

Heiress's 300

Chapter 300

Rosalind was dragged to the door. The disturbance attracted many curious glances from the medical staff. She had truly lost everything at this point. She no longer cared about preserving any shreds of dignity.

“Hah!”

In a synchronized move, Ian and the bodyguard released her hands, and Rosalind fell disgracefully to the ground.

“Bro, got any tissues?” Ian asked the bodyguards.

“Sorry, Mr. Harris, I don’t have any.”

“Never mind. Make sure to ask the nurse for a few more alcohol wipes for us to clean our hands properly. After all, we just touched something dirty!”

Ian spat at Rosalind before turning around and entering the door with the bodyguard.

Right then, the dark night sky was punctuated by two deafening thunderclaps. A few seconds later, torrential rain began to pour. The ground emitted white steam as the raindrops hit.

Having endured one fatal blow after another, Rosalind sat on the ground, her gaze vacant. She lacked the strength even to get away from the heavy downpour.

Her meticulously styled hair was now in disarray, and her makeup resembled a palette that had been knocked over, painting a chaotic mess on her face.

“Justin... I’m the one who saved your life! How could you be so heartless to me?” Rosalind cried bitterly, slapping the water puddles. Dirty water splashed across her face, and her gem- studded nails broke, causing her to scream in pain.

Amidst all that was happening to her, a black Rolls-Royce pulled up to the hospital entrance, splashing mud all over Rosalind.

“Bah, bah, bah! Do you know how to drive?! Are you blind?” Rosalind vented her anger towards the luxury car, screaming like a madwoman in the pouring rain.

Amidst the curses, the car door opened. The driver stepped out with a black umbrella and respectfully opened the passenger door. Axel exited first and took the umbrella from the driver. He held it above the car door.

Next, Asher stepped out of the car, and the two brothers shared the same umbrella. Even in the dark and stormy night, their majestic figures brightened the night.

The moment Rosalind saw the Thompson brothers, she shivered violently. The profanities that were flowing out seemed stuck in her throat.

“Ms. Gold, your father isn’t admitted to this hospital, is he? Aren’t you crying in the wrong place?” Axel coldly glanced at the woman drenched like a drowned rat, unable to suppress a smile.

“Let’s go, brother. Bella’s waiting for us,” Asher, focused entirely on his sister, said as he gently tapped Axel’s shoulder.

The two brothers didn’t spare another glance at Rosalind, walking side by side through the

entrance.

“Bella, why do you have so many people caring for you, loving you... while I end up with nothing? Even Justin abandoned me for you... Why?!” Rosalind exclaimed.

Thunder roared, and lightning flashed, casting an eerie glow on Rosalind's pale face, her eyes twisted in madness.

"Bella! One day, I will kill you... I will kill you!"

Bella comforted Carrie, coaxing her to sleep. She sat by the bed as Bella stroked the girl's face, sighing softly. Tonight had truly frightened and exhausted her.

After tucking Carrie in, Bella got up and walked to the door worriedly. Opening the door, she was met with Justin's soul-piercing eyes.

He stood there, still impeccably dressed in his suit, yet looked even more desolate than ever before.

Bella raised her eyebrows slightly and slowly moved her gaze down. The dazzling, intricate dragon-patterned lapel pin on the collar of his suit caught her eyes.

The pin was a gift Bella had given him for Valentine's Day on the first year she had married into the Salvador family. She had personally handled every detail, from the design sketches to the material selection, including the selection of two tiny, high-quality rubies that adorned the pin.

It was reminiscent of how Justin had meticulously prepared "The Flaming Heart" for Rosalind. Bella's eyes darkened slightly, and a subtle scorn curved her lips.

The things that he had been cast aside were now worn by him. She found it comedic and ironic no matter how she looked at it.