

Heiress 291

Chapter 291

Rosalind was aware of the cacophony of voices below the stage. However, she carried herself like an elegant swan, lifting her chin, unfazed and even more spirited.

“Go ahead, say what you want,’ thought Rosalind to herself. My splendid life has just begun, while you could only be frogs at the bottom of the well looking up at me!”

“Justin! Look at this!” Ryan’s eyes widened as he stared at the trending search online before quickly handing Justin the phone.

There, the top trending topic that boldly caught everyone’s attention pierced through the mysterious depths of the man’s eyes-#JustinAndRosalindsEngagement.

Shocked, Ryan immediately asked in Justin’s ear. “Justin, I’m baffled right now. Didn’t you tell me you were breaking up with Rosalind? Why did your stepmother announce your engagement? Now, it’s trending! It seems Gregory isn’t against it. What the hell is going on? Are you breaking up with her or not?”

A buzzing sound echoed in Justin’s ears as his hand clenched and his muscles tensed beneath his suit.

He felt like a fully drawn bow, his chest holding back a surge of intense frustration, teetering on the edge of breaking loose.

Suddenly-!

The giant screen, which initially had beautiful pink floating flowers in the background, suddenly turned to darkness.

“Huh? What’s going on?”

“Power outage? Or did the screen malfunction?”

Amidst the confusion, the screen flickered back to life.

Instead of the pink flowers, there was now a photo of a girl!

The girl in the photo was thin and small, with messy hair on her head and tattered clothes. She was crying, with tears and snot all over her face.

She looked extremely pitiful, making the crowd feel sorry just by looking at her.

“My goodness! Whose child is this? She looks so miserable!”

“Yeah! Is Ms. Gold using this birthday banquet as a charity fundraiser? Then I have to donate some. I am the most enthusiastic about charity!”

Hearing the discussions below, Rosalind and Jean realized that something was wrong quickly turned around to look at the screen. “Wait, what’s going on?” Shannon asked, surprised.

and

“Who is that dirty child? How could such a thing appear at my birthday banquet? Did the backstage crew make a mistake?” Rosalind’s jaw dropped as she stared blankly at the screen with the little girl.

Jean turned pale and jumped up from her chair like it was on fire. She pointed at the screen and

shouted, “What’s going on?! Turn it off! Turn the screen off now!”

The crowd around her was startled, looking at her with puzzled expressions.

Even Gregory and Patrick needed clarification. They could not understand why a small screen malfunction triggered such an exaggerated reaction.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the audience, a man's hoarse voice echoed. "Turn it off? Why turn it off?"

Rosalind followed the voice around the room. When Memphis's sinister face appeared in her sight, she almost screamed from fear!

Rosalind broke into a cold sweat, soaking through her expensive haute couture dress. Her legs were shaking uncontrollably under her skirt. Her delicately made-up face was as stiff as a mask!

Memphis sneered and took a few steps forward into the light. The rough-looking man quickly drew everyone's attention.

He declared, "Family members should be united. While you're enjoying yourselves here, eating and drinking extravagantly, this poor child is suffering from abuse and hardship in an orphanage in Meridan. Rosalind, as the child's mother, do you still have any conscience?!"

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'Daughter? My... Daughter?!' Rosalind couldn't help but tremble uncontrollably at the thought. It was as if two sledgehammers were relentlessly pounding on her temples. Her mind only had one thought, 'Why! This matter was supposed to be a secret!'

Once the news was revealed, the girl did seem to resemble her more and more!

"It's impossible... Impossible!" Rosalind muttered to herself as if she were under a spell.

"Hehe, how ridiculous. How ironic." Memphis stared at her ghostly, pale face and chuckled ominously. "As the biological mother of the child, how could you not recognize your own daughter?"

Memphis sneered, "You really are a 'dutiful' mother."

The entire venue was thrown into chaos, like a massive stone plunging into the sea and creating shockwaves. Half of the attendees looked up at the panicking Rosalind on stage, while the other half gazed down at the icy-cold Justin, whose clenched teeth revealed his true feelings. The spotlight shining on him seemed to have a green tint to it.

Shannon's elegant and noble demeanor crumbled as she grabbed Rosalind forcefully and whispered through gritted teeth, "Rosalind! What's going on? Who is this man? How did he get in? What's your relationship with him?"

Meanwhile, Jean, who was a caring mother but also feared the exposure of a scandal, rushed towards Memphis in a fit of fury. "Where did you come from, you filthy rogue?! How dare you defame

my daughter!"

Memphis, who was used to boxing, had quick reflexes. He promptly dodged Jean's attack, causing her to dive into the air. Her arms flailed wildly as she staggered forward and landed on the ground with a muffled thud. The room was filled with bursts of snickers that echoed around.

Patrick felt embarrassed as his face turned crimson. He didn't want to admit that the woman

in front of him was his wife.

Rosalind was afraid and shouted for help, ignoring her mother. She wanted to get rid of Memphis and urged her bodyguards to come quickly. "Someone, bodyguards! Drag this presumptuous rogue out of here! Hurry!" she exclaimed.

Memphis was overcome with anger when he saw the woman refusing to admit her fault. He was about to speak when suddenly, a low, chilling, yet magnetic voice echoed from behind.

"No one is allowed to take him away," Justin said, his eyes visibly reddening. He advanced step by step towards Rosalind.

He gazed at Rosalind, who stood on the stage, trembling. In his childhood, she was as kind as an angel, and as an adult, she was as warm as the sun. She had always told him that he was the only man in her life and that she loved only him. He felt a sense of terrifying unfamiliarity as he watched the same face he had known since his childhood. His breath got stuck in his throat.

“Justin... I’m being framed! Somebody has brought in a strange man to tell lies and ruin my reputation!”

Rosalind was in a state of panic and clumsily rushed towards Justin, almost tripping over the

hem of her own dress in the process. The short distance between them felt like an arduous journey, akin to crossing mountains and wading through water.

She reached Justin unsteadily, feeling as though her legs might give way. Desperately grabbing his arms, her fingers tightened as if holding on for dear life.

Rosalind begged, “Justin, darling! From the beginning until now... I’ve loved you with all my heart! Even during our three years apart, I remained chaste for you! This man... I don’t know who sent him to sow discord! Please, don’t listen to his nonsense! You must believe me, Justin, darling!”

Memphis laughed at the absurdity of Rosalind’s claim. “Hahaha... I don’t know if you only love him. But remaining chaste...?” he asked, finding it quite thrilling to witness someone telling such an enormous lie.

Rosalind’s eyes flashed with anger, and she pointed her sharp fingers directly at Memphis. “I’m going to sue you! I’ll sue you for defamation and spreading rumors! I’ll call the police to arrest you!” she threatened, her intent to seek justice clear.

“Sue me? I damn well should sue you for abandoning your child at birth!” Memphis did not bother wasting words on this bitch. He pulled out a document from his pocket and forcefully threw it at Rosalind, saying, “This is the DNA test report between you and our daughter! It’s written in black-and-white. What else can you argue about?!”

There was no turning back now. Since that was the hell with him!

Case he would drag this woman down to

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The shocking revelation reverberated through the room like thunder. Rosalind felt her world crumble beneath her feet.

-“Oh my god! This filthy man is Rosalind’s lover?! What kind of taste does she have? Being with Mr. Salvador and yet still getting involved with a bum?!”

-“Don’t you get it? After indulging in delicacies, one always craves some forbidden wild game!”

“She even had a child with this man! After giving birth, she turns around and wants to marry into a wealthy family as the young madam... How can her heart be so malicious? She was even willing to cast away her flesh and blood!”

-“This is a bombshell of epic proportions!”

“Oh no,

bright!”

oh no... Suddenly, I feel like the green halo above Mr. Salvador’s head is blindingly

Amidst the chaos, Ryan walked over, his left hand casually in his pocket, as he bent down to pick up the DNA test from the ground.

He frowned and, after confirming twice, brought the report to Justin. He deliberately raised his volume, speaking with a precise and measured tone to ensure that everyone could hear every word. “Justin, the identification agency that issued this report, is highly reputable in the country. This report should be genuine.”

Justin's lips tightened as he slowly closed his eyes. It seemed like the only window of hope had closed for Rosalind, and a tsunami of fear surged through her chest!

"Justin, darling... When I left you back then, I was suffering from severe depression! You know all of this! My condition worsened while I was in Meridan... I suffered physically and mentally! I... Many of my actions were completely beyond my control! I didn't even know what I was doing!"

At this point, Rosalind could only emphasize her "depression," hoping to evoke Justin's sympathy. After all, he had been in the rain before; how could he not offer an umbrella to someone else?!

Shannon witnessed all this from the stage and felt anger and despair.

Anger because Rosalind, this self-righteous foolish woman, had finally played herself, and it was a headlong fall she could never recover from!

Despair because she was now indirectly admitting, in no uncertain terms, that she had had a relationship with this man and had indeed given birth to a child.

"Hahaha! Depression?! Rosalind, are you joking?! How can a heartless woman like you possibly have depression?" Memphis retorted, holding his stomach, laughing so hard tears

were about to come out.

At that moment, the large screen changed again!

A diagnostic report, presented in Chinese and English, shocked everyone.

"You didn't expect this, did you? The psychotherapist who has been 'treating 'you for years

had a backup! You took the forged diagnosis report, but they kept the original! Just in case some unexpected event happened and you tried to drag them down!"

Memphis remembered the miserable days he had been through recently because of this woman, and his anger surged. He spat at her, "You're disgusting! Depression, my ass! I suggest you go get yourself checked for STDs!"

"Shut up! Just shut up!" Rosalind's face turned green with hatred, yet she put on a pitiful

expression, tearfully looking at Justin. "Justin, darling... don't believe... don't believe him... ah!

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Justin's gaze was heavy as he forcefully shook Rosalind off his arm, causing her to almost fall to the ground.

Anger and shame, fueled by being deceived and accompanied by remorse, surged through, piercing his chest. The pain caused his heart to throb violently.

In an instant, he raised his pale lips, unable to contain the redness welling up in his laughed with a trembling voice.

eyes,

and

He was laughing at himself for being blind and for being fooled.

He laughed at his foolishness for being ensnared by a woman full of lies and cruelty, causing him to mistreat Bella for three years, repeatedly hurting her heart for the sake of this deceitful woman. No wonder Bella hated him so much.

At this moment, he had to be cruel to himself.

“Rosalind, let’s break up.”

“Justin, darling... What are you saying...?”

Justin’s handsome yet heartless face became hazy as her eyes filled with tears.

All of a sudden, the grand doors of the banquet hall swung open.

Four imposing police officers strode towards Rosalind, startling her to the point where she began trembling uncontrollably once again.

However, the police officers did not linger in front of her. Instead, they brushed past her and headed straight for her mother, Jean.

“What... What are you doing?!” Jean’s lips quivered as she asked in a strained voice.

“Are you Jean Quarry?”

One of the police officers stepped forward, producing a pair of handcuffs that gleamed with a cold light. He promptly secured Jean Quarry’s wrists. “You have been formally arrested on charges of hiring someone to commit murder! You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in court!”

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Everyone stared at the ashen-faced Jean in shock. They knew that the police would not arrest someone so decisively unless the evidence was conclusive.

That meant Jean hiring someone to commit murder was practically confirmed!

Looking at the cold handcuffs on her wrists, Jean felt a buzzing in her ear as she felt darkness envelop her, like the sky had collapsed and the ground had caved in.

‘What’s going on? How could this happen?!’ Jean had entrusted a reliable person to handle that illegitimate daughter and paid the money as agreed. All of this had not even happened within the country. ‘How could it be exposed like this? How had she been discovered?!’

“Jean! Jean!” Patrick desperately shouted. He was terrified as he witnessed his wife taken away by the police. He wanted to chase after her and intervene, but after just a few steps, he grimaced, clutching his chest, and collapsed.

“Hurry! Call an ambulance!” Gregory was shocked and immediately ordered someone to take the unconscious Patrick away.

Ryan was utterly dumbfounded and couldn’t help but exclaim, “Damn, damn! Justin, your ex- mother-in-law, was arrested on suspicion of murder! That is the biggest bombshell tonight!”

Justin observed with an expressionless face and cold eyes. He showed no intention of helping the Gold family in any way.

He said coldly, “Commit a crime, and face the consequences. It’s only natural.”

In full view of the onlookers, a disheveled Jean was brought away by the police. As she passed by Rosalind, she tearfully glanced at her daughter for the last time, and this glance nearly shattered Rosalind.

“Don’t take away my mom! She didn’t kill anyone! Mom!” Rosalind cried and shouted as she tried to run, but she barely took a few steps before there was a loud crash.

Immediately, she felt a chill on her body, and there were gasps of shock around her!

The haute couture gown, which had only been taped to her body, had lost its stickiness due to her sweat. The off-shoulder dress slipped down, and her body, with only a tube and underwear, was exposed in front of everyone!

“Ah!” Rosalind was scared as she curled up her body and covered her chest with her arms. She was overwhelmed with embarrassment and resentment.

Shannon, witnessing this irreparable scene, hated it so much. Her eyes were filled with anger and regret for organizing this embarrassing birthday banquet for this woman.

On the other hand, Bethany hid in the corner, sipping red wine while enjoying the spectacle. She felt immense joy witnessing this despicable woman’s downfall, and a smile blossomed.

There were already some men who took out their phones to capture the moment sneakily.

“Tsk tsk... This figure, honestly, is not much to look at, brother. You’re not losing much by breaking up with her.” Ryan rested his elbow lazily on Justin as his eyes looked on mockingly.

Justin felt that decades of friendship from years gone by had turned into a ludicrous joke. He

decisively turned away from the scene.

For Rosalind, a suffocating sense of overwhelming despair took over. She stood up and chased after him, calling, “Justin, darling!”

In her desperation, she had forgotten she was undressed, leaving her completely exposed from head to toe.

“Ah! Look at Rosalind’s stomach! What are those lines?!”

– “They look like stretch marks!”

“They are stretch marks! I’ve given birth to two kids. How could I not recognize them!”

“Oh my god! She has had children, yet she pretends to be a delicate and innocent woman. This woman is truly disgusting!”

“Mr. Salvador is fortunate. He almost ended up with a rotten deal. Fortunately, he came to his senses in time!”

It was over-her beautiful dream of marrying into a wealthy family. Everything had gone down the drain and vanished into thin air.

Justin’s

gaze was dark as he walked forward with heavy steps.

Ryan silently walked alongside him, wanting to say something several times. His lips opened and closed, but words failed to come out.

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Don’t you think I’m pitiful? Stupid? Ridiculous?” Justin’s hoarse voice sounded. His lips formed a broken, bitter smile.

Ryan shook his head thoughtfully. “No, Justin, I’m your best friend, your brother. No matter what happens, I won’t laugh at you. I just feel sad.”

‘Regret...’ Justin closed his bloodshot eyes and tore apart every scene related to Rosalind in his mind, leaving nothing behind-not even a trace.

“There’s nothing to regret. It’s my fault for being blind. I deserve this,” Justin sighed.

“No, that’s not it.” Ryan sighed with heartfelt sympathy. “It’s those three years when Bella married you. Perhaps you could have loved her if it weren’t for that woman. You could have been happy instead of being at war with each other. Do you think so?”

‘Could have been happy.’ Justin halted abruptly, his pitch-black eyes momentarily losing focus.

– ‘Justin, can we... not get divorced?’

– ‘Because... I love you.’

His ear buzzed with a ringing sound as he clutched his head in pain. He hastily leaned against the wall. A suffocating sensation overwhelmed him.

Back then, Bella had cried and begged him not to divorce her. He thought it was just her desperate struggle to cling to the marriage, viewing her as a cage and wanting to escape.

Only now did he realize this.

Bella never intended to tie him down. The last time she said she loved him, she hoped to continue the love. She knew he had never loved her.

She had tried her best to keep him, fearing that after the divorce, she would not even be qualified to love him.

Ryan interrupted, “I saw the child was already three or four years old. It means that when Rosalind was in Meridan, she was secretly with that man.”

He continued, “But if I remember correctly, she was still clinging to you then. Giving you the feeling that she deeply loved you and that she ended up in a foreign country waiting for you and enduring hardships for your sake. In reality, behind your back, she was anything but idle.”

Justin gripped his chest, his heartache causing his entire body to tremble as if even breathing might take his life.

“There have always been men around Rosalind. You were just one of them.” Ryan gazed sincerely at him. “But in Bella’s heart, it has always been you. Do you remember the night you went to her house in the heavy rain? Do you know what she told me?”

Justin stared blankly at him, his forehead soaked with sweat.

“I tried to confess to her, but she rejected me.” Ryan’s smile carried a bitter taste. When did he ever bow down like this for a woman? “She said if it weren’t Justin, she wouldn’t love anyone. Without leaving Justin, she wouldn’t love anyone else.”

Justin’s pupils contracted. Every organ in his body felt like it was being cruelly stirred by a sharp blade, causing spasms of pain in every inch of his nerves.

‘Bella, you said you wouldn’t love anyone else without me. We have not known each other for more than three years. Did I appear in your life much earlier than that?’

‘Why! Why!’

‘Bella, I want you to give me an answer!’

At that moment, Justin’s phone vibrated in his hand. Trembling, he took it out and saw that it was a call from Matt. Thinking something might be wrong with his grandfather, he quickly answered, “Uncle Matt, is there something wrong with Grandpa?”

“Young Master Justin! Old Master Nigel has had a sudden stroke. Please come to Savrow Hospital right away!” Matt said.

“What?!” Justin’s chest tightened.

Matt promptly added, "Don't worry. Old Master Nigel has been transferred from the emergency room to a VIP ward, and his condition is relatively stable."

Matt spoke with lingering fear. "Thanks to Ms. Thompson's timely first aid for Old Master Nigel, we managed to buy time for the emergency rescue. Otherwise... He would have been in serious danger!"

Justin's cheeks flushed with a burning and scorching sense of shame, as if he had been slapped in the face countless times.

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The sensational scandal surrounding the Golds spread rapidly across the internet. The top trending topic online was no longer the news of Justin and Rosalind's engagement. Instead, it was dominated by hashtags like #RosalindGoldsIllegitimate Daughter and #

JeanGoldHiresHitman.

The chaotic scene at the birthday banquet leaked and spread like wildfire. Rosalind's hysterical outburst, resembling a madwoman, and the unexpected exposure of her half-naked appearance became the story's highlights.

Under the posts, Rosalind faced a barrage of mockery and insults. Many netizens expressed their disgust at the actions of a woman who abandoned her daughter to climb the social ladder. Some even created petitions, calling for legal consequences for Rosalind's cruel acts.

[She doesn't even recognize her daughter and abandons her overseas without care. Can she even be considered a human being? Even dogs protect their pups! Rosalind isn't even as good as a dog!]

[Dog: Don't get me involved!]

[Heard that Justin left his wife for this trash? Wow.]

[Justin proves with strength that he has shit in his eyes and gas in his brain! I haven't seen his ex-wife, but I bet any woman is better than Rosalind!]

[Ex-wife: Better than Rosalind? Haha, baseless rumors!]

[Heard Justin and Rosalind were childhood sweethearts? Childhood sweethearts are trouble. I'll be careful whenever I see those four words in the future!]

[Hahaha, I'm laughing so hard! It's so damn melodramatic! Can we get a talented director to turn this into a drama? My mom and I would love to watch it!]

Ruining someone's reputation seemed easy at first glance. However, perhaps only a few brothers from the Thompson family knew that, from discovery to revelation, Bella meticulously planned every step to push Rosalind from the pinnacle of glory to her darkest

moments.

She had always been the calmest and seldom acted impulsively. But once she took action, she ensured her enemies would never rise again!

At this moment, the entrance of the Salvador Hotel was swarmed by crowds of onlookers, journalists, and police cars, causing a complete standstill. When Jean appeared before

everyone,

her face was ashen, and her legs were weak and unsteady. She couldn't stand up and was dragged to the police car by two officers.

Many in the crowd were excited to witness a police arrest and eagerly recorded videos to be shared on social media platforms.

Across the street, Asher and Axel sat in their Rolls-Royce. They slowly raised the car window, concealing their success at taking care of everything for their younger sister.

“Ash, I’d been thinking of asking you to buy internet trolls to stir discussion about the Gold family mother and daughter. But looking at this, it’s unnecessary. The public is very enthralled in this matter.”

Axel was scrolling through the comments about Rosalind. His eyes bore a striking resemblance to those of their fourth brother, Drew.

“Hmm?” Asher raised the coffee cup to his lips, his eyes carrying a hint of annoyance. “Ax, you’re good in many ways, but this habit of taking advantage is ridiculous. Can’t you change a bit? You’re Wyatt Thompson’s son. Do you know how much I would have to pay just for some internet trolls? Eighteen million. In your eyes, it’s like loose change, right?”

“Wow! Brother, are you saying I’m stingy?! Since we were children, I’ve generously spent ‘money like there’s no tomorrow on Bella. When have I ever been stingy?” Axel widened his eyes, feeling a bit dissatisfied.

“Yes, but I’ve never seen you be generous to anyone besides Bella.”

Asher elegantly sipped his coffee, teasing him as usual, “But this time, isn’t it for Bella?”

Axel’s eyes flickered, and he chuckled. “Ash, didn’t we handle this matter together this time? You took the lead, so you get the most credit. I can’t steal your thunder. Besides, I’m younger, and you’re older. It’s only natural for you to protect me! Just consider it as showing me some sympathy, okay?”

Asher smiled helplessly, patting him gently on the head. “Being a prosecutor all these years hasn’t been for nothing. You’re much smarter than before.”

Axel scratched his head and suddenly remembered something. Just as he was about to take out his phone, it rang.

“Hey! True brothers think alike. I was thinking of contacting Ralph, and here he is calling me!”

Axel quickly put the call on speaker and smiled, "Ralph, how's the situation on your end?"

"I've already sent someone to apprehend Jean. As you mentioned, the person who harmed Bella will also be brought back to the police station." Ralph's hoarse voice, filled with resentment, came through from the other end. "Rest assured, I won't let that bastard have a good day!"

Mila Larson, Wyatt's second wife, had two sons and a daughter. Wyatt's fifth son, Hugh Thompson, was the chief pilot. His sixth daughter, Camillia, married a foreigner and was currently a senator's wife with the prospect of becoming the future First Lady of Sentania.

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Ralph Thompson, the seventh son of the Thompson family, aspired to be a crime-fighting police officer since childhood. Now, he had fulfilled his dream and had become the captain of the first Criminal Investigation Division in Savrow.

"Yeah, yeah! Beat him to death! Give it to him until he can't take it anymore!" Ralph's words also stirred Axel's emotions. "Can't you detectives use some unique methods during

interrogation?"

"We prosecutors don't have that authority. Don't waste this chance!" Axel said, slamming his fist on the car window.

Asher, on the side, listened with a wry smile.

Wyatt Thompson's daughters were refined and elegant, like princesses. However, his sons were aggressive and often resorted to brute force. Even more so than him, who had once been on the streets.

The three brothers, working together, left those targeted with only two paths – a dead end or no way out!

Justin rushed to the hospital to accompany his grandfather. Worried about Justin, Ryan insisted on following him as well. The sports car skidded to a stop at the hospital entrance. Without any hesitation, Justin left the car and sprinted into the hospital.

Justin's grandfather was his only concern and attachment to the Salvador family. His grandfather was the one who truly treated him as a beloved grandson, showering him with genuine care and affection.

"Grandpa, Grandpa..."

Justin ran like the wind, his hoarse voice murmuring repeatedly.

The moment he burst into the corridor, he saw Bella sitting on a bench, cradling a sleeping Carrie in her arms. The scene was serene, like a delicately painted oil painting capturing the tranquility of a peaceful life.

With her long lashes, Bella gently caressed the girl in her arms. Her features were serene and peaceful, emitting a radiant and holy light, though her petite figure seemed to harbor an unstoppable and powerful force. Whenever someone needed her, she descended upon them like a redeeming angel.

Suddenly, a sense of guilt and bitterness surged through Justin's nose. Fortunately, she was there...

Hearing footsteps, Bella lifted her head and locked eyes with Justin, their gazes meeting like rivers converging. In that brief moment of confusion, a trace of long-lost warmth flickered in her bright eyes, causing a throbbing in the man's chest.

Unfortunately, it was fleeting. Bella's gaze toward him again turned indifferent, cold, and ruthless.

"Ms. Gold's birthday banquet is over, I suppose? Is it right for Mr. Salvador to leave that mess

behind and rush over? She refrained from using foul language, but Justin felt as if he had been stripped naked, publicly humiliated, and subjected to an execution on the spot.

He walked toward her step by step, his eyes filled with remorse.

Bella lowered her eyes, wishing all her senses could shut down. "Grandpa has gone to sleep, and Uncle Matt is looking after him. You should wait outside for now and let the old man rest."

"Bella... I'm sorry," Justin struggled with his emotions, his voice hoarse.

"Sorry? Are you apologizing to me?" Bella's lips curled into a cold and mocking smile. "Justin, the one you should be apologizing to is Grandpa lying inside, just barely escaping the gates of hell. Why would you owe me an apology? I have nothing to do with you. Grandpa, at least, cared for you once. I hope you can spare some time to be with him. I happened to be here this time, but what about next time? Grandpa won't always be lucky, and the Grim Reaper won't show mercy each time."

As she spoke, a faint pain gripped her heart. She took a deep breath, her eyes turning red. "I just hate it. I hate that he's not my biological grandfather. I hate that I can't be with him all the time. I wish I could sew a small pocket on my body and put Grandpa in it so I can take care of him every moment.

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"Bella..." Justin's throat tightened, bitterness filling his lungs and rendering him speechless. His apologies seemed worthless in Bella's eyes. They had lost any significance.

"Justin!" At this moment, Ryan hurriedly walked in. He glanced at Bella with a confused expression before turning to Justin and saying in a deep voice, "Come out. I need to talk to you."

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"What's the matter? Just give it to me here," said Justin, his intense gaze fixed on Bella.

"Justin! Justin! Darling!" A pitiful cry echoed across the hospital corridor. A tearful cry suddenly echoed, which made Ryan's scalp tingle.

Justin's expression darkened, and his body stiffened at the sound of Rosalind's shriek.

Startled by the loud sound, Carrie woke up and grabbed Bella's clothes, eyes wide open. What's going on? Is something wrong with Grandpa?!"

Bella replied, "It's okay. It's okay, Carrie. With me here, how could Grandpa be in trouble?"

Bella coldly glanced at the dazed Rosalind, then helped Carrie, saying, "Carrie, I'll take you somewhere to rest. When Grandpa wakes up, you can see him right away."

Seeing her leave with such indifference made Justin feel as if he had been shot in the chest, making it hard to breathe.

"Justin!" Rosalind cried. Her eyes were swollen from the crying. She wanted to rush towards Justin but was stopped by Ryan's outstretched arms.

"Ms. Gold, I don't think you should be looking for Justin now. You should be at the hospital to check on your dad and then find a reliable lawyer for your mom. That's what a filial daughter would be doing right now," Ryan chastised her.

Ignoring his words, Rosalind continued crying to Justin, "I've been framed! I am the victim! Justin, you must believe me... How could I betray you when I love you so much?!"

With his back to her, Justin bit down on his teeth, his eyes filled with coldness. Hearing this woman speak of love, he felt nothing but disgust and the urge to vomit.

He exclaimed, "The child is already so old! You've created such a mess! If you had any sense of shame, you wouldn't dare mention anything about love. Just listening to you makes me sick.

Ryan gave her a cold look and said, "You should be grateful that Justin is kind-hearted. If it were me, your adulterous husband wouldn't even have a decent burial, and I'd kick the entire Gold family out of Savrow, so I'd never have to see your faces again!"

His ruthless words shook Rosalind, and she broke down into sobs.

After a while, Justin turned around slowly and looked at Rosalind with a cold gaze. "You should leave."

"No! I won't leave!" Rosalind exclaimed with a hint of coyness. She thought Justin would not do anything to her if she played the victim. Little did she know he had already sent a message to Ian. With two bodyguards in tow, Ian arrived to intervene.

Justin's voice was bone-chillingly cold. "Take her away. Don't disturb the rest of the patients."

"Yes, Mr. Salvador!" Ian responded promptly. Fuming with anger, he rolled up his sleeves as he approached Rosalind. Along with another bodyguard, they grabbed her arms and started pulling her away.

"I haven't done anything with Memphis! It was him... He asked me to be his girlfriend, and I refused! He became furious and raped me! That's how I ended up pregnant with that wild

bastard!"

In an attempt to salvage Justin's affection, Rosalind resorted to an outrageous lie in a desperate attempt to justify herself. "He had leverage over me... He blackmailed me repeatedly, and when I refused to give in, he wanted to drag me down to hell. His goal is to ruin me completely! Justin, I'm also a victim! Why won't you believe me?!"

"Rosalind." Justin's eyes permeated with a chilling sternness that left her utterly hopeless. "My breakup with you has nothing to do with that man or the child."

His words left Rosalind bewildered. She stared blankly at Justin with her mouth half open.

Chapter 299

“If you had fallen in love with someone else in Meridan and even gave birth to a child without telling me, I wouldn’t have blamed you,” Justin’s eyes gradually reddened with resentment, and his fingers curled into a tight fist. “But you lied to me. You claimed to have depression. You used your illness as a cover and manipulated my emotions. You even attempted to force me into a marriage with you!”

“No... it’s not like that...” Rosalind’s face turned pale, unable to speak coherently.

Only then did she realize how wrong she had been. When she had lied to him about having depression, she had only thought of it as a means to hold onto Justin’s heart. However, she had forgotten that both Justin and his mother were painful victims of depression themselves. He feared she would follow in his mother’s footsteps, so he kept accommodating and compromising. It was also why he had callously abandoned Bella, who loved him deeply.

Yet, she had not considered that once this colossal lie was exposed, she would not just have toyed with Justin’s emotions but also humiliated his mother!

How could it even be possible to forgive her now? Impossible!

“My mother’s condition and my past have become tools for you to manipulate me.”

Regret and anger intertwined in Justin’s chest, forcing a bitter, self-deprecating laugh out of him. “Rose, you’ve made me feel like a fool.”

“Justin, it’s not like that. It’s not...” Rose stuttered.

Ryan shook his head, angrily questioning, “Rosalind, you grew up with Justin. You should know better than anyone how much pain he went through.”

“If you had even a sliver of a conscience, you wouldn’t have tortured and deceived Justin. How can you use the memories of your youth together as moral blackmail? I doubt you ever truly loved Justin. How could you do that to someone you claimed to love? I’d rather be a bachelor for the rest of my life than be in a relationship. It’s too damn disgusting.”

“Ryan, stop talking.” Justin didn’t want to recall anything related to Rosalind’s past, let alone be entangled with her again. “Ian, I never want to see her again. Get her out of my sight immediately.”

“Yes, Mr. Salvador!” Ian looked at Rosalind as if she were a pile of garbage as he forcefully dragged her out.

“Justin! Who do you think you are? How can you treat me like this?!” Rosalind finally tore off her mask of pity and shrieked hysterically, “All these excuses you’ve made to abandon me are so that you can find a new love! You’ve fallen for Bella, and you don’t want me anymore! What’s so great about that bitch?! Did she save your life? From the very beginning, she approached you with a fake identity. She had sinister motives! Isn’t she deceiving you too?!”

“Shut up! You have no right to compare yourself to her!” Justin’s bloodshot eyes widened fiercely, and he roared at Rosalind like never before. “If you say one more insult about Bella, I’ll make sure the Gold family has no place to stand in this country! Get out right now!”

Justin’s furious countenance and ruthless words were like a massive boulder, smashing into Rosalind and leaving her courage shattered. If it were not for Ian dragging her away, she

would have collapsed onto the ground long ago.

She never expected that Bella would have such a place in Justin’s heart. She never imagined that using Bella as a cover would backfire.

Rosalind was dragged away, and the corridor returned to calm.

“Justin, no matter what, I must congratulate you, brother.”

Ryan felt relieved to see Justin turn Rosalind away. His large hand pressed heavily on Justin’s shoulder. “No matter how you were deceived before and for how long, as long as you can turn away, it’s never too late.”

“Not too late, huh...”

Justin gave a bitter smile. His shoulders trembled in dejection. Then why did he feel like everything was already too late?

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.