

Heiress's 303

Chapter 303

"Young Master!"

On the other side of the corridor, Wilma ran toward Justin, carrying a few bags.

"Wilma." Justin quickly stood up and helped her carry some things. "Why are you here?"

"I heard from Ian that Old Master Nigel is hospitalized and that you're staying here tonight, so I brought you some toiletries and a change of clothes. I also prepared some late-night snacks. You and Ian can have some."

As Wilma spoke, she pulled Justin over to the chair and hurriedly took out the lunch boxes.

"Wilma, I'm not hungry. Let Ian eat." Justin looked down at the hot food in the lunch box and felt a surge of warmth in his icy heart.

After all that had happened, Justin needed some time to adjust his mental state. He really had no appetite.

"I... I'm not hungry either! Thanks, Wilma." Ian quickly shook his head. How could he eat his boss's food?

"Hmph! I'd like to see how long you can keep this up!"

Wilma looked at Justin's haggard face, picked up a piece of bread, and roughly stuffed it into his mouth. "Are you so miserable because of that evil witch? You're hopeless! Don't make me look down on you!"

Justin could not help but smile bitterly as he reluctantly chewed on the bread. "I'm not sad because of her."

“Then why are you so down? Is it because of the young madam?” Wilma blinked her bright eyes.

Justin choked. His cheeks flushed slightly. “Ahem... It’s because of Grandpa.”

“Oh, since you’re in the hospital, I think that you should get a CT scan early tomorrow morning.”

Wilma glanced at him sideways and said in a teasing tone, “Let’s see if there’s anything wrong with your brain.”

Ian quietly gave Wilma a thumbs-up behind Justin’s back. Wilma was really brave to speak her mind.

“Wilma.”

Justin’s throat was blocked. He said coldly, “I didn’t appreciate the right people in the past. I know that I hurt Bella because of Rosalind. But even without Rosalind, I would still divorce Bella. She and I only got married because Grandpa arranged this marriage. There was no foundation of love between us, so we were bound to get separated. I don’t regret it.”

“It’s been three years, Young Master! Young Madam loved you with all her heart and soul. Even ice would melt with the warmth she provided. Do you really not have any feelings for the young madam? None at all?!” Wilma asked with a dry mouth.

“I don’t love Bella.”

Justin’s heart trembled. His thin lips were dry, and he said word by word, “Since I don’t love her, why should I hold her back?”

After hearing this, Ian felt indescribably disappointed and uncomfortable.

He felt that his boss must have some feelings for Bella.

However, with Justin's traumatizing childhood, his mother's suicide, his family's neglect, and the betrayal of his childhood sweetheart, Justin could no longer trust or open up to others. "Young Master, there is no shame in admitting your mistakes, apologizing, and regretting your decisions. Your pride can't be more important than a lifetime of happiness, right? As long as you're happy, I'll help you win over the young madam!" Wilma sighed sadly. Justin raised his eyebrows. "Wilma..."

"Me too! Me too!"

Ian hurriedly raised his hand. "I'll help too!"

Justin's eyes twitched. He wanted to send his useless secretary to a coal mine.

"Oh, by the way, here."

Wilma hurriedly took out a voice recorder from her pocket and handed it to Justin. "A handsome young man came to the house tonight and asked me to give you this."

Justin took it. "Who gave it to you?"

"He said he's Mr. Lovett."

Justin's breath hitched. He looked at Ian and pressed the play button on the recorder.