

Heiress's 295

Chapter 295

Don't you think I'm pitiful? Stupid? Ridiculous?" Justin's hoarse voice sounded. His lips formed a broken, bitter smile.

Ryan shook his head thoughtfully. "No, Justin, I'm your best friend, your brother. No matter what happens, I won't laugh at you. I just feel sad."

'Regret...' Justin closed his bloodshot eyes and tore apart every scene related to Rosalind in his mind, leaving nothing behind-not even a trace.

"There's nothing to regret. It's my fault for being blind. I deserve this," Justin sighed.

"No, that's not it." Ryan sighed with heartfelt sympathy. "It's those three years when Bella married you. Perhaps you could have loved her if it weren't for that woman. You could have been happy instead of being at war with each other. Do you think so?"

'Could have been happy.' Justin halted abruptly, his pitch-black eyes momentarily losing focus.

– 'Justin, can we... not get divorced?'

– 'Because... I love you.'

His ear buzzed with a ringing sound as he clutched his head in pain. He hastily leaned against the wall. A suffocating sensation overwhelmed him.

Back then, Bella had cried and begged him not to divorce her. He thought it was just her desperate struggle to cling to the marriage, viewing her as a cage and wanting to escape.

Only now did he realize this.

Bella never intended to tie him down. The last time she said she loved him, she hoped to continue the love. She knew he had never loved her.

She had tried her best to keep him, fearing that after the divorce, she would not even be qualified to love him.

Ryan interrupted, "I saw the child was already three or four years old. It means that when Rosalind was in Meridan, she was secretly with that man."

He continued, "But if I remember correctly, she was still clinging to you then. Giving you the feeling that she deeply loved you and that she ended up in a foreign country waiting for you and enduring hardships for your sake. In reality, behind your back, she was anything but idle."

Justin gripped his chest, his heartache causing his entire body to tremble as if even breathing might take his life.

"There have always been men around Rosalind. You were just one of them." Ryan gazed sincerely at him. "But in Bella's heart, it has always been you. Do you remember the night you went to her house in the heavy rain? Do you know what she told me?"

Justin stared blankly at him, his forehead soaked with sweat.

"I tried to confess to her, but she rejected me." Ryan's smile carried a bitter taste. When did he ever bow down like this for a woman? "She said if it weren't Justin, she wouldn't love anyone. Without leaving Justin, she wouldn't love anyone else."

Justin's pupils contracted. Every organ in his body felt like it was being cruelly stirred by a sharp blade, causing spasms of pain in every inch of his nerves.

'Bella, you said you wouldn't love anyone else without me. We have not known each other for more than three years. Did I appear in your life much earlier than that?'

'Why! Why!'

'Bella, I want you to give me an answer!'

At that moment, Justin's phone vibrated in his hand. Trembling, he took it out and saw that it was a call from Matt. Thinking something might be wrong with his grandfather, he quickly answered, "Uncle Matt, is there something wrong with Grandpa?"

"Young Master Justin! Old Master Nigel has had a sudden stroke. Please come to Savrow Hospital right away!" Matt said.

"What?!" Justin's chest tightened.

Matt promptly added, "Don't worry. Old Master Nigel has been transferred from the emergency room to a VIP ward, and his condition is relatively stable."

Matt spoke with lingering fear. "Thanks to Ms. Thompson's timely first aid for Old Master Nigel, we managed to buy time for the emergency rescue. Otherwise... He would have been in serious danger!"

Justin's cheeks flushed with a burning and scorching sense of shame, as if he had been slapped in the face countless times.