

Heiress's 217

Chapter 217

Bella thought, 'Oh, it seems that Rosalind is officially moving into Tideview Manor to live with Justin as his wife, huh? It makes sense that he wants my things gone. If I were her, I'd be upset to see my husband's ex-wife's things piled up in the house. I get it.'

"Mr. Salvador, if you think that my things are taking up space, just throw them away. There's no need to ask me." Bella's voice was cold and calm.

"What about the gifts that you gave me over the years? Do you want me to throw them away too?"

Bella scoffed and said mockingly, "I didn't give you those gifts. Anna Brown did. Anna might have regarded them as treasures, but to me, those are just trash."

Justin was rendered speechless. He felt suffocated.

"In the future, please contact my secretary next time. I don't answer calls from strangers. Bye."

"Bella!"

"What else do you want?" Bella was so annoyed by him that she raised her voice.

"What about those costumes? You kept them so nicely in a garment protector. Don't you still want them?"

Justin's voice was a bit colder and more oppressive than before. "If you don't come to get it, I will take it as you don't want them, and I will do with them as I please."

Bella's heart clenched. She hesitated.

Each of those well-made costumes was Celeste's private collection and was painstakingly hand-stitched.

When Bella asked to borrow some of those costumes to perform for Nigel, Celeste took them all out for her to choose from without saying a word. Celeste also said that Bella could keep them.

Bella did not want Celeste's kindness and efforts to be ruined by that bastard, so she sighed and gave in. "Fine. I'll get my secretary to pick them up from Tideview Manor tomorrow."

"No, you have to come here in person."

Justin spoke domineeringly, as if he had the upper hand. "I won't let your secretary in if he comes. I'll wait for you at home tomorrow. Bye."

After that, he hung up the phone.

"Damn it!" Bella stared at the black screen, furious.

Those were just some clothes, but Justin acted as if he had grasped her weakness.

Bella thought, 'I'll go and take it as a game of slaying demons!'

The next morning, Bella and Amelia washed up and went to the dining hall to have breakfast.

Asher had an important meeting at the office, so he went to work first. Wyatt, his three wives, and Axel were already at the table.

"The two lazy pigs are finally awake! We were all waiting for you two." Axel rested his chin on his hands and teased his sisters with a smile.

“Amelia and I haven’t seen each other for so long, so we had a good time catching up last night and didn’t go to bed until past midnight.” Bella yawned as she spoke. Her eyes were a little bloodshot in the corners.

However, Amelia looked so refreshed, with supple skin and rosy cheeks. She did not look tired at all.

It was great to be young! Bella would never be in such good spirits.

Wyatt sat at the head of the dining table and glared at Bella. He had dark circles under his eyes. It seemed that he had not slept well either.

No one would ever imagine that a chair would cause the richest man in Hatchbay to be sleepless and heartbroken all night.

Bella did not feel the least bit guilty about it. She acted naturally and still had a great appetite, as if what happened last night did not involve her.

Anyway, she had already given out the gift, so it was too late to take it back. Wyatt had no choice but to accept his fate.

Bella was about to leave the table after finishing her food, but Wyatt said coldly, “Do you still have feelings for that Salvador boy?”

Everyone panicked.

On the contrary, Bella answered calmly, “No.”

“Does that mean you’re completely over the divorce?”

“Wyatt, we have known each other for 24 years. If you have anything to say, just spit it out. There is no need to beat around the bush and test my patience.” Bella picked up the napkin and wiped her lips elegantly.

“Then I’ll cut to the chase. Quentin!”

Wyatt shouted for Quentin, his chief secretary. Quentin hurried over and handed over a document.

Wyatt took it and threw it accurately at Bella.

“What’s this?”

“A list.”

“What list?”