

Heiress's 253

Chapter 253

"Calm down?! My daughter is still in critical condition right now! She has shed tears for this heartless man. Now she has even shed blood for him. I don't even know if she's alive, so how do you expect me to stay calm?!"

Jean pointed at Justin's cold and pale face. "Justin! Since you weren't serious about Rose, why did you lie to her that you wanted to marry her?! How can you go back on your word when you've already proposed?! My daughter is so kind. Back when you attempted suicide, she was the one who found out in time and saved you. Rose is so good to you, so how could you hurt her like this?! Where is your conscience?!"

Justin felt a severe headache.

His traumatizing childhood replayed in his mind. He felt so strangled that he almost could not breathe.

The fragments of memories deep in his mind that he tried hard to forget surfaced.

Christopher took Bella to the hospital for emergency treatment of her wound.

Bella did not let Steven follow her. Instead, she asked him to take care of Amelia. That was because she did not want Amelia to see her wound and cry harder.

That pitiful girl was soft-hearted and timid. Amelia kept crying and blaming herself on the way to the hospital. Even Steven felt sorry for her.

Thus, Bella did not want Amelia to feel even more guilty.

Fortunately, Bella ducked back quickly when the attacker lunged at her, so the wound was not too deep.

When she came out of the treatment room, Bella's fair and slender forearms had been coated with medicine and wrapped in gauze. She had also been given a tetanus shot.

Her coat was torn and dirty, completely unwearable.

At this moment, she was only wearing a thin burgundy dress. Her pretty and delicate face was as fair as snow, with a faint blush on her cheeks. Even when she was injured, she still looked astonishingly beautiful.

Christopher lowered his eyes and saw her long, curled eyelashes. His eyes darkened with desire.

He took off his suit jacket and put it gently on her shoulders. "It's cold outside. Put it on."

"No, I'm not cold." Bella panicked and reached out to take it off.

However, Christopher held the collar of his suit jacket and wrapped it tightly over her delicate body.

"The bandage on your arm is quite exaggerated. Aren't you afraid that your lovely sister and loyal secretary will be worried when they see you like this? Just wear it."

Bella pursed her lips tightly. She hesitated and did not resist anymore.

This man was too considerate and understanding, so she could not refuse the things he did for her.

"Sir, why were you there?"

"I also stay in that neighborhood." Christopher lied. Although the neighborhood was his family's development, he did not live there.

"Oh? What a coincidence!" Her eyes flickered, but Bella did not ask further questions.

“When they were cleaning your wound, it hurt me just looking at it. You didn’t even flinch. You truly are the strongest lady I know.” Christopher changed the subject and kept looking at her.

“Many girls are strong at heart. You will meet many like me in the future.” Bella smiled politely.

Christopher smiled slightly and thought, ‘I don’t want to meet anyone else. I just want to get to know you.’

“Thank you for taking care of me. But don’t you think you’re a bit upfront for suddenly picking up a stranger, bridal style? Although I know you have good intentions, I don’t like getting too close to strangers.” Bella’s tone was still polite. She really cared about being picked up.

“Sorry, I was too anxious when I saw that you were injured.”

Christopher pushed up his glasses. His clear eyes were apologetic as he spoke. “I’ll keep my distance in the future.”

Bella smiled. He was so sincere that she could not hate him for it.

“Oh, by the way, I don’t know your name yet. Do you mind telling me your name?”

Christopher’s heart trembled. Just as his lips parted, a cold and deep voice came from behind. “Bella!”