

# The Divorced Heiress's Revenge Chapter 15

## Chapter 15

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Justin sat tiredly in the back seat as the luxury car drove toward Tideview Manor.

“Mr. Salvador, I have dealt with the people who defamed the young madam. Their accounts have been

blocked, and we have sued them. But the trending topic of your marital news couldn't be suppressed.”

Jan looked troubled.

Justin looked out the window with dark eyes.

On the way home, Justin had the impulse to contact Anna. But he recalled how badly their last conversation ended, and he felt somewhat embarrassed to go through Asher to talk to her again.

Even if she answered the call, what would he say?

Should he apologize for what happened today?

Justin could not bring himself to apologize, but he also felt guilty and suffocated.

When the Rolls-Royce was about to arrive at Tideview Manor, Justin suddenly frowned and said, Stop here.”

The driver stepped on the brakes and stopped on the side of the road.

Before Ian could ask anything, Justin opened the car door and stepped out.

He crossed the road and went straight to a retro-looking tailor shop.

Well-tailored suits were displayed at the translucent window, and a signboard hung overhead that read, “Wisteria’s”.

Justin suddenly remembered seeing this name on the gift box that Anna left behind, which held the

suit she made.

He pushed open the door and walked in. The wind chimes rang, and an old tailor came out.

“Sir, are you here to pick up clothes or looking to make clothes?”

Justin was in a daze for a moment. He asked after a short hesitation. “Did a woman in her twenties make a men’s suit at your place about a month ago?”

“Yeah! There was a young lady who came every day. I had a deep impression of her because she was

so skilled!”

The old tailor’s eyes lit up when he thought of Anna. “That girl is very talented in design as well. I’ve been doing this for 40 years, but to be honest, I can’t compare to her!”

“Did she come here every day back then?” Justin asked in a low voice as his throat tightened.

“Yes, she came on time every morning and worked on the suit until we closed in the evening. There

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“Yes, she came on time every morning and worked on the suit until we closed in the evening. There

were a few times I caught her resting on the table because she was so exhausted. Sometimes, she would even forget to drink water all day. That poor child.”

The old tailor recalled, “I asked her whether it was for her father or her boyfriend. She blushed and said it was for her husband. I didn’t expect her to be married at such a young age! I wonder who’s the lucky man!”

Husband.

This word was like a thorn in Justin’s heart.

“Her eyes sparkled when she talked about her husband. I think she must love her husband very much. Otherwise, she wouldn’t make everything from scratch, right? Every stitch was made with love. Oh, right. Who are you? How do you know about her?”

Justin’s Adam’s apple bobbed. Somehow, he blurted out, “I’m her husband.”

The old tailor was dumbfounded. He took a hard look at Justin and said, “Well, you two are the best- looking couple there is! What a perfect match!”

When Justin came out of the shop, the afterglow of the sunset shone on his face. Everything felt like a dream.

Anna had put him in this state.

Did she really love him?

But was she schizophrenic? If she loved him so much, how could she cut off all ties with him and

throw herself into the arms of another man?

Justin felt that his heart was empty. It was something he had never felt before.

“Mr. Salvador, why did you go to a tailor? You usually wear high-end brands. When did you change your taste?” Ian was completely oblivious.

“Nothing. Let’s go back.”

Suddenly, his phone vibrated.

Justin almost got PTSD from his phone today. He frowned and took it out to take a look, then heaved a sigh of relief.

It was a call from his best friend, Ryan Hoffman, heir to Hoffman Corporation.

“What’s up?”

“Let’s go out and celebrate tonight!” Ryan’s voice was cheery and playful.

“What are we celebrating?”

“Well, that depends on you. We can either celebrate your upcoming wedding or your divorce!”

“Get lost!”

“Haha! Just kidding! My new nightclub is opening today. Why don’t you come over to support me? You haven’t seen me in so long. Have you forgotten about me? Do you not love me anymore?”

Justin hesitated for a moment and took a deep breath.

“I’ll see you tonight.”

That night, Bella took charge and cooked a sumptuous dinner for Axel.

“Bella, you’re allergic to smoke. Although it’s not a severe allergy, you should avoid it as much as possible.” Axel looked at the table of delicious food and became concerned about Bella’s health.

“It’s okay. I’m used to it...” [1:

Only then did Bella realize that she had spilled the beans. She was so relaxed with her brother that she let down her guard.

“What the hell?! Have you been cooking for that jerk every day for the past three years?! I’ll fucking kill him!” Axel was so angry that he almost flipped the table.

“It’s nothing. It’s normal for a wife to cook for her husband. It doesn’t matter anymore. I won’t ever do such a thing again.”

Bella laughed heartily, but she could not hide the sadness and disappointment in her eyes.

Axel, who had always been a jokester, suddenly became serious. He walked up to her, opened his arms, and hugged his sister like an oyster shell protecting a pearl.

“Just treat the past three years as volunteering for a dog shelter. The four of us will pamper you for the rest of your life, Princess!”

At 9:00 p.m. sharp, Hoffman Corporation’s newly opened nightclub, ACE, was filled with celebrities. After all, everyone wanted to support Ryan Hoffman.

A global limited-edition Bugatti roared to a stop at the entrance to ACE.

Axel, who was in the passenger seat, was the first to get out. He was wearing casual attire, which was different from his usually meticulous and solemn getup when he went to work as a prosecutor. He looked young, handsome, and aristocratic.

At this time, the driver's door opened.

Bella put her hand on Axel's palm and stepped out of the car, revealing her long legs. Tonight, she wore a tight and sexy silver spaghetti-strap dress. It was dazzling in the dim light. Her long black hair was styled into big waves, and she wore a pair of unique diamond tassel earrings, which made her face glow.

Every guy standing outside the nightclub was drooling when they saw Bella.

Axel was so frightened that he pulled his sister closer and said, "OMG, I think your dress is too revealing. Look at them!"

"Is it? But I think I look pretty!" Bella raised her eyebrows charmingly.

"You are! But you're so pretty that I'm afraid these wolves will pounce on you and eat you if I'm not careful!"

"If anyone dares to pounce on me, I'll pluck out his teeth one by one!" Bella smiled deviously.

The nightclub was buzzing with excitement and adrenaline.

Axel did not dare sit at the bar with his sister, so he booked a booth and ordered a table of expensive alcohol. He sat there sternly to keep the lewd men away.

"Sigh... I regret coming with you, Ax. There are so many hotties here!"

Bella shook her wine glass and smiled dejectedly. "You really shouldn't be cockblocking me now that I'm divorced."

“What the hell! Bella! Getting divorced doesn’t mean that you’re not worth anything! Can you please stop coming to this sort of place to choose a man? You need to have higher standards!”

Axel sat closer to Bella because he could not stop the lustful gazes that were sizing her up.

At this moment, Ryan and Justin walked to the relatively quiet luxury booth on the second floor.

“Mr. Salvador, you’re dressed so meticulously in a suit.” Ryan sized Justin up, shaking his head. “Are you glued to your suit? You came here to have fun, not to discuss acquisitions!”

“Almost all the nightclubs in Savrow are losing money every year. Your place isn’t worth my money.”

Justin sat down gracefully.

“Haha! Do you think I’ll lose money?”

“Are you not losing money now?”

“I

am,

but I’m not afraid. All I have is money! Hahahaha!”

Ryan laughed heartily. He picked up the whiskey glass and scanned the crowd downstairs while drinking.

Suddenly, he squinted his eyes and exclaimed, “Damn! She’s fucking hot! She dresses like she owns the place!”

Justin had never been interested in women, but Ryan forced him to look.

When he saw who Ryan was referring to, Justin’s eyes darkened, and his blood boiled.

It was Anna Brown!

Who was the man next to her?

Asher Thompson?!