

## **The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 551 -560**

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 551-After Justin was barely given the green light to be discharged, he was busy for the next three days tackling the work that had snowballed during his hospitalization.

In the past few days, his health condition has been like a roller coaster ride. He was surviving on supplements and medicine from Bella. Justin clung to Ian's help with the external treatments as he prayed for a quick rebound.

Justin could not protect his loved ones without his health.

"It's time for your medicine, Mr. Salvador." Ian placed the medicine and a bottle of water on the tray before carrying it to Justin.

Justin was reviewing some documents at his desk. He responded, "I'm busy. Later." "Um, if you don't take your meds on time, I will report your misbehavior to the young madam." Ian looked justified. "The young madam contacted me the other day, instructing me to watch you take your meds. I am supposed to report back to her if there's a problem. If the young madam finds out that you won't take your meds like a good boy, she's not going to be happy with you." Justin put down his pen, grabbed the pills, and swallowed them with a gulp of water right away.

Ian nodded with satisfaction, feeling amused and regretful.

If Justin had listened three years ago, he could probably have had enough children with the young madam to start a little league by now.

Instead, Justin remained single and chose the thorny path of humiliation in his desperate bid to reclaim his ex-wife's affections. Justin was in for a long ride.

"I told you to keep an eye on Bella. Did you do that?" The bitterness sank in as Justin swallowed the pill with a frown.

He pulled out a drawer and fished a piece of chocolate out. He unwrapped the wrapper and stuffed the chocolate piece into his mouth.

The piece of chocolate was part of the snacks Bella left in the house. Justin dug out the junk food and kept it in his office drawer for safekeeping.

When Justin was feeling down and strained, he would seek solace in the sweet delight.

That was just sad.

"I did. I heard that Chairman Thompson's third wife, Celeste, is having a birthday celebration soon. I think the young madam is organizing the party for her at the hotel." "Celeste used to be a celebrity, right?" Justin asked indifferently.

"Yes, that's right. Celeste is my mom's idol. When I was young, her shows were always on TV at home. My mom is a huge fan. She even bought the same outfits that Celeste wore in her TV shows. Sigh... It's a shame she left showbiz so soon. My mom was upset for a long time because Celeste no longer acted. Celeste was the goddess of many fans at the time," Ian lamented. The mention of Celeste made him an eager beaver.

"Why did she retire from showbiz out of the blue?" Justin asked.

"Erm, my mom said that Celeste was suspected of taking illegal drugs and was canceled. It was a pretty huge deal back then, and Celeste was nearly ruined. Chairman Thompson later cleared her name, but the damage was already done. Since she lost her fame, she simply retired from the limelight. I've got to give it to Chairman Thompson. He's been lucky in the dating scene. He came to the rescue when Celeste needed help the most. I guess no woman can resist a knight in shining armor." Ian said while glancing at Justin. There was a hint of sarcasm in his undertones.

As expected, Justin tensed his jawline and was hurt by the remark.

That was not the end. "If I can be blunt, your former father-in-law has a lot of wives, and yet they are all one big family. His wives are committed to him. You can't even deal with the young madam.

Maybe you should meet with Chairman Thompson and get some word of advice from him."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 552-Ian shuddered. "Ahem. Um... Mr. Salvador, I was just worried for you. It's like the slow-mo button has been hit between you and the young madam. Will I ever see you two get back together again? You risked your life to save the young madam, but she remains indifferent to you. She has been calling me like clockwork to get an update on your for the past two days, but she hasn't checked on you once. I feel sorry for you." Back then, Bella would prepare a feast and stand outside the villa for Justin's return from business trips.

Her heart used to be his.

Now, even Ian felt smothered by the chilly looks Bella gave Justin.

Some things, once lost, can never be found again.

"It's fine." Moments later, Justin sighed dejectedly and rubbed his clenched fists against his lap. "I will not give up on her, regardless of her attitude toward me." Following a

knock on the door, the secretary's voice came through." Mr. Ryan Hoffman is here to see you, Mr. Salvador." "Let him in." Humming to a tune, Ryan entered the office with a smile.

He wore a crisp white suit. The absence of a shirt left his tan and toned chest bare to the chilly weather. He adorned a white gold chain. along his collarbone, adding a touch of sultry defiance to his entire look.

Only Ryan would pull off a showy and elegant outfit in the whole of Savrow.

"You look good, bro. I guess Bella's miracle drug did the trick." Ryan fell back onto the sofa. He felt at ease to see Justin doing well.

Since Justin admitted to Ryan about his feelings for Bella, Ryan has stopped seeing Bella as anything more than his best friend's girl.

Justin appreciated the thought.

Still, he looked at Ryan's indecency in disdain. "You can forget gaining access to Salvador Corporation if you come looking like that again." Ryan asked, "Huh? Why?" "This is a place of work, not an escort establishment." Justin put the focus back on his work. "I don't want people to get the wrong idea that I have some sort of fetish." Ian snickered.

Ryan blinked as it took him a while to get it. He exclaimed, "I'm as straight as a straight guy can ever be." Justin had no words.

Ian had a hard time holding back his laughter.

"Enough. I don't have time for your nonsense. What do you need?" Justin asked.

"Check this out.

Ryan pulled out an invitation card and waved it around in delight.

"What's that?" "I received an invitation from Ms. Thompson, inviting me to celebrate Mrs. Celeste Thompson's birthday celebration this weekend.

Woohoo!"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 553-The smug look on Ryan's face was infuriating.

i Justin's eyes brewed with rage as bitterness consumed him. "So what? It's not strange that you're invited to the party because of your family standing." "Did you get invited

because of your family standing then?" "Get to the point or get out." Justin, known to be level-headed, was touchy and not one to kid around in matters related to Bella.

"Tsk. Tsk. Look at you. I was only joking." Ryan knew Justin was pissed that he was not on the guest list. Dropping the subject, he whipped out a crumpled invitation from his back pocket. "Here you go. Your evil stepmother had this delivered to "Talk about a coincidence. She's having a birthday celebration on the same day as Chairman Thompson's wife. I guess it's a showdown." "What did you say? Shannon and Celeste are having birthday celebrations on the same day?" Justin furrowed his brows in surprise.

"Mr. Salvador, if my memory serves me right, Shannon's birthday is this Thursday and not the weekend.

Ian scratched his head in confusion. "Why can't she have the party on the date of her birthday? Why must she move her party to the weekend? Is she really trying to one-up Celeste?" "What's the feud between Shannon and Celeste?" Justin picked up on the core issue, thanks to his keen intuition..

"Uh... I'm not too sure myself, but I remember that they were signed to the same network years ago. Celeste was a great actress and overshadowed Shannon. Shannon was only good enough to play the villain or supporting roles." Justin fell deep into contemplation. "Got it. Keep an eye on Shannon.

Report back to me if she starts anything." Meanwhile, Shannon was picking out an outfit for her birthday with Bethany in her room in Tideview Manor.

Fancy gowns were found on the portable clothes rack, sofa, and bed. Despite their hefty price tags, the clothes were piled on top of each other like rags.

"They are tacky! Are these dresses in the limited collection this year? The designers have no talent. No one in their right mind would wear these." Displeased with the dresses, Bethany dumped and stomped on them like they were trash. "Mom, you are the wife of Salvador Corporation's chairman. You were once a famous star in entertainment. Yet, they presented you with these horrible clothes. That's absurd." Shannon gulped down a mouthful of red wine as rage overtook her.

Due to Bella's meddling, Shannon became a disgrace to higher society. Even though she was Gregory Salvador's wife, international luxury brands would not sponsor her jewelry or clothes anymore.

Shannon wanted to select two evening gowns for her birthday celebration, but no designer labels would want to put their dresses on her. Even though Shannon offered to pay for the gowns, these brands refused to be associated with her.

"You moved your birthday party to the weekend to show Celeste, Mom. It's time to put her in her place. If you can't borrow the perfect dress, the plan will backfire, and you'll be the joke in the community." Bethany was anxious.

"Me? A joke? Why would I be a joke?" Shannon slammed the wine glass on the table, spilling the wine. "I'm the lady of the house. I'm your father's one and only wife. Who does Celeste think she is? She couldn't beat me then, so she sure as well wouldn't beat me now. Sure, she's Wyatt Thompson's third wife, but that's not even legal. She's a mistress at best. She's the joke." "You're right, Mom!" Bethany pandered to Shannon.

"I can either go big or go home!" Shannon got up, determination reflecting in her eyes. "Find a way to get in touch with Sharon. Whatever it takes, I need to borrow a dress. designed by Sharon."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 554-At the KS World Hotel, Bella reviewed the proposal in her office, taking the planning of Celeste's birthday party more seriously than partner, but her commitment now is to Celeste, who is her family.

"You have pulled all-nighters for three nights straight, Ms. Bella. Take a break." Steven served Bella a glass of orange juice, hoping to stop.

her from taking another cup of coffee.

www "I can't stop. I have everything sorted for the venue, but I still have a lot to do for Aunt Celeste's dress." Bella put down the document and kneaded between her brows.

The women around Bella's age would go on a shopping trip with their best friends, travel the world, or be swept head over heels in romance.

However, Bella spent her days dwelling on paperwork, boring numbers, and leading her hotel's staff to improve sales.

Bella was tough, but she was only human. She would feel tired too.

"Organize my ride to Roza's studio later," Bella said.

"Are you still going to make a dress for Celeste?" "Yeah. If I work around the clock, I won't have enough time." Steven sighed as his heart went out to her.

His phone buzzed.

Asher sent Steven a text message with a guest list for Celeste's birthday celebration. He told Steven to forward the list to Bella.

Steven tapped on the attachment and flinched at James Iverson's name.

He saw red as his mind brought him to when James threw money at him, and his woman with excessive makeup insulted Amelia.

"Is there a problem with the list, Steve? What's with the expression on your face?" Bella caught the strange look on his face.

"There's something I should inform you about, Ms. Bella." Steven then let Bella know about the incident when he dropped Amelia back at school.

He left out the part about James' insulting act.

Steven wanted to fix the problem for Amelia, but on second thought, the woman was James' lover, so the issue was not as straightforward.

He was only a secretary and was way out of his depth to protect Amelia.

Besides, the woman was a student at the same school as Amelia, so that was not her first rodeo. Steven had spread himself too thin as it was, and he could not be by Amelia's side all the time. He needed Bella's help to stick up for Amelia.

Bella frowned, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

"She's just James' lover, yet she dares to mess with my sister." Livid, Bella pounded the table. "The bitch needs a beating for messing with my sister." Steven chuckled.

"The bitch thinks she's all that because she's with James. That doesn't give her the right to do whatever she pleases." Bella's eyes flickered with a chilling glint. "Hmph! I bet she will plead with my sister in tears for forgiveness when she finds out that the Thompson family and the KS Group have Amelia's back. Well, let's see if James will come to her defense then." "Are you planning to deal with the woman?" Steven asked probingly.

"Ha. She's not worth my time." Bella picked up the glass and drank the juice with grace. "The responsibility falls on James because that's his woman." "But Ms. Bella, Mr. James doesn't know his lover is involved in an altercation with Ms. Amelia. If he knew-" Bella scowled. "I don't care. I am protective of my people, and there's no talking me out of it.

"It doesn't matter to me that he didn't know." — That evening, Bella drove a Bugatti La Voiture Noire to Roza's work studio without Steven.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 555—"Oh, my, I'm graced by the presence of the great Alexa," Roza teased as she welcomed her mentor to her studio.

Roza thought it was badass enough that her mentor was Sharon and Bella Thompson—the daughter of the richest man in Hatchbay.

Her jaw dropped when she learned about another of her mentor's personas.

Alexa and Sharon were titans of the fashion and jewelry worlds.

“Oh, right. Oh, right. I know it’s my fault for keeping it from you. Tell me. How can I make it up to you?” Showing her domineering side, Bella wrapped her arm around Roza’s waist.

“All I want is for you to visit more often.” Roza pouted. “Don’t just come here when you need help.” “You make me sound like a boyfriend who’s never around.” Bella tapped on Roza’s nose and sighed helplessly. “I’ve been busy.

Once the season’s over, we can take a trip together. How about that?

All expenses paid.” “Yay! You’re the best!” Without time to sit down for a cup of tea, Bella made haste into the studio with Roza.

A mannequin stood in the middle of the studio, dressed in a nearly completed red and black light chiffon gown. The color scheme is sophisticated and stunning-a definition of elegance and refinement.

The sheer dress looked dreamy under the radiant light.

Roza drooled over the gown. “Oh, my god. That’s a dress for a queen, for sure.” “The gown has been sitting here for two weeks. Haven’t you seen enough of it?” Bella moved closer and ran her fingers along the soft. fabric. Her eyes sparkled.

“I can never have enough of it.” The admiration and adoration for Bella’s design were written all over Roza’s eyes. “This is the finest quality silk. Just securing a yard of this treasure is no easy feat. Dyeing the fabric is labor-intensive. A single yard of it takes up to a year to die. I’m talking about three washes, nine boils, and eighteen dryings! I can’t believe you managed to acquire such fine material. Nowadays, you can’t find any silk of the same quality as yours. I won’t be surprised to find the fabric selling for a high price in an auction.” “This silk is my personal collection. I only want to give my family the best.” Bella rolled up her sleeves and continued to finish Celeste’s birthday dress.

A black Maybach drove into the compound of Roza’s studio..

Ian got out of the car to open the door for Justin.

He exclaimed at the sight of La Voiture Noire parked at the gate.

“M-Mr. Salvador, the young madam is here.” Justin’s dim eyes lit up, and he stepped out of the car.

Sure enough, it was Bella’s car.

The Fujiwara Tofu Shop sticker was still on the bumper.



As his eyes softened, Justin smiled.

Struck by a thought, he turned around and checked his reflection on the tinted car window. He tightened his Windsor knot.

Ian's mouth dropped seeing how Justin acted nervously like he was on his first date.

Justin was usually confident with his looks.

To think he would be flustered over a woman like a teenager.

"How do I look today?" Justin turned around and asked indifferently.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 556-Ian shut his dropped jaw and gave a thumbs up. "G-Good. You look good." The man grimaced. "Why do I look good?" Ian was stunned. It then dawned on him.

If Justin was in good spirits, it meant that he was on the mend, and Bella would feel less guilty and pay less attention to him.

On the contrary, if Justin looked pale and sickly, Bella would feel bad, despite not admitting it.

Tsk. So that was Justin's plan.

Ian had to admit that Justin was pretty sneaky.

Justin and Ian were stopped at the door when trying to get into the establishment.

"Ms. Walker is with a guest now. She won't have time for other guests.

today." Justin turned stern. "Is Ms. Walker with her mentor now?" The assistant was surprised. "How did you know?" "I'm here for her." Justin narrowed his eyes with composure. "I'm Ms. Thompson's husband. Surely, I shouldn't be stopped from seeing my wife." Ian was dumbfounded.

The first rule of pursuing an ex-wife was to ditch one's pride and ego.

The assistant frowned and sized Justin up before uttering coldly, "Do you think I can't recognize you, Mr. Salvador? If I remember correctly, your fiancé, Ms. Rosalind Gold, reserved a dress from us to announce your wedding on her birthday several months ago. It was huge news." The mention of Rosalind rubbed Justin the wrong way, and he frowned.



"It hasn't been long, and now you're telling me that Ms. Walker's mentor is your wife. Do you think we're dumb?" Justin opened his mouth to explain, but a curt voice cut through the air.

"What did you say, Justin? What's that? Who is your wife?" Roza shouted while rushing toward Justin with widened eyes.

"Your mentor is Bella, the heiress of KS Group. She's also my wife." Justin paused for a moment before he added "once" to prevent an unnecessary misunderstanding.

"Jesus Christ..." Roza was not taking the news too well. Still, she was in disbelief. Don't spread lies to ruin my mentor's fame and reputation. We can sue you!" "It's okay if you don't believe me. You can ask your mentor. She'll tell you." Justin carried himself with composure.

"No way. I don't get it. My mentor isn't blind and dumb. What could she ever possibly see in you?" Roza sprung back to stay away from Justin. "Only a shallow woman like Rosalind would be interested in a shameless old man like you." Justin pursed his lips embarrassedly That was true. Why did Bella like him?

Sure, he had saved her life before, but that was thirteen years ago. Bella was only 11 years old at the time. How could she think about marrying him at that young age?

It did not make sense.pter

"That's right. Justin is my ex-husband." The trio looked up in the direction of the voice from the second floor.

Dressed in a satin blouse paired with black pants, Bella rested her arms on the railing and smiled pretentiously. Despite Justin standing in her line of vision, his presence held no weight in the scale of her attention.

"Pardon me, but everybody makes mistakes."

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 557-Justin's heart raced as he stared at Bella with tenderness like never before.

Her biting words cut through Justin like a knife, and his loving gaze shattered into fleeting bewilderment.

"M-Master!" A wave of emotions overwhelmed Roza. She had a lot to ask Bella but had no idea where to begin..

"Why are you here, Justin?" Bella asked curtly.

It upset Justin that Bella could not care less about him, despite their narrow escape from death together. Still, he replied affectionately, "I wanted to see you." "Oh, please. Do you even believe the words coming out of your mouth?" Bella sneered, not taking his word for it.

Justin had no words.

"Alright. So you've seen her. You should leave now." Roza showed him the door.

The jerk was involved with Rosalind before. Now that Rosalind was a nobody, Justin came crawling back to Bella. Roza could not stand to be around the jerk.

"I won't leave." Justin put his foot down.

Do I have to chase you out with a golf club?" Roza was an ice princess in public, but her temper would flare when one of her own.

was kicked around.

That was one quality she took from her mentor.

"Bella." Ignoring Roza, Justin looked fervently at his ex-wife. "I need a moment with you." Bella's heart skipped a beat as she met the man's burning gaze in disbelief.

Bella?

Did Justin just murmur her name softly?

In their three years of marriage, Justin would often bark her name and sometimes cut to the chase without so much as a greeting.

Ian was stunned, but he was happy for his boss.

He thought to himself, 'All hope isn't lost with you, Boss. You're getting the hang of it.' "Who the hell do you think you are talking to? Show some respect.

You're divorced, and my mentor doesn't have time for you. You should respect-" "Come up, and we'll talk," Bella said indifferently before walking away.

Justin felt blessed. Despite his efforts to get his act together, he could not hide the joy on his face. He followed her without hesitation.

Ian grinned widely. He loved to see Justin looking goofy when pursuing his ex-wife.

Unable to stop Justin, Roza took her anger out on Ian instead. She looked daggers at him. "Wait outside. Justin and his lap dogs aren't allowed inside." ... Justin caught up to Bella quickly.

Bella never once looked back at him. She no longer had eyes for him.

However, Justin did not let it get to him.

Today, Bella responded positively to his efforts. Even though the change in her attitude was minute, he would cling to it like there was no tomorrow.

They had been married for three years, and he was the one who let her go.

Now, he would court her back.

When they nearly reached the studio entrance, Bella stopped but did not look back.

"Bella, I-"

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 558-"Why are you saying my name like that?" Bella looked at the embarrassed man with a chilling gaze and said.

peevishly, "Don't you find it nauseating? I do." "I just don't want to feel like a stranger to you." Justin's heart dropped. He had no idea why she was mad again.

Words of endearment were not his forte. He was a decisive and eloquent president on the business front but tongue-tied in the presence of his beloved woman.

"Please don't use the tone you used with Rosalind on me. It's an insult that you put me on the same level as her." Bella's eyes were biting.

Justin pressed his dry lips together and felt his throat itch.

The hurt he imparted her with had never disappeared. In fact, the cut was as deep as the day they divorced.

Bella would get hung up on anything that reminded her of the past.

It never crossed her mind to forgive him. Maybe she commanded herself not to forget the humiliating past. That very reason kept them rooted in place, unable to take the first step toward a new

"I didn't mean to lump you in the same group as her, Bella. I just Justin explained desperately.

“Enough.” Bella opened the door and interrupted him from finishing. “Don’t read into it. I told you to come over because I know you well. You will never leave Roza’s workplace until I let you do what you want to. I just don’t want to give Roza any problems.” Justin stared at Bella’s back dejectedly.

She only brought Justin to the studio because she was pressed for time. Celeste’s birthday was around the corner, and the operation of the hotel business took up most of her days. Bella only had time in the evenings to make the dress at Roza’s studio.

Bella grabbed a hair tie on the table and secured her hair into a bun.

Justin looked at her tenderly, his fingers twitching.

He was tempted to run his fingers along her thick, black hair.

Justin remembered sharing a bed with her when they first got married. Bella was not the type to stay still in her sleep, and her hair would spread to his side of the bed. Not wanting her hair to get caught under him, Justin had once carefully tamed the loose strands together.

The man felt a lump in his throat as his eyes welled up.

At the time, Bella slept by his side and was within his reach. Now, he had no right to even be close to her.

“Hey.” Bella had a pin between her lips while sewing embellishments onto the gown. “Have you been keeping well?” “I’ve been well,” Justin responded with a hoarse voice.

“I see.” Without stopping the task at hand, she looked up at the dazed man.

Didn’t you say that you wanted a moment with me? What’s on your mind?” Justin was lost for words.

“Ha? Cat got your tongue? You better not lie to me about having something to say.” The man’s breath hitched. He knew that he would be kicked out if he did not start talking. “I wanted to ask Ms. Walker about a person.” “Who?” “Sharon.” www Bella’s face was emotionless, but her fingers trembled. “Sharon? The internationally renowned fashion designer? Why do you want to ask about her?” “I need her help to design an outfit,” Justin said earnestly.

“She’s busy. Just forget it.” With downcast eyes, Bella scoffed to herself.

The bastard wanted Alexa to design a jewelry piece for him, and now he wanted Sharon to design him an outfit.

Did he seriously think the world revolves around him?

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 559-Justin frowned. "How can you be so sure? Do you know her?" "Why do you want her to make you clothes?" Instead of responding to his questions, Bella asked about something else.

"The birthday of someone I respect is coming up. I want Sharon to design an outfit for her," Justin put it vaguely.

He did not want to let Bella know that the outfit was for Celeste because it was a surprise.

Still, Bella interpreted his words differently.

She scoffed and mocked, "Oh, I nearly forgot that the great Mrs. Salvador's birthday is this weekend. You must want to impress your father with a gift for your stepmother. How thoughtful." "Bella." Justin furrowed his brows in frustration.

Her taunting did not get to him. He simply did not like to be misunderstood.

"When you contact Sharon, don't tell her that you want the dress for Shannon. Otherwise, she might just lash out at you," Infuriated, Bella turned with her back facing him. "Are you done? Leave now. I'm busy, and you're a hindrance here.

"Ah!" The needle pierced her finger in a moment of distraction, and she cried out loud.

"What's wrong? Did you hurt yourself?" Justin approached her and held her hand anxiously.

A drop of blood seeped out of her fingertip.

Justin grimaced as if he were the one stabbed. "It must hurt." "Let go." Bella struggled to pull her hand away from his grasp, but the effort was futile.

He teared up at the sight of the splattered blood.

Justin somehow found the nerve to put Bella's finger in his mouth.

"You..." Bella's heart raced.

Her cheeks burned as her breathing turned ragged.

Sensing her tremors, Justin narrowed his eyes.

As their gaze met, Bella went weak on the knees, and her head was spinning.

The affection in his eyes brought her back to their passionate night together, where she lost herself.

They did nothing. Yet, it felt like they had done it all.

Justin's breathing grew heavy as tension rose in the room.

"Enough!" Flustered, Bella withdrew her hand.

She pulled back. To her surprise, Justin reached out to hook her by the waist and pulled her into his arms.

"What are you doing, Justin?" Dismay fled across her eyes.

With his heart thumping out of his chest, the man looked into her bright eyes. Their bodies were so close that they could feel each other's heartbeat and body temperature.

"I want to kiss you, Bella." He was honest about his yearning.

As her heart skipped a beat, Bella gritted her teeth. "Dream-" He sealed her lips, taking her breath away from finishing the sentence.

The Divorced Heiress Revenge Chapter 560-The sunset hues spilled through the window, embracing their entwined shadows in a faint and elusive glow.

The shimmer was as gentle as the kiss.

Bella was lost in the man's kiss.

At first, she had the strength to pound his chest and wide shoulders, but soon, the man's overpowering testosterone sapped her energy.

With her breath ragged, she backed away.

Clang, bang, crash.

Justin pinned Bella to the table, scattering the things on the desk all over the floor.

Flushed in the ears, Justin felt a rush coursing through his veins like never before.

Justin swore that Bella was the only woman he ever kissed with such intensity.

He vowed that he would never do the same to other women again.

"Master!" As the door to the studio slammed open, Roza, not one to read the room, rushed in.

She put her hand over her mouth as Bella and Justin locked lips.

Roza quickly let out a loud cry.

“Justin! What the hell are you doing? Let go of her!” Bella’s eyes popped open as if she had awakened from a trance, and she pushed Justin away.

She even slapped him in the face.

Smack!

Justin’s left cheek swelled, and Roza was dumbfounded.

Despite the burning pain on his cheek, the man curled his lips. He was happy to take the punishment.

Uh... Justin had his good looks to thank. Otherwise, he would look like a pervert, pulling that expression.

“Get out of here now, Justin! Leave! don’t want to see you!” The joy in his eyes deepened as Bella blushed, and her eyes were dewy from the kiss.

Though the evidence of their intimacy was reflected on her face, she told him to get out.

“Leave!” Bella shouted, her chest heaving.

“Alright. I’ll see you again once your busy season is over.” Bella was stunned.

She could not believe the words coming out of the man’s mouth. She did not want to see him at all.

Justin took one last lingering look at her before walking out the door reluctantly.

The man brushed past Roza, leaving behind a minty scent.

Roza was utterly dumbstruck. Before she knew it, Justin was long gone.

“A-Are you alright?” Roza went to hold Bella to stop her from falling. Her eyes welled up with rage. “Your ex-husband harassed you. We should call the cops.” “I’m fine.” Bella held her beating heart and sighed. “I’ll pretend that I was bitten by a dog. Let’s just forget that it ever happened.” Roza stared at Bella’s flighty gaze in a daze. Struck by a thought, she wrapped her arms around Bella.

“Tell me the truth. Have you gotten over him?” “I have,” Bella responded without hesitation.

She hugged Roza back, her voice wry. “We are divorced. I know better than to hang onto him.”



