

Heiress's 186

Chapter 186

Bella's pretty face was covered in makeup to match her costume. She spun around slowly to look back at the audience, moving her slender waist gracefully. Her alluring cat eyes pierced through the audience's heart.

Bella danced and sang beautifully, captivating everyone at the party.

Justin stared at her blankly. He felt like they were worlds apart. He would have to transcend time and space, love and hate, to meet that beautiful lady on stage in this lifetime.

Bella's every smile and every frown made his world stop spinning.

"Anna... Is that really Anna?!"

Nigel was so excited that he gripped the armrest and sat up in shock. "Yes! That's Anna! Look at her little nose and little mouth... That's my dearest Anna!"

'Little nose and little mouth...' Justin suddenly fell back into his chair. His eyes were in a trance, and he felt a throbbing pain in his temples.

"Justin? What's wrong? You don't look so good." Ryan noticed something was wrong with Justin and asked with concern.

"I'm fine..." Justin rubbed his temples as his mind traveled back in time.

Why did he feel like he had heard Anna's name before? It seemed that he and Anna had met a long time ago.

Nigel asked for a performance of "O mio babbino caro".

In the past, Bella often brought her own costumes to visit Nigel. She would put on the costumes and show off her vocal skills by singing a short aria to entertain him.

Bella still remembered how Nigel teared up when he heard her singing opera for the first time. He was caught up in the beautiful memories of his late wife and unknowingly burst into tears, crying like a child.

Back then, Nigel's wife, Deborah, was a famous prima donna, and Nigel was her avid fan. He loved Deborah deeply and insisted on marrying her, regardless of the opposition from his family. In the end, Nigel and Deborah finally got married, creating a legendary love story.

Bella envied Nigel and Deborah's relationship. That was the kind of love that she wished to have.

However, it was not until Justin forced her to sign the divorce papers that Bella finally understood that her love was destined to end in tragedy the moment she fell in love with this

man 13 years ago.

Everyone paid close attention to the stage and stopped chatting to enjoy the performance.

"I just heard someone say that the performer is Mr. Salvador's ex-wife! That lady is truly multi-talented. In this day and age where pop culture is rampant, not many girls appreciate classical art as much as she does!"

"Tsk! Stop calling her Mr. Salvador's ex-wife. She's now Mr. Thompson's girlfriend!"

"Who knows if Mr. Salvador and Ms. Brown will get back together again? Didn't you see the way Mr. Salvador looked at her longingly? It's clear that he hasn't gotten over her yet!"

"How can one get over such a beautiful and talented woman? Even Old Master Nigel likes her. She's certainly a million times better than the other lady who bought the replica!"

Rosalind could hear the faint gossip around her and felt so resentful that she left the table angrily.

She found a hidden corner and stood there sulking, brewing a sinister plan.

Shannon urged Rosalind to attack Anna as soon as possible, but she was not so stupid as to let Shannon use her as a weapon. If Rosalind was discovered, she would lose everything.

Therefore, Rosalind must find someone to take the risk.

No one was a more suitable candidate than Bethany Salvador, the fool.

Thus, Rosalind sent a message to Bethany.

Not long after, Bethany walked over angrily, carrying her bulky dress.

“Hmph! That bitch, Anna! I didn’t expect her to be able to sing like that. How could she steal the limelight again?!”

“Don’t be mad, Bethany. So what if she can sing? Only a lowly person would be a performer. Even if she marries into a wealthy family, she won’t be able to change her lowborn roots. She can only stand on the stage to entertain elites like us.’

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Rosalind was rendered speechless earlier because of what Anna said in front of everyone. Now that she was alone with Bethany, she could comfort herself by slandering Anna.

“Rose, you’re right! Only lowly women perform on stage for the amusement of elites like us. She thinks she’s so talented, but in fact, she’s just embarrassing herself!”

“Bethany, do you want to get back at Anna for the way she treated us and vent your anger?” Rosalind asked in a low voice.

“Of course! I really want to rip off her head and kick it around like a ball. I’ll break her neck and drain her blood!” Bethany gritted her teeth with hatred.

“I have a way, but I’m afraid I can’t do it alone. I’ll need your help.” Rosalind grabbed Bethany’s arm and spoke sinisterly.