

## Heiress's 477

### Chapter 477

Restrained, Bella yelled, "Somebody help-Mgh!"

Justin lost his cool for once. Feeling a rush to his head, he sealed her cries with a kiss.

Their lips met, and her voice faded into murmurs.

Bella's mind went blank.

Justin's scorching breath brushed against Bella's trembling lips. His

palms were clammy from holding her wrists, and his forehead

broke out in a sweat.

The last time he kissed her, the alcohol got to his head.

Justin had no excuse to kiss her now.

'You're divorced, Justin. This isn't right,' Justin thought to himself.

Nevertheless, he could not help himself. He knew that it was not right, but his heart overruled his head.

With that in mind, Justin's heart thumped out of his chest. The self-restraint he always took pride in was about to crumble.

He lost himself in his emotions. At first, Justin was only trying to stop Bella from screaming, but his kiss was purely out of affection.

Bella tried to resist him, but her body was weak against his advances. Her lips and tongue were caught in his spell, and her breath was stolen away.

She was angry with herself.

A tear slipped across her cheek.

She was just a poor woman who had been obsessed with the man for 13 years, but her love was never responded to. She wondered what she had done to deserve such humiliation.

“You’re an asshole, Justin!”

An angry bellow echoed across the corridor. Seeing red, Steven rushed over and pried Justin away from Bella with all his might. He then punched Justin in the face.

However, Steven moved too slowly in Justin’s eyes.

The man shot back, evading the punch at the speed of light.

“Steve!”

Bella cried out for Steven in a hoarse voice, but Steven was in a different head space now.

His mind was filled with the image of the bastard ravishing Bella’s lips. All he could see was the smudged lipstick on Justin’s lips.

“I’m going to kill you, Justin!”

Justin scowled.

Steven was a sixth-degree black belt in Taekwondo, and the strength of his kicks once rocked the community of Savrow. He spun high with his leg lifted, aiming a kick straight at Justin's chest.

Despite Steven throwing everything he had at Justin, the latter

effortlessly neutralized his attack.

The man dodged the moment Steven lifted his leg. Before Steven

knew it, Justin re-emerged behind him and gripped his shoulder blade.

Steven felt a crippling sensation under his skin as he went limp.

What sort of sorcery was that?

That maneuver was like a page out of a comic book.

Bella recognized that move as a close combat tactic taught in the military. Drew could execute that technique too.

It would take at least five years of intense training to pull off a move that demanded both speed and precision.

"Enough, Justin!"