

Heiress's 245

Chapter 245

"I'm sorry for not staying longer, Ms. Bella and Ms. Amelia."

Steven sighed guiltily. "Then I'll head back first. Ms. Bella, if you encounter anything, you must call me as soon as possible. I will rush over immediately!"

"Okay, okay. You're such a nag. Go ahead."

Bella pushed him gently toward the car. Steven stared at her longingly before he left reluctantly.

Amelia watched their interaction helplessly. She pursed her soft lips as jealousy filled her heart.

However, she did not resent her sister because she thought that Bella was the most perfect woman in the world. It was only natural that Steven would like Bella.

'A weak, inferior, plain Jane like me doesn't deserve Steven. But why did Bella's ex-husband divorce her? Is it because he has some terminal illness and doesn't want Bella to be widowed?'

Bella booked a luxury private room. As soon as the two sisters arrived at the door, they heard earth-shattering howls coming from the opposite room.

"Ugh... That's horrifying!" Amelia tightened her grip on her sister's arm and shrugged her shoulders.

"If that's called singing, all donkeys can become singers!"

Bella quickly pulled Amelia into the private room, far away from the lunatic across the hall. The two of them ordered some beers, a fruit platter, and an assortment of snacks.

They were quick to set up their song queue.

From oldies to pop songs, the Thompson sisters sang to their hearts' content.

Bella sang, danced, and drank. She was in a good mood after winning the Baxim project, so she got a little tipsy.

"Amelia... I need to pee. You should wait for me here. Don't wander around!" Bella's vision was a little blurred, and she began to slur in her speech.

"Bella, are you drunk? I'll go with you."

Amelia saw that Bella's fair and supple cheeks were a little flushed, like a ripe peach. Bella's beautiful eyes were a little dazed and watery. She hurriedly went over to help Bella, but Bella pushed her away.

"No! I'm older than you, so how could I get drunk? You should be the one getting drunk first. I'll have to send you back to the dorms too!" Bella hiccupped right after.

Amelia did not know if she should laugh or cry. What kind of logic was that?

Bella came out of the bathroom and walked back alone, using the walls as a support.

At first, her limbs were not functioning properly, but now her head was starting to get a bit dizzy.

The luxurious karaoke was decorated like the Palace of Versailles. It was magnificent, with

mirrors everywhere. The room numbers were not arranged in order either. Thus, Bella quickly lost her way.

She was drunk and dazed, so she had been wandering around the maze-like corridors until she felt that she had arrived at her room.

When she opened the door, she bumped head-on into a tall, muscular man.

“Ow!”

Bella let out a soft cry. Her head was already dizzy, and she was stumbling on her high heels, so her weak and soft body started to fall backward.

The man’s eyes flickered as he quickly supported Bella’s back.

The man could make out the contours of Bella’s slender back with his large palm because Bella was only wearing a thin silk shirt. She was amazingly thin and fit perfectly in his palm.

The man’s breathing became a little heavier. He pushed his gold-rimmed glasses over his upturned eyes and stared at Bella’s beautiful face as if he were appraising treasure.

“Miss, you’re drunk.”

“Um... No!” Bella stared drunkenly at the man’s elegant and restrained face.

Suddenly, she curled her red lips and raised her hand to take off his gold-rimmed glasses.

The man’s eyes suddenly became sharp and solemn.

The last person who accidentally knocked off his glasses had become fish food in the ocean.

“Hehe... Critter! You’re Critter!”

The man gasped, and his expression changed dramatically!

His deep eyes quickly scanned Bella's rosy face before he asked tentatively in a deep voice, "

Bella Thompson...?"