

## Heiress's 26

### Chapter 26

"Mr. Salvador... I can't do it anymore!" Ian panted as they climbed the stairs.

The hotel had high ceilings, so each floor had more steps than usual. By the time they climbed to the 8th floor, Ian was already out of breath. His legs were trembling, and he was about to give up.

"A man shouldn't give up so easily. There are only two floors left. Hurry up." Justin urged Ian as he climbed the stairs without changing his expression.

Justin was 30 years old. He was two years older than Ian, but he served as a soldier in the peacekeeping force when he was younger. After he retired from the army, he regularly exercised and did martial arts, so his level of physical fitness was much higher than that of ordinary people.

He could still climb another 20 floors if needed, because back when he was in the army, he would have to run at least 30 laps during their night run.

Finally, they arrived at the 40th floor. Ian sat on the steps and panted heavily, while Justin stared at him coldly and shook his head.

"Mr. Salvador, nice to meet you."

Justin turned around when he heard the voice. He saw a man walking over with a polite smile on his face. He was handsome and clean-cut. He had what many women would describe as a puppy-dog face, and it was hard to tell his real age.

"I am Ms. Thompson's secretary, Steven Lovett. Ms. Thompson has been waiting for you for a long time. Please come with me."

'Was she complaining that we were slow?!' Justin was annoyed, but he had nowhere to vent his anger. His face darkened a bit. "Well, my feet certainly aren't as fast as an elevator. I hope Ms. Thompson doesn't mind."

Steven did not say a word. He just turned around and walked forward, ignoring them.

“What’s with that attitude?!” Ian recovered his breath and could not stand being treated like that. He wanted to find fault with Steven, but Justin stopped him.

“Wait for me here.”

Justin followed Steven to the door of the general manager’s office.

He took a deep breath.

For some reason, Justin was nervous when he finally got to meet the elusive Bella Thompson, even though he was usually unfazed by most situations.

After Steven knocked on the door, Justin heard a female voice saying, “Come in!”

Steven opened the door and gestured for Justin to go inside.

Justin felt his throat move slightly. He straightened his back and walked into the office.

At this moment, Bella was eating chocolate in front of the computer screen in the next room, watching with interest as everything played out.

A young woman with a clean and flawless face sat behind the desk. She was exquisitely dressed, and her long hair was let loose. She looked like a decent woman.

Was she the Bella Thompson who made things difficult for him in every possible way? Justin could

not help but feel a little disappointed. 1

Somehow, the Bella Thompson he had imagined was not like that. The woman in front of him lacked the arrogance, authority, and poise of a pampered heiress.

“Mr. Salvador, you must be exhausted. Please, have a seat.”

Bella used a Bluetooth headset to give instructions to her “puppet”, who conveyed the message, albeit not as naturally or calmly as she would have done.

Justin sat on the sofa and looked around casually.

This office was elegantly decorated, with a black piano placed in the corner. A natural marble coffee table with a stylish design and a luxurious vintage leather sofa were the unique pieces of furniture in

the room.

But what attracted Justin’s attention the most was the framed quote hanging behind Bella.

“Hide your strength and bide your time.”

“Nice calligraphy.” Justin sighed.

Bella stopped chewing on her chocolate when she heard this, and her heart trembled.

In her memory, this was the first time Justin praised her.

During the three years she was married to him, she took care of all aspects of his daily life. But no matter how hard she tried, she did not gain any appreciation from this man.

Unexpectedly, he complimented her this time.

It was a pity that she did not care for it anymore.

“Mr. Salvador, do you like it?” Bella asked with a fake smile.

“Yeah.” Justin was a man of few words, even when praising someone.

“If you like it, you can take it with you when you leave. Just think of it as a gift for our first meeting.”

“No need. I just think that calligraphy is very elegant and artistic. It’s not polite for me to take such an art piece from you.” Justin refused indifferently.