

Heiress's 230

Chapter 230

Asher's gentle eyes squinted in a smile as he handed a file to Bella.

"What's this?"

Bella took it with doubt and browsed through the file. Suddenly, she looked revitalized.

"Salvador Corporation won the new Baxim project, and Gregory handed it over to Shannon. The project is estimated to be worth tens of billions of dollars, with a huge profit. There are a lot of shady dealings involved, and it's an opportunity to expand one's network in Savrow. More importantly, Shannon is relying on this project to move up the corporate ladder and compete with Justin. Although she was an actress before, she was very ambitious. She relied on Gregory's favor and wanted to gain control over Salvador Corporation."

"Gain control of Salvador Corporation? Haha! How does she even dare to think about it? Isn't she afraid she won't be able to swallow it?"

Bella looked at the information with gleaming eyes. "Grandpa has developed Salvador Corporation to where it is today. Even if Justin isn't capable of leading the company, it's not Shannon's turn to call the shots."

"You should study this information tonight. Gregory and Shannon have an appointment with Mayor Solloway at 1:00 p.m. the day after tomorrow. They will be meeting at the Salvadors' golf course in the western suburbs of Savrow. They are probably going to promote the Baxim project."

Asher put his arms around Bella's shoulders, looking like he was entrusted with a heavy responsibility. "Bella, it's up to you to avenge me."

"Pft! I know what you're doing."

Bella tilted her head and leaned against Asher's broad shoulders. "You know that I won't let them get away with what they did to you, so you did the groundwork. That way, I can take my revenge. You're treating me like a child, handing me freebies!"

"Bella, don't expose my thoughts like that!" Asher pinched her cheek.

"Ash, I'm all grown up now. I'm 24 years old and have been married and divorced once."

Bella turned to look at him seriously. "You guys have sacrificed too much for me. Let me protect you guys from now on, so you can live your carefree lives. I'll take responsibility over KS Group!"

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Rosalind, who had been humiliated by Justin during the day, called Shannon when she got home. She cried and poured out her sorrows.

"Serves you right!"

Shannon was so furious that she yelled, "I asked you to hold it in and not to contact Justin while he's

still mad at you. But you didn't listen to me! Now that he rejected you, who can you blame but yourself? It's your fault! What's the use of crying now?"

"But that bitch Bella came to the house! Justin brought her back to Tideview Manor!"

Rosalind burst into tears. "She's riding over my head. How can I just hold it in?"

"You have to, even if you can't. I understood everything Justin said that day. Why didn't it get through to your thick skull? If you want to be his wife, you have to be smart about it. All you do is get jealous, cry, and make a fuss. You've wasted all my hard work grooming you!"

Shannon said in a sinister voice, "Your goal is to become the wife of Salvador Corporation's

president, not play in a romantic drama with Justin! As long as you can achieve your goal, it doesn't matter even if Bella Thompson shits on your head!"

"But....."

"That's enough! I will make arrangements for you. Right now, I'm busy securing a spot on the board of directors, so don't disturb me."

After saying that, Shannon hung up.

Rosalind collapsed on the bed and almost crushed her phone.

At this time, she received another call.

It was an unknown number.

Rosalind wiped away her tears and answered angrily. "Who is it?"

"Ashley, we haven't kept in touch for a long time. How are you doing in Savrow?"

Rosalind heard a man's playful voice.

"It's you?" Rosalind asked as her face turned as pale as paper.

Ashley was the name she used when she was studying in Meridan.

After she returned to Justin, Rosalind cut off all her social ties in Meridan. She deleted her social media accounts and changed her email address and phone number, just to completely draw a line with her past. Back then, she used to be a social butterfly who liked to sleep around.

Rosalind did not expect this man to find her.

“I really miss you, babe. Why don’t you come and meet me? Do you want to come, or should I go over to you?”

The man had a threatening tone.

Rosalind’s cold sweat soaked her silk skirt. She felt as if someone had strangled her neck, making it

difficult for her to breathe.

“Where are you? I’ll go see you!”