

## Heiress's 343

### Chapter 343

By the time Justin rushed to the barbecue restaurant, Bella and Steven were long gone. Gritting his teeth, he replayed the images of Bella and the man from the photos in his mind. His face was frozen and stern, but his composure was on the verge of collapsing.

Amid the lively atmosphere, he could not help but feel like he was humiliating himself. Alongside this self-inflicted humiliation, he was worried about Bella.

He thought, 'Bella was having dinner with a seemingly unreliable man in such a chaotic environment at such a late hour. Does she even understand what fear means?'

Suddenly, his phone vibrated, displaying an unknown number. Justin sighed and answered, "Who is this?"

"Is this Mr. Justin Salvador?" A robotic female voice came from the other end.

Justin responded, "Yes."

"This is the Savrow West District Police Station. May I ask, what is your relationship with Mr. Ian Harris?"

Justin's eyebrows furrowed deeply. "He's my secretary. What's going on?"

"Please come to the police station now. We'll discuss it when you arrive."

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The events of this night could only be described as illusionary.

The Lamborghini raced down the road, and Justin's mind was in a whirlwind. He could not comprehend how Ian, who would not harm a single soul, had ended up in the police station.

As Justin briskly entered the station, he collided with a handsome man in a black leather jacket. The man was tall and strong. He was the same man who was being intimate with Bella in those photos that Ian sent!

Ralph also noticed Justin. His eagle-like eyes scanned him as if piercing through light.

A cold glint flashed in Ralph's eyes, and he asked with a mocking smile, "Are you Justin Salvador? Here to defend Ian Harris?"

Justin's eyebrows furrowed as he looked at Ralph with hostility. "How does this concern you?"

Ralph laughed. "Interesting choice of words."

He continued to mock with a cold sneer. "Ian Harris is here because of me. How does it not concern me?"

Justin frowned, breaking his composure. "Are you doing this for revenge?"

"Revenge?"

"My secretary exposed your illicit relationship with Bella. Is this your way of retaliating against me?"

Blinded by anger, Justin failed to recognize that the young man before him was actually an experienced detective. Justin naturally assumed the man was merely standing up for Bella.

Ralph, upon hearing Justin's assumption, chuckled instead of getting angry. "It's truly a miracle that you can become the president of a major conglomerate with that level of intelligence."

Justin gritted his teeth and retorted, “You’re a gigolo who dares to appear so boldly in a police station. You even try to frame Ian for exposing you. I must say, I’m quite impressed by your courage.”

Ralph was shocked by what he heard and thought to himself, ‘What the hell is this guy blabbering about? Gigolo?! Do I look that promiscuous to him?’

Ralph sized Justin up. ‘So, this is the pretty boy who hurt my Bella. Look at his thick eyebrows and big eyes. He has quite a sturdy figure hidden beneath his suit. He looks like he could fight.’

At that moment, two police officers happened to pass by and salute Ralph.

“Hello, Captain Thompson!”

Ralph smiled and nodded at them.

Justin’s breath hitched as he stared at Ralph in disbelief. “This guy isn’t a gigolo, but a police officer?! Captain Thompson... He’s a Thompson, too?”

Upon closer inspection, Justin noticed that Ralph’s bright and sharp eyes, steep nose, and chiseled jawline looked familiar.

“Ralph!”

Justin abruptly froze. A pleasant yet familiar female voice pierced through his heart.

This was yet another surprise revelation.

Justin thought, ‘Just how many sons does that old playboy, Wyatt Thompson, have?! Isn’t Wyatt afraid that there will be disputes over inheritance when he’s older?’