

## Heiress 690

### Chapter 690

Asher's expression turned serious as he patted Axel on the shoulder.

"However, when you mention Justin's name in front of Bella in the future, don't overemphasize his nickname, Jerkface Justin. Be mindful of your words."

Axel realized what Asher meant, and a mix of emotions stirred within him. He nodded in understanding.

On the second floor of the KS World Hotel, Christopher stood at the railing, overlooking the hurried figures of Wyatt and Nigel below. The mirrored gaze in his eyes swept across with a chilling gloom.

"Mr. Iverson."

His secretary approached from behind, leaning in to speak in a hushed tone. "I've found out. Ms. Bella almost got attacked by a t in the parking lot while protecting Madam Celeste. But Justin Salvador suddenly appeared and took a blow to his head."

Christopher furrowed his brows.

"His head... My goodness, he really is daring! Has he been practicing the Iron Head technique?" The secretary shuddered at the thought.

“Say what you need to say, and keep quiet about what you shouldn’t.”

Christopher coldly reprimanded him

The secretary was petrified, tightly sealing his lips.

“What happened next? Did he collapse on the spot?” Christopher asked with a dark tone.

“No... But he fell into a severe coma because his head was bleeding heavily.”

“What about Bella?”

The secretary nervously swallowed. “Ms. Thompson went to the hospital with him...”

“Good... Very good. Hahaha!” A cold, eerie laughter emerged from Christopher. The corners of his

eyes reddened. His smile turned sinister, looking like a wild beast on the verge of losing control.

‘Justin, I love it when someone plays with me. Are you really willing to go to such lengths for Bella and

repeatedly play the victim card to gain her sympathy? I’ll let you revel in your triumph for a moment.

Soon, I will make all your efforts go down the drain. As long as I live you will never be able to win back

Bella’s heart!’

Justin was rushed into the emergency room at the Thompsons’ hospital for treatment. Wyatt and Asher

personally assisted Nigel, hastily making their way to the hospital with their entourage.

“Justin! Justin! My grandson!”

Worried for his grandson, the elderly man stumbled along the way. If it weren't for the support of the Thompson father and son, Nigel probably would not have been able to take a single step.

“Old Master Nigel, rest assured! This hospital has the best doctors and the most advanced medical equipment in our group. I've also instructed Asher to notify them to get an expert to consult on Justin's condition. We'll come up with a solution that will work. Your grandson will be fine!” Wyatt was anxious too, but he tried his best to reassure Nigel.

“How did he end up like this...? How did he turn out like this?!” Nigel sank into a chair, his heart heavy.

Tears of deep sorrow welled up in his glassy eyes. “My dear grandson... You must hold on!”

“Grandpa...”

Hearing the voice, everyone turned around. Bella, looking disheveled, rushed over. She walked over to

Nigel and knelt on one knee before him.

“Grandpa Nigel...”

Nigel was taken aback by her pale face and red eyes.

“Grandpa Nigel, I’m sorry...”

Bella felt like her throat was being strangled. After a moment, she spoke softly, full of guilt. “Justin is only like this because of me.”