

## Heiress's 124

### Chapter 124

Justin said, "I'm not drunk. Don't look down on me.

"I'm just afraid that other men will take advantage of you!" Ryan frowned, looking anxious.

"Do you think everyone is a beast like you?"

Justin squinted his eyes and smirked. Then he walked toward his car without looking back.

Justin's Maybach was driving on a deserted road.

"Mr. Salvador, the press conference is over. There are more negative comments about Ms. Bethany than before. This has already affected the reputation of the Salvador family and even Salvador Corporation."

Ian reported worriedly while driving, "The impact is greater than we thought..."

"Salvador Corporation?"

Justin's head was lowered, and his eyes were dim. "Right. They only want me around to clean up mess."

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He had never regarded the Salvador family as his own. Aside from his grandfather, no one in the Salvador family treated Justin like family, including his biological father, Gregory.

In that case, Justin did not mind sacrificing Bethany tonight so he could watch them collapse.

Justin thought, 'They used me and hit my wife. Bethany deserves this punishment, if not more!'

Justin was startled by the fact that he referred to Anna as his wife. His heart trembled at the idea.

He thought, 'Did that scheming and temperamental woman play along and flirt with Ryan to slap me in the face or stab me in the heart?'

Justin tugged on his tie again in annoyance. A fire gradually rose in his chest.

"Ian, pull over."

"Yes, sir."

Ian hurriedly parked the Maybach on the side of the road, next to a park.

"Mr. Salvador, are you feeling uncomfortable? Do you need a sick bag?" Ian thought that Justin wanted to vomit and asked with concern.

"You look like a sick bag to me." Justin glared at Ian.

Ian was insulted for no reason and felt aggrieved.

"Wait here. I'll take a walk."

Justin opened the door and got out of the car. Then he walked straight to the park.

The road was deserted, and the evening breeze was refreshing.

Justin walked slowly along the lake shore, squinting his eyes and feeling the breeze. His depressed mood was alleviated.

He felt that he would vomit if he sat in the car any longer.

Suddenly, Justin stopped in his tracks and frowned.

“Who is it? Come out!”

“Hah! Your ears are very sensitive, like a dog’s.

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Justin could hear the sarcasm in the man’s voice. He slowly turned around and saw a tall and well- built man standing not far away. The man looked rugged and dangerous.

He was wearing a black windbreaker, a black shirt, black trousers, and a black mask. His short, black hair swayed in the wind.

The man blended in with the night.

“Who are you? Why are you following me?” Justin’s voice was cold. His dormant muscles under his restrictive suit were tense.

“Isn’t it obvious that I came to find fault with you?” Drew’s lips, which were hidden behind the mask, quirked up devilishly.

“Why?”

“Because you bullied someone important to me, and she suffered because of you.”

Drew tilted his head mischievously and clenched his fingers, popping his knuckles in the process. She's not easy to coax, but I think she will feel better if you become a hundred times more miserable than she is."

Justin focused his gaze on the man not far away.

He felt that this man's eyes and voice were somewhat familiar, but he could not remember who it was.

Drew approached Justin step by step, and the place he walked past was replaced by the cold wind.

"Who is the person who is important to you? When have I bullied anyone?" Justin braced himself, but his expression was unchanged.

"Hah! I thought that I'd let you off easy if you had some self-awareness. But I'm too kind to you. A heartless scumbag like you won't have any sense of remorse. If I don't let you suffer, you won't know the meaning of retribution."