

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 801 -850

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 801-At this very moment, Bethany looked at her mother's cold and indifferent face, feeling as though her mother had never truly loved her father. They were worse than strangers.

Bethany asked, "Mom, it's been three days since Dad last visited you.

He seems indifferent. Aren't you concerned at all?" "Hmph, rushing things won't do any good. Your father is just like Justin. They won't take you seriously if you cling to them. However, if you keep your distance, they'll come closer to you." "Men are all so fickle!" Shannon's lips curled into a playful smile as she vented her frustration, though her emotions were in disarray.

Shannon did not reach out to Gregory for the past three days. Her reluctance to contact him stemmed purely from fear, rather than any other motive.

Despite being deemed fit for discharge from the hospital, Shannon could not muster the courage to return home. Instead, she chose to stay confined within the hospital walls, using the excuse of needing further recovery to avoid facing Gregory.

That night, after Bella caused such a scene, Shannon had distinctly sensed a shift in Gregory's demeanor toward her.

Throughout her stay in the hospital, Shannon pondered how to clarify things with her husband and rebuild his perception of her.

Suddenly, the door to the hospital ward swung open.

"You guys wait outside. I'll go in and see Shannon." "Yes, Chairman Salvador." Upon hearing Gregory's voice, Shannon and Bethany were both stunned.

Shannon swiftly reached for a powder box hidden beneath her pillow and hurriedly applied powder to her lips to accentuate her weary appearance.

As Gregory entered the room, she leaned weakly against the bed's headboard, casting a pitiful gaze at him with her tear-filled eyes.

"Bethany, I'm thirsty... Can you please get me a glass of water?" The unexpected tears reminded Bethany of Rosalind, whom she considered an insufferable nuisance.

"Dad! You're finally here!" Bethany covered her mouth, pretending to be pleasantly surprised.

Gregory gazed at the frail figure resting on the bed, his dark eyes devoid of emotion, sending shivers to run down Shannon's spine.

“Bethany, you’ve done well taking care of your mom these past few days. I’ve arranged for the household staff to take care of her needs. You should go home and get some rest,” Gregory said.

“Okay... Well then, I’ll head back now” Bethany cast a glance at Shannon before stepping out and closing the door behind her gently.

“Ms. Salvador, do you need a ride back?” The bodyguard at the door asked politely.

“No, there’s no need. Just pass me the car keys. I feel like going for a drive,” Bethany responded.

Bethany entered the underground parking lot with a heavy heart.

After spending three days in the hospital, she felt like she reeked of disinfectant. Now, all she craved was to buy some stylish clothes and indulge in a luxurious spa treatment to refresh herself.

Just as she approached her car, she suddenly felt a sharp pain in her neck.

“Argh!” Bethany’s vision darkened as she slipped into unconsciousness.

As she collapsed, Yasmin’s cold and beautiful face appeared behind her.

“Take her away.” “Yes, Ms. Yasmin.” The two bodyguards promptly obeyed her orders and dragged Bethany’s unconscious form away without hesitation.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 802-The atmosphere in the hospital ward was tense.

In the past, Shannon held a special place in Gregory’s heart, receiving his utmost care and attention. Although Gregory could not guarantee his presence by Shannon’s sick bed every day, he consistently expressed deep concern whenever she faced a minor ailment. Even amidst his busiest schedule, he would still try to visit her every day.

However, three days had elapsed without Gregory’s presence, a scenario previously deemed implausible.

“Greg...” Shannon leaned weakly against the bed’s headboard and delicately / wiped her trembling, powder-coated lips. Her tear-filled eyes fixed on Gregory. “Have you been busy lately? I guess you’ve been caught up with the company’s affairs and couldn’t find time to visit me... My condition is nothing serious, just a perforated eardrum. It’s not a big deal... I’ve already undergone surgery... Shannon’s words were cut short by Gregory’s somber interruption.” Shannon, I’m here with a question. Was everything Bella mentioned the other day true?” Shannon was startled by Gregory’s question. Her eyes quivered intensely.

“Greg, after all this time, you’re still questioning my loyalty? I’m your wife. You know how devoted I am to you! I’ve given birth to two daughters for you, nearly losing my life giving birth to Carrie. I’ve sacrificed so much for you.... Why would I even consider being disloyal to you by associating with someone accused of murder?” “Greg, have you stopped loving me? When love fades, suspicion taints every action, and every word will be deemed wrong!” Shannon’s words overflowed with anger, yet her heart quivered with fear.

All the resentful questioning was nothing but a cover for Shannon’s inner panic and turmoil.

“I’m not referring to the man named Harry Young. I’ll look into whatever is between you two on my own.” Gregory’s expression remained composed. “I’m talking about Celeste. Were you the one behind the attack on her?” “No! No! It wasn’t me!” Shannon vehemently protested, her voice strained. “Why would I want to harm her? What would I even gain from hurting her? Why would I take such a risk?” Gregory simply watched Shannon protest, his hand clenching tightly around his phone, which had turned warm from his touch.

During the past three days, Gregory instructed his secretary to discreetly investigate the relationship between Shannon and Harry. Although it had not unfolded precisely like what Bella had described- where Shannon had exchanged sentimental items like her necklace with him-there was some truth to it, Shannon did indeed know Harry. They had even crossed paths on multiple occasions during their time at TS Channel.

Another revelation came to light. Despite the absence of call records between Shannon and Harry, Gregory took precautionary measures and got ahold of Bethany’s communication logs.

Among the many numbers, one did not align with Bethany’s social circle.

Upon further investigation, Gregory discovered that the number lacked registration under a real name. However, its location coincided with the direction of Harry’s rented house.

After learning about this, Gregory’s heart sank at once.

Bethany was born in the elite circle. All her life, she has associated solely with high society and has never befriended anyone beneath her social circle, let alone visited the slums.

Hence, there was only one possible explanation for using Bethany to establish contact with someone from that IP address.

“Shannon, do you know what attracted me to you the most then?” Gregory took a deep breath and asked.

Shannon was startled once again, her mind scrambling to recall.

She believed that Gregory must have been charmed by her youthful allure and captivating beauty. After all, most men tend to prioritize physical allure over emotional depth. Yet she had overlooked one crucial aspect.

As the designated heir of the Salvador family, Gregory was born into wealth and privilege.

However, despite the relentless pursuit by elite socialites in Savrow and aspiring female celebrities, none fulfilled their dreams of becoming his wife.

As for Shannon, she was nothing more than a small-time actress. She lacked Celeste's beauty, and her family background was even less remarkable.

So why did Gregory choose Shannon among the multitude of female celebrities on the TS Channel?

"Because back then, your eyes radiated purity and innocence. I was captivated by your genuine and unassuming nature. You made me want to protect and cherish you. With you, I found the sense of pride and contentment that every man desires."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 803-Shannon was left dumbfounded.

'Purity and innocence?' Shannon wondered, her disbelief deepening. These terms seemed better suited for Gregory's mother, the woman he adored.

The more she pondered, the more it grated on her nerves.

"But now, it seems you don't need my protection anymore. Even in my absence, you'd find ways to pursue your desires and go to great lengths to seek revenge against those you despise." Gregory's expression grew stern, and his brows furrowed. "However, consider this your last warning. I expect you to behave yourself from now on, refrain from causing trouble to innocent individuals, and stop bringing any more trouble to me or the Salvador family. Otherwise, I'll have no choice but to send you abroad for a quieter life, away from the conflicts and disputes of Savrow." Upon hearing Gregory's intention to send her away, Shannon was overwhelmed with a mix of shock and anger. Her entire body started trembling with fear.

"Gregory... What do you mean by that? Are you trying to say that you're over me? Are you planning to abandon me after a few words of slander by Bella? Or is it because you have illicit intentions toward Wyatt's wife? Is that why you're taking this out on me? Is that why you're trying every means to get rid of me? So that you can welcome a new woman into your life?!" "What nonsense are you spewing now?!" Gregory's brows furrowed in anger, his voice hoarse.

“Well... I got that right, didn't I? You're feeling guilty, aren't you?” Shannon's back stiffened, her neck tensed, and her eyes tinged with red as she glared at the man. “Back when Celeste was still on the TS Channel, there were rumors about your ambiguous relationship with her! There were even talks of you privately favoring her with resources and showing intentions to keep her!” Gregory's eyes narrowed, his fists clenching in silence.

“Celeste is your ideal partner, while I'm just the fallback option, right?” These words, long suppressed within Shannon's heart, felt like a thorn finally extracted, unleashing a surge of both anger and relief.

“If Celeste hadn't ruined her reputation with drug abuse, she would've been the one to marry into the Salvador family, not me. I wouldn't even stand a chance, would I?” “Are you done talking?” Gregory questioned her sharply, his tone icy. Veins bulged on his forehead.

“Well, since you're so fond of Celeste and so eager to defend her, why didn't you step in when she faced that humiliating incident on stage during the anniversary celebration? You were present in the audience. Why didn't you rush to her aid like Wyatt? Why didn't you marry her?!” “You didn't because you were afraid You were afraid of being tainted by such a scandalous woman. You were worried she would tarnish your reputation as the Salvador family's CEO! Since you ignored her back then, what's the point of pretending to be righteous and compassionate now?” Gregory bellowed, “Shannon, shut up!” Shannon smirked with disdain, her gaze filled with contempt. “Your son longs for another man's daughter, and you yearn for that man's wife. The Thompson family must be something extraordinary.” Gregory, enraged and humiliated, lashed out and slapped Shannon.

Shannon felt her eardrums throb with pain. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she seethed with hatred.

Gregory recoiled. His fingers trembled as he clenched them tightly.

This marked the first instance in Gregory's life where he resorted to violence against a woman, contradicting the values instilled in him by his upbringing. Yet Shannon's actions had left him with no choice.

“You... You actually laid your hands on me! How dare you?!” Shannon erupted into tears, sprung up from the bed, and ran barefoot toward the balcony.

“What's the point of living anymore? I might as well be dead!” Gregory's eyes widened in alarm. “Someone get in here now! Hurry!” Gregory's secretary and bodyguard who were stationed outside the ward, rushed in at once. Upon seeing that Shannon was about to jump off the balcony, they immediately grabbed her arms from both sides as if they were apprehending a criminal.

Shannon wept hysterically, tears streaming down her face, looking utterly wretched.

“Have two maids take turns to watch over Shannon, and the both of you shall remain stationed at the door around the clock. If anything happens to Shannon, I will hold the both of you responsible,” Gregory ordered sternly.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 804-“Yes, Chairman Salvador!” After giving the orders, Gregory shook his head in dismay and left the ward with a heavy gait.

Gregory did not even bother to spare Shannon another glance.

Shannon stood frozen, her mouth slightly ajar and her legs trembling. Eventually, she sank to her knees.

Despite her crying and pleading, Shannon realized that even if she were to die right now, Gregory would not bother to stay by her side or even spare her a glance.

She thought, ‘Gregory, you no longer love me, or perhaps I’m just a substitute for someone else. You never truly loved me.’ “Ha... Haha... Hahahaha!” Shannon laughed hysterically, startling the bodyguard. “Madam Shannon, are you alright?” “Great... This time, it seems we’re just like one another.” She thought, ‘You never truly loved me, nor have I ever loved you! But, Gregory, little did you know, I still won. I destroyed the woman you cherished most in this life!’ “Ouch... it hurts...” When Bethany regained consciousness, she found herself in a damp and filthy environment.

With narrowed eyes, Bethany carefully observed her surroundings and realized she was in an abandoned warehouse. The warehouse had a musty odor and the occasional scurrying of mice.

“Ah!” Bethany hastily retreated, grabbing a dirty brick to fend off the mice.

As the rodents scurried away, their squeaks seemed to mock her from afar.

“Is anyone here? Can anyone hear me? Please, someone help me!” As Bethany cried out in distress, the warehouse door creaked open slowly.

Emerging from the blinding light was an enchanting figure, dressed in a form-fitting black dress that accentuated her physique. The seductive silhouette would make any man’s heart race.

“Y-You... You’re the woman who’s always by Mr. Hoffman’s side!” Bethany immediately recognized her “Good evening, Ms. Bethany. You’ve been out for quite a while. I’ve been patiently waiting for you to regain consciousness,” said Yasmin. Her eyes narrowed seductively, adjusting her black leather gloves as she looked at Bethany with a mischievous smirk.

“Were you the one who kidnapped me here? How dare you kidnap the esteemed daughter of the Salvador family?! Have you lost your senses?!” Bethany seethed with anger, her teeth clenched, yet her tone held a veiled threat. “Where on earth is this? Let me out of here now! You’ll regret it if you don’t! How dare you mess with the Salvador family?! Not even Ryan Hoffman can save you from the consequences you’ll face!” Yasmin’s grin widened as she watched Bethany’s outburst.

Unable to communicate with her captor, Bethany got up and dashed toward the door, yelling for help. “Help! Someone, please help!” Suddenly, Bethany felt a sharp pain in her lower abdomen.

Yasmin had unexpectedly raised her slender, toned leg to kick Bethany.

The kick instantly propelled Bethany several meters away. She crashed heavily onto the ground, screaming out in agony as the pain reverberated through her entire body!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 805-“How dare you lay your hands on me?! I’m the eldest daughter of the Salvador family... Y-You...” Bethany curled up in pain, sweat soaking her clothes as she groaned and rolled on the ground like a cocoon, yet her voice grew weaker and increasingly uncertain.

Was that really the strength of a woman’s kick? That’s horrifying!

“Who cares if you’re the eldest daughter of the Salvador family? You’re not their youngest daughter anyway. So why can’t I hit you?” sneered Yasmin, twisting her neck with a chilling gaze that sent shivers down Bethany’s spine.

“Your life means nothing to me. To me, you’re no different from the rat in the corner.” Enraged and deeply humiliated, Bethany gritted her teeth as she struggled to rise from the ground, fueled by a surge of defiance against Yasmin.

However, before she could regain her footing, Yasmin mercilessly kicked her again, sending Bethany crashing back to the ground with even greater force.

“Argh!” Bethany’s scream echoed in the warehouse.

Bethany lay sprawled on the ground, resembling a toad in agony. Tears and mucus mixed with dirt covered Bethany’s face, making her look more disheveled than the rats in the corner.

Yasmin had no sympathy for her plight. Just as she was about to deliver another blow, a cold voice came through her Bluetooth earpiece. “That’s enough, Yasmin. You’ve been a little too harsh. Look at her. Another blow, and she may be incapacitated.” Yasmin hesitated before retracting her raised leg.

“Alright,” Yasmin replied.

Amidst her excruciating pain, Bethany could barely make out the conversation between the ruthless woman before her and whoever was on the other end of the line.

“So, you’re going to let her off like this?” “There’s no need to be too harsh on her. A few slaps to wake her up will do,” said Ryan nonchalantly, his tone dripping with a hint of seductive laziness.

Meanwhile, on the other end, the scene inside the warehouse was shown on the TV screen in the backseat of the black Rolls-Royce.

Watching Bethany’s miserable state with indifference, Ryan felt a sense of satisfaction and a desire to chuckle.

No, this was not enough to vent his anger.

Recalling all the wrongs this woman had inflicted upon his girlfriend, Ryan felt the urge to step in. He wanted to shatter Bethany’s ribs, silence her malicious tongue, and sever her limbs to avenge the time she had slapped Carrie.

However, Carrie was still one of Gregory Salvador’s daughters, and he could not disregard that. Since he had not gained full control of the Hoffman Group yet, if things escalated too much, it would be detrimental to him.

Ryan was not afraid of stirring up trouble, but he dreaded the idea of putting Carrie at risk.

He feared that he would not be able to protect Carrie.

Ryan felt a slight pressure in his chest as he pondered their impending engagement and the potential challenges ahead. He sighed deeply.

His warm breath brushed against the delicate ear of the woman nestled in his embrace.

“Mmm...” Carrie let out a soft whimper as she blinked awake from her drowsiness. Her doe-like eyes appeared dreamy and tender.

“Did I wake you up? Hmm?” Ryan’s voice was husky as he lowered his brows and gently nibbled her rosy earlobe.

His affection for her ran deep. He never wanted to let go when he held her, and he always longed for more when he kissed her.

“Mmm... No, you didn’t. I just happened to wake up.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 806-Despite her late initiation into romantic relationships, Carrie has grown increasingly mature compared to before.

Blushing deeply, as if she had applied blush to her cheeks, Carrie shyly sought refuge in her man's embrace.

"Stay still and let me give you a kiss..." Ryan's eyes were filled with affection as he gently held Carrie's chin with his fingertips.

Carrie found herself overwhelmed by Ryan's kisses, her head spinning as she surrendered. Her eyes squinted in submission, allowing the man to take her.

As the temperature in the car rose, almost reaching a boiling point, Ryan suddenly heard a crisp "snap" in his earphones, nearly perforating his eardrums. He paused his movements and furrowed his brows as he removed the earphones.

"R-Ryan, is that my sister?" Carrie clung tightly to the man's waist, staring at the screen in disbelief as she witnessed Bethany endure Yasmin's relentless slaps.

"Yeah. Who else could appear so hideous other than your unfortunate sister?" Ryan could not help but feel repulsed by the sight of Bethany enduring Yasmin's ruthless beatings.

Carrie watched in horror as Yasmin grabbed Bethany by the hair and cruelly slapped her..

After a few slaps, Bethany's once proud and beautiful face swelled into a pig's head. There was blood dripping from her lips and nose, and her eyes were nearly swollen shut.

As Ryan's bodyguard with a background in martial arts, Yasmin was known to be brutal.

"I'm sorry... Please stop... Ah... Please stop..." Bethany cried out in pain, her words barely coherent.

The more Bethany pleaded, the more amused Ryan became.

"Why... Why are you hitting Bethany?" Carrie looked around anxiously, shaking Ryan's muscular arm forcefully. "You must make Yasmin stop!" "Why should I, darling?" Ryan gently caressed Carrie's cheek.

Darling?

Hearing this endearment, Carrie blushed and pursed her lips tightly.

"I told you, not only will I defend you, but I'll also make sure those who bully you face dire consequences." Ryan's eyes flashed with an icy resolve. "I cannot forgive Bethany for everything she has done to you. Allowing her to live in comfort for so long has been lenient enough. Whatever harm she has caused you, I'll ensure she experiences it ten

times and a hundred times over. This is merely the beginning.” Carrie felt her chest tighten.

While the man in front of her still showed affection and gentleness, his gaze had taken on a different tone.

Carrie knew that Ryan only showed this side of himself in front of her. In the presence of others, he could be as terrifying as a beast.

Sometimes, she could not understand or agree with his actions, but it did not change the fact that she loved him.

“Darling, just relax and enjoy the show.” Ryan hooked Carrie’s slender waist, pulling her close. “It’s boring to always stay at home. Stepping out for some fresh air and excitement can lift your spirits.” As Carrie watched Bethany endure the merciless beatings, her heart filled more with terror than anything else. With wide, pleading eyes and beads of cold sweat on her forehead, Carrie begged, “Ryan, please spare my sister! Let her go, please! She’s my sister! Mommy’s favorite daughter!” Carrie kept pleading and shaking Ryan’s arm, feeling overwhelmed and helpless.

Suddenly, Ryan seemed to realize something was off and swiftly pulled Carrie into a tight embrace, then commanded Yasmin, “Stop!” “Yes, sir.” Yasmin complied, mechanically releasing her grip on Bethany’s hair.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 807-Bethany fell heavily to the ground. Her swollen mouth rendered her speechless, leaving only tears.

“Stop it! Please, stop!” cried Carrie, her tears flowing uncontrollably, and her sobbing resembling that of a five-year-old. Each teardrop hit Ryan’s shoulder like a hammer, leaving him heartbroken.

“Okay, okay... I’ll stop hitting Bethany. Darling, please don’t cry. I’ll do as you say, I promise,” Ryan consoled Carrie, gently patting her back.

Even David, who has been driving for Ryan for over a decade, was left dumbfounded.

This remarkable young girl has not only brought their young master down from his pedestal but has also healed him.

Since his father’s passing, Ryan has been living in the shadows, growing increasingly cold and ruthless, mocking life and devoid of emotions.

However, Carrie’s arrival has transformed Ryan. She turned him into a person capable of feeling emotions, laughter, and tears. It’s truly a remarkable change.

Carrie gradually calmed her fluctuating emotions, sobbing softly in Ryan’s embrace.

In her typical lively and innocent demeanor, Carrie often made Ryan forget that his cherished wife was not just an ordinary girl. She had autism.

Ryan kept this a secret from Carrie, sending people both domestically and internationally in search of treatments, but to no avail. He received advice that her condition required psychological guidance and enduring patience. The journey was long and agonizing, one that few could endure.

Yet, he was determined to persevere. Carrie was his partner. Having chosen her, he decided never to abandon her and to stand by her side for life.

“Ryan... Thank you. Thank you for not hitting my sister,” Carrie whispered softly.

“Bethany hurt you, insulted you, and hit you. Why are you still trying to protect her?” Ryan’s brow furrowed with concern, but his tone remained gentle.

“Because she’s my sister... Mom and Dad really like her. They’re always happy to see her. I don’t want to upset them or see them sad because of my sister’s injuries.” Carrie sniffed.

It was a strange logic, unheard of before.

To please her parents, Carrie was willing to forgive someone who had left her battered and bruised... Ryan felt a surge of bitterness in his throat, and his heart felt pierced by a thousand needles.

“Carrie, you’re such a kind person.” ‘You’re so incredibly kind that it brings tears to my eyes. Your kindness, like a beacon of light, illuminates my dark life. You’re so out of place, yet I yearn so desperately to hold onto you.’ Lost in his thoughts, Ryan suddenly felt Carrie’s lips press against his trembling throat.

Sensations of desire clouded his mind, causing his muscles to tense. David, the chauffeur, remained composed, raising the privacy screen in the back seat without a word.

The backseat quickly turned into a private space.

“Carrie, you’re getting naughty.” Ryan’s forehead glistened with sweat, his gaze deepening as he wrapped his arms around her waist.

“I’m not naughty. How could I ever be naughty to you? I just... I just wanted to thank you.” Carrie blinked her clear eyes, her lips pouting. “Well... It’s okay, then., Pretend I didn’t say anything... Hmph!” Ryan immediately claimed her lips, consuming her breath.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 808-Late at night, Bella enjoyed a relaxing soak in a hot bath and donned a peach-colored silk robe.

Her damp, ebony hair was tucked under a towel, and her youthful face flushed with warmth as she hummed a tune while descending the stairs.

Despite recent troubles, she understood the ebb and flow of fortune, believing that one would not remain unlucky forever.

Besides, as one of Wyatt Thompson's daughters, she had the power to achieve anything she desired. Even if she wanted to become the president of the country, she would find a way to make it happen.

However, there was one exception-that man.

Bella's thoughts led to a tightening in her chest.

She believed that Justin had genuinely developed feelings for her, even sensing his relentless pursuit and willingness to embrace her in his heart, yet reality hit her hard.

Men, she thought, were either clumsy fools or downright despicable.

But Justin? He was nothing more than an incorrigible fool!

The more Bella thought about it, the more annoyed she became. Her lips slowly drooped from her smile..

"Ms. Bella, I've prepared herbal tea that helps calm the nerves and enhance beauty. Would you like to have some? You won't gain weight " from it." Steven, dressed in a suit with an apron over it, stood in the living room with a smile, looking at Bella.

Bella saw him sweating from his busy work and felt a sense of guilt for some reason.

She responded gently, "Steve, you're my secretary, not my housekeeper. You don't have to do these things in the future. I'll have Aunt Mila send a chef from our Hatchbay house to take care of my meals. You've worked hard. I appreciate your effort for all of these." "Ms. Bella, Mr. Asher assigned me to assist you with both work and personal matters. It's all part of my job. That's how it's always been," Steven replied anxiously, fearing that Bella might eventually decide she no longer needed him as her secretary.

Bella shook her head. "I've already told you before. Your focus should be on someone who deserves it. Someone like Amelia." Steven clenched his fingers, feeling a tug at his heart.

"You've already done enough for me. These trivial matters shouldn't distract you anymore. You just need to treat Amelia well. By splitting your attention, you might end up neglecting my sister." Bella offered her advice kindly, genuinely concerned for her sister's happiness.

“Ms. Bella, about Ms. Amelia...” “Steve, has there been any news from the hospital?” Bella interrupted, uninterested in his explanation. Romance was not the first thing on her mind right now.

All she wanted was to deal with Shannon and make her pay for what she had done.

Steven paused, then pursed his lips. “We’ve received word from our informant at the hospital. As you suspected, there was a heated argument between Shannon and Gregory. After the argument, Gregory didn’t stay with her at the hospital, and he hasn’t been seen there in the past few days. Congratulations, miss. It seems your plan to drive them apart has succeeded.” “Once someone plants the seeds of doubt, Shannon will no longer be seen as innocent in Gregory’s eyes Her days in the Salvador family will only become more torturous with each passing day.” Bella sneered coldly, her gaze sharp and unforgiving. “The only way to expose that wicked woman’s true nature is by breaking them apart and messing with her.” The saying “to defeat an enemy, make them lose their minds” holds true in any situation.

“Also, as per your instructions, I’ve looked into Shannon’s daily routines. She undergoes medical beauty treatments every week and has a close relationship with a private cosmetic surgeon who performs procedures for her. He’s a rather handsome man in his ea forties.” Steven added, his words carrying a hint of intrigue.

“Ah, I see.” Bella crossed her arms and clicked her tongue disapprovingly. “At his age, he’s definitely lacking compared to younger men in various aspects. But Shannon is at the prime of her life, so can someone like him really satisfy her?” Steven smiled cryptically. “I think that doctor might be having a tough time.” “One’s after money, the other’s after looks. Both of them are so shallow. It’s hard to say who’s using whom,” Bella concluded with a smirk.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 809-Just then, the doorbell rang.

“It’s late. Who could that be?” Steven expressed his confusion.

“Steve, go and get the door. It’s a guest I’ve invited,” Bella instructed calmly.

A guest? Ms. Bella did not inform him that there would be a guest tonight.

Steven did not have time to think much about it and went to the entrance to open the door.

Outside stood a delicate-looking young woman in her twenties, dressed casually in athletic wear and sporting a black baseball cap.

“Are you...” Steven suddenly froze, sizing her up.

"I-I'm L-Linny. I work as a caretaker for the Salvador family, specifically attending to Ms. Carrie." Linny introduced herself nervously as she glanced around.

Steven quickly caught on upon hearing she was Carrie's caretaker.

"Linny, I'm sorry I couldn't come to pick you up due to some special circumstances. I really appreciate you coming here on your own." Bella hurriedly greeted Linny, took the girl's hand, and led her into the villa's living room. "It must've been cold outside. Look at your hands. They're freezing! I told you to take a taxi here. Don't worry about the fare." "I didn't take a taxi. I took the bus and then the train. It's pretty convinny replied quickly, her cheeks flushed from the cold.

Seeing the once noble Young Madam show such concern for her, Linny felt her lips tremble with indescribable gratitude.

Bella could not help but feel a sense of sympathy, knowing Linny had to walk quite a distance from the train station to her villa, all while enduring the chilly winds.

She knew Linny still had reservations about spending money.

Steven promptly brewed a cup of hot tea for Linny and kindly brought her a hand warmer to hold.

Seated on the sofa in the living room, the young girl took a while to shake off the chill in her body.

"Young Ma-No, I mean Ms. Thompson. Thank you for always looking out for Ms. Carrie." Linny expressed her gratitude sincerely Linny's voice was gentle yet resolute as she spoke. "I witnessed how kind you were to Ms. Carrie during your time at Tideview Manor. For her sake, I'm willing to do whatever you ask of me." Bella gazed deeply into the young girl's eyes. They were so clear and pure, like Carrie's. Suddenly, she felt a weight descend on her heart.

Bella was not sure if this decision was the right one, but she needed to place someone trustworthy and reliable by Shannon's side. But apart from Wilma, there was no one else she could rely on.

After a thorough investigation, she had chosen Linny for this role.

Steven pursed his lips. He knew that Bella intended for Linny to act as a spy, gathering information from Shannon's side.

"Linny, I need you to gain Shannon's trust and infiltrate her inner circle. If possible, I'd like you to install a bug in her room." Bella's expression darkened as she spoke frankly. "In the days to come, I want to be aware of everything Shannon does." Linny suddenly froze, clutched the hand warmer tightly, and went silent.

“Linny, I understand that this task isn’t easy for you. After all, Shannon is Carrie’s mother and the matron of the Salvador family.

There will certainly be risks...” “Alright, I’ll do it.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 810-Bella could not help but recall the sight of Ryan and Carrie holding hands tightly, their eyes filled with happiness for each other. It stirred a mix of emotions in her heart. She felt moved and envious.

Carrie had already found the love of her life.

But what about her? Where was hers?

“Ms. Thompson, you’ve always been kind to Ms. Carrie, so I’ll help you in any way I can,” Linny affirmed.

Bella held the girl’s hand tightly. “Thank you, Linny. But please remember to prioritize your safety and not push yourself too hard. If you’re in danger, contact me immediately. The plan can be postponed or abandoned, but your safety comes first. Do you understand?” Linny held back her tears and nodded earnestly.

Since the young girl traveled a long way and arrived hungry, Bella personally cooked a bowl of pasta for her with meat and vegetables. She even took out a side of pickles that Celeste made. It was a simple yet heartfelt gesture.

“Is it tasty?” Bella asked with a smile, resting her chin on her hand across from Linny.

“Yeah! It’s delicious!” “Ms. Thompson, you’re such an amazing cook! Mr. Salvador is so blessed to have you as his wife!” Chapter 510 Steven couldn’t help but feel speechless.

Bella maintained her smile, but her tone carried a hint of sarcasm. It’s a shame he didn’t appreciate it like you do. But as for the future, Justin will never get to experience it again. That’s for sure.” Bethany was left bruised and battered by Ryan’s men. She dared not return home to face Shannon or tell Gregory about what had happened.

Instead, she flew to Helionis to recuperate and undergo facial reconstruction.

She knew Yasmin was affiliated with Ryan and would not have taken such a step without his approval.

Bethany knew that if she dared to report the incident or make it public, she risked not only her own and the Salvador family’s reputation, but she might also trigger even harsher retaliation from Ryan.

The agony of being tortured alongside rats that day was something she never wanted to experience again in her life.

But to let this grudge go unavenged would be enough to make her wake up crying from nightmares.

After undergoing reconstructive surgery in Helionis, Bethany sneaked back to Savrow with her head wrapped in bandages.

As soon as she got in the car, she received a call from Zoe.

“Hello, where the hell have you been? Why couldn’t I reach you on the phone?” Zoe’s tone still carried the same imperiousness.

“Zoe, watch your tone when speaking to me. I’m a lady of the Salvador family, not your servant!” Bethany retorted angrily, still nursing her slightly painful face.

“Well, look at you, getting all worked up. I didn’t even hold you responsible for embarrassing me in front of Justin the other day. But now you’re throwing a fit at me.” Zoe chuckled playfully. “But it’s alright. I’ll be the bigger person and let bygones be bygones. Tomorrow, I’ll send someone to pick you up, and you’ll accompany me to try on my engagement banquet attire.” “Engagement? What engagement?” “Obviously, it’s the engagement between me and Justin!” “What?!” Bethany was shocked, and her face went pale. “How could Justin possibly be engaged to you? That’s ridiculous. Unless he’s lost his mind!” “Well, Justin hasn’t agreed yet, but it’s just a matter of time.” Zoe said confidently, her tone dripping with arrogance, “Just wait and you’ll see. He’ll soon come around to me. I’ll become your sister-in-law before you know it.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 811

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 811-Bethany thought Zoe must be out of her mind to say such boastful words.

Justin was the president of the Salvador Corporation, holding all the power and influence in his hands. Not even Gregory could change his mind. What could the Hoffman family possibly do?

However, there was no need for her to mention all these. Bethany would quietly watch as the Hoffman family fussed around, waiting for them to become Savrow’s laughingstock.

“Fine. As long as you’re happy. I’ll wish you a happy marriage with my brother in advance!” Bethany covered her throbbing face, sounding reluctant.

“Oh, do you remember the guy you mentioned before? Mayor Solloway’s son? You said he was interested in you, but you weren’t, so he didn’t make it.” Zoe suddenly changed the topic.

Mayor Solloway’s son? Bethany remembered him.

Her mother had brought her to a golf club to meet Mayor Solloway and his wife. It was an attempt to set her up with Mayor Solloway's son.

However, Mayor Solloway and his wife did not show interest in her. That ridiculous woman even wanted to meet her foolish sister, which was extremely distasteful.

To save her pride, she boasted to Zoe that the Solloway family was satisfied with her, but she rejected their marriage proposal because Chapter 811 she thought she could find someone better.

"Yeah. Why? Why are you suddenly bringing him up?" Bethany huffed.

"Nothing. It's just that he is pursuing me now." Zoe chuckled smugly.

Bethany was stunned and sneered. "You're about to marry the president of the Salvador Corporation. Would you even be interested in a mayor's son?" "Of course, I'm devoted to Justin, so I rejected him. However, he said he really likes me and is willing to do anything for me, and I mean anything!" Zoe's laughter became wicked and eerie.

"What do you mean? What are you planning?" Bethany sensed Zoe's underlying tone and questioned.

"I want him to marry Carrie." Bethany took a sharp breath. What a crazy woman! How could she demand something so bizarre from her admirer?

How did the Hoffman family raise such a lunatic?!

"After all, you're Carrie's sister. It's inconvenient for me to step in, so I'll need you to help facilitate this marriage." Zoe laughed cunningly. "The Hoffman family is wealthy and powerful. If it were anyone else proposing marriage, my brother would never give up on Carrie. I could only break off any possibility of them being together if Carrie married into a political family like the Solloways." What a scheming woman!

"Ha, I've helped you before, but how did you repay me? I still remember how you almost sent me to jail!" Bethany's eyes reddened in anger. She accidentally pulled the wound on her face and broke out into a cold sweat. "Now, you want me to help you again. Why should I?" "I'm about to become your sister-in-law. Isn't it important to have a good relationship with me?" Zoe lazily said, "Furthermore, Carrie snatched away the man you love. Don't you want revenge? Besides me, who could help you?" Bethany's heart skipped a beat.

She recalled the brutal beating she received from Ryan's bodyguard. Her eyes were filled with angry tears and she clenched her fists tightly.

I She thought, 'Ryan, I love you so much; but you don't even treat me like a human! I have no choice but to take away what you hold dear so that you can experience my pain!

"What do you want me to do? Just say it!" While the Salvadors and Hoffmans were in chaos, something happened in the Iverson family as well, shrouding the family in gloom.

Just two nights ago, Charles got into a car accident in the heavy rain on the way home after meeting his friends.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 812-The driver died on the spot, and the bodyguard sitting in the passenger seat was still in the emergency room, but his chances of survival were slim.

Charles sat in the back, narrowly escaping death as the collision point was at the front of the car. His face was almost disfigured from the shattered glass shards, and his head was covered in blood.

However, he permanently lost both his legs due to a comminuted fracture.

Lance consulted surgeons all over the country, but none of them could make Charles stand up again!

The family sat in the living room, each with gloomy expressions.

Astrid sobbed. While it was unsure whether her tears were sincere, the emotions were there. "How could it be? That road was so smooth. Charles always took that route. How did the accident happen?" The air felt heavy.

Christopher sat at the side, as if it had nothing to do with him, and crossed his legs. He gracefully drank coffee and remarked, "Even if he takes that route daily, it doesn't decrease the chances of an accident.

These are two different matters, Astrid." Astrid wiped her tears with a napkin, glancing at Christopher with a dark gaze. "Charles got into a severe accident, but you sound quite happy. Did you finally get what you wanted?" "Not really." Christopher put down his cup and adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses." I'm just an emotionally stable person. I don't need to cry here as if Charles had already died." "You!" Astrid's eyes reddened, and she trembled with anger.

"Enough! You've been fighting since you were children. Don't you get sick of it?! Astrid, Charles is lying in the hospital, but you can't think of a way to help him. You're just causing trouble! Do you think our family isn't chaotic enough?" Lance slammed his fist on the sofa's armrest.

After a scolding, Astrid shivered, stopped crying, and glared fiercely at Christopher.

Christopher thought about it and said slowly, “Dad, I have an idea that might help Charles’ legs.” Everyone focused their attention on him.

Lance’s eyes lit up. He leaned forward. “Christopher! Tell me quickly!” “Bella has another identity as an outstanding surgeon. She recently performed an extremely challenging brain surgery for Justin Salvador. She’s known as Dr. Brown in the medical field.” James suddenly raised his head, staring coldly at Christopher’s calm face, and gritted his teeth.

“Perhaps I could ask Bella if she’s willing to help. If a renowned surgeon like her could perform surgery on Charles, he might have a slim chance to regain movement,” Christopher suggested sincerely.

Chapter 312 “What!? Bella is also a surgeon? She did brain surgery for Justin, too?

Is this real?” Lance felt that it was unbelievable.

The girl he had watched grow up was noble and prestigious, but how could she have such exceptional medical skills?

If it were true, an outstanding woman like Bella should be his daughter -in-law!

“Of course. I’m not the only one who knows. It’s just that Bella likes to keep a low profile.” “Great... That’s great!” Lance finally had a glimmer of hope. His gaze at Christopher turned from coldness to excitement and praise. “Christopher, come with me to Hatchbay tomorrow. We’ll plead for Bella to help Charles!” “Sure, Dad.” Christopher agreed readily.

“Christopher, you’ve always been close to Bella. Even if she doesn’t care about me, she should agree to help for your sake, right?” Lance even spoke gently to this son he had always looked down upon.

“She is a kind doctor. Even without me, I believe she would lend a helping hand.” Christopher smiled humbly.

Lance flattered him, yet he did not act arrogant. Instead, he appeared modest.

Lance nodded approvingly. James took in their interaction and gritted his teeth.

After the family meeting, Christopher happily headed toward his room.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 813-A cold and hostile voice came from behind. Christopher halted his steps and narrowed his eyes, turning around while yawning.

“James, is there anything you need? It’s getting late. I’d like to rest.” “Christopher, you’re quite good at acting. Your plan to achieve two goals at once is also impressive.” James stepped forward, staring at him sharply.

“Huh?” Christopher tilted his head as if he did not understand.

“You orchestrated Charles’ accident, didn’t you?” James stopped beating around the bush and confronted him directly.

“Huh?” Christopher continued to feign ignorance.

“You sent someone to crash into his car, but you didn’t kill him.

Instead, you crippled him.” James, being smart, had seen through Christopher’s vicious intentions. “Then, you presented an idea to Dad, recommending Ms.

Bella, just so you could have his approval and show your capability to share his burden. Christopher, you’re indeed a cunning monster!” Christopher’s long fingers adjusted his glasses. He raised his chin slightly and suddenly burst into laughter.

His laughter echoed through the empty hallway, making James feel a chill crawling down his spine.

“James, how could you be the Iverson Group’s chairman? With your Chapter 813 2/3 story-writing skills, you’d flourish as a writer. You wouldn’t have been suppressed by Justin and Asher in the business field for so many years!” Christopher clutched his chest and laughed.

James gritted his teeth. “Christopher!” “What does Charles’ accident have to do with me? If you insist, then there’s nothing I could do or say.” After that, Christopher turned around and left.

James pulled out his phone with a gloomy gaze and pressed on the screen, ending the recording.

Back in his room, Christopher took off his coat and had a bath. Then he sat on the sofa with a glass of red wine.

How delightful.

Sometimes, making someone wish that they were dead was more exhilarating than actually killing them.

Someone knocked on the door. Taylor walked in and locked the door behind him.

“Mr. Christopher, you’re looking for me?” “Did you handle everything properly?” Christopher sipped on his wine.

“Yes. The truck driver will take all the blame. He will not utter a word about the truth.” “Good. Tomorrow, I’ll go to Hatchbay with Lance to convince Bella to treat Charles.” Chapter 813 3/3 “Huh? Why? How did Chairman Iverson know...?” “It was my suggestion.” Taylor was shocked. “Mr. Christopher, why do you want to save Charles? What if Ms. Bella really is that good of a surgeon and heals him?” “How is that possible? She’s a surgeon, not a god.” Christopher mockingly laughed.

He had personally crippled Charles’ legs, and his bones were so shattered that it was impossible to piece them back together.

“proposed it, putting aside my past grievances to save Charles.

Lance will remember my kindness. Even if Bella can’t heal him, Lance will be grateful to me.” “Smart!” Taylor was enlightened.

“So what if he’s Lance’s beloved son?” Christopher stood up and went to the window, swaying his glass. His gaze was darker than the night. “Wyatt would never marry his daughter to a cripple.” “In the end, I will become Lance’s only hope.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 814-Lance, desperate to save his son, immediately dialed Wyatt that night to confirm that he and Bella were home. The next day, he rushed to Hatchbay with Christopher.

“Wyatt! Wyatt! Please save my son!” Lance cried out anxiously as soon as he stepped into the house, abandoning his image in front of his old friend.

Wyatt and Mila greeted him immediately.

Looking at Lance’s disheveled and haggard appearance, Wyatt secretly chuckled.

This old geezer had tried to compete in handsomeness with him for a lifetime. He finally could not hold up his image!

“Chairman Iverson, what happened to you?” Mila was shocked to see him in such a distraught state.

Lance strode toward them, but due to his age, his footsteps were shaky.

He tripped, lunged forward, and bowed to Wyatt and Mila.

Wyatt and Mila were speechless while Lance rubbed his aching muscles.

“Dad! Are you alright?” Christopher quickly helped Lance up, trying to suppress his laughter.

This old man’s love for his second son, Charles, was indeed

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 815-At this moment, Charles was still unconscious. He should have awakened by now, but the doctor was afraid he could not handle the shock and increased his dosage of anesthesia.

An hour later, Bella came out with the hospital director and two other surgeons, looking solemn.

“Bella, how’s Charles’ condition?” Lance immediately went forward.

The other Iverson family members, secretaries, and bodyguards surrounded her.

Bella frowned and said, after a moment of silence, “Uncle Lance, I’m not optimistic about Charles’ legs. His fracture was severe, and it’s challenging to even connect the bones with metal nails, given the extent of comminution. The chance for a full recovery is zero, and the probability of him standing up again is not even 20%.” The Iversons were shocked.

Fortunately, Astrid and James were holding Lance, or the old man would have probably fainted on the spot.

Only Christopher leaned against the wall in a corner that nobody paid attention to. His glasses reflected a cold light as he curled his lips.

“Ms. Bella! Even if there’s only a one percent chance, please save my brother!” James spoke anxiously.

“Of course. Since I’m here, I’ll do my best.” Bella’s eyes shone with hesitation.

Lance sensed that she wanted to say something. He asked nervously, “Bella, if you have anything to say, just say it!” “Uncle Lance, are you sure Charles’ legs were crushed in the accident?” Bella’s serious question left the Iversons shocked.

Only two people were calm with unfathomable looks. They were James and Christopher.

“Bella, what do you mean?” Lance questioned.

“I’ve treated countless fracture patients. With my experience, I could determine the cause of the injury through an examination. I could even guess what object caused it.” Bella halted, lowering her voice. “I don’t think this is from a car accident. There are signs

of foul play. He might've been beaten by a heavy object like a metal bar." As her words fell, Christopher's gaze darkened, and his face turned as pale as snow.

"Ms. Bella, do you mean that someone attacked my brother after his car crashed?" James glanced in Christopher's direction, pretending to be worried. "If so, it seems that Charles' accident was also intentional, right?" Intentional?!

The crowd was shocked.

"Dad! Look! I've said it's weird that Charles suddenly got into a car crash. I was right!" Astrid yelled angrily.

Lance's eyes widened as his expression sank.

"I don't know if someone intentionally caused the crash. I'm only stating some problems I noticed as a doctor. An hour later, I will perform surgery on Charles. It will be a long process, so you don't need to wait here, Uncle Lance. Go home or rest at the KS World Hotel since it's near. When the surgery is finished, I will inform you immediately," Bella suggested considerably.

"I'm not tired. I will wait here!" Lance was increasingly favorable to his future daughter-in-law.

No matter what, he would make Bella marry into the Iverson family!

The surgery was longer than expected, starting from 1:00 p.m. and continuing until 9:00 p.m.

Finally, the lights in the operating room went out.

Bella walked out with the help of an assistant. After standing for several hours, her surgical gown had been drenched in sweat, and she had used countless towels to wipe her sweat. Her legs were even trembling.

Fortunately, her young body was able to withstand it.

"Bella!" Christopher was the first to rush to her side, gently supporting her weak body. "You've worked hard. You must be exhausted." "I'm alright. The surgery is most important..." Bella suddenly felt her head spin. Her body trembled, and she could not stand steadily.

"Bella, be careful!" Afraid that she would collapse, Christopher put his arms around her waist, holding her in place.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 816-When the Iversons saw this scene, they looked at each other with a knowing gaze.

Bella seemed intimate with Christopher. Perhaps they should expect good news from them soon.

However, Christopher's status in the Iverson family did not seem to match Bella's status.

"I'm fine." Bella took a deep breath and gently freed herself from Christopher's arms. She did not want to give the wrong impression in front of so many people.

Christopher's hands awkwardly hung in the air as his fingers curled inward stiffly.

At this moment, Lance rushed over, followed by his secretary and others.

"Bella, what's the situation?" "Uncle Lance, I've done all I could." Bella wiped off the beads of sweat on her forehead and panted helplessly. "Charles' legs were damaged too severely. I could only save his left leg." "What about the right leg?!" "We had to amputate it." Her words struck Lance like lightning and left him in the darkness.

"It's okay, child. I know you did your best. At least we were able to save one of his legs. Your contribution is invaluable." "Also, Charles woke up when the surgery was nearing its end. He said someone broke his leg." Bella did not hide this detail from them.

Lance was stunned, quickly questioning, "Who?! Who did it?" "You'll have to ask Charles for the specifics after he's stabilized." Bella's surgical skills were superb, and the surgery was considered smooth. The news that she managed to salvage one of Charles' legs quickly spread throughout the hospital. It was nothing short of a miracle.

Charles was moved to a VIP ward, and his family went in to accompany him, except for Christopher. He sat with Bella on the bench outside, giving her a cup of coffee.

"Bella, you must be thirsty. Have this coffee." "Thank you." Bella took it and glanced at Christopher, her tired eyes hiding inexplicable emotions.

"I should be thanking you. Thank you for saving my brother's leg.

Although he would face inconvenience moving around, it's much better to use prosthetics than sit in a wheelchair for the rest of his life." Christopher's expression was sincere.

"Chris." Bella suddenly asked calmly "Did you do it?" Christopher's heart skipped a beat. "What?" "Nothing." Bella stopped pursuing further and stood up slowly. "I'm hungry. I'm gonna get something to eat." "I'll go with you." Naturally, Christopher could not leave her alone and stood up with her.

Suddenly, Bella rubbed her temples, feeling her vision blacking out with a slight nausea. Her body shook, about to fall.

As she did not eat much the whole day, Bella nearly fainted.

Fortunately, Christopher reacted quickly and grabbed her weak body the moment she fell backward.

“Bella...” “Anna?!” Bella narrowed her eyes when she heard the familiar and friendly voice calling out to her. She turned her head slowly.

The next second, a chill ran down her spine.

Not far away, Nigel looked stunned, appearing before her eyes while sitting in a wheelchair.

The man pushing the wheelchair was tall and broad, looking at her with a cold gaze.

It was Justin.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 817-The spacious hallway suddenly became quiet and oppressive. Seeing Bella in Christopher’s arms, leaning softly into his embrace, Justin felt a pang of pain in his heart. His eyes reddened.

In the days without him, their relationship seemed to have progressed rapidly.

Justin felt increasingly bitter as he thought about it. He lowered his eyes and stopped looking at Bella, gripping the handles of Nigel’s wheelchair tightly.

“Bella, you’ve just finished an extremely tough surgery. You’re exhausted and need to rest now.” Christopher was aware of Nigel and Justin, but he did not avoid them, keeping his focus on Bella. He looked at her affectionately. “I’ll send you home.” “Grandpa Nigel?” Bella ignored Christopher’s gentle advances and walked toward Nigel with a worried face. She knelt on one knee and held his wrinkly hands. “Grandpa Nigel, why did you come to the hospital? Is there something wrong with your health?” Justin pursed his lips, feeling bitter. A man of his size stood here, but Bella acted as if she could not see him at all.

It looked like she only had eyes for Christopher.

“Child, I’m fine. It’s a chronic illness. My heart was aching, so Justin insisted on bringing me to the hospital this late at night.” Nigel still looked at Bella dotingly.

“Grandpa Nigel, you can’t neglect your health. You need to listen to me and undergo regular check-ups.” Bella was still worried.

“Anna, is this...” Nigel scrutinized Christopher with a meaningful gaze.

“Old Master Nigel, I’m Christopher Iverson.” Christopher stepped forward and bowed politely.

“Oh, I remember you. I saw you at Celeste’s birthday banquet. You are Chairman Iverson’s youngest son.” Nigel praised out of courtesy, “You look handsome and talented!” Nigel thought about how close Christopher looked to Bella just now and felt displeased. They probably had a special relationship.

Moreover, Nigel was sensitive enough to notice the tension between Bella and Justin. They looked even more awkward than they did when they had just divorced.

What should he do?

Nigel wanted to pull Bella aside for a chat when a sharp voice sounded.

“Grandpa, how are you feeling?” Bella raised her eyes and saw Zoe running toward them like a gush of wind, only wearing her pajamas. Two bodyguards followed closely behind her but did not dare to get too close.

Nigel’s mouth twitched when he saw Zoe, and he glared at Justin fiercely.

Justin’s brows furrowed, and he looked at Zoe coldly. “Why did you come?” “I heard that Grandpa was sick, so I couldn’t fall asleep and sneaked out to visit Grandpa.” Zoe’s cheeks were red as she spoke. Her messy hair, pajamas, and slippers proved how worried she was about Nigel.

“Miss, are you Ryan’s sister?” Nigel asked with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

“Yes, Grandpa. I’m Zoe.” Zoe intertwined her fingers nervously and blushed.

It was her first time meeting Nigel. In the future, she would marry into the Salvador family, and her current appearance was indeed inappropriate.

However, she thought this anxious look would highlight her concern for Nigel, making it less significant to care about her attire.

“Ms. Hoffman...” “Grandpa, just call me Zoe.” Spin to Claim Your Surprise Reward!

Play

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 818-Zoe bent down, putting on an attentive expression. “Justin and I will stay by your side tonight. If you’re hospitalized, I will stay with you at the hospital, no matter how many days!” Justin frowned deeper, looking displeased.

Bella noticed his expression. This rascal was different from the other big shots in the sense that he wore his dislike for someone on his face. With his bad temper and low emotional intelligence, Justin could only achieve success through sheer capability.

When she first married Justin, he showed her this unpleasant expression every day.

Was he unsatisfied with Zoe?

Bella turned her gaze away, not bothering to take another glance at him.

Even if he was unsatisfied now, he must have been satisfied when he knocked on Zoe's hotel room door.

"Ms. Hoffman, I've undergone an examination, and it's nothing big. I can go home now." Nigel even called Ryan by name, but he addressed Zoe as "Ms.

Hoffman," showing his indifference. "Ms. Hoffman, do you want to accompany me to the hospital every day? It seems like you wish I'd never leave the hospital." He seemed to be joking, but in Zoe's ears, it sounded sarcastic. She felt embarrassed.

She had heard Bethany complain about her grandfather long ago, saying that he was a foolish old geezer. Instead of doting on his own granddaughter, Nigel treated Bella like the apple of his eye. He disagreed with Bella and Justin's divorce and even gave Bella their family heirloom.

Fortunately, Rosalind smashed the family heirloom.

That bitch ultimately did one good thing before she disappeared for good.

"No, Grandpa, I didn't mean that." Zoe panicked and cast a pitiful glance at Justin.

Justin did not even look at her in the eye, cutting off all the signals Zoe sent him.

"Ms. Hoffman, thanks for your concern, but it's enough that Justin and Bella are here for me. It's late and unsafe for a lady like you to roam around outside. I saw your bodyguards with you, so get them to send you home." Nigel's attitude was gentle, not holding a grudge against a young girl.

However, Zoe's expression turned ashen. She looked pissed off.

This old geezer did not accept her goodwill or even offer to let Justin send her home. He was clearly telling her to leave the way she came How evil!

She swore to send this old geezer to a nursing home the moment she married into the Salvador family. Then, she would bribe the caregivers to mistreat him, not letting him eat or drink!

“Anna! Anna, come here!” Nigel’s expression changed, and he waved at Bella happily, ignoring Zoe.

“Yes, Grandpa Nigel.” Bella resented Justin, but she did not want to make Nigel unhappy, so she walked to him obediently.

Looking at how the usually swift and decisive woman walked toward Nigel obediently, Justin thought about the time he had just married her three years ago.

A soft part of his heart was moved.

Once upon a time, she liked everything about him, but he did not know his own feelings and was bad at expressing them.

But so what?

Behind Justin’s dark gaze was a man laden with scars.

“Anna, will you come home with me and Justin? Stay at Crescent Bay tonight.” Nigel softly stroked Bella’s hair. Afraid that she would feel res he added, “My house is big and has many rooms. You can live room next to mine.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 819-“I’ll make this rascal cook you breakfast tomorrow and prepare your bath tonight! Matt can take a rest for two days, so Justin will handle all the household chores!” Justin pursed his lips, his brows twitching.

He could prepare her bathwater, but cooking? Nigel must have thought he had too much time to live.

“Grandpa Nigel, I...” Bella hesitated, her eyes flickering.

Just as she tried to form her words, Christopher suddenly stepped forward. His lips curled up, forming a gentle smile that the older generation would love. “Old Master Nigel, I’m afraid Bella can’t accompany you tonight.” “Why?” Nigel frowned.

Christopher sighed, looking at Bella’s weary face with affection and distress. “Bella performed a challenging surgery on my brother today and stood for almost ten hours. She was exhausted and almost fainted when she came out of the operating room.” “What?!” Nigel was stunned and leaned forward.

Justin was also shocked, his heart twisting.

How unreasonable and unbelievable! A mix of emotions made Justin’s gaze complicated.

It turned out that she had just performed a major surgery. No wonder she looked tired. Her complexion was not great either, as if she were sick.

Justin's jaw stiffened, and his lips slowly parted.

He wanted to say something, but his words were stuck in his throat, and he could not get them out.

What was he feeling awkward about? Why was he hesitating?

"So I'm going to bring Bella home now. My house is further down the road from Bella's villa, so we'll go together." Christopher hovered his arms around Bella's shoulder without directly touching her, showing his gentlemanly side in front of the Salvadors." Old Master Nigel, I know you like Bella and care about her. But Bella divorced Justin. Even an outsider like me thinks it's inappropriate for her to live in your house under the same roof as Justin. If you really care about Bella, you should've considered her feelings a bit more." His words were humble and calm, but they lit a fire in Nigel's heart. Even Justin's eyes were filled with anger.

How dare this brat speak to him like this? How dare he be so arrogant?!

Justin frowned and was about to retort with a cold face when Bella said, "Chris, Grandpa Nigel is my family. Everything he does is for my sake. Don't say such words again." "Oh! Old Master Nigel! I didn't expect to meet you here. What a coincidence!" The crowd glanced at the source of the voice. It was Lance, hurrying toward them with his secretary.

Chapter 619 A trace of surprise flashed across Bella's eyes.

Chairman Iverson was just crying over his beloved son becoming disabled not long ago, yet here he is now, talking and laughing like a different person.

Bella could understand it. After all, the Salvadors and Iversons were business rivals, so Lance would never show his fragile side in front of his enemy.

"Lance, I heard about Charles' accident. Is he okay?" Nigel asked with concern.

"Charles got into a car crash. At first, his situation was not optimistic." Lance turned around and looked at Bella gratefully. "But Bella's magical hands had helped Charles through his hardship! Others may not know how to cherish her, but that's not something I can do anything about. Bella is a lucky star for the Iverson family! I'm good. friends with Wyatt, so I naturally treat Bella as my own daughter!" Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

Claim

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 820-Everyone present could sense the hidden edge in his words.

Lance had long found out that Bella had divorced once, and her former husband was Justin.

At that time, he indignantly thought that it was such a pity.

It was ridiculous enough for Bella to marry a Salvador, and to make things worse, Justin was an illegitimate son. She was undermining herself. Lance thought that his sons, even Christopher, would still be a better candidate than Justin.

“Uncle Lance, are you thirsty? I’ll treat you to coffee.” Bella’s expression was a little awkward after hearing Lance’s words.

She knew Lance had a good relationship with Wyatt, but he did not need to say such words to Grandpa Nigel.

“Bella, I’m not thirsty! I haven’t showered you with enough praise!” Lance was oblivious to Bella’s intentions.

Bella was speechless, while Zoe gritted her teeth in resentment with a gloomy face.

Why did all the big shots in Savrow have to dance in this wretched woman’s palm? Were all the other women in this world dead?

Justin stared at Bella sharply, his heart hurting as much as how cold his gaze was.

“Your own daughter? Lance, I guess you really like daughters. One daughter isn’t enough for you. You even want to acknowledge another one, huh?” Nigel did not let go of the loophole in Lance’s words. “It’s different for I want a granddaughter-in-law, and it could only be Bella. Anyone else can dream on!” Bella was shocked.

Christopher smiled, but his hands, placed behind Bella, curled into fists. He was filled with discontent.

Zoe felt a buzz in her head. An overwhelming sense of humiliation and embarrassment tugged at her heart.

She should not have come tonight. She should have hidden at home and waited for her mother and grandfather to settle things for her by forcing Justin to marry her.

If she took action, it would only bring humiliation and shame.

Lance’s smile froze, and he wanted to retort, but Justin stepped in at this moment.

“Grandpa, I’ve divorced Ms. Thompson for half a year. She has moved Your actions will put her in a difficult spot.” The hallway suddenly became quiet.

Bella felt a dull throb in her heart, but she smiled in relief.

There was nothing to regret. It was not the first time Justin had given up on her.

All the vows a man made to a woman were lies. How many men Chapter 620 could pursue the same woman for a lifetime? How many men could love the same woman for a lifetime?

Not even Wyatt could do it.

Bella thought of her filthy-rich father who had a love history that would put King Henry VIII to shame.

“Brat! What nonsense are you saying?” Nigel glared at his grandson, forcing the words out of his teeth.

If not for the crowd around them, he would have gotten up to slap Justin!

“Mr. Salvador, it seems that you have moved on as well. Moving forward would be the best ending for Bella and Justin. Isn’t that right, Old Master Nigel?” Christopher chuckled.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 821

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 821-In the end, Lance arranged for Christopher to send Bella home..

Justin pushed Nigel’s wheelchair and headed toward the parking lot, while Zoe followed closely behind like an annoying pest.

“How long are you going to follow me?” Justin suddenly halted and asked without turning around.

Caught off guard, Zoe almost bumped into Justin’s back and stumbled awkwardly.

“Justin, I want to accompany you in sending Grandpa home.” Zoe acted pitifully. “Grandpa was just discharged from the hospital, so he must need someone to take care of him. I want to help you...” “Help? What can you do?” Justin asked bluntly.

Zoe was at a loss for words.

“I watched as you grew up. I know how much your mother and Ryan spoil you. You never did any household chores, so what can you do?” Justin spoke coldly without considering Zoe’s feelings.

“Justin, I...” “You know who Grandpa needs right now.” Thinking of Bella, Justin felt his heart tighten, and he lowered his eyes. “If you have this intention, you should go home and take care of Old Master Logan instead.” After that, Justin, left with Nigel. Zoe was left behind. Her face flushed with embarrassment.

On the way home, Justin and Nigel sat in the back row as the driver drove.

The car was warm, but Nigel’s cold face made the people in the car feel as if they were in an icy cave.

Justin knew his grandfather was furious.

However, it was an undeniable fact that he had divorced Bella, and the rift between them was unsolvable.

Justin pursued Bella with everything he had, even putting his life on the line, but he could not get a single bit of trust from her in return.

He was not afraid of one-sided devotion, but he feared that she had never trusted him.

When they reached Crescent Bay, Justin got out of the car and prepared the wheelchair with Matt, intending to help Nigel into it.

“I’m not using the wheelchair. I’m not crippled, so why do I need one?” Nigel pulled Justin to the side irritably and said, “Matt, get me my walking cane.” Soon, Matt came with Nigel’s walking cane.

Nigel took it and pursed his dry lips, hitting Justin’s back with the cane without hesitation!

Matt was shocked.

With a loud bang, Justin felt a dull pain spreading from his back, and he frowned deeply.

“Ungrateful brat! Why are you even alive? Why don’t you just die?” Nigel yelled at Justin angrily and hit him again. “Anna is such a good woman! Your relationship has finally eased a little. Why did you say those words? Why are you pushing her away? Have you lost your mind?”?

Justin’s handsome face looked lonely under the moonlight. He gritted his teeth as he endured Nigel’s beating.

“Are you so blind that you couldn’t see that Christopher is fond of Bella? Can’t you see how close they’ve become now? Can’t you see that Lance wants Bella to be his daughter-in-law?” Nigel reprimanded Justin. “You have a scandal with that Hoffman girl now. Even if you’re framed, you must do your best to explain it to Anna and express your sincerity!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 822-“This situation is when you need to grab hold of Anna! No matter what the outsiders say or what the Hoffman family’s intentions are, you shouldn’t let go of her hand!” Justin thought, ‘Grandpa, do you think I want this? Do you think I’m willing to watch as she grows closer to Christopher, but I can’t do anything?’ “Grandpa, I’ve said what I said. You can hit me if you want.

Justin clenched his fists tightly, his eyes red. “After you’re done hitting and scolding me, please rest early. Then, let go of everything between me and Anna.” “Let go... Are you asking me to let go?! What will you do? Are you going to marry that fake girl from the Hoffman family?” Nigel’s head buzzed angrily, and he only managed to stand with Matt’s assistance.

“Must I get married? I’ve been married once, and that’s enough. I can remain single for the rest of my life. I have no interest in having children. I don’t like them.” Justin did not know why, but when he said these words, he felt as if he was prickling his heart with a needle.

It was not that he disliked children; if he could not have children with the woman he loved, there was no meaning to it.

If the child was not an outcome of their love, he could not guarantee that he would dedicate himself fully to raising and loving the child. It would not be fair to the child either.

“Why should I let go of such a good woman? Unless I’m dead, Anna will always be my family and my only granddaughter-in-law!” Nigel’s eyes reddened, and he knocked his cane on the ground indignantly. “Perhaps to you, Anna is just a woman you like, but to me, she is not only my granddaughter, she is also my savior! On Christmas night two years ago, if not for Anna accompanying me and sending me to the hospital in time, you wouldn’t have a grandfather now!” Justin’s gaze was solemn. “I know your injuries were severe in that accident. If not for Bella...” “You only knew that she sent me to the hospital. Did you know how badly hurt she was?!” Nigel’s tears welled up in his eyes. “I was unconscious, and all of you were stuck overseas, unable to rush back in time. Only Anna and Matt were by my side! I didn’t even know that Anna was so badly injured at that time! Her head was cut open, covered in blood. She repeatedly told Matt not to let us know, afraid we would be worried!” Justin’s pupils shrank.

Listening to Nigel’s words, Justin felt his heart throb as if it would break into pieces with a slight touch. Matt recalled the past and lowered his head in sadness. This secret in his heart had almost suffocated him.

However, he was a professional secretary who was tight-lipped. No matter what Nigel or Bella asked from him, he would not reveal a single word until the day he died.

Chapter 822 “Grandpa, is this true?” Justin stood there, stunned, as if he were struck by lightning.

“Why would I need to make up a story to lie to you at this point?” Nigel could not stand anymore due to his agitated emotions. He finally sat on the wheelchair and said, “The sacrifices Anna made for you were much more than you could ever imagine. But you were manipulated by Rosalind and could not see the truth. You owe Anna so much that you could never repay her in this lifetime. Even if she resents you forever, you did this to yourself, and you have to bear with it!” After that, Nigel pushed his wheelchair forward without looking back.

“Old Master Nigel! Let me help you,” Matt said anxiously.

“There’s no need! I’m in a bad mood. Don’t bother me!” Ice seemed to form in the air, freezing Justin’s blood and breath.

“Uncle Matt, you saw what happened. Grandpa wouldn’t want to see me.” Justin’s throat was dry, and his voice sounded hoarse. “I will spend the night at a hotel near Crescent Bay tonight. If anything happens with Grandpa, call me immediately, and I will rush over. I won’t stay here and make him mad. I’ll leave first.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 823-“Young Master Justin! Wait!” Matt called out to him anxiously.

“Is there anything else, Uncle Matt?” “Is there really no possibility between you and Ms. Thompson anymore?” Justin felt a stab in his heart. “I don’t know.” “There’s still something you don’t know about Ms. Thompson.” Matt clenched his fists, holding his words back.

Justin turned his gaze slowly, looking at Matt with surprise. “What is it?” “Ms. Thompson swore me to secrecy. I promised her that I wouldn’t say it.” Matt was in a difficult position. “But I hope that Ms. Thompson will tell you about it one day.” His words aroused Justin’s strong sense of curiosity.

Bella hid her identity as the Thompson family’s precious daughter and devoted herself to him. She loved him for 13 years. These secrets had already shaken his soul.

What else was she hiding from him?

Would they be even more unbelievable than those?

3 Two days after the amputation surgery, Charles woke up.

Bella reached the hospital early in the morning. She did not abandon Charles after the surgery. After all, Lance had entrusted her, and she had the responsibility to follow up on the postoperative treatments.

She went with two other surgeons. She carefully touched Charles' reconnected left leg. His right leg had become a prosthetic.

"My leg... My leg..." Charles cried out bleakly with a pale face, unable to shed any more tears. "I'm done for. My life is over!" "Mr. Charles, I hope you can be grateful." †

Bella wore a mask and only revealed her eyes. "You saved a leg.

That's already luckier than many people in the world." "Someone did this to me! It was Christopher!" Charles' face suddenly twisted, and he grabbed Bella's hand.

Bella was shocked. Subconsciously, she turned around and looked at the other two doctors. Fortunately, they were quite far from the bed, and Charles' murmurs made it hard for them to hear anything.

Bella asked them to leave and shut the door. She asked Charles seriously, "Mr. Charles, when I performed the surgery, you were under anesthesia when you said that Christopher wanted to kill you. What evidence do you have?" Charles' face was ashen, his body trembling violently.

When he recalled the accident that night, he looked so terrified, as if Chapter 123 he had seen a ghost!

"After my car flipped over, the driver died on the spot, but my secretary was still alive... I was trapped under the car and couldn't move. But I remember clearly that my legs weren't broken! It could still move!" Bella frowned. "And then?" "Then... I saw a black vehicle approaching slowly. A man wearing a cap and a mask came down. That figure and those eyes... I wouldn't mistake it. It was Christopher!" Charles' eyes widened with terror. "He walked over with a metal rod and beat my secretary to death right in front of me!" Bella's heart skipped a beat.

"Then he raised the metal rod high and swung it at my legs! I screamed in pain and lost consciousness after that. I don't know what happened after..."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 824-Bella found it unbelievable after hearing the story.

Christopher had always been gentle and graceful. How could he do something so vicious? He could have hired someone to handle it if he wanted to deal with Charles. With Christopher's status, why would he need to do it himself?

Bella steadied herself and said seriously, "Mr. Charles, this is not a small matter. You need evidence. Furthermore, you should tell this to Uncle Lance and the police, not me." "Ms. Thompson, you saved me. You're my savior! How heartless must I be to watch you jump into a hellhole?" Charles' gaze was anxious and sincere. "I know Charles is pursuing you, and you are quite close with him. I'm afraid you couldn't see his true colors and were deceived by him! That brat has been psych since he was young! That gentleman's act is only his disguise. In he's a wolf in sheep's clothing! He is only pursuing you to use family background to his advantage. He doesn't really care about you!" Even though Christopher was not a good man, Charles was not muc different. After all, he was the mastermind behind the accident at the racecourse.

Charles knew Christopher wanted to avenge Bella, and his psychotic nature made him handle things himself to gain satisfaction.

Now that Charles was disabled, he was certain that his marriage to Bella was off the table.

Since he could not have her, that scoundrel would not have it easy either. Charles wanted to tear his disguise apart.

Walking out of the ward, Bella seemed deep in thought.

The Iversons gathered at the door, stepping forward to ask her about the situation. She answered earnestly, but her eyes flickered, showing that her mind was somewhere else.

At this moment, Bella noticed Christopher standing in the corner.

She pursed her lips and walked toward him.

"Bella, thanks for your hard work." Christopher straightened his back, which was leaning against the wall, and smiled at her.

He was as warm as the sun, not at all like the vicious monster in Charles' description.

"Chris, can I talk to you alone?" Bella's tone was natural, but her expression was solemn.

"Sure." Watching them leave, Lance nodded in satisfaction.

"James, do you also think Christopher and Bella look like a good match?" James asked in a low voice, "Dad, are you really giving up on Charles?" "With the current situation, is it still possible to let Bella marry Charles?" Lance glanced at Christopher's back with a meaningful gaze. "They were childhood friends, which makes them closer. If they could make it work, that wouldn't be bad. Although I'm dissatisfied with Christopher, he's still my son." James' face darkened behind Lance when he heard this.

In a cafe across the street from the hospital, Bella and Christopher sat facing each other. Christopher considerately ordered a strawberry shortcake for Bella, afraid she would be hungry from working all morning.

“Dig in. You’ve always had a good appetite, and you love strawberries.” “Chris, do you consider me a friend?” Bella suddenly interrupted.

Christopher’s eyelashes fluttered. “Of course. Apart from my mother, you are the person I cherish the most.” “Then I want to hear the truth from you.” Bella took a deep breath. “Do you have anything to do with Charles’ accident?” “Did Charles tell you that?” Christopher’s grip on his coffee cup tightened.

“I this.” have my reasons for askin “If I say no, would you believe me?” Christopher slowly raised his eyes, revealing a hint of sadness. “You asked so because you suspect me. You’re questioning my character.

In your heart, am I less trustworthy than Charles?” Bella looked at him in a daze.

At this moment, she thought of Justin. That man had once hysterically questioned her, “Why won’t you give me a little trust?”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 825-“Charles lost a leg. He wouldn’t go to that extent to frame you.” “Charles is merely James’ tool. He did many dirty things for James and made enemies in . There are many people who might target him.” Christopher gritted his teeth. “Moreover, he deserved what he got today.” He then told Bella about the truth behind the racecourse accident.

“If anyone had malicious intentions, it’d be Charles!” Bella stared at him without a word.

“Bella, I’ve never taken the Iverson family seriously. If I wanted to deal with them, it wouldn’t be with such a vulgar method. It’s not my style.” Christopher straightened his back and drank a sip of coffee, his movements graceful and proud.

Over the past 15 years, Christopher has long since abandoned his conscience to survive in Sentania with his mother. He got used to a performative personality and lied without blinking an eyelash.

Even though he was facing the woman he loved, he could still instinctively lie to her time and time again.

There was kindness in lies.

Christopher believed that his lies to Bella were out of good intentions and were also a manifestation of his love.

Bella fixed her sharp gaze on him. Her eyes were clear and bright, making even someone mentally strong and vicious like Christopher feel a slight unease in his heart.

“Chris, I like people who are kind and upright. It’s not that I don’t trust you, but I hope that no matter what happens, you can maintain a pure.

and kind heart, just like when you were a child.” Christopher’s fingers curled on the table. He felt a throb of pain in his heart, and it spread throughout his veins with a sense of shame.

His mouth twitched, and he took a big bite of the cake, chewing forcefully. ‘Bella, just like my surging love for you, spilled water is difficult to retrieve. Some things can’t go back to the way they were.’ After parting with Christopher, Bella felt a mix of emotions.

At this moment, Asher called her. She absentmindedly picked up the call.

“Asher.” “Bella, Drew got what you wanted.” Asher smiled faintly.

“What I wanted? What is it?” Bella was confused.

“Arnold Larson.” Bella was shocked and almost spat out her drink.

“To drag him back to Savrow, Drew spent quite a bit of effort. You must thank him well when you see him tonight.” “Drew will be back tonight? That’s great! I miss him so much!” Bella rubbed her eyes, her voice choking up.

Asher sensed her emotions and said apologetically, “Oops, I promised Drew to keep it a secret as he wanted to surprise you, but I let it slip because I was too happy.” “Asher, I don’t need surprises. I only want my family to be with me.” However, she knew it was hard.

“Bella, are you at Savrow? At Charles’ hospital?” “Yes.” “I’ll pick you up.” “There’s no need, Asher. I can’t go back yet.” “It’s not just my idea. Dad also wants you to come back.” Asher’s tone lowered. “Dad said you’ve already saved Charles’ left leg, We did all that we could. There’s no need to worry more about it. The Iverson family must be in chaos because of this incident. Although our families are close, we need to stay out of it. That’s why Dad asked me to pick you up.” Bella frowned. Back then, she kept in contact with the Salvador family due to Justin and Nigel. Also, it was so that she could scheme against Shannon and Bethany. However, Wyatt was not as cautious as with the Iverson family.

It seemed like her father was dissatisfied with the Iverson family.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 826-“Got it, Asher. You don’t need to pick me up. I’ll drive home by myself.” In Hatchbay, a black Maserati swiftly entered from the

back gate of Yara Park after nightfall, skillfully drifting before coming to a stop in the yard.

Drew got out of the car and hurried toward Asher, who had been waiting for him. They have not seen each other for six months.

“Asher! I miss you!” “Me too.” Asher high-fived him and glanced at the tinted car window. “Is Mr.

Larson in the car?” “Yeah,” Drew sneered. “He refused to stay put.” “Even the most difficult person would become obedient after meeting you.” Asher’s gentle eyes flashed with a hint of concern. “You didn’t hurt him, did you?” “Which aspect are you referring to? I didn’t hurt him physically. Does emotional harm count?” Asher was speechless.

Drew’s face suddenly twisted in pain. “Fuck! I need to pee. I need to Chapter 626 rush to the bathroom! Asher, wait for me!” Before his words fell, Drew disappeared like a wisp of smoke.

Asher shook his head exasperatedly “How did this brat spend all these years wandering outside? His bladder is worse than before.” After a while, Asher noticed some movement in the car, but it soon stopped. He was confused. Unable to suppress his curiosity, he approached the car.

When he walked to the car, it seemed the man inside had heard his footsteps and struggled even harder Asher narrowed his eyes and pulled the door open.

The next second, he was shocked! On the back seat, a man over six feet tall was lying horizontally, tightly bound and gagged. His mouth was taped, and he could only murmur in protest.

He looked angry and pitiful.

Was this man Arnold Larson?

Asher was taken aback. He quickly leaned down, supported his arm on the seat, and tore the tape from the man’s mouth.

“Ugh...” Arnold panted heavily, gasping for breath. His beautiful and androgynous face was covered in a thin layer of sweat.

His skin was soft and fair, like the finest porcelain, and his red lips were moist. He looked even more beautiful than a woman.

However, what attracted Asher the most was the man’s delicate and watery eyes. He looked like a frightened animal. From the depths of his eyes, Asher could see a clean and transparent soul. No matter how long had passed, it still shook his mind and body.

Their eyes met, and it was as if time had frozen at this moment.

“Hey, why were you so rough with me? You hurt my face!” Arnold glared at Asher angrily, but his eyes were fixed on Asher’s handsome face, unable to turn away.

“Sorry,” Asher admitted his mistake.

“What are you waiting for? Untie me!” Arnold kicked around. “My blood circulation is cut off! I’m going to suffocate!” “No.” “What?!” “Wait for my brother.” Asher looked at him and smiled. “If you run away, I’m afraid I can’t catch you.” Claim Bonus For Free Every Day>>

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 827-Arnold’s fox-like eyes were red and watery, and he glared at Asher in utter shock.

What was this man’s bizarre thought process?

Arnold would have thought Asher was a monster if not for his handsome face.

“Are you in cahoots with the guy who kidnapped me? Are you kidnappers?” Arnold questioned him in a trembling voice.

“Mr. Larson, welcome to Savrow.” Asher narrowed his eyes and extended a hand to Arnold in a gentlemanly manner. “Let me introduce myself. I am the CEO of KS Group, Asher Thompson. Nice to meet you.” “KS Group...?” Arnold was taken aback. “My aunt is your... Are you... “It is what you think.” Asher curled his fingers and smiled apologetically. “After my brother unties you, we can shake hands properly.” “Asher!” Drew hurried back, complaining as he walked, “The bathroom is too far. I almost peed my pants! What’s the use of this large mansion?” Asher frowned, feeling exasperated.

No matter how large Yara Park was, it was only a cage for Drew. He was the same type of person as Bella. Both were birds yearning for one year the vast sky, hating Thinking of this, he started feeling sorry for Bella again. During the three years she married Justin, it must have felt like being in prison.

“You!” When Arnold saw Drew, his face twisted in anger.

Fortunately, he was good-looking, or it would be somewhat scary.

Drew raised his brows, casually leaning his arm on the car door frame. He smirked playfully. “What did I say again? You can’t touch my hand or sit on my lap for free. The things you’ve enjoyed all came with a price tag!” , Asher’s eyes flickered. He needed some time to process this information.

“Fuck you!” Arnold spat at Drew. “How are you so shameless? You even sold your looks. Shameless!” Drew made a disgusted expression. “Do you think I want to? I am straight. I sacrificed so much for you! You even traumatized me.

You’re terrifying.” “You!” Arnold was so mad that his face turned red. “How do you have the audacity to blame me?” Drew frowned. “Huh? Fuck! Are you asking for a beating?” Drew wanted to kick Arnold, but Asher stopped him. “Drew, Mr.

Larson is Aunt Mila’s family and Bella’s guest. Don’t act rashly.” “Damn it... If not for Bella’s sake, I guarantee he won’t be able to see the daylight!” Drew gritted his teeth.

Asher shook his face with a bitter smile, finally understanding why Drew gagged Arnold on the way home.

He stepped forward and untied the ropes around Arnold’s hands and legs.

He had never seen such fair skin on a man before. With the friction of the ropes, glaring red marks-surfaced on his smooth skin, inexplicably stirring an urge to protect him in Asher’s heart.

“Hiss. It hurts.” Arnold rubbed his wrists and frowned deeply.

Drew snorted in disdain. “Tsk, what a sissy. Disgusting.” Asher calmly glanced at Arnold’s red and swollen ankles. “Can you stand up?” Arnold pursed his lips and slowly stood up.

“Ah!” 1

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 828-Arnold’s legs were bound for several hours could Arnold stand up?

so they were numb. How The next second, his body stumbled forward, and his arms gripped Asher’s broad shoulders as he fell into Asher’s embrace.

Asher reacted quickly. Afraid that Arnold would fall, Asher naturally supported him.

The two men looked like they were in a scene of a cheesy romance drama, stunning Drew, who was standing by the side.

“I’m sorry.” Arnold’s face flushed.

He was holding back his anger, but after Asher hugged him, his rage miraculously deflated.

“Don’t say that. We should be the ones apologizing.” Arnold was stunned. His heart thumped loudly and rapidly.

He admitted that he had been fooling around and indulging himself in handsome men, always wanting to tease them. His self-control was worse when he was drunk. Otherwise, he would not have fallen into Drew's trap.

"What the fuck?! What's going on?!" At this moment, Bella arrived with Axel and Steven. They were dumbfounded when they saw the scene before them.

"Is the person in Mr. Asher's arms a man or a woman?" Steven looked.

confused.

Axel yelled excitedly, "Wow! Could it be Asher's lover?!" Bella was also shocked. She turned around and looked at them, speechless. "You guys should get your eyes checked when you're free. That's obviously a man!" Steven and Axel exclaimed, "A man?!" They looked carefully at Arnold. Indeed, he was a man, but his figure was slender, and he had an androgynous face.

"Sigh, I was happy for nothing. I thought one of us brothers would finally be off the market." Axel's excitement disappeared, and he smacked his lips. "Why is Asher hugging a man so enthusiastically?" "Mr. Larson, you've had a tough journey." Bella smiled politely and walked toward them. "My brother may have been a little rude, so I would like to apologize on his behalf." "Are you Bella, the one my aunt often mentions?" Arnold sounded willful, behaving like a princess in Asher's arms.

"Yes, I am Bella." Bella's expression remained unchanged as she smiled. "Mr, Larson, you must be hungry and tired. Why don't you have a meal and then rest for the night? We can talk tomorrow." "Ms. Bella, I'm warning you. This is kidnapping. I could sue you!" Arnold gritted his teeth, still full of resentment.

"I know. We were at fault this time, and I apologize. To express our sincerity, I'll get the CEO of KS Group to accompany you to dinner tonight." Asher was speechless.

Arnold's eyes lost focus for a moment, and his throat bobbed.

The crowd was stunned, for Bella did not think twice before selling off her brother!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 829-In the living room, Bella hugged Drew tightly, and he returned the hug. If they were not siblings; others might mistake them for a newlywed couple enjoying their reunion.

"Drew, you've worked hard this time," Bella pouted.

"It's nothing. What's hard about bringing someone back?" Drew rubbed her head, his eyes full of longing and tenderness. "As long as you're happy, I could even kill him for you." Steven broke into a cold sweat, and Axel almost spit out his tea!

At this moment, Asher walked down the stairs.

“He’s asleep.” “He must be exhausted. Let him rest.

Bella sighed. “I was too anxious. This might backfire. If we piss off Arnold and he refuses to help, I can’t possibly force him by putting a knife to his neck.” “Bella, don’t worry.” Asher sat beside her and put his arms around her shoulder. “You have us. We exist to help you accomplish things you can’t do.” “Yeah, Bella.” Axel also comforted her. “Please ask us to do something for you. We’re starting to feel a little irrelevant!” Bella’s lips trembled as she was moved to the point of tears.

Sitting beside Bella, Asher took in her complicated emotions but said nothing. He merely took her hand gently, warming her up with his palms.

“Ash, did you tell Aunt Mila and Wyatt about Arnold?” Bella asked lightly.

Wyatt took Celeste abroad to one of their holiday villas in an attempt to cheer her up. Mila and Sasha went along, but they did not live together. Wyatt arranged for them to stay in another villa.

Only the Thompson siblings were present in the spacious Yara Park.

“I’ve called Aunt Mila.” Asher smiled. “Aunt Mila said we don’t need to treat him as a guest. We can deal with him as we see fit. If Bella is in need, she’ll forget about this nephew of hers to make Bella happy.” Bella could not help chuckling. She knew her three stepmothers cared a lot about her.

“Hey, do you think Aunt Mila is disregarding her family for justice or outright disowning him?” Axel dropped his jaw in shock.

Drew reached into his black coat and fished out a cigarette, putting it in between his lips, looking cocky and handsome. “If it’s to help someone else, it’s for justice. Helping that bastard Justin would be the latter.” Everyone was speechless, but Bella’s eyelashes fluttered, and she only kept quiet.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 830-“Hey, sis, what are you thinking? You look out of it.” Seeing Bella in a daze, Drew waved his hand in front of her eyes..

“Drew, I...” Thinking about the woman who looked like her, Bella wanted to say something, but she held back.

“What is it, Bella? You’ve always been straightforward. Why are you hesitating now?” Drew asked in surprise.

“Nothing. It’s nothing.” That was merely a woman Drew bumped into in Meridan. Even though Bella was suspicious, she could not investigate that woman, She could only start with Zoe.

However, what was the point of an investigation?

That day, in front of Nigel, Justin said that everything between them was over. They would go their own ways, and there was no possibility between them.

So what was she hesitating and feeling lost about?

Bella curled her lips and laughed coldly, picking up the cup in her hand and downing it in a gulp.

How self-deprecating must she be to still long for a man who abandoned her twice? She should be relieved now that she did not repeat the same mistakes.

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 831

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 831-“Bella, there’s something I’m not sure if I should say...” “Then don’t say it.” Bella already knew what Drew was about to say, and it was definitely not something pleasant.

Bella felt bitter. "Because of me, Justin is dealing with severe complications in his brain. It's affecting his nervous system, and I don't know what awaits him in the future. He could have seizures or even be paralyzed." Drew's eyebrows furrowed upon hearing this.

"I don't want to have anything to do with him anymore, but I don't want to owe him anything either," Bella admitted, her gaze meeting Drew's. Her eyes were clear and cold, yet it was also heartbreaking "I'm not trying to save him. I just want to redeem myself." The air in the living room became even heavier.

In an attempt to lighten the atmosphere, Axel interjected, "Hey Ash, that Arnold guy... Is he really a man?" "Yes," Asher replied curtly.

Axel pressed further. "How does it feel to hold him?" Asher remained silent, not bothering to entertain his twin.

Drew couldn't resist teasing him. "Ax, I thought you were a decent man. Turns out you have a unique taste, huh?" He continued, "Ax, if you have such needs in the future, you should have said so earlier. Bella, why bother sending me for this task? You should have made Axel go. He's dying to do it!" "What are you thinking, you brat?!" Axel widened his eyes, wanting to kick this younger brother of his. "It's just that I've never a little curious! What if bch a good-looking man before, so fu shemale?" Bella sighed, massaging her forehead. "Ax, your imagination is truly something." Drew teased. "Which normal, straight man would be so curious about other men?" Axel shot back. "That means I'm still young. Only old people lose their curiosity!" The banter between the brothers continued, and the night concluded with their bickering.

The next day, Arnold slept in until noon due to his jet lag. As soon as he opened his sleepy eyes, he heard a steady knock on his door. Chapter 832 Initially, Arnold was reluctant to open the door. But the person outside was knocking persistently and patiently, never stopping. Annoyed, Arnold sprang up from the bed, walked to the door with an angry expression, and yanked the door open. "What's the matter? You're so noisy!" To his surprise, Asher stood at the door in a suit and leather shoes, greeting him with a gentle smile. "Mr. Larson, did you sleep well last night?" "It's alright, just a little lonely. After all, there is no one to cuddle with in bed." Arnold's words were all self-indulgent, venting his anger at being kidnapped. "Can I come in?" Asher asked. Arnold pursed his lips and stepped aside, allowing him to enter. They walked to the living room, just outside the bedroom. Arnold was already treating the place as his own home, sprawling on the sofa. His fair legs crossed and rested on the coffee table. He glanced toward Asher, who was sitting upright. "What's so urgent that you're here so early in the morning, cousin?" It was only then that he noticed that there was a medical kit on the coffee table. "I noticed you were injured yesterday, so I brought you some medicine." Arnold raised his eyebrows slyly and leaned closer to him. "Have you ever heard of the saying that there's no such thing as a free lunch?" Asher, feeling the tension, met Arnold's gaze. "What are you trying to say?" "Are you here on Bella's orders to deliberately please me, or are you really concerned about the injury on my foot?" Arnold

asked. His voice did not match his feminine appearance, but it still carried a seductive charm. "You are Bella's guest and also Aunt Mila's nephew. This is the least I should do." Asher lowered his eyelids again. "Hah! You really are the CEO of a big corporation. You know all the right things to say." Just then, a knock interrupted the moment. Bella's sweet voice came from outside. "Ash? Are you inside? Is Dr Larson awake? I've made lunch." "Yes," Asher responded, smiling faintly. "Are you hungry? Bella is an excellent cook. But there aren't many people that she would personally cook for. Shall we go and have a taste of Bella's cooking?" Initially, Arnold wanted to refuse, but the growl from his stomach betrayed him. "Forget it! Since I'm here, I might as well eat my fill first. Anything else can come afterward,"

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The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 833-Bella took Arnold out to lunch at the dining hall. Meanwhile, Asher headed back to his room and locked the door behind him.

Asher went to the study and sat at his desk. The perpetual smile on his face slowly stiffened, and his fingers worked to loosen his tie and unbutton his collar. With each button undone, he felt a little more at ease.

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

As Asher closed his eyes and took a deep breath, his mind wandered away from Arnold's face, and another person's image flashed before him.

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

Although it had been a long time since she had cooked, her skills hadn't dulled one bit. In fact, her cooking skills were so exquisite that even the family's chef wanted to learn a few tricks from her.

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

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

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

Thompson, although you are my aunt's beloved daughter, your status holds little value to me." He continued, "I made it clear on the phone before. I don't treat the rich. Justin is the president of the Salvador Corporation. He has plenty of doctors lined up to kiss up to the Salvador family. They will do everything they can to treat him. I'm not needed. I am a man of my word. If I say no, no one can change my mind. You'd better not waste your energy." Bella wondered. 'Hmm? Did Ash not treat him well enough?' She calmly met his gaze, unfazed. She knew that men had a common weakness-pride and the desire to win.

Bella picked up her teacup, took a sip of tea, and said casually, "Dr. Larson, I know you're a highly skilled doctor and are very confident with your medical skills. You have

never failed in your medical career, and not even once have you had a failed surgery. As long as you take over a patient, you can guarantee a 100% chance of recovery. But that's because you only take on patients with a guaranteed chance of recovery, right?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 834-The atmosphere immediately became tense.

Arnold's eyes widened, as if he had heard something extremely hurtful to his self-esteem. His face flushed with anger, and it took him a moment to respond. "Huh?" "Dr. Larson, have you been in Meridan for too long that your English has regressed? Do you want me to translate that into French for you?" Bella's beautiful eyes hid a hint of cunning, and her smile carried an invisible pressure, suppressing Arnold's free-spirited soul. Few women could pull off such a commanding smile.

Arnold asked through gritted teeth. "Are you saying that I didn't accept him as a patient because I couldn't cure Justin's illness? Is that what you're implying?" "Is there any other explanation?" Bella shrugged.

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

Thompson, have you been out of the country for too long? Don't you know that my reputation in Meridan is even greater than that of Dr Brown? I have solved countless difficult and complicated cases in my medical career, and I lost count of how many people I have saved from the brink of death. Even the Grim Reaper takes a backseat when I'm on duty. Saying my medical skills are not up to par is simply insulting!" Bella smiled without saying a word, quietly watching him get angry.

Suddenly, Arnold seemed to catch on. He leaned back, squinting at her playfully. "Nice try, Ms. Thompson. That's a nice trick, but I'm not buying it. I won't fall for your schemes." "You know, Dr. Larson, I always thought you were more open-minded." Bella's tone held a mix of surprise and disappointment. "I mean, despite claiming that you don't treat the rich, you should know that Mr. Salvador isn't just some rich guy. He's a well-known figure among the country's top entrepreneurs, and he has done a ton of charity work since taking over as the President of Salvador Corporation. He has helped countless people through his foundation.

Surely, you've heard about all that, right?" Bella added, "And yet, despite knowing all this, you still stick to your so-called 'principles'. Don't you think you're being a bit too rigid and inflexible?" Even as she spoke, Bella couldn't help but be surprised by her own words. It had been years since their divorce, yet she found herself defending Justin without hesitation.

Setting aside her emotions, it was a fact that Justin was undeniably skilled. If one were to look past his emotional flaws, he could be said to be almost perfect.

Otherwise, Bella wouldn't have silently loved him for so many years without growing tired. When a woman feels both gratitude and admiration for a man, there's no easy way out. Unfortunately for Bella, she felt both for Justin.

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

"Ms. Thompson, it's pointless no matter what you say," Arnold insisted, though he seemed to be swayed by her words. "No matter what you say, I won't give in. Just the fact that you used your brother to kidnap me back from abroad says it all. There is nothing to talk about between us. You rely on your wealth and power and don't even have the most basic respect for other people. I'm booking a ticket back immediately, and if you dare to stop me, I'll call the police!"¹ Just as Arnold was about to leave, Bella calmly took a sip of tea and sighed softly, "Even Dr. Brown couldn't solve the problem. I thought you were our only hope, but now..." Arnold froze in his tracks, his eyes widening in shock. "Who? Who are you talking about?!" "Dr. Brown." "You mean, Dr. Brown is treating Justin? That old doc is so unwise!" Arnold couldn't help but sigh.

Bella, who was usually calm and collected, couldn't contain her excitement. She slapped the table suddenly and said, "Hey, don't insult her like that. Dr. Brown is not old at all!" "I'm being respectful! Dr. Brown is my idol!" Arnold exclaimed with admiration. "Although I haven't seen her in person, in my mind, she's perfect in every way." Bella remained silent, listening intently.

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 835-Bella rubbed her chin, mulling over the situation. 'Looks like that's a done deal!' If only Arnold knew that Bella, the mastermind behind his 'kidnapping' and the woman who insulted him and whom he disliked, was none other than Dr. Brown, his idol. He would be beyond embarrassed by his fanboy behavior. He might even want to bury himself alive!

"This is a man who even Dr. Brown has come to save. Do you still question his character, Dr. Larson?" Bella asked with a calm smile, "By doing this, aren't you questioning the character of your own idol?" Although this statement was somewhat of a moral manipulation, at this point, Bella felt she had to pull out all the stops to handle this person.

Arnold pursed his lips, pulled up a chair, and slowly sat back down, lost in thought.

"Okay, for the sake of Dr. Brown, I guess I'll take a look at the case." Bella couldn't hide her joy, but she maintained a subtle smile, "On behalf of Dr. Brown, thank you." *

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

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

So Axel often teased him for being a nocturnal creature.

“If people don’t know you, they’ll think your work involves sneaking around, hiding during the day, and only coming out at night.” Drew invited Axel, Asher, and Bella out for a drink, but the two of them declined. Only Axel couldn’t resist Drew’s persistence, so he reluctantly agreed to accompany him.

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

When the two arrived at the bar, they sought out a discreet booth to avoid drawing too much attention.

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

Their looks would kill even in the entertainment industry, not to mention at a mere nightclub.

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

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

Every time one of them was approached by a woman, the person would have to take a shot. But they were evenly matched, and neither emerged as the winner.

In the end, Drew couldn’t take it anymore and said to the woman, “I have a girlfriend.” The woman scoffed. “Yeah, right. I don’t believe you. Why would two guys come out for drinks if they had girlfriends? You’re obviously out looking for something.” She tried to cozy up to him, but Drew dodged skillfully, leaving her flustered. He whipped out his phone and showed her a photo of Bella.

“Here. This is my wife. Isn’t she beautiful?” Axel nearly choked on his drink when he saw the photo.

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

Axel slammed his drink down and looked at him angrily. “Seriously, Drew? Who calls his sister their wife. That’s just plain wrong!” “I have such a beautiful sister. Why should I hide her? Of course, I want everyone to see how beautiful she is,” Drew retorted, downing his drink in one go.

Suddenly, his eyes darkened, and he sneered. "Unlike a certain idiot in a suit! He had the most beautiful wife in the world at home, but he kept her hidden and cheated on her!" Axel took a sip of his drink and asked, "Jerkface Justin?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 836-"Which other idiot could it be if not him?" Drew sighed, lit a cigarette between his lips, and shot Axel a resentful glare.

"I really don't understand what Bella's thinking. She's already divorced, and there are scandals everywhere about that jerk. Why does she still have to go to such lengths to help him? She should just let him be!" Axel tried to comfort him. "Just think of it as Bella doing some charity. Don't take it too seriously." "Huh? Would Arnold be willing to treat Jerkface Justin?" Axel remarked casually, "He would probably do it. I mean, there's nothing Bella can't handle once she sets her mind to it." "Oh well. Since I don't come back often, I can't just leave without doing anything," Drew added, taking a deep drag of his cigarette. He squinted his bright eyes and exhaled a smoke ring.

"How about this? I'll sneak into the operating room and take the opportunity to take care of Jerkface Justin." Drew suggested, makin a slashing motion across his neck as he spoke.

Axel immediately shivered and exclaimed, "Hey, don't mess around! If you dare touch Justin, Savrow will be turned upside down! Don't make it difficult for Bella and Dad!" "Hehe, I'm just kidding." Drew gave Axel a pat on the shoulder before making his way toward the crowded dance floor. He had a bit too much to drink and needed to sober up.

Axel glanced at the packed dance floor, feeling a bit stifled. Since he wasn't fond of the smell of smoke, he decided to step out for some fresh air.

The dance floor was alive with psychedelic lights, pulsating music, and the alluring movements of beautiful women. The atmosphere was electric, sending adrenaline coursing through the crowd.

Drew danced closely with other women, a cigarette dangling from his lips. While he had some skills on the dance floor, his style leaned toward the ghetto side. If it weren't for his good looks, he might have been mistaken for a rogue.

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

Combined with the alcohol he had consumed, it momentarily left him feeling confused and dazed.

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

Instinctively, he wrapped his arms around the woman's slender wa their bodies pressed tightly together.

She smelled heavenly, and her body was irresistibly soft.

As the lights shifted, Drew squinted his eyes and looked down at the person in his arms.

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

"Bella?" Drew blurted it out instinctively.

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

Bella didn't have a mole on her eyebrow, nor would she ever wear this type of sweet perfume.

Suddenly, Drew's pupils contracted as his memory flashed back to Meridan.

"Is it you?!" Drew exclaimed.

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

She left an unforgettable impression on him.

"Do you know me, handsome? But I don't know you," Yvonne slurred, her eyes cloudy from the alcohol. Her arms were wrapped around Drew's neck, and her warm breath tickled his neck. "But... I like your direct way of approaching me."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 837-Drew blinked his eyes frantically. He could feel his heart racing wildly. It was rare for his heart to beat so quickly, but the woman in his arms, with her restless eyes and limbs, stirred something within him.

It wasn't that he was attracted to her, but rather, this woman bore an uncanny resemblance to Bella. Holding onto this woman who was still trying to entice him, Drew found himself at a loss for words.

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

The alcohol and vigorous dancing had taken a toll on her, leaving her stomach churning with unbearable pain. "Sir, can you help me out? I can't hold it anymore." If it had been any other woman, Drew would have surely pushed her away, far from him, to avoid being vomited on.

However, because of her resemblance to Bella, he couldn't bring himself to refuse. With a firm grip, he effortlessly lifted Yvonne's soft waist and dutifully strode toward the restroom.

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

“Damn! That handsome guy is so strong! I wonder what it’s like to be in his arms!” “He’s like the ultimate ideal boyfriend!” “But hold up, don’t you guys think the woman he’s carrying looks a lot like... Bella Thompson, that heiress of the Thompson family? She’s “No way! You think it’s really her?! I noticed her as soon as she came in. That’s definitely Bella!” “What’s she doing here, though? I mean, she’s like royalty, right?”

Wouldn’t she have a whole squad of bodyguards with her? After all, her dad is Wyatt Thompson! I bet that girl is just a superfan of Bella. Maybe she even went for surgery to look like her.” 680 Drew couldn’t possibly barge into the women’s restroom, so he took Yvonne into the men’s restroom.

Unfortunately, there were two men in the middle of relieving themselves inside. Seeing Drew and the woman come in, they were unsure whether to finish up quickly or make a hasty retreat.

Drew kicked the door impatiently. “Done peeing? If you’re done, get out!” The two men hurriedly pulled up their pants and scurried away, quickly shutting the door behind them.

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

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

Once Yvonne had finished vomiting, she washed her face and rinsed. This face was so much like Bella’s, carefully chosen for her by Christopher.

Yvonne couldn’t help but feel a sharp pain in her chest, so she gently rubbed it and bit her lip with a bitter smile of self-mockery.

Drew’s voice interrupted her thoughts. “Done vomiting? Feeling better now?” “Ah!” Yvonne let out a small scream, her eyes widening. It was as if she didn’t notice his presence next to her all along.

“What’s wrong? I’m the one who brought you in here.” Drew crossed his arms, casting a playful glance at her. “Earlier, some girl made me bring her in here to vomit. After she’s done, she’s kicking me out. It looks like I was just being used.” “When did I ask you to bring me in here? This is the women’s restroom. You should leave immediately.” Yvonne responded. Her body was still swaying, but she kept her vigilance up.

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

Yvonne felt her cheeks flush, her heartbeat quickening slightly.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 838-Yvonne couldn't believe that she was feeling a subtle attraction toward another man other than Christopher.

"Look around you. Does this look like the women's restroom to you?" Drew smirked, his lips curling. "You're the one who should leave, miss." Yvonne's face flushed even more at his remark, and she lowered her gaze, ready to leave. But Drew suddenly grabbed her wrist, swiftly pulling her back.

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

Drew's deep gaze locked onto hers, a playful glint in his eyes." Leaving so soon? You haven't even thanked me." "T-Thank you." Yvonne stammered, her breath becoming erratic.

Drew's warm breath brushed against her nose, softening her icy stare. "Has anyone ever told you that you resemble someone?" Yvonne's heart raced, trying hard to break free, but Drew held her tightly.

"You must be mistaken. I don't resemble anyone. I am just me." She inexplicably felt timid and insecure, like an imposter. This face was Bella Thompson's, the one Christopher cherished so deeply.

"Alright, then tell me, who are you?" Drew's, penetrating gaze shifted "Yvo-.." Before Yvonne could finish her sentence, her phone rang. She pulled it out and saw the caller ID on the screen, and her face immediately drained of color.

With all her might, she struggled to break free from Drew's embrace and dashed out of the door in a daze.

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

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

At that moment, a bodyguard approached her.

"Ms. Smith, the boss is waiting for you. Please come with me." "Okay..." At that moment, Yvonne was completely sober. With a tense expression, she walked heavily toward the black luxury car, where man she had longed for sat waiting.

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

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

"What did I tell you? I told you not to return to Savrow without my command. Have you forgotten so quickly?" "I-I'm sorry, Mr. Iverson. Ah!" The next moment, Yvonne felt her vision darken. A suffocating pain gripped her throat, making it impossible to breathe. Christopher's eyes gleamed with coldness as he lunged forward, grabbing Yvonne's neck and pinning her forcefully against the seat.

"Sorry? Is that all you can say? Do you have any idea how much trouble you have caused me with just one rash move?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 839-"Sorry..." Yvonne's face flushed bright red, her consciousness fading into a blur.

"I've told you before. This face of yours can only appear at specific times, hidden from the light of day! You are my secret trump card, and you belong to me. You must obey whatever I tell you to do. You have no right to flaunt yourself, let alone act recklessly!" Christopher's eyes were full of malice, his grip around her neck tightening as if he wanted to snap it for real.

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

"Mr. Iverson, Ms. Smith can't hold on much longer! Please spare her this time, on account of the loyalty she has shown you over the years!

She may have disobeyed your orders by coming back secretly, but it was to see you! Everything she does, she does for you. Please spare her just this once!" Christopher coldly stared at Yvonne's face, akin to a work of art.

exhaled a breath of stale air and released her.

Yvonne's body was drenched in sweat, her complexion shifting from red to pale as she gasped for breath. Her eyes were filled with tears as she looked at Christopher pleadingly. Despite enduring such pain, she didn't harbor any resentment toward him, only seeking to soothe his anger.

"I'm sorry... Mr. Iverson... I'm sorry... Yvonne clutched her neck in Christopher didn't even spare her a glance, retrieving a pristine handkerchief from his pocket. He wiped his hands and tossed the handkerchief out of the window with disgust. His eyes were filled with disdain. "You'll need to spend a fortune to take care of this face when you return. If it weren't for this face, I would have killed you long ago." Yvonne's heart felt like it was being stabbed repeatedly upon hearing Christopher's words, her body trembling. "Thank you... Thank you." Christopher lowered his gaze and asked in a deep voice, "Did a man touch you in the club?" "N-no... It was me. I accidentally bumped into

him. I had too much to drink and lost control. I've embarrassed myself." Yvonne's heart skipped a beat, hastily shifting all the blame onto herself.

Christopher gave her a cold glance and instructed Taylor, "Go and investigate who that man is. Check his identity and background." "Yes, Mr. Iverson." 16 [] 2 Yvonne's hands were tightly gripping her skirt. She felt somewhat sorry for that man. But she also knew that Christopher was th of person who considered his possessions sacred. If anyone els touched them, it was equivalent to stealing.

Didn't this indirectly prove that Christopher had a little bit of genu affection for her? Even if this trace of affection existed only becaus of Bella, there must be some affection, right?

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

At that moment, Drew strolled leisurely to the center of the alley, both hands in his pockets.

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

"Yvonne?".

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

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

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

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

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

"Let me go!" Roza's cries echoed in the air.

A cold, piercing voice cut through the commotion. "Let her go." Roza squinted her hazy eyes and lifted her gaze in astonishment to meet Axel's handsome yet angry face.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 840-For a moment, Roza felt both shocked and ashamed. She pursed her lips tightly, not daring to make a sound.

One of the men spoke in French to Axel. "Who are you? Get out of the way. This is none of your business!" Axel replied in fluent French, with a smirk. "If I were blind, then it wouldn't be my business. But now that I see it, it's my business." 'Damn! This bastard's French is so good!' Roza thought to herself, secretly amazed.

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

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

"I'm your father," Axel replied in Italian, his handsome features turning cold. "Don't test my patience. Let her go!" "Bodyguards!" The man roared angrily, and several bodyguards ran over from the other end of the corridor. It was clear that these two men had significant status, given the number of people guarding them outside.

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

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

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

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

"Axel, don't worry about me anymore!" At that moment, Roza focused on Axel's safety above her own. Her voice strained with urgency as she shouted, "You need to get out of here... Leave before anything else happens!" "Then I'm taking you with me. I can't leave behind a woman who can't fend for herself!" Axel clenched his fists, his gaze fierce, and charged directly at the two men who were restraining Roza.

At the same time, all the bodyguards rushed forward!

"No!" Roza watched in horror as Axel became the primary target of everyone's aggression. Her complexion was drained of color. Her heart was pounding so hard that it felt like it would burst out of her chest!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 841

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 841-Suddenly, there was a loud bang!

“Ugh!” A groan came from behind Axel. The bodyguard, who was sneaking up on him, was struck in the head by a flying trash can and collapsed instantly.

The sudden turn of events left everyone else in shock, and no one dared to come closer.

“Ax! Why didn’t you react quicker?” Axel turned around and saw Drew approaching them, hands nonchalantly tucked into his pockets, shaking his head.

Axel thought, ‘Damn, this kid really scared me with the trash can he kicked over.’ Roza grabbed Axel’s suit jacket with both hands. She slowly opened her reddened eyes and looked deeply into his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Axel lowered his eyes to meet her burning gaze. His heart skipped a beat and pounded fiercely in his chest.

“I’m fine. Let’s get out of here,” Axel insisted.

But their escape was halted as the bodyguards surrounded them. They threatened, “Stop! You hit our boss, so none of you will be leaving here!” Drew intervened, “Hey, hey, those two idiots molested my sister-in-law. We were already being nice by hitting

you. Consider yourselves lucky that I didn't stuff your heads in the trash. How dare you still make a scene?" 'Sister-in-law?!' Roza's eyes widened. She nervously bit her crimson lips, her cheeks flushing even redder.

Axel was also taken aback, but then he thought about it. Regardless of whether Roza was Drew's sister-in-law, wasn't Drew indirectly acknowledging him as a big brother?

That alone felt like a big win for Axel "Ax, you take her and leave first. I'll take care of things here." Drew's eyes flashed with a fierce light. He twisted his neck and cracked his knuckles, ready to roll up his sleeves and get to work.

Since his return to Savrow, he has been feeling bored for days. Now, he was finally able to enjoy his favorite activity, so he was excited.

"Are you sure?" Axel asked, worried.

"A man can't say he's not sure of himself." Drew whistled lightly and looked at Roza playfully, who was trembling in Axel's arms. "If you don't trust me, how about you stay, and I'll take my sister-in-law away?" "Goodbye!" Without saying another word, Axel picked up Roza and dashed off.

"Damn it! What happened to 'bros before hoes'? When I get back, I'm going to tell Asher and Bella!" Drew cursed at Axel's back, though a smile betrayed his amusement.

After leaving the bar, Axel hailed a taxi and carried the already weak Roza inside.

Roza grabbed Axel's arm, her thin red dress already soaked with sweat. "Can your friend handle them alone? Let's call the police!" "He's not my friend. He's my brother Bella's fourth brother." Axel's eyes were calm. He took off his suit jacket to drape over Roza.

"Don't worry, even if there were ten more of those scumbags, they wouldn't stand a chance against him. He ate too much tonight. Just think of it as some exercise for him to work off all those calories." "That's Master's fourth brother?" Roza was stunned. "No wonder... He resembles Master... But why don't you look anything like him?"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 842-"We are quadruplets. I'm the second oldest among them, and I resemble my eldest brother. My third and fourth brothers resemble each other, and they both take after my mother." Axel would usually never bring up family matters with others. But for some reason, he wanted to answer Roza's curiosity. At the same time, he used this to distract her attention from the previous incident.

Roza's eyes lit up. "Oh... Then it seems my master got an equal balance of both her mother's and Chairman Thompson's features. Máster is really lucky, getting the best of both worlds." Axel couldn't help but smile at that.

He noticed how thin Roza was, even more so than Bella. Her beautiful, slender shoulders made her look like a clothes hanger. But where there should be flesh, there was no shortage at all.

Somehow, Axel felt a little bit of pity for her. His hand on her shoulders slowly tightened.

“Who were those two people who bullied you? How did you end up with them?” Roza suddenly shook her shoulders, her delicate body leaning back. Her eyes deliberately avoided his concerned gaze. “They are people I met in the business. I didn’t have much contact with them before, so I didn’t know they were such rude people.” Axel asked anxiously. “Business? I heard from Bella that you’re a fashion designer. Don’t you just stay in the studio to sketch and sew?”

Chapter 842 Is it necessary to mingle in such a setting?” 1 214 Roza coldly raised her eyebrows. “Oh? So, you think designers are just sewing machines? Don’t we need to promote our brand and expand our channels?” “So you just drank with those two men until you were drunk? Didn’t you realize their dirty thoughts towards you?” Axel became even more anxious, his eyes turning red.

He stared straight at her and asked, “How can a girl like you have no situational awareness at all? Or are you willing to do anything for your brand?” “Yes, after all, I have no one to rely on. I can only rely on myself.” Roza felt inexplicably bitter and turned her face away, not looking at him.

Seeing her nonchalant attitude, Axel was furious and pushed her down on the car seat. “Rely on yourself? How? By selling your smile and time?” “That’s not something for you to worry about.” Roza clenched her teeth. The light in her eyes dimmed somewhat.

“Do you know what would have happened if I had come a step later Aren’t you afraid at all? Do you want me to be the prosecutor in a case where the victim is you?!” “I don’t want to know. Besides, you’re here now. Even if you hadn’t come, I would have found a way to escape.” Roza bitterly pursed her lips, her clearly visible knuckles lightly pressing on Axel’s chest. She mercilessly pushed him away, saying, “ Chapter 842 3/4 Next time you see me, remember to stay away so you don’t get into trouble.” “You! You’re simply unreasonable!” Axel was so angry that fumes were coming out of his ears. He stared at her with eyes that were completely red.

“Miss, please listen to him. I’ve been working around this nightclub for more than two years now. I’ve seen many girls who have been drunk and taken away!” The driver advised kindly, “Your boyfriend is also doing this for your own good. Young lady, you shouldn’t come to places like this.” Axel and Roza spoke in unison. “It’s none of your business! Don’t talk nonsense!” “Alright, alright... You two are just having a lover’s quarrel.” The driver excused himself and then asked, “Hey, since you’ve quarreled and fought, where do you want to go next?” “I...” Before Roza could speak, Axel preemptively gave an address.

“Where are you taking me?” Roza asked in a hurry.

“My home.” “Axel! You’re out of line! How dare you take me to your house?” Roza’s face blushed with a mixture of embarrassment and anger.

If it weren’t for the fact that he had saved her, she would have considered punching him in the head.

“Those two men tonight are quite powerful. Until Drew deals with them, I can’t let you go back alone. You could be followed, and your safety is at risk,” Axel explained urgently.

With a sudden move, Axel grabbed her wrist tightly, holding it like a pair of handcuffs. “Anyway, you’re not leaving my sight tonight. I’m in charge of your safety!”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 843-Back at the nightclub, Drew had already dealt with the two lewd men, including the group of weak bodyguards. He had beaten them up and locked them in the bathroom of the private room. He also hung a ‘Do Not Disturb’ sign outside the private room.

Unfortunately, they were no match for him. To Drew, they were barely enough as a warm-up. Besides, he couldn’t afford to create much of a commotion, so he decided to end it quickly. After all, he was in Savrow. He couldn’t act like he was abroad and still needed to be careful with his identity and not be too high-profile.

As Drew left the nightclub, he received a call from Axel.

With a lazy yawn, Drew answered, “I’ve taken care of the trouble, Ax. You can rest assured and enjoy your time with your little girlfriend. They won’t be causing any more trouble.” “She’s not my girlfriend. Stop talking nonsense!” Axel was obviously not in a good mood. His voice carried a hint of resentment.

“Tsk tsk! Do you think I’m blind or dumb? Normally, you wouldn’t even bat an eye when girls threw themselves at you. But tonight, you actually played the hero for a girl who knew your name and practically threw herself into your arms. There’s definitely something going on between you two.” Drew teased. “There’s no shame in being in a relationship. Do you want to be labeled as an old bachelor?” “Drew, do me a favor.” Axel took a deep breath. “Go check out the background of those two men who caused trouble for Roza tonight. I’ve only solved half of the problem, and I’m worried they might target Chapter 843 her again in a few days.” 2/3 “I’ve already thought of your concerns and looked into them. It turns out that they don’t have much influence in Savrow. They’re just some high-level executives from a foreign construction company.” “Construction company?” “Yeah, your little girlfriend has quite a diverse business connection.” Drew smirked. “Tonight, I’ll have some gossip to share with Bella!” “If you don’t want to worry Bella, don’t say a word about tonight’s events to her.” Axel’s voice grew stern. “Roza is Bella’s best friend. If you tell her about this, it will only make her worry, and she won’t be able to sleep well.” Drew was shocked and teased Axel. “Good

on you for strengthening their bond!” “Go to hell! I’m hanging up!” Axel snapped before abruptly ending the call.

Drew chuckled and retrieved an ultra-thin, palm-sized computer from his pocket. Such cutting-edge technology was almost impossible to get in Savrow and was reserved for high-level special agents like them.

On the device, Drew could access various information, including car license plate numbers.

After a quick search, he found the answer.

“A car registered under the Iverson Group? Interesting.” Looking at the investigation results Drew thought about the woman who bore a striking resemblance to Bella. His eyes narrowed slightly.” Ms. Smith, who are you really working for? James Iverson? Charles Iverson? Or Christopher Iverson?” Meanwhile, Roza was forcibly taken back to Axel’s house in Savrow.

To her surprise, despite being an heir of the KS Group, Axel didn’t reside in a lavish villa. Instead, he lived in a small apartment, simply decorated and far from extravagant, which astonished Roza.

“You can stay in this room,” Axel informed her, gesturing toward a designated space. “There’s a bathroom inside, and my pajamas are in the wardrobe. If you don’t mind, you can stay here for the night.” “Why are you so insistent that I stay here?” Roza was very helpless.

“Because you are Bella’s best friend, so I can’t just let you leave without knowing you’ll be safe,” Axel said.

“Master, she...” “Don’t worry, I won’t mention tonight’s events to Bella. I don’t want h to worry more than you do.” Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 844-After hearing that, Roza felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Over the years, Bella has become more than just a beacon of hope during tough times. She was not only a friend but also family to Roza.

Roza did not want to burden Bella or add to her troubles.

Just then, Roza’s phone rang. She glanced at the screen, and her expression immediately darkened. Her knuckles turned white as she clenched the phone tightly.

Axel clearly sensed that her mood had turned sour, so he tactfully left the room and closed the door behind him. However, instead of leaving immediately, he lingered outside, trying to eavesdrop on the muffled sounds from within.

He knew it wasn't entirely ethical to eavesdrop, but for some reason, he felt a strong urge to look out for Roza. Besides, he couldn't shake the feeling that Roza hadn't been completely honest with him from the start. As a seasoned prosecutor, Axel developed a keen eye and easily saw through her little tricks at a glance.

In the room, Roza hesitated for a while before answering, breathing heavily.

"Dad." "What happened tonight?" Her father's voice came from the other end of the phone, without any warmth or emotion. It was just the usual questioning, tinged with anger.

"There was a situation, so the drinking session ended early." "What situation? Can't you distinguish your priorities?" At this moment, a woman's sharp voice came from the other end. It was Roza's stepmother. "Heh, I told you already. How could she help you with anything? That daughter of yours is already doing you a service if she doesn't squander all your money." Roza clenched her fists tightly, her face as pale as paper.

There was one thing that no one else knew, not even Bella. Roza was the illegitimate daughter of Cole Walker, the Chairman of Walker Corporation, but the Walker family had never acknowledged her identity.

When Roza was sixteen, she was raped by her father's friend. In a fit of anger, her mother stabbed the man to death. The Walker family was afraid of the scandal spreading, so they hired the best lawyers to help her mother with the lawsuit. Thus, her mother was spared from prison and sent to a psychiatric hospital instead.

Over the years, the Walkers held this secret over Roza, manipulating her at every opportunity. Despite Roza's success as a fashion designer, she remained under the Walkers' control.

Roza's stepmother, Regina, had a son and a daughter. Her son was the heir of Walker Corporation, and her daughter was the apple of their eye.

As for Roza, she had always been a mere pawn to the Walker family, or perhaps even less than that. To them, she was simply a tool to be used.

In order to get away from the Walker family, Roza came out on her own, never asking the Walker family for a single penny. She struggled in the design world under tremendous pressure and made a name for herself. Despite all that, she was still unable to completely control her own life.

"Where are you now?!" Cole Walker asked sternly.

"I'm at a friend's place." "Tomorrow, you are coming with me to apologize to the two CEOs in person. Make sure to prepare two generous gifts!" Roza's stomach churned at the memory of being coerced into drinking by the two older men, who had even attempted to molest her.

She gritted her teeth and replied, "I'm not going. If you want to go, go by yourself." "What did you say?!" Cole was furious. "You caused such a big mess tonight, and they got hurt because of you! How can you not come out to solve it?!" "That's right!" Regina also chimed in. "Roza, you should know that if this deal doesn't go through, the Walker family will lose a \$300 million project! How are you going to make up for this? Are you going to use your life to make up for it?!" "I will find a way to compensate for the loss suffered by the Walker family." Regina didn't hide her mockery. "Compensate? How exactly do you plan to do that? Are you going to use the money you earn from selling clothes?" From the other end of the phone, there was a peal of laughter coming from someone else. Roza immediately recognized that it was her half-sister, Wendy Walker. That evil girl had never missed an opportunity to mock her ever since they were young.

Chairman Walker's voice thundered through the phone. "Come home right now!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 845-"I won't go back, and I won't go see them tomorrow either! Do you know that they almost assaulted me tonight?" Roza's voice choked several times.

There was a heavy silence on the other end.

After a while, Cole changed his tone, but his words cut deeper. "Roza, I know you're in a difficult situation. But now the Walker family is in trouble, and as a daughter of the Walker family, it's only natural for you to make some sacrifices for the family, right? Your sister is about to marry the second son of Chairman Sully from North City. She has made plenty of sacrifices for our family too!" Roza's eyes welled up with tears, and she asked each word carefully, "Did you know all along that those two men had bad intentions toward me?" Cole remained silent.

Roza cried out in anger and despair. "You knew everything, but you made me go see them... Is this how you push your own daughter into the lion's den?" Standing outside the door, Axel could not hear much, but he heard this sentence clearly.

Piecing together the fragments of information he had gathered earlier, Axel felt a sharp pain in his heart and was filled with intense anger. His fists tightened, and his knuckles turned white.

He thought, 'What kind of evil family was this? What parents would Chapter 845 subject their daughter to such cruelty?' After a while, the room fell silent.

Axel took a deep breath, growing increasingly concerned. He knocked on the door gently, but Roza didn't respond to him at all. He couldn't help but worry, so he pushed open the door.

"Roza?" Axel called out. As he entered, he froze in shock. Roza was lying motionless on the ground, unconscious.

Axel quickly rushed forward to check on her condition and realized she was experiencing a sudden cardiac arrest. Panic surged through him.

"Hold on! Roza!" He performed chest compressions on her, but Roza remained unresponsive.

"Roza... Roza..." Axel looked at Roza's lips, which were gradually turning gray, like withered rose petals. He then leaned down quickly to lock lips with her and blew his breath into her mouth.

Axel's breath mingled in her mouth as he desperately tried to revive her. His heart pounded loudly in his chest throughout the ordeal.

After a while, Roza slowly opened her eyes. Subconsciously, she reached out her slender arms and hooked them around Axel's neck.

Caught off guard, Axel lost his balance and fell on top of her.

"Um..." Chapter 845 Roza's eyes shimmered with tears. Her expression was both pitiful and affectionate. Unintentionally, she tugged at Axel's heartstrings.

As her lips regained their color, they parted slightly. Then she kissed Axel's lips tenderly. At that moment, any resistance Axel had crumbled away.

Axel grabbed the back of her head with one hand, and his breath became heavier. Her sweet breath, accompanied by a faint smell of alcohol, enveloped him and stirred something deep within his soul.

He didn't know how everything had turned out like this tonight. But one thing was certain-he didn't want to break the kiss. He didn't want it to end.

Act Fast: Free Bonus Time is Running Out!

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 846-Roza's sudden heart attack was no small matter. Axel immediately rushed her to the hospital and informed Bella regarding her condition.

He understood Bella's fiery temperament very well. Concealing the truth from Bella any longer would have created a rift in their relationship.

The next morning, Bella and Steven rushed back from Hatchbay to Savrow and headed to the hospital, where Roza was admitted.

“Ax! What happened? How could Roza have a heart attack?!” Bella’s voice quivered with emotion, tears brimming in her eyes.

“The doctor mentioned that Roza’s body is weak, and she has a heart condition, but it’s not too serious.” ‘Heart condition...?’ Bella trembled upon hearing this, and Steven quickly moved to support her, sensing her distress.

A wave of unease washed over Bella. Roza was not just her apprentice but also her best friend. Yet she had been completely unaware of Roza’s health condition. She felt a pang of guilt for failin as a mentor.

Axel’s mind raced back to Roza’s abnormal family dynamic, his fists clenching involuntarily. He said hoarsely, “She suffered a sudden heart attack due to excessive emotional distress. Fortunately, I was there at the time. Otherwise, the consequences would have been unimaginable.” After he sent Roza to the hospital, Axel called Bella and gave her a Chapter 846 brief explanation of how the two of them had met. But he didn’t tell Bella about the conflict between Roza and her family.

2/3 “Emotional distress? Why was she so emotional?” Bella’s curiosity prodded her to delve deeper into the situation. In her mind, Roza had always seemed carefree and indifferent, as if nothing could faze her.

Why would she be under such pressure?

“Bella, let’s wait until Roza wakes up. It’s better she explains it herself,” Axel suggested, his mind momentarily drifting back to their shared moment. His cheeks heated up at the memory, and his thoughts became somewhat clouded.

Steven’s curiosity got the better of him. “Young Master Axel, were you with Ms. Walker all night last night? Did you take her home with you?” Bella’s gossip-loving nature flared up instantly. After all, her brother, who had been single for 30 years, had never once brought a woman home! Wasn’t he supposed to be allergic to women?

“Yeah,” Axel confessed frankly. “The situation was dire last night. I took her home because I was worried she would be bothered by those bad guys again.” “Ax, what happened then?” Bella’s excitement bubbled over as sh shook Axel’s arm eagerly, pressing for more details. “What else happened between you two? Come on, spill the tea!” “You nosy little girl! What’s with all these questions?” Axel gently flicked her forehead, pretending to appear nonchalant. However, his heart was racing inexplicably fast.

He didn’t know whether Roza remembered their kiss that had left him confused and smitten last night. He thought to himself, ‘When she Chapter 846 wakes up, will she

remember me?' 3/3 Just then, the door to the ward swung open, and a nurse emerged. "The patient is awake." Without hesitation, Bella hurriedly pushed the door open and darted inside worriedly. Steven stood outside the door, watching Axel's face gradually turn red. He asked in surprise, "Mr. Axel, are you having a fever?" "Huh?" Axel snapped out of his daze, startled.

"Your face is so red. Are you okay?" Axel hurriedly assured Steven, a nervous smile playing on his lips. Oh, no, I'm fine." Steven cleared his throat lightly, a knowing smile tugging at the corners of his mouth, but he said nothing else.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 847-In the hospital ward, Roza lay weakly on the bed, hooked to an IV drip. The morning sunlight fell on her, highlighting her beautiful face.

"Roza..." Bella's voice was gentle, her eyes welling up with tears as she looked at her frail apprentice. It was hard to reconcile this image with the carefree and cheerful Roza she knew.

"Master... Master?" Roza froze instantly, quickly tucking her hand with the needle still in it under the blanket.

"What's going on?!" Bella hurriedly took a seat beside the bed, reaching out to hold Roza's hand. She asked with concern, "How did this happen? Who bullied you?" Roza hesitated, unsure of how to respond. After a while, she said, "I'm just dizzy due to low blood sugar. It's not a big deal." "You're still not telling me the truth now? Don't you know you have a heart condition? How long do you plan on hiding it from me?!" Bella's anger flared. Her face flushed with fury as she squeezed Roza's hand firmly.

"My brother said you received a call last night, and after answering it, you fainted due to emotional distress. Who called you? What did they say? Also, what happened at the nightclub last night?" Bella's questions hit all the sore spots. Her sharp intuition cut through Roza's excuses..

Roza frantically blinked, and her fingers tightened slightly in Bella's palm. "Master, I didn't mean to hide it from you. But I hope you can give me some personal space. Let me have a little secret of my own." "No! No! No!" Bella's heart swelled with indignation. Her eyes were ablaze with anger. "What stupid secret? You're obviously being bullied, and you're hiding it from me! I believe in revenge. Whoever dares harm someone close to me, I will pay it back to them a hundredfold! You're my beloved apprentice, so how can I just sit idly and watch you get bullied?" "You can't control this!" Roza's chest heaved intensely. This was the first time she had spoken to Bella in such a fierce tone. "I'm begging you. Please don't meddle in my affairs!" Bella's expression froze, and the light in her eyes slowly dimmed.

Leaving the ward, Bella looked pale. But Bella, being stubborn, felt even more compelled to understand what was happening the more Roza hid it from her. No matter

what, Bella had to stand up for her apprentice!

Bella asked Steven to stay and settle some things while she and Axel went to the cafe across the street from the hospital.

“Bella, I think Roza has some family issues. I don’t know if she has mentioned it to you before,” Axel said, lowering his gaze. He knew Bella had a sweet tooth and gently placed a cube of sugar in her coffee, adding a touch of sweetness.

“No, Roza only said her mother was back in her hometown and that she wasn’t in great health. Other than that, Roza has never mentioned anything to me.” Bella replied, taking a deep breath. “She’s my most trusted friend, so I never considered investigating her background.” “It’s not investigating, but rather understanding. You can only help her once you fully understand her pain.” Axel explained, his gaze flickering as he retrieved a file from his phone and placed it in front of Bella. “Sorry, Bella, I investigated Roza without telling you. Don’t be angry.” How could Bella be angry? She was even secretly happy. Her brother had always only cared about his cases and her matters. It was surprising to see him devoting his energy to Roza this time.

Bella thought, ‘Does it mean that I’m about to gain a sister-in-law soon?’ Axel revealed. “Roza is the daughter of Cole Walker, the chairman of Walker Corporation.” “Walker Corporation? I’ve heard of it. It’s not a big company, but it’s quite famous in Savrow’s real estate industry,” Bella commented.

In order to take over the Thompson family business, Bella maintained a good understanding of the domestic business scene, especially the bigwigs in Savrow.

“But if I remember correctly, Cole Walker only has a son and a daughter, who are both quite high-profile, so I have an impression of them. How is Roza his daughter?” Axel’s eyes darkened. “Roza is his illegitimate daughter, but this has never been exposed.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 848-“What?” Bella exclaimed, abruptly standing up from her chair. She stared at Axel in disbelief. “Roza is Cole Walker’s illegitimate daughter?” “It is understandable why she chose to hide her background from you,” Axel remarked, feeling uneasy as he observed Roza’s background check.

Compared to those who openly expressed their sadness and misfortune, Axel felt more pity for those like Roza, who kept everything hidden inside.

“Roza... She’s really foolish,” Bella muttered, feeling like her heart had been torn apart.

“The two men that Roza drank with last night were high-ranking executives of a foreign construction company. They had business dealings with the Walker family. Piecing together the conversation between Roza and her father last night, I’m guessing it was all arranged by the Walker family.” “Unbelievable! How could he make his own daughter accompany clients for business like a mere escort? Cole Walker is a heartless monster!

Has he lost his mind?" Bella slammed the table fiercely, causing her coffee to spill from the cup, her eyes ablaze with fury.

"Ax, I'll handle this matter. Promise me you will take care of Roza for the next few days until she recovers.

"Axel was stunned for a moment and didn't immediately respond.

Bella glared at him with her beautiful eyes. "Can you do it or not?" Axel quickly agreed. "Yes, whatever you ask, I'll do it. Of course, I can." "What? Now that you know Roza is an illegitimate daughter, are you disturbed by her background?" Axel's face turned red, feeling a bit flustered. "What are you talking about? Am I that kind of snobbish person?" Just then, Asher called Bella on the phone, saying. "Bella, Justin will attend a business conference tonight. You can meet him there." "Got it," Bella replied lightly.

"Bella, you can ask to meet him privately." Asher paused and said sincerely, "Although you can't be husband and wife, nor friends, you don't have to avoid him forever. Just meet him once." "I don't want to meet him privately." Bella did not know why she was a little afraid of seeing Justin. She whispered, "Ash, I would like Arnold to see Justin and schedule the treatment if possible. Once Justin has recovered completely, we can stop having any contact with each other." Axel returned to the ward, finding Roza standing by the window with her back to him as she spoke on the phone.

"I've done enough for the Walker family over the years. What more do you want from me? Do you want me to sell my blood and my body before you're satisfied?" Roza struggled to suppress the trembling anger in her voice, sweating profusely.

Suddenly, her phone was snatched away from her grip. Axel had taken advantage of her momentary distraction to snatch her phone away.

Roza lifted her tear-streaked face in astonishment and saw Axel's remarkably handsome profile. His righteous look inexplicably gave her an unprecedented sense of security from deep within her heart.

"Hello." Axel's voice was icy.

Cole asked, surprised. "Who... Who are you?" "With your status, you're not worthy of knowing who I am." Axel sneered. "But let me remind you that what you're doing is illegal. You're violating a woman's will, and can sue you at any time." "Sue me?! Haha. Who do you think you are? Do you even know who I am?" Cole laughed in anger. He didn't take Axel seriously, thinking he was just a naive youngster that came out of nowhere.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 849-If Cole had known that the person he was talking to was none other than Wyatt Thompson's second son and Bella Thompson's second brother, he would probably regret what he said.

Axel said, lifting his chin with a sardonic smile. "There's no need for you to brag here. If you ever lay a finger on Roza again, you'll find out how I'll deal with you." No one could outmatch the Thompson family in terms of arrogance.

"You punk!" Cole was furious and yelled, "Who the hell do you think you are?" Axel gathered all his courage and proceeded to wrap his hands around Roza's shoulder, pulling her into his embrace.

Roza was caught off guard and stumbled into his arms, unable to move for a moment, feeling confused.

"I'm Roza's boyfriend." Axel declared before abruptly hanging up the phone, not giving Cole a chance to answer.

It suddenly felt awkward, as Axel and Roza were at a loss for words.

Axel let out an awkward cough and attempted to justify himself. "Sorry, don't misunderstand this. I got carried away by the conversation." "I'm not misunderstanding it. No matter how I look at it, I'm the one who got all the benefits." Roza smiled bitterly.

Roza was convinced that Axel's actions were primarily for Bella's sake, not out of genuine care for her. She didn't want to be delusional and think that someone from a prestigious family like the Thompsons would ever truly care for her, especially now that her identity as Cole Walker's illegitimate daughter was no longer hidden.

Axel hesitated, gazing at her intently before softly asking, "Last night... We... Uh..." "About last night, thank you. If it weren't for you, I'd probably be dead by now," Roza expressed her gratitude sincerely.

Axel probed, feeling a bit anxious. "No, I mean... Us... That... You really don't remember anything at all?" Roza looked at him with a puzzled expression, unable to recall anything.

Axel's heart sank as he realized she truly had no memory of the events. He couldn't help but feel like he had been taken advantage of.

Roza cleared her throat awkwardly. "Can you let go of me?" Roza blushed slightly, feeling embarrassed by the intimate contact.

Axel's heart raced, and he quickly released her.

Roza covered her chest as she slowly returned to the bedside and sat down.

Looking at Roza's thin and slender back made Axel's heart throb. He approached her gently and asked, "Would you like something to eat?" "I want some instant noodles,"

Roza replied, meeting his gaze. When she was feeling down, she always found comfort in a warm bowl of instant noodles.

“Alright, I’ll make it for you.” Axel rolled up his sleeves and thought to himself that she was easy to please, satisfied with just a bowl of noodles.

Roza grabbed his hand and added, “Can you add a soft-boiled egg?” Axel smiled warmly, agreeing, “Of course, I’ll add two for you.”

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 850-The Salvador Hotel was hosting the cocktail party at 7:00 p.m.

Right after the business conference, the bigwigs and elites of Savrow’s business scene hurried to the hotel to join in on the festivities.

Bella sped through the streets in her black Bugatti, with Arnold in the passenger seat. He clung to the car door tightly with his gaze fixed ahead, too afraid to utter a single word during the journey. He feared that if he opened his mouth, his last meal would come out of it.

As they arrived at the hotel, Bella expertly maneuvered her car into a parking spot, smoothly drifting into place.

“Get out,” Bella instructed as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

But Arnold remained motionless, his face pale as a sheet of paper.

Bella blinked her almond-shaped eyes and waved her hand in front of him. “Hey, what’s wrong? Are you scared?” “I... Feel like... I’m going to... Throw up.” Arnold managed to stammer out those words. His face turned purple, and his body felt strange.

“Oh!” Bella exclaimed before promptly kicking him out with one foot. “If you’re going to puke, do it outside! Don’t you dare puke in my car!” The moment Arnold opened the car door, he couldn’t hold it in any longer and vomited. As a young master from a prestigious family, this marked his first time experiencing such an embarrassing moment.

Fortunately, Asher wasn’t around. Otherwise, Arnold would have died of embarrassment. After emptying his stomach, Arnold weakly Meaned against the car door, panting heavily. He shot Bella a glare. “Are all Thompsons insane? Why would you drive like you’re flying a plane?” “Look at you. Who would have thought a grown man like you would be carsick?” Bella remarked, shaking her head with crossed arms. “My driving skills are top-notch, like a pro racer. If you can’t handle this, that’s on you.” With that, she handed him a bottle of water, showing some consideration.

Arnold rinsed his mouth and drank water, taking some time to calm down.

“Hey, don’t forget what you promised me.” “I won’t forget.” Bella looked at him with a fake smile and said, “Cure Justin, and I’ll set up a meeting with Dr. Brown for you. I always keep my promises.” If Arnold were to discover that the woman standing before him and manipulating him like a puppet was none other than his idol, Dr.

Brown, he might feel utterly betrayed.

Just then, a black Bentley drove past them, catching Bella’s attention.

The license plate seemed oddly familiar to her.

The Bentley was parked not far away, and the driver got out to open the door.

The two people who stepped out of it were very familiar to Bella. It ” was none other than her second uncle, Cameron, and her cousin, Cecily.

“Dad, how do I look tonight?” Cecily asked her father eagerly.

Cecily wore a pink off-the-shoulder evening gown and clutched a silver handbag studded with diamonds. Her long hair flowed down her shoulders, exuding elegance and beauty.

However, Bella could tell at a glance that Cecily’s dress was an imitation. There was no way that a famous designer brand would ever lend a genuine dress to a so-called “heiress” with neither influence nor social status. Wouldn’t that be self-sabotage?

Cameron praised his daughter without hesitation. “You look absolutely fabulous! My Cecily is truly stunning! Tonight, you will definitely become the center of attention!” Cecily hadn’t even stepped inside yet, but she was already bubbling with excitement.

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