

Heiress's 78

Chapter 78

Rosalind was transferred to the general ward after going into the emergency room.

The doctor said she was fine. The wound was not shallow, but it was not deep enough to require stitches.

The main reason she fainted was due to excessive stress.

“Rose! You’re finally awake!”

Jean was crying beside the hospital bed, as if Rosalind were already dead. “I thought I would never see you again!”

“That’s enough. Stop crying. Justin isn’t here anymore. Who are you crying so loudly for? It’s hurting my ears.”

Shannon looked impatient and stood in front of the window with her arms folded across her chest. “Have you figured out how to deal with this incident?”

“What incident?” Jean wiped away her tears and asked in confusion.

“Hah! Is there something else that you’ve screwed up?”

Shannon clicked her tongue and looked at her incompetent sister with contempt. “You’re a bunch of useless fools! I’ve already tried my best to help you. Could your daughter have been with Justin if it wasn’t for me? Do you think a pea-brain like you will be able to marry your daughter into a wealthy family? Dream on!”

Rosalind was also holding back her resentment. She was also blaming her mother for not being careful.

To supplement the Gold family, Jean sold the necklace that Justin gave Rosalind. If Jean had not sold that necklace, it would not have landed up at the pawn shop, and the Thompsons would not have put it up for auction. This incident put a damper on Rosalind's relationship with Justin.

"Shannon, it's also partly your fault!"

Shannon had always scolded Jean since they were children. Facing Shannon's reproach in front of her daughter, Jean felt embarrassed and angry. "Rose and I were playing along so well just now. We've already defeated that little bitch, Anna, but your youngest daughter came out at the critical moment to undermine us. If Carrie hadn't gotten involved, we wouldn't have ended up like this!"

"How did I know that Carrie would be in the bathroom? You two, Rose. I taught you better than this. Why are you so careless when you're doing something like this? You didn't even know that someone else was present!"

Shannon was furious. This incident was partly her responsibility, but she could only blame it on Rosalind for being careless.

Rosalind pouted in frustration and remained silent.

"Anyway, it's a he-said-she-said situation. There's no evidence to prove that Rose inflicted this

injury on herself. Rose, if Justin asks, just play dumb. Justin has feelings for you, so he'll brush this aside."

Shannon rubbed her temples and said coldly, "If not, I have a way to make Justin forgive you for what you did."

"Thanks, Aunt Shannon..."

Rosalind thought of how Mila protected Anna earlier. Her face twisted with jealousy as she said, "Does Anna have a kid with Asher? Is that why everyone in the Thompson family is so nice to her? Why did

Mrs. Thompson protect her like that? It sounded like Anna was her daughter! If this continues, Anna will go over our heads soon!”

Shannon’s face turned glum at the mention of Mila.

“Mila is just a mistress. I only called her Mrs. Thompson out of respect, but she dares to be rude to me!”

“Yeah! Aunt Shannon, you’re Gregory’s legal wife. How can Mila compare to you?” Rosalind was flattering Shannon because she had to keep herself in Shannon’s good graces so that she could marry into the Salvador family.

Jean sneered and thought to herself, ‘How dare she call someone else a mistress when she’s also a mistress? If Justin’s birth mother wasn’t so stupid to be fooled by Shannon, she would never have been able to marry into the Salvador family!’

“I won’t let Anna get her way by marrying into the Thompson family. What’s the use of trying to please Mila anyway? Mila’s a nobody.”

Shannon narrowed her eyes coldly. “People will only recognize Mila if Wyatt Thompson does. I heard from Greg that Wyatt Thompson is very difficult to deal with. He always cares about the family’s reputation. Asher is his eldest son whom he trained as his successor, so he won’t allow his son to marry a country bumpkin! We have a long way to go. I’ll let that bitch off for a few days before I make her cry.”

As soon as Shannon finished speaking, the door to the ward suddenly opened.

A strong chill permeated the room as Justin’s tall figure stood by the door frame.

“Justin...” Rosalind was frightened. She looked so pitiful.

“I have something to ask you.”

Rosalind clenched the bedsheets and glanced at Shannon for help.

“Justin, Rose fainted from excessive stress and just woke up. If you have anything to say, wait until

she recovers.” Shannon hurriedly persuaded Justin.

“There are some things that I must be clear about.” Justin did not give in at all. His thin lips curled into a cold and stern arc.