

## Heiress's 220

### Chapter 220

Justin put his left arm across Bella's waist and slowly fastened the seat belt for her.

Bella gritted her teeth and retracted her hand as if she had touched something dirty. "Where are you taking me?"

"We agreed last night that you'd go to my house to pick up your things today." Justin let go of her and held the steering wheel.

"I will go, so you don't have to do this!"

"I don't believe you."

Justin started the engine and glanced at her. "You're such a good liar. How many times have you lied to me since you married me three years ago? Have you ever told me the truth?"

"Have I not?"

Bella sneered. "Think whatever you like. It doesn't matter now."

Justin felt a chill, as if a bullet had shot through his chest.

Sometimes, he wished that she had never had feelings for him. That way, he could move on without any guilt.

The Ferrari sped through the highway, passing by the beautiful scenery along the way.

Bella simply resigned herself to her fate since she could not run away. She crossed her arms across her chest, adjusted the back of her chair, and fell asleep in a comfortable position.

Out of sight, out of mind.

"Sorry about that." Justin tightened his grip on the steering wheel.

"About what?"

Bella discovered that this man had been acting abnormally after their divorce. He used to be as stubborn as a donkey, but he has been admitting his mistakes quite frequently lately.

Bella thought, 'Did Rosalind enroll him in a morality course or something?'

"I didn't know that Asher was your brother."

"Oh, whatever. I forgive you." Bella did not take it seriously.

"But why didn't you explain yourself?" Justin looked at Bella's beautiful side profile.

"At that time, would you have believed me if I said that nothing was going on between me and

Asher?"

Justin felt a lump in his throat.

Bella shook her head. "The world is always assuming the worst of women. If I wasn't Asher's sister and was just the poor Anna Brown, you and thousands of people in this world would just think that I was a shameless gold digger. Except for the people I love and care about, I don't care what others think of me."

Justin's face turned pale. His knuckles popped from gripping the steering wheel too hard.

He thought, 'Does this mean that she no longer loves and cares about me?'

There was nothing wrong with that, but Justin just felt frustrated.

They drove in silence for a while before Justin suddenly asked, "So, Asher is your eldest brother, Axel is your second brother, and Drew is your third brother? Why did Drew take your mother's last name?"

"Justin."

Bella suddenly opened her eyes. Her face was as cold as ice. "You're touching my bottom line by investigating my family."

Justin parted his thin lips, but Bella spoke first. "Why do you keep testing my patience? I'm only putting up with you because I am from the Thompson family and have been raised to be a bigger person. That's why I don't want to make a scene. Otherwise, it'll be disgraceful. But if you continue to reach out your filthy paws into my family, I don't care who you are. I won't let you off the hook! So, you'd better check your behavior."

The man's thin lips pursed tightly. His neatly trimmed nails were digging into the leather steering wheel. "I didn't investigate Drew. I thought he was familiar when we fought the last time. So, I looked through the graduation photo album of the military academy I went to and found his photo. That was when I remembered that we used to be classmates."

Bella turned to look out the window and simply ignored him. She was still mad at him.

Justin glanced at her, picked up the phone, and dialed Ian's number. He pressed the speakerphone button.

“Hello, Mr. Salvador. What are your orders?” Ian answered the call instantly.

“Buy a pair of high heels for Ms. Bella from one of these brands-Christian Louboutin, Jimmy Choo, and Manolo Blahnik. Then send them to Tideview Manor.”

Bella was surprised to hear this. She slowly looked at the man’s calm face.

These were brands that she wore often.

“Yes, sir! I’ll make arrangements for the young madam right away.” Ian’s voice was so cheerful that those who did not know would think that he had a successful proposal.

Justin lowered his cold eyes to look at Bella’s feet. His eyes darkened, and he said, “Size 36. Don’t get the wrong size.”