

Heiress's 246

Chapter 246

"Hiccup... You are indeed Critter!" Bella's face was flushed from the effects of alcohol, and she was smiling brightly.

The man smiled faintly. At this moment, the chill in his eyes disappeared. His left arm was still hooked around her slender waist, and he raised his right hand to push up his glasses.

He had not heard this nickname in a long time.

Even his father stopped calling him that. Unexpectedly, Bella was just as wild and unrestrained as when they were children.

"It's been 15 years since I last saw you, and you're still as beautiful as before."

"Hehe... You're not so bad yourself!"

Bella squinted her charming eyes and raised her hand to pat his cheek. She was frisky and frivolous, but it did not offend him at all.

If she was well-behaved and proper at all times, then she would not be the Bella Thompson he loved.

Bella covered her mouth and hiccupped again. Her body swayed, and she could not stand still.

The man curled his lips and picked her up in bridal style without asking her for permission.

"Um... Put me down!"

Bella's face was flushed as she twisted her body and struggled in the man's arms, like a squirming kitten.

Her slender white calves were exposed under her burgundy skirt as she kicked around. Her skin was so fair that it seemed to glow under the light.

His eyes darkened, and he suddenly became playful. "I'll let you down if you call my name.

"You... Your name is... Cri...?"

Bella was so drunk that her brain was muddled. She barely knew what she was saying, let alone remember his name.

"My name is Christopher Iverson, but I don't mind if you call me Critter."

The man's long eyelashes fluttered. He leaned close to her ear and whispered in a husky voice, "But only you can call me that."

It was a pity that these words turned into chaotic gibberish in Bella's drunken state. She could not understand a single word he was saying.

Christopher carefully placed Bella's delicate body on the sofa, being extremely gentle with her.

At this time, his phone rang. It was his secretary calling.

"Mr. Iverson, everyone is here."

"Tell them to go back." Christopher's lips curled into a doting smile. His eyes never left Bella's blushing face.

"Pardon?" His secretary was surprised.

“Cancel the meeting today. Tell them to go back, and don’t disturb me.”

“Yes, sir.” The secretary dared not ask any more questions and agreed immediately.

“Also, buy a bottle of hangover medicine at the pharmacy and come here as soon as possible.”

After hanging up the phone, Christopher slowly sat down next to Bella. He turned sideways and raised his hand to tuck a strand of hair that was stuck to her face behind her ear.

“It’s such a coincidence to see you again.”

On the other hand, after Ryan finished singing “Break My Heart Again”, he fell on the sofa and completely blacked out.

Justin frowned deeply and felt depressed as well.

There was still some wine left in the glass, so he tipped his head back and drank it all in one gulp.

Then he took Ryan’s cigarette box, picked out a cigarette, and held it between his pale lips. His handsome and melancholy face looked more rugged at this time.

As the nicotine filled his lungs, Justin thought about how Bella invoked confusing feelings in him and puffed out a ring of smoke.

After the divorce, his daily routine was messed up. He started smoking and drinking, and no one was there to persuade him otherwise.

“Bella... Bella...” Ryan closed his eyes and tore at his black shirt while calling out Bella’s name.

Justin was pulled back from his thoughts. He flicked the cigarette, raised his long legs, and kicked Ryan’s drooping arms with the toe of his leather shoes.

“Shut up. She won’t come to you no matter how much you call out for her.”

Justin felt particularly spiteful, so he added, “Besides, who are you to call out her name?”

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Ian stood at the door, panting and holding on to the door frame.

“Where are your manners? Don’t you know how to knock?” Justin crushed the cigarette butt and admonished his secretary.

“Mr. Salvador! I... I just saw the young madam!” Ian was so anxious that his face was covered with sweat.

“What?” Justin stood up abruptly. “Where is she?!”