

Heiress's 120

Chapter 120

Bella walked as fast as she could to the underground parking lot.

"Ms. Brown! Ms. Brown! Anna!"

Ryan ran after Bella and grabbed her thin wrist.

She turned around suddenly and looked at him with distant, watery eyes.

"Let go of me."

"What's wrong? Is it because of Justin?"

Ryan's throat tightened. He spoke gently, with a hint of guilt. "I'm sorry. I didn't know he would

show up here. If I had known, I wouldn't have brought you here."

Bella thought of the box that Justin handed her and felt a slight pain in her heart.

She thought, 'Compensation? I don't want it!'

"Here, take it back."

Bella bowed her head slightly, took off the necklace from her slender neck, and handed it to Ryan. Thank you for the gift, but I'm sorry, I can't accept it."

Ryan's body trembled for a moment. "Were you using me?"

"I'm sorry." Bella's eyes were filled with sorrow.

Even though he was being used, Ryan did not feel angry. On the contrary, he felt sorry for her.

Apart from feeling distressed, Ryan felt disappointed. That was because he could see that she still had some feelings for Justin. She still needed time to get over Justin.

Although Ryan did not know how long it would take, he was willing to wait.

"It's okay. At least you didn't accept Justin's gift either. I feel better now."

Ryan waved his hand nonchalantly and took the necklace from her.

"Mr. Hoffman, you're a good man. You can see things more clearly than Justin can. Although you seem frivolous, you're attentive and know how to care for others. You deserve a better woman, so you should save your precious time for someone in the future who is worthy of your efforts." Bella still felt a little guilty for using him, so she was much gentler with him.

"I've already found a better person worthy of my love. It's you!" Ryan stared at her with bright eyes. His chest was heaving with anticipation.

"Thanks for your recognition."

Bella smiled, turned around, and left with grace.

Ryan froze on the spot. He felt helpless and unwilling.

Did she just reject his confession?

Probably...

That night, at ACE Club Lounge, Justin was in a very bad mood, so Ryan ordered the manager to clear the lounge, which was exclusive to the two of them for the night.

Justin was sitting at the bar by himself. His chilling vibe made the bartenders flinch away from him.

In front of him was a black velvet jewelry box.

Justin had been carrying it with him these past few days, thinking of giving it to Anna as soon as he had the chance. However, he did not expect the woman to reject him without even looking at it. How humiliating!

He shook the glass of iced whiskey and kept thinking about Ryan putting on the necklace for Anna earlier that day. Anna smiled brightly at Ryan, and they even left together.

'In the past, Anna only smiled at me like that. But now, she smiles so brightly at every man but me! Anna, you're nothing without me. You're just dropping your own value!'

Justin exhaled angrily and gulped down the whiskey.

The bartender was stunned. It was dangerous to drink such strong liquor like water.

Justin poured another glass, picked it up, and wanted to down it again when a strong hand reached over and covered the glass.

"Justin, you shouldn't drink such strong alcohol like that. It's bad for your liver."

Justin narrowed his drunken eyes and saw Ryan beside him. He gritted his teeth and laughed. "So what if it's bad for my liver? It's much better than having my best friend steal my girl!"

"I didn't steal your girl!"

Ryan was not in a good mood either. He sat beside Justin and said to the bartender, "Give me what he's having."

"Ryan, Anna is not a woman you can touch," Justin said in a cold voice.

"Why not?"

"She is already with Asher."

Ryan raised his eyebrows and asked teasingly, "Is it because she's with Asher or because she is your ex-wife?"

Justin's throat felt dry, and his chest was so tight that it was about to explode.

"If it's the former, I don't care. If it's the latter, I don't give a fuck about that."

Justin was provoked by his words and emboldened by alcohol, so he finally let out his pent-up emotions.

He knocked over the whiskey glass and suddenly grabbed Ryan's collar. His eyes were bloodshot and murderous.

"Ryan, as long as I'm alive, don't even think about getting your hands on her!"