

## Heiress's 215

### Chapter 215

Mila was ready to bear the full force of Wyatt's wrath as long as Celeste and Sasha were not discovered.

Wyatt roared, "Then why didn't you tell me?! Shouldn't you know better?! You watched Bella grow up. Didn't you feel any pain when you saw her suffering in that hellhole?!" Wyatt was venting his anger at his second wife.

"It's all my fault, Wyatt."

Mila stood up slowly. The proud daughter of the Larson family looked humble as she said, "Please don't blame Bella. You can blame me if you want. I didn't take care of Bella well enough."

Bella's heart clenched. Just when she was about to defend Mila, the impulsive Sasha suddenly stood up from the sofa and said, "Wyatt, don't blame Mila. I'm also responsible for this. I also found out about Bella's marriage long ago!"

"What?!" Wyatt's eyes were about to pop out of their sockets.

"Me too..." Celeste raised her hand weakly. "I also knew about it for a long time..."

"Celeste! Even you were led astray by them?!" Wyatt felt dizzy. When did his obedient wife start to disregard him?

Bella's eyes were sore.

Wyatt could not possibly direct his anger at everyone now.

“Dad, please calm down. They were all doing this for your sake. You’d be better off not knowing.”

Axel quickly stepped forward and acted as the peacemaker. He served the delicate teacup to his father and looked so ingratiating.

“Fuck off!”

Wyatt was usually a refined and elegant man, but at this moment, he was so furious that he cussed out loud.

“Wait! Did you two also know about it?!”

Asher and Axel looked at each other and cleared their throats.

Wyatt thought, ‘Look at this family of actors! They’re all so good at acting, and I’m the only fool who was kept in the dark!’

Wyatt was a shrewd businessman who only fooled with others. He did not expect that he would be played by his own family in the end.

He shouted infuriatingly, stood up, and went upstairs angrily without looking back.

“Wyatt, don’t you want dinner?” Celeste asked but received no response.

“Celeste, why don’t you go upstairs and console Wyatt later? You’re the softest among us, and he usually listens to what you say.” Mila sighed helplessly.

“I... I don’t dare to. I’ll just save some of his favorite dishes for him later and serve them to him.”

Celeste knew how angry Wyatt was. She was also timid.

“Wyatt will usually go to his room of collections when he’s in a bad mood. OMG! Won’t he...”

Sasha broke into a cold sweat. Before she finished speaking, Wyatt started screaming from upstairs.

“Call the police! My 100 million-dollar antique rosewood chair is missing!”

The Thompsons finished their dinner quickly.

If it were not for her brothers holding Wyatt back with all their might, Wyatt would have driven to Savrow overnight to demand the antique rosewood chair that Asher and Bella had given to Nigel.

Wyat was getting more eccentric the older he got. Collectors of antiques were generally thick-skinned, so they would get what they wanted. Therefore, Wyatt became more hot-tempered and stubborn in the past two years.

Wyatt was not easy to deal with in his old age. Women would no longer flock to him, even with his money.

In the evening, Bella and Amelia chatted for the longest time. They did their skincare routine together and massaged each other.

“By the way, do you like the birthday gift I gave you?” Amelia lay on the bed, propping up her chin with her hands.

“I liked it so much that I framed it and hung it in the study of my villa in Savrow. The day I put it up, Steven thought I had 3D-printed my portrait. It was so life-like! He’s not one to dish out compliments casually, but he certainly praised you a lot that day.”

Bella looked at Amelia dotingly and caressed her sister's soft hands. "Amelia, you deserve to be knighted for your art skills. Why don't I get your hands insured? You are simply the pride of our family!"