justin's medical history. I have not gotten the specifics, but Justin was badly injured last month and was treated at Deux Hospital. He was discharged two days later." "I don't need to know the specifics. It's enough for me to know that he was badly injured." The man raised his brow with intrigue.

"What do you plan to do now, Mr. Iverson?" His secretary asked cautiously.

"I want him dead," Christopher said menacingly.

The secretary sighed and lamented, "We are not in our territory. Otherwise, you would have killed Justin a long time ago." "It's fine. He'll die in my hands sooner or later. I have patience."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 612-Ryan's private jet descended at Savrow Airport in the middle of the night.

Zoe, with her vibrant brown curls cascading down her back and a luxurious fur coat draped around her, stepped down from the staircase and entered a fancy car.

Since the knockoff incident with Bethany, Ryan banned Zoe from leaving the house and confiscated her phone. That way, Zoe could not contact her friends who might lead her astray.

Later, she made a huge fuss and starved herself.

Feeling bad for Zoe, Claire persuaded her son to lift the ban and send Zoe to Inalia instead for some soul-searching.

Now that it was winter, Ryan begrudgingly let Zoe return to Savrow. Zoe had spent way too much time in Inalia, but Ryan never once visited her. That was cruel of him.

"Where's Ryan? Why didn't he pick me up from the airport?" tenderly and was coy about Ryan's whereabouts.

"Mr. Hoffman has been busy lately." "He's changed. I don't mean anything to him anymore." Zoe pounded the back of the seat in tears. "He would always pick me up, no matter how busy he was before. This time around, he didn't even call me once. He doesn't care about me anymore!" She screamed and fussed until she choked out sobs.

"What is it?" Zoe took the tissue from the bodyguard to wipe her tears.

"What did you say?" Zoe was baffled.

"That's not the only thing." with Ms. Carrie now." "No way! No way!" Seeing red, Zoe yelled, "How could that fool live in my family home? My brother has never brought a woman home before." "Mr. Hoffman didn't bring her back to the Hoffmans' residence. He kept her in one of his many properties." Zoe felt her world crumbling.

"Where exactly? Take me there now.

Her private residence was nestled amid the affluence of Savrow's hillside its white walls and green top a testament to wealth.

Mihouobin the house was not as grand as the Hoffmans residence, the area was quiet and serene with stunning views. It was a perfect place to relax.

van had stayed with Carme during her recovery in the past few days.

Corne hits work and social engagements to keep her company for Corne's sake. he retired from playing the field and changed his opinion of Ryan, "I made you angry. Come and take a look." Carrie, dressed in a red hooded jacket with a white fluffy lining, smiled gleefully as she took Ryan's hand and dragged him to the backyard (as Ryan stared at the bees melt face, finding that Carrie resembled the little red riding hood.

Even a woman like her was tasking her, much less Ryan.

Slow down. We have not cleared the snow from the path. I don't want you to fall." The man's words were filled with tenderness.

Ryan cared for Carrie so much during the past few days that he had not let her feet touch the ground. He escorted her around the villa, except when she had to use the bathroom. He realized what it meant to spoil someone it was a blanket of white in the backyard: The lush greenery covered in snow was a beautiful sight.

Carrie was like a blossoming flower in the winter wonderland, capturing Ryan's entire attention and pulling his heartstrings.

"Look, Ryan!" Ryan held Carrie's frozen hand tight in his grasp as she pointed at the plump snowman in the middle of the yard. Her eyes were smiling. "I made you a snowman. It's pretty, right?" He was filled with glee until he got a good look at the snowman.

His headshot was stuck to the face of the plump snowman, and it was creepy.

That was not the only thing.

The picture Carrie chose did not capture his good looks.

Besides, the headshot was black and white, the type used on gravestones.

"I have a lot of nice photos, Carrie. Why did you pick this one?" Ry was speechless.

"Uh... I took this picture in secret. I wanted to give you a surprise." Carrie looked up at him, wide-eyed and rosy-cheeked.

"Why did you get the photo in black and white?" "Erm... The printer ran out of colored ink." Ryan sighed wryly and ran his fingers down her red hoodie.

All was fine with him.

He S not have asked for more when Carrie made him a gift.

"Woof! Woof!" Suddenly, Ryan's pet Doberman sprung out of nowhere and pounced on the snowman.

"Hey, Millionaire! Get back here!" Ryan shouted anxiously, but it was too late.

Millionaire knocked his head off.

"Woof! Woof!" Millionaire wagged its tail and barked excitedly.

Carrie blinked. "Erm... Ryan, your head fell..." Ryan clenched his fists.

In the mood for playtime, Millionaire kicked the snowball back and forth.

Carrie exclaimed, "Wow! Millionaire is kicking your head like a ball." Ryan clenched his teeth and yelled, shaking the snow off the branches. "Millionaire, how dare you kick your dad's head! I'm to disown you!" Millionaire must have gotten the message because it turned to Carm with pleading eyes and whimpered.

"No! Don't punish Millionaire!" Carrie nestled up to Ryan for once, dangling his arm. "I'll make you another one. Hang on." Overwhelmed by a tingling sensation, the man stared at her with affection. "Millionaire, if your mom didn't plead your case, you would be done for tonight." Ryan's heart raced.

However, Carrie had run off to make another snowman.

It was a good thing Carrie did not hear what he just said.

Yet, somehow, he wished she had.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 613-Carrie hopped to the snowman, and Millionaire rolled the snowman's head back.

She carried the snowball and got on her tiptoes to put the head back.

Millionaire wagged its tail and circled the beautiful girl while rolling by her feet.

"Hahaha. Aren't you cold, Millionaire? I'll knit you a sweater." "Woof! Woof!" Millionaire wagged its tail, seemingly to acknowledge Carrie. He jumped on Carrie excitedly and licked her cheeks.

"Hahaha, that tickles! Stop it, Millionaire." Carrie fell to the ground, and they started rolling around in the snow.

Ryan watched the heartwarming scene and stared at Carrie lovingly.

He thought he could never have such a mundane yet happy life. It never occurred to him that Carrie would be the one to give it. He had what other men had, too.

"Mr. Hoffman, Millionaire is a biter and only listens to you. I didn't expect Millionaire to get along well with Ms. Carrie," Yasmin approached and said with a gratifying smile.

"Millionaire's a perv." Yasmin thought to herself, 'Well, the pet takes after the owner.' Ryan was jealous of Millionaire pouncing on Carrie and was tempted to disown the dog.

Damn it. He had stooped so low to be jealous of a dog.

"Millionaire, leave her alone!" Ryan shouted angrily.

He went over and helped Carrie up. The latter was covered in snow.

"There's too much snow. I don't want you to catch a cold." He leaned forward and brushed the snow off her.

"Thank you, Ryan." "Don't thank me." Ryan fixated on her pretty eyes, his breath sweeping against her rosy cheeks. "Carrie, you are important to me. It makes me happy to be with you. I should be the one to thank you." "But I have done nothing." Carrie looked confused.

"You have done a lot." Ryan gripped her frozen hands and rubbed them against his cheeks to his lips and breathed out warm air.

"Come to my arms." The man unbuttoned his black coat, and she nestled into his embrace. She nuzzled up against him and closed her eyes in comfort, enveloped in his scorching testosterone.

Ryan felt a fiery sensation creeping up his loins.

“Carrie.” “Huh?” Carrie’s soft voice sounded muffled.

“You can only behave like this with me.” Ryan lowered his gaze at her, his eyes fervent in the snowstorm. He wished he could hold her forever. His voice was raspy. “I will be angry. if you behave like this with someone else. I can be scary when I’m mad.” “H-How scary?” Carrie was timid, and it showed in her eyes..

The affectionate look on Ryan’s face was bewitching as he drew close to her face, his lips nearly touching hers. “Very scary. Do you want to test me? Hm?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 614-Carrie shook her head, her heart beating out of her chest.

“I-I got it. I’ll only be like this with you. Don’t be mad, okay?” Ryan had been nothing but nice to her for the past few days. He bought her lots of pretty clothes, which Bethany normally wore. Carrie did not own nice clothes before.

The food there was delicious. Although Bella’s cooking was better, the food was still delicious.

Ryan would also blow her hair dry, feed her, and sleep in the same bed as her.

They were just sharing a bed.

Ryan pampered and doted on her. She would be so ungrateful if she made him angry.

“Good girl.” Her bright, dewy eyes tempted Ryan to kiss her. Struck by a thought, he wanted to slap himself in remorse.

He wondered if he was grooming her.

However, Ryan really hoped Carrie could stay by his side.

His heart dropped when he imagined her marrying someone else and being in someone else’s arms.

He could not bear the thought of her kissing another man and bearing his child.

“I need you here, Mr. Hoffman.” Yasmin took a call and called him over.

“Alright.” Ryan went to Yasmin. “What’s up?” Yasmin glanced at Carrie before speaking in hushed tones, “I got a call from Ian, Mr. Salvador’s secretary. He said Mr. Salvador’s injury has gotten worse.” “What did you say?” Dismayed, Ryan did not watch his tone.

Carrie looked at them with a confused look.

"Ian did not give me the specifics. He said that Mr. Salvador is focused on his recovery at his private villa, and no one knows about it. Ian couldn't stand it and contacted me in secret. He hopes you can visit him." "I got it. Bring the car around, Yasmin. We'll leave now." Not wanting Carrie to worry, Ryan did not say a word about Justin's injury to her. He simply told her that he had business to take care of and might not be home tonight. Carrie should go ahead and go to bed.

at the usual time.

"I'll wait for you to come home. I'll sleep when you're back." Carrie walked him to the door.

Though she did not make her feelings known, her reluctance was written all over her face.

Feeling warm and cozy inside, Ryan smiled at her and instructed the helper, Fiona. "Take good care of Ms. Salvador." Minutes after Ryan's ride left, the three fancy cars that were supposed to escort Zoe back to the Hoffmans' residence showed up at the gates.

"My brother sure is generous to the dimwit bitch. Is that house supposed to be their marital home?" Zoe stared at the beautiful white walls and green roof while shaking in rage.

"Don't be mad, Ms. Hoffman. It's known across Savrow what type of man Mr. Hoffman is." "What do you know? It's different this time. He's my brother. I can tell it's different." Zoe's face was flushed. "Carrie has my brother wrapped around her finger. He had been with too many pretty girls, and now he finds the idiot refreshing. It's like he's been hexed. Isn't he afraid that his child, with the dimwit will be handicapped too? It will ruin the Hoffmans' great genes."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 615-"I will never allow the idiot to be my sister-in-law. Either she goes, or I'll go!" place.

"Alright. I get it. I won't let anybody know that you helped me, but you must keep an eye on my brother for me." Zoe's creepy eyes were out of place with her appearance. "You have done well. Your work won't go unrewarded." Zoe got out of the car and slammed the door. She uttered in disdain, Tsk. I'm way out of his league. If it isn't because I have use for him, it makes me sick to breathe the same air as him." With her entourage of bodyguards and a secretary, the group banged violently on the villa door.

Fiona ran out, her expression stiffening at the sight of Zoe. She sounded flustered. "M-Ms. Hoffman, what brings you here?" "Is Ryan in?" Seeing that Fiona had been reassigned to serve Carrie, Zoe grew livid.

“M-Mr. Hoffman isn’t around.” Fiona panicked.

“Where is Carrie? The bitch must be in there.” “Mr. Hoffman has said that no one is allowed into the villa without his permission, Ms. Hoffman.” Though flustered, Fiona remained loyal and refused Zoe and her group entry.

“Fiona, you have been working for my family for more than a decade. I won’t care that you’re family at this point if you don’t give way,” Zoe threatened.

“I’m sorry, Ms. Hoffman. I only take orders from Mr. Hoffman. Please leave.” “Argh!” Zoe kicked the door, infuriated. “Smash the door open!” In the end, her security detail rammed the door through and apprehended Fiona.

Zoe led her secretary to barge into the living room.

“Carrie! You bitch!” Carrie sat on the sofa, watching cartoons while playing with Millionaire.

She froze. Color drained from her face when Zoe entered the room.

She cowered in the corner of the sofa with her hands over her head.

“Don’t hit me! Don’t hit me!” “You deserve a beating! You’re a disgusting idiot to seduce my brother! Die, bitch!” Zoe ran her mouth.

Zoe sprinted over and grabbed Carrie by the hair before hitting her in the face.

Zoe would not have the guts to hit anyone on Ryan’s watch.

With Ryan gone, nothing was stopping her from letting off steam with violence.

“Ugh!” Carrie’s ear injury had just healed. She felt a sharp pain and broke out in a cold sweat after taking another hard hit.

“Get that disgusting bitch out of here! My brother owns this place, so it belongs to me too. I will not let her stay here,” Zoe commanded.

The secretary went straight to work, grabbing Carrie by the arm and dragging her out.

“Grrrr!” The abuse of Carrie infuriated Millionaire. The loyal dog charged at the secretary and bit her arm.

“Ah! Let me go! Let me go!” Zoe’s secretary screamed in pain from the bite as she let go of Carrie.

Zoe was shocked by this as well, so she backed away.

The secretary kicked Millionaire again and again, but Millionaire kept biting her, refusing to let her go.

“Don’t hurt Millionaire... Stop!” Carrie hugged the Doberman, protecting it with her weak body.

Zoe’s eyes reddened. She took advantage of the chaos to kick Carrie.

“Zoe Hoffman!” The sharp, chilling roar of her name pierced through Zoe’s ears before she could retract her leg. She was caught red-handed for bullying Carrie.

Zoe looked back stiffly. Her trembling heart almost leaped out of her chest, and she nearly choked in shock.

“R-Ryan...” She saw Ryan standing there, glaring at her with rage. His handsome face was shrouded in gloom and fury.

His chest was heaving as anger surged in his eyes.

Carrie did not know Ryan had arrived. She was still hugging Millionaire tightly with her eyes closed. Her trembling body curled up pitifully.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 616-The secretary’s vision went black for a moment. She forgot about the pain in her arm due to the shock and fear.

Who could have foreseen Ryan would return so soon?

“Zoe Hoffman, did you hit Carrie?” Ryan’s eyes widened when he saw Carrie’s red and swollen cheek as he advanced closer to the poor girl.

Zoe shuddered fiercely.

She had never seen her brother look like that before. It was extremely terrifying.

Since things had gotten to this point, there was nothing Zoe could say to defend herself. Besides, Ryan had doted on Zoe so much since she was young.

No matter how much Ryan liked Carrie, he would not do anything drastic to Zoe because of Carrie, right? His family had always come first.

“Yeah, I hit her! You’re too much, Ryan! You’ve disappointed and hurt me so much!” Zoe yelled back at Ryan.

Zoe’s tears streamed down her face as she cried and continued sent me to Inalia and left me alone for so long. You didn’t even me once! It turns out that you were spending

time with this bitch he You abandoned your sister because of her! Ryan Hoffman! Do you st Smack-!

Before Zoe even finished speaking, the crisp sound of a slap resounded through the living room.

Ryan slapped Zoe with an expressionless face. He had never done this before.

Zoe's face was turned to the side from the force of the slap. Her fair and tender cheek immediately swelled, leaving a humiliating red mark on her face. Ryan did not hold back his strength for this slap.

It really hurt... With that slap, Zoe's cheek swelled, and her heart shattered into pieces.

Yasmin happened to walk in right then. She was extremely shocked to see this scene too.

Who in Savrow did not know that Ryan was famous in Savrow for being extremely doting on his sister?

Thus, Yasmin never expected to see this shocking scene in her lifetime.

"Zoe Hoffman, I'm truly wondering if you're my sister or just a coldhearted and cruel woman who looks like her." Ryan did not glance at Zoe again. He helped Carrie up and gath her into his arms, his heart aching as he hugged her tightly. "Ha spoiled you so much? Is that why you're no longer the simple and innocent little girl you once were? In that case, you're no longer my little sister."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 617-Zoe was completely stunned, and her pale face slowly darkened, as if she were possessed.

"Ryan... What are you saying? Are you disowning me as your sister?"

Ryan!" Ryan ignored Zoe and focused on Carrie, rubbing her trembling back over and over.

"Don't be scared. Don't be scared. I'm back. No one will dare to hurt you again. No one." But this time, Carrie was not as obedient as she once was. Her breathing became heavier as she resisted Ryan's touch. She was like a prickly little hedgehog.

"No... You're not my brother. You're Zoe Hoffman's brother..." Her soft and powerless little hands kept pushing against Ryan's solid chest. With every push, Carrie wished she had a knife she could use to stab into his chest and hurt him. "Let me go! I want to go home... I want Grandpa. I want to go home!" "Carrie, be good, please..." Ryan tried to coax her, eyes red.

“Let go... Let me go!” But no matter how Carrie cried and screamed, Ryan refused to let go, not even for a second.

On the contrary, he held her tighter.

His large, rough palm wrapped around her slender waist. His grip was so tight that her fair skin had turned red through her white dress.

Then he narrowed his eyes slightly and pressed his thin lips to her ear, his voice hoarse as he said softly, “You’re right. I’m not your brother... I’m your man, Carrie.” Zoe’s eyes widened with shock as she watched her brother give all his love to the girl she had bullied since her school days. Zoe thought she could bully Carrie forever.

She felt like her heart had been dug out and her soul was going to be ripped in half.

The pain was crippling. It hurt a hundred times more than when she found out Justin loved Bella Thompson!

Ryan was the most important man in Zoe’s life. She always thought that she would be able to live her whole life capriciously as his younger sister.

But no, she could feel herself losing the protection that was once solely hers.

He was going to give it all to Carrie Salvador!

“My... Man?” Carrie looked up, her teary eyes filled with heart- wrenching confusion.

“Yes, yours.” Ryan’s voice was husky, and his eyes smoldered with passion.

Zoe’s sparkling crystal palace life was about to fall to pieces.

Yasmin smiled in relief from a hidden corner as she watched Ryan confess his feelings to Carrie passionately.

Carrie had taken a beating, and her trauma had been triggered by Zoe’s appearance. She had been through a lot and ended up crying herself to sleep in Ryan’s arms.

Ryan carried her back to her room and used a clean towel to wipe her sweat and tears away before tucking her under the covers.

“Mmph...” Carrie rolled over. Her brows were scrunched deeply, which showed her discomfort.

Ryan’s heart clenched with sadness, anger, and self-reproach. His handsome face was serious and pale.

"I'm sorry, Carrie. It's all my fault. I didn't protect you well..." Yasmin pushed open the door and walked in gingerly. She stood there, hesitant to speak for fear of disturbing her boss' tender moment.

"Say what you want to say." Ryan gently caressed Carrie's cheek, but his expression was cold.

"I have the footage you asked for." Yasmin walked over to Ryan and respectfully handed the phone to him.

Ryan managed to rush back so quickly because he knew what was happening at home through the dozens of surveillance cameras he installed.

There were practically no blind spots.

With his phone, Ryan could monitor the situation at home remotely, in real-time.

He stared at the phone with a glum face.

Ryan watched from the moment Zoe entered and ordered her people to restrain Fiona, up to the point she burst into the house to hit and kick Carrie.

He remained silent for a moment.

"Mr. Hoffman, what do you think...?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 618-Before Yasmin could finish speaking, she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her wrist.

Ryan's eyes looked like they were about to spit flames as he raised his hand and sent Yasmin's phone flying.

"Please calm down, Mr. Hoffman." Yasmin hurriedly drew back and bowed deeply.

But Ryan, filled with rage, had already stood up and strode out the door.

Downstairs, Zoe's forehead was covered with sweat as she sat uneasily on the sofa. She was surrounded by four of Ryan's bodyguards, unable to leave.

"M-Ms. Zoe... Mr. Ryan is angry... What should we do?" Zoe's secretary knelt at Zoe's feet and hugged Zoe's leg in fear.

"You're asking me? How should I know?!" Heavy footsteps interrupted them.

Ryan walked over with Yasmin trailing behind him. Instantly, a freezing chill swept through the living room.

“Ryan...” Zoe called his name weakly.

She realized that losing her temper was pointless at that moment, so she could only pretend to be innocent and pitiful.

“You hit Carrie and even kicked her. I saw everything clearly on the camera.” Ryan took a deep breath, trying to forcibly suppress his wrath.

If she were not his biological sister, it was truly unimaginable what would have happened.

“Ryan... I-I was just overcome by anger in the heat of the moment. You watched me grow up. I’ve never hit anyone before this! Even fuzzy caterpillars scare me... I’ve never done this before!” Zoe defended herself with a red face.

But Ryan remained expressionless, and his face was completely unreadable.

“It was her! She instigated me!” Zoe turned slightly and kicked her secretary. “It was all her! She’s been fanning the flames ever since I got off the plane. She instigated me to hit Carrie! I’ve always hated her, so how could I put up with it?! It’s all because of her that I’m like this!” “N-No... I didn’t...” The secretary was so frightened that she kneeled and cowered. She wanted to refute it but did not dare to.

“Why do you hate Carrie? What has she ever done to you?” Ryan asked with a grim gaze.

“She-” Zoe spluttered and found a random excuse. “She’s a retard, but she still dared to seduce you! How could I allow a woman like that to become my future sister-in-law?!” “Why can’t she be your sister-in-law? Do I need your approval to choose a girlfriend?” Ryan narrowed his eyes slightly and laughed, but this was a more terrifying sight than his anger.

“I-I-” Zoe wanted to cry from anger, completely disheartened by his behavior.

“And there’s one thing you’ve gotten wrong.” Ryan recalled the woman who played happily in the snow and her soft lips. His body was ignited with desire. “She didn’t seduce me. I seduced her. I’m the one who wants to be with her.” Zoe’s vision flickered out, feeling like her world had caved in.

The trash that she had been trampling all over this whole time was about to rise above her!

“Yasmin.” “Yes, Mr. Hoffman.” Yasmin stepped forward.

“Break this woman’s arms and legs and send her off to Angress.” Ryan’s voice was cold as he casually gave Zoe’s secretary a death sentence.

Angress... "Mr. Hoffman! It wasn't me... Ms. Zoe told me to do all of it! Mr.

Hoffman!" No matter how the secretary cried, it was of no use.

Yasmin waved her hand indifferently, and two tall, burly bodyguards came forward to drag Zoe's secretary out like a sack.

Zoe was petrified, not daring to move a muscle.

This was the first time in her life that she saw her handsome brother live up to his " nickname.

"This is my private villa. Apart from myself, Yasmin, and a few other of my most trusted men, no one else knows about this place, including you and Mom." Ryan looked down and took out an exquisite cigarette case before taking a cigarette out and placing it between his lips. "So, who exactly tipped you off?" Zoe was trembling under her gorgeous fur coat. Her cold sweat soaked through the thick coat.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 619-"Those around me are all well aware of my temper. What I hate the most are traitors." Ryan lit his cigarette with his gloved hand and tilted his head up slightly to exhale the smoke. Then he asked calmly, "Who told you.

that Carrie and I were staying here, Zoe?" It was like a thorn was lodged in Zoe's throat. Her face turned pale, and she had completely lost the ability to speak.

This was her brother Ryan, who doted on her and loved her the most.

But at this moment, she was terrified of him.

"You don't know? That's fine. I do." Zoe covered her mouth in shock.

I death on the streets long ago." Ryan sat down leisurely on the chair that Yasmin had brought over. Is this how you repay me? By pretending to be loyal in front of me but fawning all over my sister behind my back? You're pretty good at playing the double agent, I see." "M-Ms. Zoe... Help me... Zoe hurriedly turned away. She nearly wanted to puke at the sight of his face, which had been beaten beyond recognition.

"Yasmin, you know the rules." Ryan narrowed his eyes slightly before slowly taking a puff of his cigarette.

"Yes, Mr. Hoffman." Zoe covered her face with her hands and screamed in shock before fainting.

After that night, there was no more news about Justin.

Three nights in a row, Bella had nightmares, and every single them had to do with Justin.

Although they said that dreams were often the opposite of reality, those dreams were too realistic.

No matter how she thought about the pool of blood at Christopher Iverson's doorstep, she felt like something was off.

"Bella, these are the meds for the second course of treatment." Chopp!

Mila knocked on the door and entered the room to place the medication in front of Bella.

Bella was packing her things in preparation to go back to Savrow. She hurriedly put down what she was holding and picked up the bottle of medicine happily. "Thank you, Aunt Mila." "What are you thanking me for? As long as it's something our dear Bella wants, I'll try my best to satisfy you." Mila lovingly stroked Bella's beautiful hair before suddenly asking, "Oh, right. How's Justin's wound?" "You're concerned about him?" Bella was slightly surprised.

"How is that possible?!" Mila hurriedly explained, as if afraid of being tied to that man. "The medication he's been taking was developed by my family's pharmaceutical company. Of course, I have to ask how our test subject is doing. I'm concerned about the side effects of our company's medication." When Bella heard this, she pursed her lips. A gloom overwhelmed her.

The drug that the Larsons had developed to treat internal organ injuries was actually still in its clinical trial stage and had not been officially launched yet.

But for the sake of treating Justin's injuries, Bella could only take the risk and use it on Justin..

Otherwise, Justin's condition would have continued to deteriorate, which would have left permanent after-effects.

"He seemed fine, like he didn't have any problems. But Aunt Mila, wwhat are the drug's side effects?" Mila shook her head and sighed. "I don't know. That's why I asked h how he was doing. But there are two things he has to pay extra a attention to while on the drug." B Bella hurriedly asked, "What is it?" "The first is to not get injured again because the body needs to rest. AAnother thing is to avoid getting angry and overly emotional. That wwould be harmful to his body and would even cause his health to dedeteriorate further." BBeila's breath hitched, and she frowned slightly.

AAAt the thought of that pool of blood, her heart began to twinge with parain.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 620-er Bella and Steven were all packed up they praepmed to head back Savrow with the medication Mila gave Bellan.

are you in a rush? Aren't you going to eat first ?inefood's lbst Rendy." Celeste rushed over, still wearing an apron.

Lomay Aunt Celeste. I'm in a rush to get back ernativer halfway and held Celeste's small face ahhhenbands, bond to one side and then the other to look at it."Aunnit celeste, ay infusay is coming soon. You should rest well for the nect wo toptt stoc doing any housework. You should be going tochne spa beauty treaty treatments, okay? You need to be the mpson rthday dimony dirt on earn this weekend!" ver. bactuallyatturally don't even want to celebrate it. I feel so tiredd ght of having teaving to socialize with so many people this Celeste sighet begged helplessly. "I'm just doing this to make your making my dad mapdad happy. My dad is making you happy. of us want to calato celebrate your birthday for you." arning appeared in Beth in Bella's eyes. "Listen to me. You're not strain yourself anybrany more. it have many eyes and ears at bu don't listen to me they'ibrehey'll report it back to me. Then, I'll If that happens, I'll just enjoys enjoy the free food at your birthday won't give you a birthday only present. Hmph!" stood beside her, could nachat not help but smile fondly.

Bella could not be cuter than when she pretended to be angry, because she would stick her nose in the air and pout.

Celeste smiled gently and lightly pinched Bella's cheek. "What other birthday gift will be better than having my family together?" Celeste grew up in an orphanage. While singing in a drama troupe, she was discovered by a talent scout and signed on to a talent agency. That was how she stumbled her way into the entertainment industry and became an actress.

She came from a poor background and had a rough life. Compared to Wyatt Thompson's other wives, Celeste was not of noble birth, like Mila Larson. Neither was she like Sasha Jenkins, who had a terrifying mob boss father to back her up.

Celeste always felt very insecure and unworthy of Wyatt, feeling even more undeserving of this family.

She only wanted to live quietly, humbly, and in a low-profile manner. She did not wish for anything but to keep the simple and happy life she had now. She did not want to trouble anyone.

Bella choked up a little when she heard this.

Sigh, how she admired Wyatt.

Bella suddenly wanted to follow in her father's footsteps and have multiple partners.

It was just a shame that there were lots of good women, but good men were few and far between. She was afraid that her partners would turn out to be trash.

“Bella.” A somewhat stern, baritone voice spoke.

Bella quickly looked back, only to see Asher walk down the white marble stairs, wearing a black pastor’s robe and holding a Bible in his left hand.

“Wasiber.” Bella don’t be in a rush to leave just yet. I have something I want to talk to you about in private.” In the tea room, Asher personally made a good cup of tea for his sister. The fragrance of the tea drifted into the air and invigorated the spirit Bella propped her chin on her hands as she watched her brother demonstrate his tea-making skills with fascination. He was as elegant and charming as a prince.

It was hard to imagine the kind of woman who could be worth his eldest brother’s “Bella, are you really interested in Christopher Iverson?” Asher gently pushed the cup of tea towards Bella and asked calmly.

“Huh?!” Bella was stunned by this sudden question and nearly dropped the cup of tea that she had just picked up.

“I’m asking you a serious question.” “No! No way in hell” Bella was resolute as she shook her head repeatedly.

“Then don’t get too close to him from now on.” Asher picked up his cup of tea and sipped on it gracefully.

“Uh, he came looking for me first. I never approached him.” “So you’re not accepting him, but you’re not rejecting him either? Are you a player?” Asher mocked in a warm tone.

“What do you mean, Asher? How am I being a player? And who says that about their own sister?!” Bella flushed angrily.

“Bella, if you don’t like him, you have to draw a clear line with him. The way you’re acting is giving Christopher Iverson the wrong impression that he has a chance with you.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 621

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 621-Asher paused, then lowered his voice.

“Also, Christopher Iverson is much more cunning and devious than you or I can tell. Like an iceberg, you can only see the fraction that’s on the surface. He left the country for 15 years and suddenly returned from Sentania to approach you. Bella, you’re the heiress of KS Group. You have a higher net worth than any princess or queen. You’re just a very low-key person. You’re definitely the woman of every man’s dreams. I don’t believe that

Christopher Iverson is completely sincere about you. I'm sure he has ulterior motives toward you." As he said this, he scowled. "To be honest, Justin Salvador is somehow better than Christopher Iverson." "Asher!" Bella's heart trembled as she clutched her cup tightly.

"At the very least, he gives his all for the woman he loves and doesn't have any ulterior motives about it." "Ha! That's true. He really gave his all and more for Rosalind Gold." Bella slammed her teacup on the table, and her eyes reddened. "He even enlisted in the army and tried to die on the battlefield because he thought she dumped him!" "But hasn't he risked his life for you too? He even got injured because of it and still hasn't recovered yet. We don't even know if it'll leave any permanent after-effects." Bella's heart began beating even harder as her expression faltered. "That's not the same." "Bella, I don't think you fell for the wrong person or that you were blind for loving Justin deeply. He has displayed all of his faults, including the fact that he didn't love you, from the start. It was cruel, but at least he was straightforward." slightly Asher sighed deeply and leaned forward to gently take her si cold hand. "At the very least, Justin has never lied to you. A man who loves you can have many faults, but they absolutely cannot be dishonest to you." Bella's eyes flickered, and she hung her head, dispirited.

After bidding her family goodbye, Bella and Steven headed back to Savrow.

They were about to pass the highway exit when Bella suddenly said, though in a calm tone, "Head to Tideview Manor." Steven frowned slightly but still answered, "Alright." When they reached Tideview Manor, Bella did not contact Justin directly but called Wilma instead.

"Young Madam, to tell you the truth, the young master hasn't been back for three or four days." Wilma was extremely worried. "I called him a few times, but he hardly picked up. When he did, he sounded weak. But when I asked him how he was doing, he said he was fine." Bella's heart clenched tightly, like someone was squeezing it.

Wilma sighed. "I raised Young Master Justin, so I know he's very considerate and only likes to tell me the good things, not the bad things. Ever since he was young, he would grit his teeth and endure everything alone whenever he got sick or encountered troubles. No matter how much I asked, he just would not tell me. Young Madam, can you contact him? I'm so scared something's happened to him!" Wilma's voice was tinged with tears.

"Don't panic, Wilma. I'll find him." Bella comforted her gently.

Justin might refuse to see anyone else, but he would not refuse to see Bella.

After Bella finished talking to Wilma, she pondered for a moment before calling Ian.

"Mr. Harris." "M-Ms. Thompson! Good evening!" Ian usually spoke in a very friendly manner whenever he pic up a call from her, but this time, he sounded a bit flustered.

Bella would not believe him if he said everything was fine.

"Where's Mr. Salvador? He's not at home, so where has he hidden.

himself?" Bella frowned slightly, a little unhappy.

"M-Mr. Salvador is on a business trip overseas." "Ian Harris, let me remind you that lying to me has serious.

consequences." Bella's tone was dark and very threatening.

"Um... Young Madam, I'll tell you the truth! Even if I get fired by Mr.

Salvador tomorrow, I have to tell you the truth!" Ian choked up. "Please hurry and come see him. He's in a very bad condition. I'm afraid things will get serious if this continues!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 622-Elsewhere, Justin was recuperating alone in one of his private villas in the suburbs.

Today was the last day for the first course of treatment, so Justin knew that Bella would send someone over with more medication.

He did not think that she still felt something for him.

But rather, he knew that she did not want to owe him anything.

During the day, Justin felt fine, apart from the pain in his chest. But unexpectedly, he began to have a high fever once night fell.

"Ian... Ian?" Justin's throat was hoarse and dry. He would suddenly feel cold, and/ moments later, he would burn up. It was hard for him to keep his eyes open.

He called Ian's name a few more times before remembering that he had sent Ian to the office to get some important documents. That fellow was probably still on the road right now.

Justin struggled to get up and only noticed then that his bedsheets and blankets were soaked through with sweat. His hair was sticking to his forehead, and his pajamas were drenched, as if he had gone for a swim.

He changed into a fresh set of pajamas before heading downstairs to get some water.

Right then, the doorbell rang.

Confused, Justin walked over slowly to the display linked to his doorbell camera and tapped on the "camera" option to view who was at the door.

When Bella's beautiful face entered his vision, his dull eyes immediately lit up, and his heart started beating uncontrollably fast.

"Justin Salvador, I know you're in there. Open up!" Bella's expression was as cold as ice as she stared straight at the camera.

Justin pursed his lips silently.

"Are you really dead, or just pretending to be dead? Open the door!" Bella put a hand on her hip as she glared at the camera. "I hope you have a will done. I'm coming in to collect your corpse!" Justin could not help but cough at her razor-sharp words.

"Don't assume that you're the only one who knows how to use that move. I know how to use it too!" Bella was a little anxious now, and her temper flared as she pounded the door with her fist. "If you don't come out, I'm not leaving-" Unexpectedly, before she could finish speaking, the door opened.

Wearing dark blue pajamas, Justin stood tall before her. He was pale and smiling weakly, yet strikingly.

"Ms. Thompson, it's very cold outside. Please come in." How could he let her suffer in the cold outside? His heart would ache.

Bella's heart sank when she noticed that Justin had lost a lot of weight.

He was visibly pallid.

Had he not been taking his medication on time? Not long ago, he looked like he had obviously gotten a lot better, so how did he get like this again?

Bella bit her lower lip and walked inside.

Justin mustered his energy and led her to the living room.

"How did you get here, Ms. Thompson? Did Ian tell you about this place?" "Don't blame Mr. Harris. He was looking out for you." Bella sat down on the sofa and looked straight at him with a stern gaze. Her voice was calm and cold, so he could not tell if she was concerned. "You don't have many reliable people by your side. You're really foolish if you really fire him because of this. There's working for a foolish boss like you, either. I'll offer Mr. Harris at KS Group. You'd better not cry when that happens." "You're overthinking it, Ms. Thompson." Justin gazed deeply in eyes.

int in e Because of the joy in his heart, even if he pretended to be calm, he could not stop his dry lips from curling upward. "Ian's been working with me for so many years. How could I let him go? I just..." 'I just didn't want you to worry...' Justin thought to himself.

He suddenly recalled how Bella determinedly distanced herself from him and how she stood with Christopher Iverson that night. Her entire being screamed rejection and annoyance at Justin.

That was why Justin no longer had the courage to say that he did not want her to worry.

"You keep calling me Ms. Thompson and being weirdly polite. Why aren't you calling me by my name anymore?" Bella narrowed her eyes slightly and asked indifferently.

"Because I know you don't like it." Bella was slightly stunned by this, and an inexplicable sour feeling arose in her heart.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 623-"It was my fault for pushing you too hard in the past. From now on, I won't make you do anything that makes you feel uncomfortable anymore Justin's shockingly pale face made him look like a swain in distress, which dazed Beedia.

She coughed lightly and placed the bottle of pills she was holding on the table before manning up. "This is the second course of treatment. Remember to take them on time. I'm leaving now." "There's no need Youcannaake it back." Justin shook his head.

"What do you mean byyhha Justin Salvador? You don't want to live anymore?" Bella frowned. "You're sasisising saar in the business world with a net worth in the hundreds of billions You're willing to leave all behind?" "No. I just don't think you owe mee Although! saved you, repaying you and atoning for my sis" Justin shook his head again. "You don't have to blame yourself what happened to me. And besides, don't need to keep taking the medicine" Better? Who was he kidding?

doing much better now. I Bella was extremely angry and sneered. "Is this a new trick of yours?"

ere you taking one step back to gain pity? it's a shhaine because it would have worked on someone more compassionate." "I know." Justin smiled bitterly. "That's why I don't have any other intentions. I truly don't need it anymore." Bella felt mixed emotions upon hearing this, but she said coldly, "If that's the case, I have nothing more to say either. If you won't appreciate my gratitude, there's no need for me to cling to you. I won't stoop so low. Once you're done with this round of meds, you don't need to take any more medication. Too much is bad for your health, too. You should pray that things turn out well." She then turned to leave, but Justin reached out and stopped her.

"It's rare for you to visit me, and it's cold outside. Why don't you have a cup of hot tea before leaving? I'll go make it now. It'll be quick." Bella hesitated for a moment, but she surprisingly did not refuse him/ She sat back down on the sofa and watched as Justin headed toward the kitchen.

In her mind, she replayed what Asher said to her.

She and Justin were the same kind of people when it came to how sincerely they treated someone. If they had decided that someone was their person, they would dig out their hearts and offer them up on a silver platter.

It was just a shame that he had disregarded hers when she loved him so passionately in the past. From then on, it was truly difficult for her to open her heart to him once again.

Suddenly, there was a loud sound of a cup shattering on the ground.

“Justin!” Bella’s heart skipped a beat, and she instantly stood up to rush toward the kitchen.

A ceramic cup had shattered all over the marble floor.

Justin was kneeling on the fragmented pieces, with one hand supporting himself against the floor and the other holding on to the edge of the table for dear life. His whole body was covered in sweat, and his breathing was weak and labored.

“W-What’s wrong with you?!” Bella’s expression twisted in shock as she hurried over to him, intending to help him up.

But Justin was too heavy. She exerted all her strength, but she still could not get him up.

Bella had no other choice but to squat down and sweep the sharp fragments away with her hands, afraid that he would fall over and cut himself on them.

“B-Bella...” Justin used all his strength to raise his head. His cheeks were burning red, and his gaze was dazed and vacant.

Bella was stunned to see this. She hurriedly felt his forehead.

It was as hot as a boiling kettle!

“How did this happen? How did you end up having a fever?!” Bella’s heart was stricken with anxiety, as she was shocked and angry at the same time. With red eyes, she yelled at him, “Did you take your medication on time or not? Bastard!” Justin’s breath was hot, and he was delirious with a fever.

Subconsciously, he opened his arms to pull the woman in front of him, whom he loved so deeply, into his arms.

“Bella... Please give me some of your love... I beg you... Please, just a little...” Bella’s emotions surged as her lips parted slightly in astonishment, and her eyes slowly turned red.

“Justin, you...” “I just want... A little bit of your love.” A hoarse, garbled moan came from the depths of Justin’s dry throat, which tugged at her heartstrings. “But I’m scared too... Because I know I’m not worthy...” Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 624-Bella could feel every single one of Jussin’s shallow but heavy breaths against her neck. It burned like fire against her skin.

A blush rose to her cheeks.

“Justin Salvador! Are you crazy? What are you saying? Justin!” His hot sweat had soaked his thin palarnas through and even soaked Bella’s clothes too.

Justin was dazed, and his mind was muddled. His whole body was in so much pain that it felt like he was about to disintegrate and fall apart.

There was only one thought remaining in his mind, which was to hold the person he loved. Even if he was demeaning himself on to a scoundrel, he really did not want to let go of Bella..

“Bella... Don’t leave me... Please don’t hate me...” Justin buried his damp face into her shoulder, obviously that it was pitiful and heart-wrenching to hear.

Bella felt a warmth on her shoulder but could not tell if that was his sweat or his tears.

A bitter feeling began to spread slowly from the deepest reaches of Bella’s trembling heart through her entire body and wrapped around her soul tightly.

Bella thought to herself, ‘When have you ever been this humble before me, Justin Salvador? Back when I was crying and putting all my self- respect on the line to beg you not to divorce me or leave me, you threw the divorce papers in my face mercilessly and forced me to cut all ties with you as soon as possible. You were so merciless and heartless.’ Bella simply looked at Justin’s wretched state and suddenly scoffed, though her eyes were red. “Justin Salvador, are you delirious with a fever? What nonsense are you saying?” “It’s not nonsense. It’s my heartfelt words...” Justin shook his head stubbornly as sweat continuously dripped down his face. “Bella... I love you...” Bella’s eyes widened.

She froze. On the surface, she looked calm, but her ears had turned so red that they looked like they were about to drip blood.

Justin used his last ounce of strength to look up and reach out to caress the face he thought about night and day.

His eyes were hazy but filled with deep affection.

"Bella... I know what I'm saying. I love you... And only you... In the next second, Justin lost consciousness and collapsed in Bella's arms.

"Oof... Bastard! Why did you have to keel over right here?! You're so damn heavy!" Bella's eyes widened in a glare, both anxious and angry. She clenched her fist and was about to hit him on the back.

But suddenly recalling that he was injured, she unclenched her fist mid-air and gently laid her hand over his sweat-drenched back, sighing softly.

"If we knew that things were going to end up this way earlier, why did we act the way we did back then? Justin... It's too painful to love you. We should both move on." Ryan and Ian got to the entrance at the same time.

Although Ian was like an impulsive teenager sometimes, he was, after all, the chief secretary to the president of Salvador Corporation and was very observant.

With a glance, he could tell that Ryan was in a bad mood-a very bad one at that.

"Mr. Harris, how is your boss doing?" Ryan asked anxiously.

"He vomited blood two more times and even started developing a high fever." Ian felt miserable when he remembered how Justin looked like he was in agony last night. He hated that he could not take on the pain.

for him.

"How did it fucking turn out like this?...Fuck!" Ryan's eyes were a little bloodshot, and he clenched his fingers so hard that his knuckles.

cracked.

"I've already informed the young madam. Previously, Mr. Salvador did get a lot better after taking the medicine the young madam gave, so the young madam must know a way of treating him!" Ian did not have any great solutions to offer, so all he could do was place all his hopes on Bella.

Right then, Ryan noticed the black Bugatti parked at the entrance and recognized it as Bella's car.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and pondered for a moment before saying, "Wait. Let's not be in such a rush to head in." "Huh?" Ian was puzzled.

"It's rare for them to have some time alone, so let them have a moment longer to themselves."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 625-Ryan was a good wingman for Justin. Otherwise, what sort of friend would he be?

Trying to move an unconscious Justin, who was 189 cm tall, back to his room was equivalent to trying to move a mountain.

Luckily, there was an elevator in this villa. Bella dragged the bastard's body back to his room like she was dragging a corpse. By the time she helped him up onto the bed, her dress had been soaked through by a mixture of both her own sweat and Justin's sweat.

"You're so damn heavy!" Bella was exhausted and panting heavily, but she had no time to rest. She hurried into the bathroom and soaked a towel with cold water before wiping Justin's body to bring his temperature down.

After she was done bustling around, Bella sat on the edge of heavily, so tired that she did not want to move anymore.

"I'm seriously exasperated with you. Why were you moving about much when you were having such a fever? You're really troublesome, don't you know that?" Bella glared at Justin, who was still delirious from the fever. Her tone was cold, but she felt anxious.

After all, he only ended up this way because of her.

Wait a second!

Ryan frowned, observing Carrie's movements carefully.

Why did she look like she was having a PTSD reaction? Could she have been constantly beaten at home in the past?

Did Carrie have such a fearful reaction when Zoe raised her hand against her because Bethany used to hit her frequently?

Was that the case?

"When did you two get here? Why didn't you guys let me know?" Bella came downstairs and jumped in fright when she saw the two men sitting quietly in the living room.

She hurriedly tried to calm her unsteady breathing.

Ryan put his phone away and flashed his teeth at Bella with a devious smile. "Ah, we just didn't want to intrude. You two get to meet so rarely that we thought you should have more time to nurture your feelings. We just didn't want to be there disturbing you." "Nurture our feelings, my ass!" Bella was so angry that she wished she could use her stiletto heel to stab holes into Ryan's mischievous, smiling face.

Ryan crossed his legs and turned to appraise Bella closely, propping his chin on his hand.

He noticed that her lips were glossy and her cheeks were red with a flush that had not yet receded, and the ever-so-experienced Mr. Hoffman raised an eyebrow in interest. 'My brother has done it, hasn't he? Wow, Justin looks really serious on the surface, but he's just as horny as hell. What an asshole!' "Young Madam! You finally came! There's hope for Mr. Salvador now!" Ian gazed at Bella with stars in his eyes, smiling so widely that he was about to burst into tears.

Bella had no time to correct his form of address for her right now and said seriously, "Mr. Harris, Mr. Salvador's high fever was caused by the recurrence of his internal injuries. It shouldn't be neglected. I've just contacted one of the hospitals under KS Group that has high security and is better at maintaining patient's privacy. I've also contacted the doctor in charge. You and Mr. Hoffman should get ready to head over there now." Ian bowed deeply. "Thank you, Young Madam! I just knew you still have feelings for Mr. Salvador! You wouldn't have just let him die!" "I wouldn't have let him die, but that has nothing to do with whether or not I still have feelings for him. Don't make such a far-fetched assumption." Bella's tone was icy as she refused to allow Ian's assumption to stand.

She walked down the stairs and walked up to Ryan with a cold gaze.

Ryan's heart trembled when he met her gaze, as he felt a strong chill. "Mr. Hoffman, let's step aside to talk."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 626-Justin gripped Bella's chin with his fingers and leaned down to kiss.

her.

Ryan and Ian waited downstairs, feeling bored.

Ian paced back and forth worriedly, glancing upstairs from time to time.

Meanwhile, Ryan sat on the sofa, wearing a dark expression, as he watched the security footage over and over again on his phone.

He watched the footage of Zoe bullying Carrie again and again with a sick fascination.

Ryan got angry every time he watched it.

"What are you watching so intently, Mr. Hoffman?" Ian shuffled closer out of curiosity.

He had just moved closer when Ryan looked up and said coldly, "Go away. This is my family affairs." Ian was intimidated by his sharp gaze and hurriedly retreated.

Ryan watched the recording one more time.

He watched as Zoe approached Carrie in the video, and Carrie reacted by curling up pitifully in fright, covering her head tightly with her arms. Her movements were so practiced that it made his heart ache beyond measure.

Wait a second!

Ryan frowned, observing Carrie's movements carefully.

Why did she look like she was having a PTSD reaction? Could she have been constantly beaten at home in the past?

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She walked down the stairs and walked up to Ryan with a cold gaze.

Ryan's heart trembled when he met her gaze, as he felt a strong chill.

"Mr. Hoffman, let's step aside to talk."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 627-Outside the villa, Bella got into Ryan's luxury car.

"Bella, it's rare for you to willingly be alone with me." Ryan's eyes always carried a seductive charm as he looked at the beauty beside him with a smile. "I do feel quite flattered to be in the presence of such beauty, but I fear if Justin, that green-eyed monster, finds out we were chatting alone, he'd explode with anger. And he's still sick too." "If not for Carrie, do you think I'd be willing to breathe the same air as you?" Bella crossed her legs and folded her arms as she spoke coldly but calmly. "Is the famous casanova Mr. Hoffman sick of the same old flavors? Is that why you've set your sights on our dear Carrie?" At the mention of Carrie's name, Ryan's heart leaped, and a tingling sensation filled his whole body. His voice trembled slightly as he said, "Bella, you know about me and Carrie?" "You and Carrie? Ha! I don't understand what you mean by that." Bella sneered coldly.

"Bella, I have nothing to hide at this point." Ryan took a deep breath, his heart beating wildly as he said decisively, "I've fallen for Carrie. I want to be with her." "And how many women have you already fallen for so far this year?" The mocking smile on Bella's face deepened. She did not hide her disgust toward him at all.

"She's definitely the one I love the most!" "Do you mean you love her the most among all the ladies you also love?" "Bella, I'm serious about Carrie!" Ryan's face flushed with anxiousness as he turned to look at Bella earnestly. "I admit that I used to be a player and have dated many women in the past. But with those women, it was always just transactional. We took what we needed from each other, and when our needs were met, we'd part ways amicably. I've never actually had any feelings for them, but Carrie's different. I have real feelings for her. Bella, every fiber of my body feels for her!" "But you still extended your claws toward your best friend's younger sister. Do you think it's thrilling, Mr. Hoffman?" Bella felt that his words were just ridiculous. "Also, Carrie is the type you've never encountered before, so it must be particularly refreshing for you. After all, men love to challenge themselves with the newest and most difficult ones. Then, once you've gotten Carrie, you'll discard her just like you have with the other women you've dated. Once the novelty has worn off and she can't satisfy your vanity like a normal girl, you'll leave her heartlessly, like she's a used rag." "A used rag?! I fucking

wish I could just keep her in my arms forever and treasure her! Bella, don't you have even a single bit of trust in me?" Ryan's voice cracked.

"You want me to trust that a player will change his ways? I'd sooner believe pigs could fly." Bella really wanted to roll her eyes at him.

"Fu-Why can't a player change his ways? Everyone has to settle down eventually!" Ryan wore a serious expression as passion began to burn in his eyes.

"Bella, I know you've always loved Carrie as a sister. But please believe me. I swear on my character-ah, no! I swear on my life! I love!

Carrie as sincerely as ever. I want to be with her and spend my future with her!" "Fine. Then let me ask you a question." Bella suddenly set aside all her mocking and asked in a very serious tone, "What if your mom, your sister, and your grandfather object to you being with Carrie and even go as far as to say that you'll be disowned by the Hoffman family if you marry her? You can forget about getting a single thing from them, and your family will never have peace because of this. Would you still choose to be with Carrie?" Ryan's eyes were red as he clenched his hands into fists tightly. "I might not be able to get the entirety of the Hoffman Group right and perhaps the risk you speak of does exist. But I've already decided and made up my mind about Carrie. I will do all I can to protect her. I will never let anyone bully her again, including the Salvadors!" "That's not what I asked." Bella pursed her lips coldly, unable to hide her disappointment. "There's only one way you can protect her, which is to marry her and make her your rightful and legal wife. Otherwise, that so-called protection of yours will, in a way, harm her!" Marry?!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 628

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 628-Ryan was dumbfounded. He clenched his jaw. Caught off guard, he was unable to react right away due to the sudden shock.

Bella saw that he did not react and thought that he was a coward.

She burst out laughing and said, "Back then, you had the guts to say to my face that you wanted to marry me. Now that I'm asking you if you dare to marry Carrie, why have you suddenly become mute? Or is it that, in your eyes, Carrie is the Salvadors' least significant daughter, so there's no value for you in marrying Carrie? All she's worth is to be hidden away as your secret lover, huh?" "Bella Thompson! You-!" Ryan's blood was boiling. This was the first time he had ever gotten mad at Bella.

He could finally understand why Justin vomited blood.

Justin must have been provoked by her!

"Alright, there's no point in me saying too much. I respect a true love in this world, but I don't want Carrie to suffer with you. Thinking of Carrie, who had suffered so much in the

Salvador f Bella teared up a little. "She's already had a very hard life. I don't w her to suffer even more. Ryan, the world you live in is too complicated. Its weight might be unbearable for a simple girl like Carrie. Just think about what I said carefully." After sending Justin to the hospital, Ryan dragged his exhausted tbody back home.

Right, home.

Now, he referred to the villa he shared with Carrie alone as home.

He might have a mother and a sister, but ever since his father passed away, his mother had become depressed, often going abroad to get treatment, while his sister studied overseas. The vast Hoffman.

residence was always cold and quiet, never lively.

Yet, the past few days he had spent with Carrie had made him feel comfortable, relaxed, and warm.

He even greedily hoped that days like these would last forever.

"How's Carrie doing?" Ryan asked Yasmin urgently the moment he walked in.

Yasmin frowned worriedly and sighed. "Ms. Salvador is in her room. I kept trying to coax her to sleep, but it seemed like she was still in shock. She just wouldn't close her eyes. It's quite heartbreaking see." Upon hearing this, Ryan felt his throat choke up with guilt, and he walked upstairs with heavy steps.

"I'll go sit with her." "Ms. Hoffman, what are you planning to do with Ms. Zoe?" Yasmin hesitated for a moment but still asked.

"Yasmin, don't you think I'm really useless sometimes?" Ryan asked glumly with his back toward her.

Yasmin was taken aback.

She had been working for Ryan for 10 years now, and he had always been a proud and unyielding man. He had never looked so lonely and unsure of himself before.

"Mr. Hoffman, you've always been a godlike existence to me. Why do you say that?"

"Because I didn't raise my sister properly and even allowed Carrie to get hurt. To be honest, I don't know what I should do either." When Ryan remembered how Zoe's face twisted viciously as she abused Carrie, he felt defeated. "At most, all I can do is send her back. to Inalia. But is that going to solve the problem?" "Mr. Hoffman, let's go about it slowly. As long as you don't give up on Ms. Salvador, no matter how much Ms. Zoe dislikes it, she'll accept this reality." Ryan arrived at the door to Carrie's room, calmed himself, opened the door.

“Carrie? I’m back.” ben Only a single light over the bed was turned on in the quiet bedroo

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 629

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 629-Carrie sat alone at the head of the bed, curled up with her arms wrapped around her knees and her head buried between them, motionless.

Ryan took off his black fur coat and put it over the sofa, afraid of bringing the chill to her. He walked to the bed with light steps and sat down on the edge of the bed.

“Carrie... Does it still hurt?” Ryan placed his large hand on her head and stroked her soft hair gently.

Carrie shook her head slightly..

“Then, shall we go to sleep?” Ryan asked thoughtlessly.

Right after he said that, he regretted it.

Shit... It just made him look like he only wanted to sleep with her, that was not what he meant.

“I’m not sleepy.” Carrie finally said weakly, “I just want to sit here quietly for a while.” “Alright, I’ll sit with you then.” Ryan’s hand slid downward to lovingly rub the back of her warm neck, his eyes overflowing with tenderness. “I won’t sleep if you don’t. If you think I’m annoying, I’ll just sit here with you, and I won’t make a sound. If you get thirsty or hungry, you need someone to order around, don’t you?” “What if I stay up all night?” “I’ll stay up all night too.” “That’s okay... You should go to sleep.” Carrie urged him softly, never looking up.

A bitterness welled up in Ryan’s heart, and his breath hitched. “Alright.

I’ll leave if you don’t want me here.” As he said this, he moved to leave.

Right then, Carrie suddenly reached out to grab his arm, breathing harder as her grip tightened.

“Carrie?” Ryan was surprised.

“Don’t go, Ryan... Don’t go!” Carrie slowly looked up, her lips trembling. Her pink face was covered in tears. “I lied... I’m sorry... I want you to stay with me. Ryan, I want you here with me!” Ryan choked up at this, and he gently wiped her tears away with his finger. “I won’t go. I never intended to. I was just teasing you.” Carrie looked at him tearily as she kneeled on the bed, looking like a pitiful yet charming kitten.

“Ryan... Please hug me.” Ryan’s eyes instantly reddened. It was hard for him to suppress his love for her. His heart felt like it was about to explode as he pulled her soft body into his arms.

He breathed in deeply as he hugged her tightly.

“I’m hugging you now.” “Tighter...” Ryan hummed in acknowledgment as he pressed his chin into the crook of her neck, his thin lips rubbing against her red earlobe.

“A little tighter, please?” “Okay.” Ryan tightened his arms once more, stroking her trembling back with his large palm. “I wish I could bury you in me, Carrie. I really wish I could.” Under the light, the pair embraced each other tightly, as if they wished they could become one.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Cam

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 630-They did not know how long they had been hugging for when Carrie finally felt sleepy.

Ryan got onto the bed, and the two of them lay there together. They seemed like a loving, newlywed couple.

Carrie rested her head on Ryan’s sturdy arm, her small face buried in his chest. She sniffled a little before closing her eyes.

was war “Carrie, can I ask you something?” One of Ryan’s arms around her shoulders, while the other gently rubbed her forearm.

“Mm...okay.” “Do you like me?” Ryan’s heart was beating loudly when he asked his question.

“Hmm... Of course I do.” “Not like a brother, I mean the romantic sort.” Ryan coughed slightly, and his face was flushed. “Like the way your older brother Justin likes Anna.” Carrie’s clear eyes flickered, and she clutched Ryan’s black shirt, fiddling with the delicate buttons.

“I... Don’t know.” Ryan sighed and smiled bitterly. “Alright. Let’s go to sleep now.” “But I like being with you. When you go out, I can’t do anything but worry about you and wait for you to come home. When I’m with you, everyday feels so short. When I see you, I feel really happy.” Carrie’s eyes were half-closed as she spoke softly.

Ryan’s breathing became heavier, and his palms, which were wrapped around her shoulders, were completely damp with sweat.

“There was one day you came back really late and came to my room to check on me. I pretended to be asleep, but actually, I was awake the whole time.” When Ryan heard this, his heart clenched.

That night, he had gone out with Yasmin to deal with some people who had been working against him-his Uncle Liam’s cronies.

Ryan had always shown Carrie the cheerful and enthusiastic side of himself.

He would never let her see his dark, cruel, and ruthless side.

Carrie pursed her lips. “That day, there was a really strong smell of blood on you. And your hand was wounded. When you touched my forehead, I could feel it.” As she said this, she took his right hand and took off the black leather glove covering it.

Although the wounds on his knuckles and fingertips had already scabbed over, the scars remained.

“Ryan, I’m worried that you’re doing something dangerous outside.

I’m worried something will happen to you. I’m so scared...” Carrie’s heart twinged, and her lashes fluttered as she kissed his scars. “I don’t understand. I don’t know. Is this the sort of like you were talking about?” Ryan’s heart thumped hard. Finally, unable to hold back the tide of his feelings, he flipped her over and pressed her beneath him.

In all her twenty-two years of life, Carrie had never been this close to a man before.

Ryan was her first, and she was slowly learning to accept him, though it seemed like he was the only one she could accept.

“Carrie, don’t tempt me... I’m afraid I won’t be able to hold myself back.” “Do you want to kiss me, Ryan?” Carrie obediently wrapped her arms around his neck, pouting her pink, glossy lips slightly. “I-I’m ready!” “No...” Ryan restrained himself and finally sighed in surrender, returning to his previous position and pulling Carrie close as he murmured, “I’ll wait for you to accept me completely, Carrie.”

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 631

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 631-Ryan’s furious outburst left a profound psychological impact on Zoe.

days were numbered.

‘All this drama is just for the sake of that foolish woman, Carrie. Did his own biological sister not compare to that woman? What a joke!’ Zoe, brimming with resentment, returned to the Hoffman residence after leaving the villa. Her face, as dark as a vengeful spirit, reflected the turmoil within.

Along the way, memories of Ryan’s past affection for her kept flooding her mind. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became, shedding tears of frustration along the way.

In the end, Zoe came to a conclusion. Regardless of the means, she was determined to make Ryan and Carrie break up. She could not allow this fool to become her sister-in-law.

Back at home, Claire welcomed Zoe warmly.

“Zoe! You’re finally back!” exclaimed Claire, her eyes welling up with tears of joy as she had not seen her daughter for a long time.

Claire rushed over to embrace her daughter. “My dear daughter, didn’t your flight arrive earlier? Why did you take so long to come home? I was starting to get worried!” Chap 631 Zoe’s eyes teared up and turned red upon seeing her mother.

“Mommy...” Zoe cried. She could not help but think of the injustice.

she had endured.

“What’s wrong, my darling? You seem unhappy. Did someone bully you?” Claire inquired with concern. “And where’s Ryan? Didn’t he go to pick you up? Why isn’t he back with you?” Zoe lowered her eyes, a look of grievance on her face, as she shook her head.

"Ryan is unbelievable! He used to dote on you so much, but now, because of that Salvador girl, he sends you off to Inalia without a care. After finally coming back, he doesn't even bother to pick up his sister! What on earth is he thinking?" Claire expressed her frustration.

Claire gently caressed her daughter's cheeks. "These days, Ryan hasn't come home at all. I know he's busy and has his own way of doing things. In the past, no matter how busy he was, he would never disappear like this without a word! He stopped coming home, and now he doesn't even care about his own younger sister! I really don't understand what he is thinking!" "I know why Ryan isn't coming home," Zoe admitted.

"What? You know?" Claire was taken aback.

Zoe clenched her fists, her voice turning grim. "Mommy, I'll tell you something, but you must try to stay calm after hearing it." "What happened, Zoe? Don't scare me!" "Ryan is in a relationship with Shannon's youngest daughter," Zoe revealed through gritted teeth.

"Who? Shannon Quarry? That wicked woman's youngest daughter?!" Claire was genuinely shocked and dumbfounded.

"Yes, she is Bethany's younger sister. Shannon's daughter!" Zoe hugged her mother's arm and shook it. "Mommy! What on earth.

is Ryan thinking? Shannon and her daughter had caused us trouble in the past, spewing nonsense and threatening to have me jailed! It hasn't been long since that incident, and now Ryan is already in a relationship with Carrie." Zoe continued, her voice filled with a mix of resentment and sadness.

"How could he do this? He no longer considers me his sister!" Claire felt uneasy when she heard this. She could not fathom why her son, who had always been the pride of the family, would entangle himself in such a complicated situation. Although the Salvadors were a wealthy family and Ryan had a close friendship with Justin, Claire still did not understand what Ryan was thinking.

Despite that, she tried to console her daughter. "Zoe, even not fond of Shannon's daughter, your brother's temperam known. He enjoys making friends. Most of the young ladies prominent families in Savrow have some interaction with him.

has never brought a girl home, let alone someone who truly captivated him. He's always hanging out with Justin and freque visiting the Salvadors, so developing an interest in Carrie is somewhat normal. I believe it won't be long before your brother I'm realizes and moves on from the situation. Hasn't it been like this a these years?" "Mommy, no! This time, it's different!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 632-Zoe's eyes burned with hatred, and she trembled with anger. "The reason why Ryan hasn't come home for such a long time is

because he's been living together with Carrie! He even bought her a house!" Claire felt as if she were struck by lightning-shocked and horrified!

"I hate Shannon and her daughter so much. Of course, I don't want Carrie to become my future sister-in-law. But Ryan is obsessed with her, like he's under a spell! For that woman, he even lost his temper at me! And he even ..." Zoe intentionally paused, leaving the suspense hanging.

"He did what?!" Claire asked anxiously.

"He even hit me!" Zoe started crying harder, tears streaming down her face.

"Where did he hit you?!" Claire's voice was tight with concern "My face... He slapped me right in front of the servants and the wretched woman, Carrie! My face hurts so much, Mom!" Zoe covered her face and rushed into her mother's arms, crying uncontrollably. Claire's heart ached. Her cherished daughter, the apple of her eye, was in pain. Her eldest son, the one she had placed all her hopes of the obedient and filial son, had torn his relationship apart with his sister for the sake of that woman. What would he do next? Would he cut ties with his biological mother as well?

"Mommy! You must not let Ryan be with Carrie! If Ryan really marries that woman, our reputation will be completely ruined! Ryan will become a laughingstock in the Hoffman Group!" Zoe anxiously spoke, her voice hoarse.

"What do you mean?" Claire looked puzzled.

"Carrie is mentally disabled! She's autistic!" Claire's eyes darkened.

Her exceptionally outstanding son was more than worthy of marrying the Thompson family's heiress. How could he marry someone with a mental disability?! She absolutely wouldn't allow it!

"Mom! Even if Carrie is a part of the Salvador family, aren't you afraid that if she marries Ryan, your future grandchildren will also be mentally disabled? Who knows if her condition is hereditary?" Every word from Zoe struck Claire right in the heart.

"Thank you for letting me know, Zoe. I know what to do now!" Claire, usually gentle and tender, showed a trace of coldness in her eyes. Don't worry, I will protect you. I will never let my son marry such an unworthy woman and ruin his entire life." Zoe nestled in her mother's arms and revealed a sinister smile upon hearing what her mother said.

- The days passed by. Celeste and Shannon's birthday banquets were just around the corner. Considering Gregory's situation these days, Shannon refrained from publicizing her upcoming birthday. However, she discreetly sent invitations to the prominent figures in Savrow and subtly promoted the event. Although her reputation in Savrow was not as pristine as before, she remained the chairman's wife of Salvador Corporation. With such a background and status, she refused to believe that her grandeur couldn't rival that of

Celeste, a mere mistress! On the other hand, the Thompsons made no public announcement regarding Celeste's birthday celebration. Everything was being handled in secrecy. After all, socialites from affluent families were not like celebrities in the entertainment industry. They didn't need to flaunt their lives for attention or to gain popularity. On the evening before the birthday banquet, Celeste, with her eyes covered, was led into a room by Mila, Sasha, and Bella. "What's going on? Why all this secrecy?" Celeste asked with a smile. "Three! Two! One!" As the countdown finished, Bella removed the blindfold from Celeste's eyes. Celeste's eyes adjusted to the lighting and suddenly widened in astonishment. Under the dazzling spotlight, a mannequin was dressed in a stunning black and red evening gown. The lights made the dress shimmer. It was incredibly beautiful and captivating. "Wow, it's so beautiful..." Celeste stood there in awe, letting out a dreamy sigh. "Celeste, this is a masterpiece personally designed for you. It is designed by the internationally renowned designer, Sharon." Mila affectionately draped her arm around Celeste's shoulder, her eyes fixated. "Oh my goodness... I consider myself quite knowledgeable, but seeing the gown designed by Sharon up close, I can't help but almost scream! It's too gorgeous!" Bella's alter ego, Sharon, had grown accustomed to countless praises in the fashion world. Yet, all those compliments still could not match the joy she felt hearing these praises from her own family. Deep within, Bella felt extremely happy and couldn't help but let out a smirk. "A dress by Sharon?! Oh my goodness... Bella, this is such a precious gift!" Celeste hastily grabbed Bella's hand, her cheeks blushing with embarrassment. "Bella, you must have spent a lot of money and effort to invite her, right? You really didn't need to go through this trouble! It's too much!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 633-"Not a problem at all! I'm the heiress of KS Group. With my identity, Sharon wouldn't dare refuse to make clothes for me. She wouldn't want to ruin her reputation, right?" Bella playfully pinched Celeste's waist, looking mischievous.

"Wow, then ask her to design something for me too! I want a biker suit! A leather jacket!" Sasha's eyes sparkled with excitement as she raised her eyebrows. "I've recently become obsessed with riding motorcycles. I even joined a Hatchbay motorcycle club. We have activities every month, but I've been lacking a stylish biker suit. Ask her to design one for me, and I'll reimburse you!" Bella and Mila were speechless for a moment.

Sasha felt the awkward atmosphere and laughed. "Uh, well, does Sharon not take on this kind of business? Then ignore what I just said." Everyone was speechless.

Sasha was approaching her forties. When will she ever grow up?

"Aunt Mila, Aunt Sasha, you can rest assured. When it's your birth I'll have Sharon make clothes for you too. You won't be left out!" B laughed, hugging both of them with a wide grin.

She was truly a master of arranging surprises!

“Huh? Isn’t Sharon supposed to be notoriously aloof, and her creations are hard to come by? How can you repeatedly hire her?” Mila suspiciously glanced at Bella. “Bella, could it be that Sharon is also one of your alter egos?” Celeste and Sasha, upon hearing this, also turned their gazes toward Chap 633 to Bella.

“Oh... How is that possible?” Bella laughed awkwardly, waving her hands repeatedly. “I’m already Alexa. How could I also be Sharon? I’m not some mythical figure with three heads, six arms, and magical powers.” The three ladies chimed in unison, “You’re even more amazing than a mythical creature!” Indeed, that was true.

In an attempt to divert their attention, Bella said, “By the way, there are more surprises!” Bella ran behind the mannequin, pulled out an exquisite red velvet box from below, and held it in front of Celeste.

“Aunt Celeste, I’m afraid I’ll be very busy tomorrow, so I wanted to give you your gift in advance. Happy birthday!” Celeste felt a tingling sensation in her nose as she opened the jewelry box. Inside was an exquisitely crafted sapphire ring that once again captivated her heart.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Fresh and elegant, like the clear ocean under the radiant sun, captivating at first sight.

Celeste’s eyes welled up with tears. “Bella, thank you. I really love it.

Thank you.” “I purposely chose this gemstone because I didn’t want to steal the limelight from Wyatt. And also, I feel that this serene shade of ocean blue suits you better.” Bella spoke contentedly and confidently.” When I design jewelry, I like to choose the main stone that suits the wearer’s personality and temperament. Because I am Alexa, my design value has surpassed the intrinsic value of the jewelry itself.” Afterward, Mila and Sasha also took Celeste to see the birthday gifts they had prepared.

The room was filled with women chattering and laughing, creating a lively atmosphere.

At this moment, Bella’s phone vibrated in her pocket. She took it out when she had a moment alone and then left the room, heading to the end of the corridor.

“Hello,” she answered, her long eyelashes fluttering. Her voice was cold.

“Bella, I’m feeling much better now. I called to report my situation.” In the moonlight, Justin’s voice was unusually gentle, exuding a seductive charm. “In the future, if you want to know about my condition, you can call me directly. There’s no need to contact Ian privately anymore.” Bella’s heart trembled slightly, and she pursed her red lips.

“Or, I can call you too. I’d love to do that.” The man’s sultry and mellow voice rang in her ear, actively engaging in a way that was completely different from his usual demeanor.

"No need. I'm not your attending doctor. I don't have time to monitor your physical condition 24/7." Bella frowned and said coldly, "As long as you're fine now, let's go our separate ways and wish each other well." "I appreciate your effort in taking care of me. If it weren't for you, my fever wouldn't have subsided so quickly." Justin chuckled softly. His voice was low and hoarse, teasing her ear. "You're more effective than medicine." "Justin! Do you want to die?!" Bella recalled the day when Justin forcefully kissed her on the bed.

Her cheeks flushed.

She fiercely punched the glass window with her fists and said, "If you dare to play any silly games again, I'll make you regret it! I'll keep my word!" "What else is there to regret, Bella?" Justin laughed bitterly and humbly. "Divorcing you is the biggest regret of my life." Bella scoffed, "Hmph! Serves you right. Bye, I'm busy." "Bella! Wait!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 634-"What now?" Bella felt frustrated and had no intention of showing this despicable man any kindness.

"Tomorrow, can I attend Aunt Celeste's birthday banquet?" Justin asked cautiously, lacking any confidence. But at the same time, he was filled with anticipation. He was hopeful to see her again.

Bella snorted, pursing her lips. "Mr. Salvador, Aunt Celeste's birthday banquet will be attended by members of the Thompson family. Won't you feel embarrassed to face them?" "Alright, I understand. But as the saying goes, an ugly son-in-law must still meet his in-laws." Justin's tone was unusually earnest.

"What is wrong with you, Justin?" Bella pounded the window again. She imagined it as if it were his head.

"Is it okay, Bella?" He persisted.

Bella recalled the night when Gregory beat Justin mercilessly because of this, leaving Justin's back covered in bruises.

She reluctantly said, "Fine, but remember to bring a gift." Justin's joy was evident in his clear and bright voice. "Of course! How can I go empty-handed when meeting the parents?" Bella gritted her teeth and growled, "Fuck off!" The weekend arrived, and the birthday banquet for the two affluent wives was approaching.

The night before, Shannon was so excited that she could not fall asleep. She envisioned herself outshining everyone at the banquet, radiating beauty and charm. Lost in her thoughts, she chuckled softly.

She had also instructed someone to edit videos of her previous acting career and retouch many glamorous photos from her debut on the TS Gem Channel. She planned

to play them on a loop at the birthday banquet, captivating the attention of all the guests.

As a result, the next day, Shannon's complexion was pale, with bloodshot eyes and massive dark circles.

Without makeup, she resembled a vengeful ghost from an old horror movie!

After all, she was nearing 50 and could not escape the signs of aging.

In the past, even after filming for three days and nights, her skin.

remained fair and radiant. Now, a single night without sleep was taking its toll on her aging face.

"Someone! Hurry, call my beautician to come over for a makeover! Quickly!" Shannon was in a frantic state, pacing around her room.

She behaved like a manic person and smashed an expensive cup in a fit of rage. However, Gregory did not witness this arrogant and irritable outburst.

The servant waiting outside was scared and quickly ran off to fetch the beautician.

Shannon looked at herself in the mirror, a simmering rage building inside her.

Today, she and Celeste were celebrating their birthdays on the same. day, like rivals in a competition.

Shannon had not seen Celeste for many years. She considered herself the legitimate wife of Gregory, but despite her status being far superior to Celeste's status as Wyatt's mistress, she could not shake off her anxiety.

In the past, Celeste was the leading actress on the TS Gem Channel, the fantasy of men nationwide.

Shannon couldn't help but feel anxious because she was afraid of being overshadowed by Celeste!

"Mom! Mom!" Bethany rushed in hastily. However, seeing Shannon in this ghostly state, Bethany was left momentarily stunned.

"What's the matter? Why are you acting like you've seen a ghost?" Shannon snapped impatiently.

"I just called Grandpa again and confirmed with him. He said he wouldn't be attending your birthday banquet tonight." "What's so surprising about that? I never expected that

old man to show up from the beginning. Whether he comes or not, it does not matter. I'd rather not have him bring his old-fashioned gloominess here!" Shannon sneered coldly, making no effort to hide her disdain for Nigel in front of her daughter.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 635-"But Grandpa also asked me to tell you..." Bethany stammered, trembling as she spoke, "He and Justin are both going to attend the Thompsons' banquet." "What?!" Shannon erupted in anger, her eyes ablaze.

"He said he received a video call from Wyatt and Bella last night, and they had a pleasant conversation. So, he decided at the last minute to meet Wyatt and have a few drinks to catch up..." "Damn it!" Shannon was furious, her eyes spitting flames. She swept the dressing table clean in a fit of rage.

"Mommy! What are we going to do? Both Justin and Grandpa are going to the Thompsons' banquet, ignoring you completely. Isn't this deliberate humiliation? How will you face others if they find out?" Bethany, who had been harboring resentment toward Shannon for supporting Carrie and Ryan's relationship, seized this opportunity to vent her anger.

"Deep down, they never truly acknowledge your status as the mistress of the Salvador family. They think attending your birthday party is shameful and embarrassing for them!" "Stop talking! Just stop it!" Shannon was so enraged that her heart was pounding, and her blood pressure soared.

"Mom! What do we do now?" Bethany looked anxious, but she was secretly delighted.

"Enough! That old geezer is deliberately going against me. If I let this ruin my birthday, I would be falling right into their trap," Shannon said with a grim expression as she sat on the sofa.

Chap 635 She crossed her legs and began doing Pilates. "After all, that old man. has retired now. Your father is his only heir to Salvador Corporation. Everything Nigel has will eventually belong to my husband. I won't care about that senile old man on the brink of death. How much longer can he live anyway?" At exactly 6:00 p.m., a row of black luxury cars lined up neatly outside. the villa. The Salvador couple and their two daughters got into an extended Lincoln, escorted by cars with bodyguards both in the front and rear. The imposing procession headed toward the Salvador Hotel.

Inside the car, Gregory stared expressionlessly out the window. His attitude toward Shannon showed no abnormality. After all, today was her birthday.

The situation felt calm and not as tense as in the past.

The Salvador sisters sat across from their parents. Carrie sat hunched over, tightly embracing the teddy bear that Bella had given her. She found comfort in its presence.

Clad in an expensive and latest Chanel suit, Bethany sat next to Carrie, who dressed humbly.

"Oh, little sister, today is Mommy's big day. Why don't you make an effort to dress up for the occasion?" Bethany sported a fake smile.

She gently ran her fingers through her sister's silky hair as a display of sisterly affection in front of Gregory. "Don't you know how to doll up? Why didn't you tell me? I could've helped you." Carrie kept her back straight and her lips tightly sealed.

"Remember how great your hair looked after I permed it for you time? I told you, I can do it again for you today." Bethany said it with a wicked smile in her eyes.

Suddenly, Carrie raised her hand and forcefully removed Bethany's grip. Both Gregory and Shannon were left dumbfounded. They had never seen Carrie lose her temper before.

"Carrie! It hurts so much! What are you doing?" Bethany pretended to look aggrieved, as if she were the victim.

"I... I never wanted you to dress me up. You forced me into it!" Carrie hugged the little bear, her eyes reddened. With courage that seemed to come from nowhere, Carrie dared to speak up against Bethany.

Gregory listened and looked at Bethany, puzzled.

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"Also, I hate that hairstyle... I hate it so much. Don't ever force me to perm my hair again, okay?" Carrie clenched her teeth, each word carrying a deep resentment toward Bethany.

"Bethany, what does Carrie mean by this? What's going on?" Gregory asked with a serious expression.

"Oh, Dad! Carrie isn't an ordinary child. She often says things out of the blue. You know that, right? I'm just as confused as you are about why she suddenly said such things. I feel so wronged!" Bethany spoke in a sweet voice, feigning innocence.

"Greg, is it true that Justin won't be attending the banquet tonight? Is he attending the Thompsons' banquet instead?" Shannon changed the topic, holding her husband's arm.

"I don't know." Gregory furrowed his brow.

"I don't mean anything else. It's just for the greater good. I still think Justin should attend our banquet instead," Shannon said, trying to steer the conversation in a different direction.

Shannon put on an act and spoke with warmth and gentleness, "If it were for Mila Larson's birthday, it would be understandable. After all, Mila is the daughter of the Larson family. Establishing a good relationship would benefit us in the future and add a touch of decency. But what is the use of going to celebrate Celeste's birthday?

Not to mention, Celeste is just a commoner with a notorious past in the entertainment industry. If Justin goes to congratulate her, the media will surely write all sorts of nonsense." Shannon's eyes darkened gradually. "Moreover, Celeste is the least conspicuous of Wyatt Thompson's wives. To call her a wife is already giving her too much credit. She's simply Wyatt's officially recognized mistress. With such an ambiguous status, does it even make sense, for Justin, the president of the Salvador Corporation, to reach out to her? It's too degrading." For some reason, the term 'mistress' made Gregory extremely uncomfortable. It stirred up a trace of memories about Justin's mother.

"In the past, Celeste had no backing. But now, she has Wyatt Thompson's support, and her situation has changed. If it weren't for what happened back then, she would have already risen to prominence. She wouldn't have ended up in a situation where she had no choice but to become Wyatt's third wife." Shannon was taken aback and cautiously asked, "Greg, did I say something wrong?" "I heard that not only Justin but also my father will be attending the banquet to meet Wyatt," Gregory responded.

Gregory gazed ahead, his tone calm. "Tonight's main focus isn't just on Celeste alone. Have you overlooked the presence of Wyatt Thompson? If both Nigel and Justin are willing to attend, just let them. I'm tired, and I really don't have the mood to get entangled in these social niceties." 'What's going on? Why has his attitude changed?' Shannon choked back her tears. She could only force a smile to accommodate him.

At this moment, Carrie found a comfortable position, and her little head nodded slowly as she dozed off. After all, in the days spent with Ryan, he would cling to her every night, either with kisses or hugs, making it impossible for her to get a good night's sleep.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 637-Bethany trembled with anger next to Carrie. Her lips twitched as if she wished to peel Carrie's skin off, tear her flesh apart, and drain her blood. 'Damn her! Does she think having Ryan to back her up makes her invincible? The happier she is, the faster she'll meet her demise!

I'll make sure of it!' Although Shannon's birthday banquet was held in a low-profile manner, she still leaked information to the media. She believed that she was born to be in the spotlight. So how could she celebrate her birthday without attention?

Reporters who caught wind of the news hovered and waited inside the hotel. Escorted by bodyguards, the Salvador family approached the banquet hall.

Shannon exuded an air of superiority, adorned with jewels and radiance, embodying the style of an affluent and elegant woman.

"Mrs. Salvador!" "Ms. Shannon!" The reporters swarmed over, snapping photos of the Salvador family.

Gregory felt displeased, but he remained composed and faced the media alongside his wife, Shannon.

"Mr. Salvador, tonight is your wife's birthday banquet. The whole family is here, but where is Mr. Justin?" The reporter skillfully touched upon the sensitive topics, showcasing their knack for stirring up trouble.

“Justin had some urgent matters and had to leave in a hurry.” Gregory smiled faintly, giving a brief and dismissive response.

“Today is the birthday of Ms. Celeste, the third wife of Wyatt Thompson, chairman of KS Group. Ms. Shannon, your birthday should be on Wednesday, but you moved it to Sunday. Is it intentional to coincide with Ms. Celeste? Back in the day, you two were once the leading actresses on the same platform. There were rumors of competition and strained relations between the two of you. Haven’t you let go of past grievances after all these years?” “Oh my! Is today also Celeste’s birthday? I didn’t know until you mentioned it.” Shannon pretended to be surprised. She covered her mouth with a hand adorned with a large diamond ring.

“It seems I may have overlooked that. I should wish her a happy birthday. I chose today because our families and guests are all sy and can’t spare the time on Wednesday.” Shannon continued with a smug smile, “After all, we invited many guests this time. I also took into consideration the schedules of guests. I made sure everyone had ample time to come and gath with us.” “Guests? Have you invited so many guests?” The journalists exchanged puzzled glances. “We’ve been here waiting for two hours, and we haven’t seen anyone arriving.” Shannon was suddenly alarmed. ‘How could this be?’ She had invited over a hundred guests weeks in advance, and most of Change them had accepted the invitations, promising to attend! Why hadn’t anyone shown up?!

Shannon forced a cheerful smile, her entire body tense and her heart pounding like a drum.

“Alright, let’s go inside first,” Gregory urged in a low voice.

As the group walked to the entrance of the banquet hall, the waiter opened the massive doors.

The next moment, the poised smiles on Gregory and Shannon’s faces froze.*

Shannon, in particular, turned ashen instantly. She clenched her lower lip tightly, nearly screaming in dismay.

There were only a handful of guests in the vast and luxurious banquet hall. The imagined crowd of distinguished guests, dressed in elegance and grace, was nowhere to be found.

‘Where is everyone? Where did they go?!’ Shannon thought.

Chand

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 638-Only a handful of guests were scattered around the banquet hall, making the grand hall seem desolate and cold. Most of them were elderly gentlemen who were business associates of Gregory Salvador.

Apart from the waitstaff and the pianist, there was not a single female guest in sight.

None of those rich housewives, who usually pretended to be friendly with Shannon, showed up. Neither did those who had to butter up to her due to the influence of the Salvador family turn up.

They seemed to have coordinated with each other, as not a single.

one of them showed up!

It was utterly infuriating!

If it were not for the presence of a group of media reporters behind her, Shannon might have burst into a rage right there and then.

Gregory furrowed his brows. His lips showed a restrained expression but not much emotion could be discerned.

Bethany was completely bewildered. She knew that her mother did not have the best reputation amongst the social circles, but she did not expect it to be this bad!

“Quick! Quick, take pictures! This could become a trending headline!” The reporters stuck their heads out, frantically capturing shots of the forlorn place.

“How about the headline, ‘Birthday Banquet of Salvador Corporation Chairman’s Wife Takes an Unexpected Turn-Is the Glitz Fading in Tough Times?’” “She just claimed to have invited many people a moment ago, but now she practically embarrassed herself. How hilarious!” Shannon was so enraged that her legs beneath her elegant gown trembled uncontrollably.

She shot a fierce glare at Bethany, signaling for her daughter to speak on her behalf.

Facing the reporters, Bethany forced a smile and said, “Dear friends from the media, my mother’s birthday banquet is about to begin. We need to go inside to greet the guests. Please feel free to leave, and we’ll be giving out goody bags at the entrance later. Thank you and have a good day!” The bodyguards swiftly ushered the reporters out.

Even after receiving the goody bags, some reporters could not but express their discontent.

“Huh, they made us rush here in the heavy snow, and now they’re kicking us out. It’s obvious they feel embarrassed and don’t want to be seen!” “Greeting guests? Where are the guests? Are they going to greet ghosts, perhaps? Hahaha!” The birthday banquet had just begun, yet it felt as desolate as if it were about to end.

Shannon was seething with anger. Her refined makeup failed to conceal the stiffness and anger on her face.

The guests, who were all Gregory's friends, offered their 3/4 congratulations to her before engaging in lively conversations with Gregory. They completely ignored the supposed female lead on the sidelines.

'How could this be happening? How could it be like this?' Shannon thought.

"Mom! Mom!" Bethany rushed in, clutching her long dress.

She was panting heavily, and her face was drained of color. "I sent someone to check, and guess what? The guests we invited have all gathered at the KS World Hotel. Bella stole them!"

Shannon had suspected it, but having it confirmed was a heavy blow to her, almost making her faint. "Bella Thompson... Why is it that damned wretched girl again?!" Seated nearby, Carrie, who was playing with the small teddy bear, overheard her sister-in-law's name and looked at them with a complex gaze.

"Tonight, half of the people went for the Thompsons, while the other half went for the Iversons. It is said that those who matter in the Iverson family were all present at Celeste's birthday party. The Thompsons have joined hands with the Iversons, and those pretentious people are trying to curry favor with both the Thompsons and Iversons!" Bethany surprisingly displayed a boost of intelligence at this moment.

She took another step closer to Shannon and spoke with an exasperated tone. "Also, I heard that a few people who weren't initially invited by the Thompsons received invitations from Bella yesterday. So, they changed their minds and went to the KS World Hotel. It turns out the mastermind behind all this was Bella all along!" "This wretched woman causes me trouble all the damn time! Does she think she can ruin my birthday banquet this way? Does she think that I'm a pushover?!" Shannon cursed, her features contorting angrily.

"Mom, please don't call Bella a wretched woman. She's not a wretched woman!" Unable to endure it any longer, Carrie gathered her courage, her face turning red as she retorted.

Shannon glared at her in uncontrollable anger. "Shut up! She's not your sister-in-law anymore!" "Carrie! Do you even know what you're talking about?!" Seizing the opportunity while Shannon was furious, Bethany angrily rushed to Carrie. With a fierce jab of her sharp nails, Bethany pinched Carrie's cheek. Carrie gasped in pain and tried to pull away.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 639-A distinct red mark appeared on Carrie's cheek instantly.

“Because of that despicable Bella, Mommy has suffered so much.

injustice, almost driven to death by anger! As Mommy’s daughter, it’s bad enough that you act indifferent, but you’re actually speaking up for that despicable Bella! Mommy raised you in vain!” “She’s not despicable!” The more Shannon spoke, the angrier Carrie became, refuting with red eyes.

“Then what is she if not despicable? What is she?” Bethany stretched her neck and shouted, drawing the attention of some guests.

“No!” As if a button of rage had been pressed, Carrie suddenly stood up.

She glared angrily with her round eyes, meeting Bethany’s astounded gaze.

Carrie could endure this woman hitting her and cursing at her. But couldn’t tolerate her insulting her beloved sister-in-law.

“You little ingrate! How dare you yell at me! Do you think I’m afraid you just because you have Ryan’s support?!” Bethany felt challenged by Carrie, who had been getting on her nerves all night and had reached her limit. She raised her hand, ready to pinch her arm.

At that moment, the grand doors of the banquet hall suddenly swung open.

All eyes turned to the man, who strode in with steady steps and grace.

“Ryan!” Carrie looked at Ryan, and her eyes gradually welled up with joyful tears.

At this moment, Ryan’s charming eyes shined brilliantly like a hawk.

His gaze locked on her, intense and passionate.

Even if Carrie was always dressed so plainly, he stared at her and was unwilling to look away.

Even if she always kept her head down and hunched her shoulders, almost lacking any presence, he could still spot her with just one glance.

“Ryan Hoffman?!” Shannon and Bethany were both dumbfounded.

Gregory was chatting with guests when he saw Ryan walking over, dressed in a luxurious wine-red velvet suit, looking noble like a groom.

Gregory was also surprised.

Bethany quickly withdrew her hand, her mood in a whirlwind as she stared at Ryan. She was completely blinded by love..

Even if Ryan had treated her cruelly, she would forget the pain once the scars healed.

Upon seeing Ryan's enchanting face, she was infatuated and fell deeply in love once again.

However, she also knew that Ryan simply did not like her. Even if she stood naked in front of him, it would not make him change his mind.

"So, why did he come?" "Could it be..." "Mr. Hoffman, I'm truly delighted that you could come. We've been eagerly awaiting your arrival!" Shannon was pleased to see Ryan approaching and promptly greeted him, "Quick! Get champagne for Mr. Hoffman!" As long as he was willing to attend, even if it was for Carrie, it would add glory to her birthday banquet.

"No need. I did not come for the birthday banquet." Ryan's hands.

were casually tucked into his pockets. A sly smile was playing on his lips, exuding a captivating charm.

"So, why are you here then?" "I'm here to take my girl away." Everyone was shocked!

His voice, resonant and powerful, carried deep affection.

In the midst of everyone's astonishment, Ryan's lips curled up like a perfect crescent moon.

Without hesitation, he walked toward Carrie.

Shannon and Bethany were both shocked. Their expressions were unable to convey their surprise and embarrassment.

Carrie blushed with embarrassment as she stood there, watching Ryan approach her.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 640-The teddy bear in her hands seemed to have transformed into an innocent bouquet of flowers.

Ryan walked straight ahead. As he passed Bethany, he coldly brushed her aside, showing no regard for her.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play "Ouch! That hurts!" Bethany felt a sharp pain in her shoulder, causing her to stagger backward. She nearly stumbled to the ground.

"Carrie." Ryan stood in front of Carrie and gazed deeply at her flushed face.

His voice was low yet alluring. "You look beautiful today." Carrie felt her heart pound even harder upon hearing Ryan's words.

"It's so boring here. How about we leave together?" Ryan extended his hand toward her, his charming eyes filled with tenderness.

"Leave... Where are we going?" "Anywhere. I'll take you wherever you want to go." His gaze was unusually sincere.

Inexplicably, Carrie felt like crying. Her eyes turned red.

Since she was young, she has always been the silliest and most obedient child in the family.

She had never experienced what it felt like to be cherished and accommodated by someone.

This was her first time.

"I... Want to go find Bella and Justin." Carrie's voice choked as she whispered.

choppe: 640 712 "Alright, I'll take you to them." With those words, Ryan took the initiative to hold her soft hand and turned to leave.

The whole room fell silent.

When the pair reached the doorway, Ryan remembered something and suddenly halted, causing Carrie to almost bump into his back.

He turned slightly and gave a shallow bow in Gregory's direction, then he left with Carrie.

Gregory was taken aback.

This man was openly taking away his beloved daughter.

Initially, Gregory felt somewhat displeased. But then, before leaving, Ryan did not forget to greet him, showing proper respect for him as an elder. This made it hard for Gregory to harbor any resentment.

"Mom! What should we do? What should we do?" Bethany's ch twitched as she urgently pulled on Shannon's arm. "Ryan just took away like that! What kind of situation is this? Isn't he intentionally causing trouble? You can't let Carrie go! You must bring her back!" "Bring her back? Why should we bring her back?" Shannon forcefully shook off her hand, casting a disdainful look at her. Ironically, this sort of treatment used to be reserved only for Carrie.

“My birthday banquet is already ruined. Whether your sister comes. back or not, what’s the point? Besides, why should I bring her back? Can’t you see? Carrie is with Ryan. Haven’t you noticed the way he looks at Carrie? It even surpasses the way your father used to look at Chapt/640 me in the past. Stop being delusional. Stop trying to ruin your sister’s good fortune and be quiet!” Bethany’s heart sank. She let go of Shannon’s arm resentfully.

‘Bella, do you think that this means I’ve lost? You ruined my birthday banquet. I won’t let you have your way!’ Shannon picked up a champagne glass, her eyes red as she gulped the champagne down her throat.

Outside the hall, Bethany walked to a secluded area. She took out her phone and dialed Zoe’s number with gritted teeth.

“Well, well, how do you still have the courage to call me?” After numerous rings, Zoe finally answered. Her tone did not hide her annoyance toward Bethany.

Although Bethany despised this woman for plotting against her in the past, as the saying goes, the enemy of an enemy is a friend..

Getting back at Carrie wouldn’t be easy without Zoe’s help. Thus, she set aside her emotions and coldly said, “I’m not in the mood to argue with you right now. I assume you probably won’t be in the mood to quarrel with me after knowing what happened either.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 641

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 641-Ryan held Carrie’s warm and sweaty hand and walked forward without looking away.

He noticed that Carrie was so nervous that her palms were sweaty.

The corner of his lips curled, and he couldn’t help but chuckle indulgently.

“Ryan, why don’t we go to the underground parking lot?” Carrie asked in panic when she saw him walking to the hotel lobby.

“My car is parked at the main entrance. The basement parking is too troublesome.”
“But... But there are reporters outside. Paparazzi.” Carrie suddenly.

stopped. Her delicate shoulders shrank, and her eyes were full of fear. “It’s not good if we go out like this. The paparazzi will write nonsense.” “Nonsense? Like what?” Ryan saw Carrie walking away in a hurry in thin clothes. He took off his red velvet jacket and draped it over her shoulders. He carefully buttoned it up for her, one button at a time.

Was He the definition of an overprotective boyfriend.

"I don't mind them writing anything about us." "Um, they'll write about our relationship..." Carrie blushed and mumbled softly. Her voice became softer as she spoke.

1641 "That's great." "Eh?" Carrie's doe-like eyes widened slightly with a look of astonishment.

"Carrie, you're my girl. Do you understand what that means?" Ryan's eyes darkened as he wrapped his large palms around her and squeezed her waist.

He really liked touching the nape of her neck, her soft hair, her warm body, and her delicate skin. For him, every inch was a temptation.

Carrie seemed to understand vaguely, but she shook her head.

"It means that I don't care what others say. I just want to be with you.

I just want to be with you wholeheartedly." Carrie's breath was stuck in her throat. She felt the scorching heat from his overly passionate and seductive eyes.

She also really liked being with Ryan, but....

Ryan gently pinched her cheeks when he saw that she was frozen stiff. He could not help but feel puzzled. He asked, "Carrie, what's wrong?" "Ryan, let's go through the back door." Carrie's eyes were filled with anxious tears. Her tone was soft, almost pleading. "I'm afraid... I'm afraid they will laugh at you!" 1645 "Carrie?" Ryan was stunned, and his eyes widened in surprise.

"We can stay in places where no one can see us. Let's keep it a secret and not let anyone find out. Please!" Carrie clasped her hands together and kept rubbing them. "I'm not afraid of getting laughed at. But I'm afraid that they'll laugh at you. Since I was young, people who were close to me have been mocked. I don't want them to mock you!" Ryan's pupils trembled fiercely.

Staring at her pale little face, he felt his breath hitch. His heart.

seemed to be gripped by a tremendous force. An infinite sense of heartache and anguish pierced him.

He felt intense hatred for all those who once bullied her. He hated himself even more for not being by her side and not being there to protect her earlier.

"Ah! Let go... Let go." Carrie's gaze suddenly swirled. In the next moment, he carried her in bridal style.

"No." Ryan's eyes were filled with a sharp light. He strode out the door, holding Carrie in his arms.

He gritted his teeth and said, "I want to see who dares to laugh at my woman. Whoever dares to do so, I'll make sure they can only cry in their next life!" It was rowdy outside the hotel. Many reporters were still lingering and did not leave.

They noticed Ryan walking out with a beautiful young lady in his arms.

Everyone was shocked and swarmed around them.

"Who is this girl with Mr. Hoffman? Is she a new girlfriend? I haven't seen her before."
"Damn... You're blind! That's Ms. Carrie Salvador, the youngest daughter of Chairman Gregory Salvador."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 642-"Damn! Is that true? I heard that there is a young lady in the Salvador family who is very low-key and almost never shows up in public. So, that's her? Wow! She looks as beautiful as a movie star!" "Bethany Salvador used to buy media coverage all the time. She flaunted herself as the most beautiful heiress in Savrow. I think she's far inferior to her younger sister." "Tsk, tsk. That's right. Mr. Hoffman always has exceptional taste in women." Seeing that the scene was becoming chaotic, Yasmin immediately rushed forward with two bodyguards. They formed a human shield to help Ryan through the crowd.

Countless cameras flashed wildly at them. Carrie buried her blushing face in Ryan's black shirt, resisting the invasion of the glaring light.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here," Ryan whispered in her ears.

"Mm." This response made Ryan ecstatic, more than words could express.

"Mr. Hoffman! Is Ms. Carrie Salvador your new girlfriend?" "Mr. Hoffman! Have you already confirmed your relationship? Are you two currently dating?" The reporters bombarded them with questions, incredibly excited.

All of Savrow knew that Ryan Hoffman was a charming and wealthy.

playboy. He had wandered among a sea of women, but for so many years, he had never introduced any woman to the public.

However, Carrie was different. It was obvious how much Ryan valued her.

even more..

Ryan paused and turned to look at the camera intently, hugging Carrie in his arms. "Ms. Salvador will have the final say whether we're dating or not. She can choose not to be with me, but I've already decided to give my heart to her." Everyone looked at each other in shock!

Ryan, the heir to the Hoffman Group, had always been domineering.

Whatever he set his sights on became his, regardless of others' approval. However, this time, he unexpectedly showed enough respect to Carrie. He even put himself in an unprecedentedly humble position and gave her complete authority to decide.

No, it was even more indulgent.

Originally, the situation was under control, but with that explosive statement, the situation almost spiraled out of control!

Yasmin had to exert considerable effort to escort Ryan and Carrie to the car. Soon, the luxury car left the crowd behind and headed toward the KS World Hotel.

"Mr. Hoffman." Yasmin hesitated for a moment and spoke with concern. "There might be some fluctuations in online public opinion.

later. I'll handle it as quickly as possible." "Why should you handle it? Did I do something shameful?" Ryan's eyes darkened, and his voice turned cold.

"No, but..." "Do you think I care what those keyboard warriors online will say? They love digging up old graves, kicking the lame, and insulting the mute. Is it wrong that I want to be with the person I like?" "No problem! There is no problem at all!" Yasmin dared not speak further and turned back to focus on driving.

Carrie's shoulders trembled slightly. She lifted her gaze and looked into Ryan's gentle eyes, "Ryan, I..." "Don't say anything. It's my own choice and has nothing to do with you." Seeing that her hair was soaked in sweat, he lifted her hair carefully and tucked it behind her ears.

Suddenly, his eyes narrowed, and he noticed the red marks on her cheeks. "Carrie, what happened to your cheek? Who did it?

"It's nothing. I accidentally bumped into something." Carrie tried to cover it with her hair, but Ryan grabbed her hand.

Ryan's eyes were filled with anger, and he asked in a low voice, "Did Bethany do this to you?" Carrie bit her lips and remained silent.

'Alright, it's time we settled the score. Both of those incidents will be taken into account.' Ryan decided to blame everything on that vicious woman, Bethany.

"Ryan... Don't do this again in the future. I don't want to cause you any trouble. I don't want to..." Carrie looked gloomy and flustered.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 643-At exactly 7:00 p.m., the KS World Hotel was bustling and extraordinarily lively.

It was a world of difference compared to the quietness on Shannon’s side.

Outside the hotel, luxury cars abound.

The guests were all from wealthy families or dignitaries. Each one of them was well-dressed and adorned with exquisite jewelry. They were all wealthy men and women with a net worth of billions of dollars.

At Celeste’s request, Wyatt held the birthday party in a very low-key manner.

Despite that, the prestige of the Thompson family was on full display.

They had a growing interest in expanding their business to Savrow. With that in mind, who in the business world would not reach out to Wyatt Thompson? Besides, this tycoon also had an eligible daughter who had been shining brightly recently.

Mila and Sasha chose not to make an appearance downstairs to avoid overshadowing Celeste tonight.

Instead, they entertained their long-time friends upstairs.

They did not feel neglected, but were rather secretly pleased to have this rare moment of relaxation.

As Celeste’s only daughter, Amelia naturally could not be idle and helped her sister, Bella, greet the guests outside the venue.

210 Amelia wore a pale yellow chiffon evening gown, personally selected by Bella.

Her slender, fair legs were subtly revealed under the pale yellow skirt. She looked like the female lead in a romance novel.

Amelia was grateful to her sister, knowing the amount of effort put into dressing her up.

However, she still felt that she could not match up to Bella.

Bella wore a simple and elegant black floor-length evening dress that modestly revealed her shoulders. Despite not putting in much effort, Bella looked stunning in her tastefully chosen dress.

Amelia stole a glance at Bella and found herself captivated. Amelia found her sister far more enchanting.

“Amelia? Is there something on my face?” Bella blinked her almond- shaped eyes, looking at her dazed younger sister.

“No... Nothing.” Amelia blushed inexplicably.

“Then, are you tired? The birthday banquet is still a while away. I’ll get you a room upstairs, and you can rest first.” “No need, Bella. I’m not tired.” Amelia quickly shook her head.

“Ms. Bella, the Iversons are here.” Steven, who had been handling the guests outside, hurriedly came in. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

Seeing this, Amelia quickly took out a handkerchief from her evening bag.

She pursed her lips in hesitation and held the handkerchief tightly in her hands. She did not dare step forward to give it to him.

“Steve, look at how busy you are. You’re sweating so much!” Bella pursed her lips thoughtfully.

Her slender, jade-like hand clasped Amelia’s slender waist and pushed her forward. “Amelia, you have a handkerchief here. Go ahead and wipe Steve’s sweat.” Both Steven and Amelia were taken aback, and both their cheeks were flushed with a hint of embarrassment.

Twisting the handkerchief in her hand, Amelia awkwardly shuffled over to Steven.

Summoning her courage, Amelia raised her hand and was about to wipe the sweat off for him.

However, Steven snatched the handkerchief away and hastily wiped the sweat from his forehead. His heart was racing as he said, “No need, Ms. Amelia. Thank you.” “It’s nothing.” Amelia bit her pink lips and felt waves of disappointment in her heart.

“Sorry for soiling your handkerchief. I’ll buy you a new one later.” Steve said, embarrassed, as he tucked her handkerchief away.

“No need. You can keep it as a gift.” Amelia dryly quipped.

Watching their interaction, Bella became increasingly sure that something was going on between the two of them.

At this moment, the Iversons made their entrance to the venue, looking noble.

Of Lance Iverson's four children, three of them promised they would come. The only exception was Lance's daughter, Astrid, who was overseas and had not returned. But there was no sign of Christopher.

James Iverson walked in with his wife, Coral, and was followed closely by Charles Iverson.

Seeing James, Bella's beautiful eyes could not help but cloud over with gloom.

"Bella, long time, no see." Charles's eyes lit up when he saw Bella. Unlike his usually proud demeanor, he showed abnormal enthusiasm toward the young lady.

Bella smiled politely and said, "We met the last time you came to our house. It's not been long since we last saw each other. But it seems like it's been a while since you've seen my sister, Amelia." She could see that Charles was very attentive to her. This was acceptable. After all, who would not like such a perfect woman? But she could not stand the fact that her equally noble sister, Amelia, was being ignored and treated as if she were invisible.

Charles was momentarily embarrassed because he did not recognize Amelia.

"Hello, Mr. Charles." Amelia did not take it to heart, smiling gently.

James's face remained expressionless. He glanced lightly at Amelia and Steven and smiled faintly. "Charles, you are too straightforward. You usually handle things very thoroughly. But as soon as you see Chap 643 Ms. Bella, you only have eyes for her. That's quite rude. Why don't you quickly apologize to Ms. Amelia?" "It was my mistake. Haha. I'm sorry, Ms. Amelia." Charles bowed to Amelia in apology.

Amelia smiled faintly, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, please enter the venue. Steve, please lead our guests inside." Bella instructed with a smile.

"Yes, Ms. Bella." A short while after the Iversons left, Steven hurried back to Bella's side and whispered, "Ms. Bella, may have a word with you?" Bella and Steven went to a quiet corridor.

"Ms. Bella, James' mistress, who bullied Ms. Amelia, came to the banquet. She even has an invitation and is already inside the venue!" Steven's brows were furrowed, and he asked in a deep voice, "Should I send someone to kick her out now?" "Kick her out? Why bother? She has an invitation. Doing that would make us look bad." Bella leaned against the wall. She crossed her beautiful, slender arms, making her look like an exquisitely crafted sculpture.

"How strange! I've carefully checked every invitation sent out. I made sure everyone received only one invitation, without mistake. How could that woman possibly have an invitation?" Steven was full of doubt.

"Ah, because her invitation is from me." Steven gasped and said, "Ms. Bella, what did you say?" "I said, I invited Mandy to the banquet." Bella spoke with a sly smile. Her mischievous eyes made her seem.

like a cunning fox. "There's no better time than tonight to stand up for my sister."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 644-Steven was dumbfounded.

Bella's actions were always so unexpected, catching him off guard.

"But, Ms. Bella, James and his wife are here tonight. Wouldn't Mandy's sudden appearance cause a disturbance? After all, tonight is Madam Celeste's birthday celebration. The night should go on smoothly." Steven expressed his concerns.

"That's why I won't let her into the banquet hall and soil the eyes of my family members." Steven was taken aback and asked, "What do you mean...?" Bella narrowed her beautiful eyes, and a cold glint flashed in them.

"I will take care of this woman before the birthday banquet officially begins. Don't worry." At this moment, Amelia had just come out of the restroom. After a quick touch-up, she hurriedly walked out, ready to continue helping in the front.

"You bunch of stupid security guards! Why are you blocking my way? I have an invitation! Are you blind?" Amelia suddenly stopped in her tracks when she heard the familiar and unpleasant voice. Her heart sank, and she raised her eyes abruptly.

2/2 Not far away, Mandy was blocked by two security guards. She kept waving the invitation in her hand, her face and ears crimson. Her voice was sharp and loud, like a shrew arguing in a market.

'Why is Mandy here?! She really has an invitation. Did James bring her in?' Amelia's face turned pale, and her heart thumped like a drum.

"Get out of my way! Do you know who I am? If you keep blocking me, I'll make sure you regret it!" Mandy struggled to break free, but the security guards would not let go, nearly breaking her wrist. The pain made her gasp for breath.

"What's going on here?" Amidst the argument, Steven, dressed in a suit, walked toward them with an indifferent expression.

"Mr. Lovett, this person is trying to use a fake invitation to sneak in.

We caught her, but she won't leave even if we drive her away," one of the bodyguards explained.

"Oh?" Steven raised his eyebrows.

"Is... Is it you?! The one who drives a Porsche!" Mandy recognized Steven and pointed at him, shouting, "So, you work in this hotel, huh? Are you the lobby manager? Never mind. I don't care what you're doing here. Just let me in. Don't let these security guards touch me!" However, Steven treated Mandy as if he had never seen her before. He looked at her coldly and said, "If the invitation is fake, I'm sorry, but I can only ask you to leave immediately." "Fake? What nonsense are you talking about? My invitation was sent to me by someone from KS World Hotel. How could it be fake?" Mandy was furious. She forcefully threw the card in her hand at Steven's face. "Take a good look! Look!" Swish- The invitation hit Steven's fair cheek, leaving behind an extremely fine trail of blood.

Faced with such humiliation, Steven remained unperturbed.

He lifted his hand and lightly wiped the wound with his fingertips. His gaze was shrouded in misty darkness.

"Steve!" Seeing her crush being mistreated, Amelia could not bear it any longer and rushed forward with red eyes.

"Oh? So, this little slut is also here." Mandy was surprised to see Amelia hurrying over. Her eyes were full of disdain as she remarked, "Huh, it seems like a wife follows wherever the husband goes, huh?" While she mocked, her eyes couldn't help but appraise the evening gown on her arch-enemy.

Mandy thought, 'Isn't this dress the upcoming spring collection from Paris Fashion Week? It's not available domestically. Why is this slut wearing it?'

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 645-"How does a hotel manager have a Porsche? Do you have the capability to support her? Surely, you must have indulged in some shady activities privately. Look at how righteous you are acting while being a gigolo. How disgusting!" "Who are you calling a gigolo? Watch your mouth and show some respect!" Steven finally erupted in anger, his fists clenching audibly.

"Young man, I suggest you not trust this woman too much. She may seem pure and innocent, but in private, she's quite promiscuous." Mandy flipped her wavy hair, disdainfully glancing at Amelia. "All her filthy deeds have long been rumored in our school. Her reputation at the Savrow Film Academy has long been tarnished. Only someone like you wouldn't know that you've been cuckolded." Steven trembled with anger, his shoulders quivering.

An uncontrollable rage flashed in his eyes.

Steven understood the principle that to destroy someone, one must first make them go mad.

Although he promised Bella to keep his composure, he could hardly contain himself at this moment.

"Mandy, if you have any grievances, let's discuss them privately. Don't make a scene here!" Amelia anxiously intervened, standing in front of Steven.

"I'm going to attend the banquet now. Who wants to talk to you privately? Who do you think you are? Let go of me!" Mandy yelled Chap 645 loudly, behaving like an unruly hooligan.

Amelia clenched her lips in frustration, really wanting to rush forward and slap her.

"It's so noisy. What's going on?" A voice rang out, cold as ice yet still sweet and melodious. There was a touch of effortless grace to the voice.

Mandy turned around abruptly.

She saw Bella, flanked by two tall bodyguards, walking toward them swiftly with a commanding presence.

Mandy couldn't help but shiver, instantly falling silent like a frightened chick.

This was the rumored Ms. Bella Thompson, the general manager of KS World Hotel, and the legendary jewelry designer, Alexa!

'Heavens! She's too beautiful. She's like an angel descending to e Every strand of her hair is sparkling! Mandy thought.

"Ms. Thompson!" Steven and the other bodyguards bowed in unison to Bella.

Seeing that she had alarmed her sister, Amelia felt guilty. She lowered her head and bit her lip, not daring to make a sound.

Like her mother, Amelia was most afraid of causing trouble for her family. It was even more unbearable than death.

Bella walked over with a calm expression. She ignored Mandy and addressed Steven instead. "What's going on? This is a banquet Shurgeress hosted by the Thompson family, not a marketplace. Making a scene is unacceptable." like s "Ms. Bella, this woman is holding a fake invitation and insists on sneaking in. We don't know what her intentions are. She might be a dangerous person," Steven said with a serious expression. He escalated the situation directly. "I suggest we call the police and let the authorities handle it." "Call the police?!" Mandy, hearing this, turned pale. She urgently

exclaimed, "Why call the police? I have an invitation. Your people were rude to me first. Can't I seek justice? Can the wealthy just bully ordinary folks like me? I'm recording this and exposing all of you!" With that, she pretended to reach for her phone.

At this moment, Bella had already taken the invitation from Steven's hand. She opened it and glanced at it with a slight sneer.

"Mr. Lovett is not wrong at all. Your invitation is indeed fake," Bella said, waving the invitation in her hand. "Every invitation bears the emblem of KS Group, and each one is personally stamped by me.

Yours clearly lacks that, so it's a fake. At the very least, it didn't come from me." Mandy broke into a cold sweat. She was dumbfounded.

She knew she wasn't qualified to attend the Thompson family, gathering with her status.

However, she received the invitation and naturally assumed that James had it arranged for her.

Thus, she dressed up and came over, hoping to surprise him. Never did she expect to embarrass herself so much.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 646-"What's the deal with this invitation?!" "It seems that the person forging the invitation is indeed a cause for concern. Steve, take her to the police station, as you suggested," Bella ordered nonchalantly.

"Yes, Ms. Bella." Steven's expression darkened as he instructed the bodyguards, "Take her away!" "Why?! I haven't committed any crime! Why are you arresting me?" Mandy was furious, and her face turned purple from frustration.

She quickly turned her wrath toward Amelia. "If you're going to arrest me, this woman must go with me! With her status, why is she allowed at the Thompson family's banquet?" Amelia furrowed her brows and was about to speak when Bella asked with a calm smile, "What an interesting thing to say. Why can't Amelia be here?" "She's my classmate! I know her background and character better than anyone else." Even in her dire straits, Mandy was planning to drag someone down.

with her. She criticized Amelia, saying, "How could she have an invitation to this place? Impossible! Ms. Thompson, I think your secretary here helped her get in! If I have to leave, so does Amelia!" "Amelia, is this woman really your classmate?" Chupp 16 Bella walked to Amelia's side. She sighed lightly and affectionately embraced her sister's shoulder.

Mandy was confused. 'What's going on? Why is Ms. Thompson so close to Amelia?!' "Yes." At this point, Amelia knew she could not hide her identity any longer and apologized with a guilty look. "I'm sorry for causing you so much trouble. It's all my

fault..." "Silly girl, I don't mind the trouble. You're too trouble-free. As your sister, I feel bored if you don't get into any trouble." Bella gently pinched Amelia's cheek.

Mandy's scalp tingled, feeling like a statue. She was unwilling to give up and asked frantically, "Amelia... Is Ms. Thompson really your sister?!" Bella embraced her sister tighter and smiled coldly. "Or else? Why do you think Amelia's last name is also Thompson?" Silence filled the air.

Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play apter 64 1/4 in the other side, James and his wife, Coral, were chatting amiably ith Asher inside the banquet hall.

ames was the president of the Iverson Group. He took over several ignificant industries and subsidiaries of the group.

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Mr. Thompson, I heard that KS Group is interested in expanding into avrow. Your group's recent developments are quite impressive.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 647-On the other side, James and his wife, Coral, were chatting amiably.

with Asher inside the banquet hall.

James was the president of the Iverson Group. He took over several significant industries and subsidiaries of the group.

Being the eldest son, James was the one his father placed the greatest hope on.

Unless something unexpected happened, James would eventually take control of the entire Iverson Group.

As for Asher, being the eldest son of Wyatt Thompson, he was also destined to be the future heir to the KS Group.

Despite his distaste for polygamous families like the Thompsons, James was still willing to maintain a superficial relationship with.

Asher.

I “Mr. Thompson, I heard that KS Group is interested in expanding into Savrow. Your group’s recent developments are quite impressive. You’re advancing with great momentum.” James carried the standard smile of a successful person. “In the future, you and I will surely have more chances to collaborate. Our two families have been friends for generations, and our fathers are like brothers. I hope that we can continue this friendship.” Asher smiled lightly and clinked glasses with him.

“In the future, Mr. Thompson, if KS Group has any good projects in Savrow, please remember to consider the Iverson Group. If our two Chopper 647 families can unite, no one in Savrow, or even the whole country, can compete with us.” James sipped his wine, not hiding his ambition.

“Mr. Iverson, you’re quite right. It’s just a pity that I’m standing at this post for the last time. From now on, I’ll have to step back,” Asher said calmly, elegantly sipping his wine.

James and Coral exchanged puzzled looks. “Mr. Thompson, what do you mean by this?” “As you all know, being a CEO was never my aspiration. I took on this responsibility to support my father. I also wanted to free my younger brothers and sisters from the burdens of taking on the family.

business. I wanted them to fulfill their dreams and self-worth without being weighed down by family matters.” Asher reminisced about Bella, his lips gently curling into a smile.

“Now that my little sister is back, she’s very interested in doing.

business and eager to try her hand at managing the group. She’s also exceptionally talented. So, after this transitional period, I will step back as CEO and pass the position to my dearest sister.” James was taken aback. “Mr. Thompson, are you suggesting that if Ms. Thompson has the intention, she will become the CEO of the KS Group?” “Yes.” Asher nodded, speaking frankly. This was not a secret. In the future, Bella will undoubtedly be the heir to the KS Group. No one within the entire Thompson family was more suited to this role.

"But Ms. Thompson is a girl. She's only in her early twenties this year, right? At this age, she should be enjoying her youth. She'll be married in a couple of years. Then she will be focusing on supporting her Chapy G husband and children. That should be the normal life trajectory for a wealthy young lady, right?" Coral expressed her opinion gently.

"Moreover, Chairman Thompson has several sons at his side, each outstanding. Any one of them can handle important responsibilities. It's not necessary for Ms. Thompson to manage the business. It seems quite arduous for a girl." "Mrs. Iverson, I understand where you're coming from, but Bella is not an ordinary girl. Bella won't be able to realize her value as a housewife. If we force her to do so, she might be scared off and might even run away. If that's the case, I might not be able to see her before I die of old age." Asher half-jokingly said, "So, even if it's just to keep my little sister by my side for a long time, I am willing to step back and give her the position. I have pampered her since she was a baby. I will give her whatever she wants." 'How unbelievable !' Coral was greatly shocked. The Iverson famil had a total of four children, three of whom were born to the same mother, but they fought constantly.

Despite Wyatt Thompson having three wives and multiple children, they did not fight each other for benefits.

Moreover, Asher even willingly handed over everything he had carefully built.

While James praised Asher incessantly, he was secretly sneering in his heart. 'Asher was truly lacking in ambition, blindly spoiling his younger sister. Instead of securing his own promising future, he allowed this little girl to run amok. Sooner or later, he would regret it.' Chap 647 "Mr. Iverson!" At this moment, James' secretary hurriedly walked Over Upon seeing Carol, he hesitated to speak.

"Apologies for the interruption," James apologized with a smile.

Asher nodded. "Please go ahead." As soon as James left, Coral's face darkened.

"What did you say?" James' eyebrows knitted after listening, and his expression turned tense.

"Ms. Mandy has arrived, but she couldn't get in. The Thompson family's bodyguards stopped her outside, and now she's causing a ruckus, demanding to see you. Quite a few people have witnessed it!" The secretary wiped off some sweat as he reported the situation in a hushed voice.

"She thinks she can attend such an occasion? Tell her to get lost

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 648-"Mr. Iverson, there was a commotion outside just now. I heard that Ms. Mandy insulted Ms. Amelia and even disturbed Ms.

Bella.” The secretary nervously gulped. “Considering Ms. Bella’s demeanor, if you don’t intervene, it’s going to be difficult to resolve this peacefully.

She’s quite troublesome.” James wore a stern expression. He tugged at his bowtie and said, “I understand.” Originally, Bella wanted to deal with Mandy on the spot.

However, Amelia was afraid of escalating the situation and having too many people witness it. She was afraid it might reach their parents’ ears. So, she earnestly pleaded with her sister to do it privately.

In the currently vacant banquet hall, Mandy stood there anxiously. There were two tall and imposing bodyguards standing behind her. They looked so intimidating that Mandy was no longer so arrogant. Bella sat casually on the sofa with Amelia next to her, her beautiful legs crossed nonchalantly.

Steve was holding a plate of fruit nearby, serving them.

Bella fed a piece of fruit into her sister’s mouth, and her eyes filled with concern.

Chapter 610 She asked, “Last time, I heard from Steve that this woman insulted you, quite rudely too.” Hearing this, Mandy involuntarily shivered. She felt as if she was plunged into an ice cellar.

Bella gave her an incredibly terrifying sense of pressure. She had a presence that was so strong that it was frightening.

“Bella, it’s a personal grievance between her and me. Please let me handle it.” Amelia took a deep breath, her heart pounding.

She didn’t want Bella to get involved in this mess. Even a glance at this woman was an insult to her sister.

“My dear little sister, I know you don’t want me to worry.” Bella lovingly touched Amelia’s silky hair. With the gentlest tone, she uttered the coldest words. “I know you don’t want to trouble me. I’m truly comforted that you were considerate, but I must sort this mess out for you. Don’t feel guilty. Consider it a lesson from your sister for the future, when you encounter ignorant people, you’ll know how to handle it.” Mandy was shocked, trembling even more.

Now, she had no other option but to wait for James to come and rescue her.

At that moment, the door to the banquet hall opened.

James walked in with a cold and stern expression, with the secretary trailing behind him.

As soon as Steven saw James, he remembered the humiliation he Chanter suffered that night. His gaze could not help but darken a bit.

“Mr. Iverson... Mr. Iverson!” Mandy cried out with teary eyes, her delicate eye makeup smudged.

314 “Mr. Iverson! You must help me! I’ve been wronged. I’ve been framed!” James’s expression stiffened even more at this moment. His lips.

pursed.

His private life was notoriously improper. Mandy had appeared in one of the high-end clubs under the Iverson Group two months ago, and that was when they got acquainted.

In his eyes, this woman was like nutritionless junk food. Once he was full, they would no longer have any connection. Unexpectedly, she had followed him here, not only embarrassing herself, but also dragging him into the mess!

James’s cold gaze made Mandy’s legs go weak, and she nervous took a step back.

“Ms. Bella, what brings about such a grand occasion?” James calmly asked with a sly smile.

“Mr. Iverson, your girlfriend, Ms. Mandy, came here and disrupted the Thompson family’s event. She injured my secretary and insulted my sister.” Bella remained composed, but her smile did not reach her eyes. “After giving it some thought, I realized that to settle the matter, we not only need to settle accounts with Ms. Mandy but also with you, Mr. Iverson. After all, I can tolerate anything, but I cannot tolerate anyone harming my family. I’m like a mother bear, overly protective of my Chap 648 family.” The hypocritical smile on James’ face froze as he clenched his jaw.

He never expected Bella to completely disregard the friendship between their families.

For this problematic woman, Bella was willing to challenge James’ dignity.

“Bella...” Amelia’s eyes flickered as she tugged at her sister’s dress, expressing her concern.

“Ms. Bella, I find your words a bit difficult to comprehend.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 649-James’ smile gradually turned cold. I’ve only met her once by chance. What reason do I have to defend her? Ms. Bella, what reason.

do you have to settle scores with me?” “Mr. Iverson...” Mandy looked at this heartless man with a deathly pale face.

“Oh? Is that so?” Bella’s beautiful eyes curved as she smiled mischievously, resembling a beautiful little fox.

¶ “In that case, I’ll take Ms. Mandy for a stroll in the banquet hall. Let’s introduce this bold and talented Ms. Mandy to everyone, especially Ms. Carol.” Mandy was on the verge of tears from fright!

At these words, James’ face instantly turned pale. His gaze, now hostile, was fixed on Bella. “Ms. Bella, what exactly do you want to do?” “I don’t want to do anything.” Bella leaned on the armrest of the sofa, propping up her chin with her hand, her eyes cold and piercing. “As the saying goes, when you beat a dog, you need to consider its owner. I just hope that whoever owns this bitch will clean up after it. After all, someone of my status shouldn’t be dealing with someone like her, don’t you think?” James finally understood.

Chap 649 Bella was not only seeking revenge against Mandy but also challenging him!

They had no disputes, nor have they crossed paths in over a decade.

Why now...?

Suddenly, James’ gaze casually landed on Steven. ‘Ah, so that’s it.

Bella probably already knew about what happened that night. Truly, a dog that can bite doesn’t waste time barking!” “Mr. Iverson, please, I beg you! Please help me! Save me!” Mandy stumbled toward James, only to be stopped by his secretary.

“Apologize to Ms. Bella and Ms. Amelia.” James coldly instructed, glaring at Mandy.

“I’m sorry... I was blind and ignorant! I’m sorry!” Mandy bowed apologetically to them with red eyes Amelia looked at Bella with sparkling eyes. Her admiration for her sister flowed endlessly.

This man was the president of the Iverson Group, a prominent figure in Savrow’s business scene. Only Justin Salvador could compare to him.

However, in Bella’s eyes, it did not matter if he was an Iverson or a Salvador. She could crush them without effort.

She was utterly straightforward!

“Is saying sorry enough?” Bella’s glamorous charm turned frosty in an instant.

Chap 649 James rubbed his cheekbone and said, “Zane.” “Yes, Mr. Iverson.” Zane understood what his boss meant immediately. He raised his arm without a word and delivered a resounding slap to Mandy’s face.

Slap, slap, slap, slap-

"Ah!" Four consecutive slaps knocked the woman down, her mouth filled with blood.

Amelia's heart shuddered, and she quickly turned away.

"Don't be scared. I'm right here. It's just a small scene." Bella embraced her sister while gently caressing her neck. She glanced at Steven with a hint of complaint. "Steve, why don't you come over and comfort Amelia?" Hearing this, Amelia's little face suddenly turned red, blushing.

"Ms. Bella, I..." Steven's expression became embarrassed, and his heart pounded.

"Alright, alright, that's enough. Go outside and comfort her." Saying this, Bella stood up, holding Amelia's arm, and walked directly toward the door.

As Bella was about to leave, she made a playful remark. "This banquet hall is quite secluded. No one comes over here usually, so I'll leave it to you to clean up the mess, Mr. Iverson. But be quick. The banquet is about to start."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 650-With a loud bang, the main door slammed shut. After about 15 minutes, James and his secretary walked out.

James had a fierce look in his eyes, and there were bloodstains on the steel strap of his Patek Philippe. Meanwhile, the intermittent cries of pain and pleas from a woman still emanated from the room.

"Stay back to clean up." "Yes, Mr. Iverson!" 'Bella Thompson... This girl is indeed interesting.' James had a sinister look on his face as he clenched his fingers. 'It's been a long time since I encountered someone who dares challenge me face-to-face, let alone a woman. Well, since she wants to play, I'll play with her. Let's have some fun!' With this outburst, Bella vented Amelia's grievances and did so with immense satisfaction. However, Amelia could not shake off the sense of discomfort lingering within her.

Perceptive as always, Bella left first, leaving Steven alone with Amelia. The two headed to an open-air balcony to catch some fresh air, trying to calm their turbulent thoughts.

Seeing that Amelia was shivering, Steven quickly took off his suit and draped it over her shoulders. "Ms. Amelia, it's windy here. Put this on." "Did you tell my sister about what happened with Mandy that night?" Chap 1650 Amelia turned slowly, her gaze complex as she stared into his eyes.

Steven hesitated for a moment before answering softly, "Yes. I told Ms. Bella." "Why did you do that? My affairs with Mandy are my business. Why did you involve my sister?" Amelia's eyes were full of anxiety, and her beautiful eyebrows were tightly knitted. "My

sister is already busy and tired enough. How can you let her worry about such trivial matters? Moreover, it almost caused friction with Mr. Iverson. Do you think Mr. Iverson will let this go so easily? Have you considered the serious consequences for my sister?!" "Ms. Amelia..." "Steve, you are my sister's secretary. You also care for her. Why didn't you consider her feelings at this moment?" Amelia's tone grew heavier, sounding urgent. "What if Mr. Iverson takes offense and causes trouble for my sister in business? Have you thought about how serious the consequences of this could be?!" Faced with her questioning, Steven felt a deep sense of pain in his heart.

He was momentarily flustered, and his hands abruptly gripped Amelia's shoulders.

His eyes were burning red. "Ms. Amelia, but I was so angry! I wanted to help you vent your anger. I was afraid that the wretched woman would bully you at school again! Just thinking about her insults toward you that night, I couldn't take it any longer. I just wanted to rush to your side to protect you." "Steve..." Amelia was momentarily stunned, gazing deeply into his fervent eyes.

The scorching heat from his damp palms flowed down her shoulders and into her body. It made her heart pound intensely.

"I know that I used Ms. Bella this time, and I will apologize to her. But, Ms. Amelia, I can't control it anymore." Steven's eyes met her gaze. His breathing became rapid, and his cheeks flushed with heat. "I hate myself for not being capable enough. I hate that I'm so useless. But as long as I can protect you, I'm willing to do anything." Amelia's cheeks turned rosy as tears welled up in her eyes. She suddenly leaned forward and gently rested her forehead against his broad shoulder.

There was a passage she once read.

[What is love?

[It's the courage of the weak and the generosity of the poor; [The persistence of those who weigh the pros and cons, the gamble of the prudent; [The efforts of the people incapable of expressing themselves; [And the determination and unwavering commitment to do what one knows is impossible, without a single trace of regret.]