

Chapter 15 Give Him Back To You

Sylvia Clark?

"Bang!"

The coffee fell from Bella's hands, drenching both of them.

Her limited-edition dress, and Richard's white trousers...were all soaked with coffee stains.

Richard stood up quickly, frowned looking at his wet pants, then glanced at Bella with some annoyance, "What's wrong with you?"

Bella was still looking outside, her face pale.

Seeing Richard about to look outside as well, Bella quickly grabbed his hand, apologizing guiltily, "I'm sorry, Richard. Too much has happened these past two days, I was lost in thought... I'm sorry, really sorry."

She couldn't let Richard see Sylvia. Even though she had decided to ditch Richard as a backup plan, she couldn't let Richard reunite with that bitch. Sylvia better not try to steal the man she doesn't want.

"Forget it. Let's go to the bathroom and clean up, I'll have some clothes brought over for us," Richard said.

"Okay," Bella agreed in one breath, letting Richard lead her to the bathroom.

As soon as Richard entered the men's bathroom, Bella turned and left, not caring about the large coffee stains on her dress.

Under the puzzled eyes of the staff in the cafe, Bella ran out without dignity, all the way to the escalator.

No one around.

Where was she?

She clearly saw Sylvia.

In a hurry, Bella looked around, the glittering lights of the mall passing by her eyes, she tightly held her handbag, turning and searching the vast 10 floors of the mall.

Asking everyone she saw if they had seen a woman in a green dress.

She couldn't find her anywhere.

Did she imagine it?

Bella began to doubt herself, thinking, how could Sylvia survive in the slum?

Or, what she saw wasn't a person, but a ghost?

"Hey, isn't that Bella? Why is she so dirty?" Someone nearby recognized her.

Bella glanced at the stains on her dress, feeling embarrassed and awkward, she quickly covered her face and hurried towards the cafe.

Suddenly, her shoulder was tapped. She instinctively turned around and saw Sylvia's approaching face. Under the removed sunglasses, a pair of eyes were staring straight at her.

"Ah!" Bella screamed in fear, sat down on the ground in shock, and looked at the approaching figure.

The girl in front of her had a pure face with clean features. If not Sylvia, who else could it be?

Bella turned pale with fear, her breathing trembling.

Someone took out a phone to take a picture of her, but Bella was too scared to care about her image, she just stared at Sylvia in fear.

Seeing this, Sylvia turned away from the cameras, smiled, and reached out to help Bella, "Miss, are you okay?"

Bella, scared, tried to retract her hand, but Sylvia's hand was already reaching out.

Her hand was warm.

She was alive.

Bella looked at her in shock, the fear in her heart gradually disappearing, replaced by the superiority she felt over Sylvia all these years.

Taking her hand, Bella stood up from the ground, and looked coldly at her, "Sylvia, you're not dead?"

"What are you talking about, miss?" Sylvia looked puzzled, her eyes clean and innocent.

Bella despised Sylvia's innocent appearance the most. After three years of not seeing her, she still found it annoying, and couldn't help but sneer, "It seems that you were the one behind the things in my family. You're quite skilled, aren't you? How did you manage to get out? Escaped from the slums? Do you have any idea what happens to people who manage to escape from the slums?"

Sylvia stood in front of her, still puzzled, "Miss, I really don't understand what you're talking about."

"You don't understand, huh?" Bella smirked, "Fine, I'll have my father send someone to take you back to the slums."

This bitch hasn't been tortured to death yet.

Bella, unwilling, picked up her phone to make a call. As she put the phone to her ear, a surprised voice came, "Sylvia?"

Bella froze in place, turned her head, and saw Richard, now dressed in a gray suit, standing not far away. At that moment, he stood there, staring blankly at Sylvia, his soul seemingly whisked away, completely oblivious to the fact that Bella was still here.

Richard James.

Another familiar face.

Sylvia stood there, thinking indifferently, but her face displayed a sense of confusion.

Richard snapped out of his reverie, and walked excitedly towards her, examining her from head to toe, "Sylvia, where have you been for these three years? Bella and I have been looking for you."

"Looking for me?" Sylvia was astonished.

Since childhood, Bella never wanted anyone to know they were sisters, so they were never in the same class in school.

In high school, Bella pursued Richard like crazy, but Richard confessed to Sylvia. Because of that, Bella pretended to be her good friend, pretending to help Richard pursue Sylvia, hoping that he would see her qualities.

But Richard didn't fall for it. Bella got frustrated and angrily sent Sylvia to the slums to face the disaster that she should have faced herself.

"Yeah," Richard grabbed her hand excitedly, "How come you suddenly left without a word three years ago? I checked your information at school, and the school said your family took you away because of family reasons, so your information was hidden and couldn't be made public."

Well, in this way, the Clark family made her disappear from the world quietly.

Standing to the side, Bella watched as Richard stared at Sylvia intently, her face filled with an unusual level of frustration, wanting to pull the man to her side.

She tolerated and endured, finally managing to muster a concerned look at Sylvia, "Yeah, Sylvia, where have you been all these years? Richard and I have been looking for you for so long."

This act... so beautifully played.

Sylvia gave her a cold look, then pulled her hand from Richard's grasp, "Sorry, but you must have mistaken me for someone else."

"How could we have mistaken you?" Richard asked eagerly.

Stupid man...

Bella, furious, mouthed, "Sylvia, let's go sit in the cafe for a bit?"

"No need," Sylvia refused.

But Bella hooked her arm and insistently led her, hugging her affectionately as if they were best friends, "Come on, let's go, let's chat together."

In the cafe.

Bella had Sylvia sit on the sofa, and urged Richard to sit opposite her. She then messaged her father---

[Bella: Dad, Sylvia is still alive. Hurry and bring someone to Rainbow Mall. I'm on the 10th floor stabilizing the situation.]

After sending the message, Bella saw Richard looking at Sylvia with undisguised excitement, as if he had unexpectedly regained a precious treasure.

Bella did not expect, over the past three years, that Richard's heart still belonged to Sylvia.

Forcing a smile, Bella leaned in towards Richard, hugging his arm tightly, pressing her full breasts against him intentionally. With a touch of emotion, she said, "Richard, we've finally found Sylvia, isn't it great?"

"..." Richard looked at Bella holding his hand, then glanced at Sylvia, feeling a bit awkward as he thought about how he used to chase Sylvia, "Uh, Sylvia, I'm together with Bella now."

"Yeah," Bella said. Sylvia had gone to the slums when Bella had not caught up to Richard yet. At this moment, Bella tapped into her belated bragging mode, getting close and planting a kiss on Richard's cheek, then smiling at Sylvia, "Richard chased after you back then, but you left without a word all these years. You're not angry with me, are you?"

In her eyes, there was a proud look.

Sylvia sat there calmly, looking at them, and said, "Sir, Miss, I think you've mistaken me for someone else. I'm not the Sylvia you're talking about."

"Are you mad at me? Mad that I took Richard away?" Bella leaned on Richard, acting all delicate, "I'll give Richard back to you then."

Upon hearing this, Richard couldn't help but frown at Bella, softly scolding, "What nonsense are you talking about? Am I some object that can be returned?"

Back in the day, Sylvia never really gave him a straight answer when he pursued her.

"But I know you used to like Sylvia, maybe you still do... you couldn't take your eyes off of her just now." As Bella looked at him, her voice choked up, tears welling up in her eyes, looking pitiful and tearful.

This made Richard feel guilty, so he hurriedly reassured her in a gentle voice, "Don't overthink. You're my girlfriend now."

Sylvia found their deep affection disgusting, so she reached for her bag and took out an identification card, using her fair hand to cover up the information and showing only her photo and name...

"You've got it all wrong, I'm not Sylvia. I'm Barbecue Young." Sylvia said seriously.