

## Heiress's 271

### Chapter 271

Bella pondered to herself, 'Is my inner beauty so striking that it can't be hidden by this disguise? Or are these guys just overly eager to become Wyatt's son-in-law?' She felt nauseated as she gazed upon her own reflection.

The allure of power sure was incredible. It could make people willingly turn themselves blind. Well, fortunately, Bella had a backup plan.

During lunch with the first date, Bella suggested taking his pulse to show off her talent. She diagnosed him as being physically aged like a 70-year-old man, despite him only being 30 years old. This infuriated the man, who promptly ended the lunch by storming out.

On the second date, Bella kept her gaze fixed behind the man throughout the date, making the man visibly uncomfortable.

He felt confused and asked, "Ms. Thompson, what are you looking at?"

Bella replied, "Mr. Walter, there's a child standing behind you, watching you. Are you certain you

don't want to invite him over for tea?"

Bella's tone gradually turned eerie. "He looks so... Pitiful."

That man did not even finish his cup of tea before he fled in terror.

For the third date, there was minimal interaction as they were watching a musical. This created an illusion of tranquility. As they finally reached the end, Mr. Lee politely extended an invitation. "Ms. Thompson, I had a pleasant time today. Would you join me for dinner?"

With a smile, Bella said, "Sure, I'd love to!"

She casually picked up her tote bag and slung it over her shoulder.

Mr. Lee had not noticed her bag earlier. After taking a closer look, he saw a row of large letters glaringly written on the bag. "Memento of Hatchbay Psychiatric Treatment Center."

Bella blinked innocently and asked, "Mr. Lee, why aren't you walking?"

Mr. Lee's face turned pale, and he slowly backed away. "Actually, I just remembered I have another appointment. Let's reschedule for another day!"

At this moment, Bella and Steven found themselves at the final venue for today's appointments.

It was an elegant and tranquil teahouse. The air was filled with the pure fragrance of tea, creating a serene atmosphere reminiscent of Yara Park. The fourth date seemed to have unexpectedly aligned with her taste.

Bella considered toying with him later for some fun.

She had spent the whole day manipulating these wealthy and privileged young men, while Steven stood on the sidelines, watching with a sense of apprehension.

"Ms. Bella, today you successfully cut off their romantic intentions towards you. But what should we do if these individuals go back and spread rumors? It might affect your reputation

in Savrow." Steven expressed his concern.

Bella snorted, "It would be better if these rumors spread. I'd love for those ordinary folks to think that Wyatt Thompson's daughter is a lunatic!"

Bella remained calm and composed. She picked up an eyeliner pencil, looked into a small mirror, and added a few more freckles to her face. "This way, it will completely cut off Wyatt's idea of finding a man for me. Hmph! Attempting to outdo me? He's losing his touch in this game!"

Amused, Steven could not help but comment, "Well, honestly, at a time like this, it wouldn't be bad if Mr. Right were to appear."

Bella let out a soft sigh as she stowed away her makeup and said, "I also want to meet the one and stop with the hassle of blind dates."

Hearing these words, Steven felt a surge of emotion. He looked at her intensely and wished the same for her, but the only difference was that he wished to be "the one" for her.

Bella wondered out loud, "Wyatt is a sly old fox. I wonder what sneaky tactics he'll use against me next time."

"Chairman Thompson holds you in the highest regard, Ms. Bella. During your absence, he often confided that among all his children, your personality and demeanor are the most similar to his." Steven spoke with a smile.

Bella smirked and said, "Hah! Wyatt's just insulting me. Can't you

you tell?"

Steven could not help but smile. At that moment, his phone vibrated.

He took it out, glanced at it, and hurriedly said, "Ms. Bella, your last date for the day has arrived."

Bella blurted, "Alright, let's do this."

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Steven turned around and left, walking into a room next door.

While waiting, Bella rested her chin on her hand and took in the beautiful and serene view outside the window. She gently closed her eyes, taking in the crisp floral scent and the melodious sound of birdsong filling the air.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of the door to the private room opening.

Bella heard the steady, unwavering footsteps of leather shoes getting closer. She could vaguely smell a subtle, refreshing scent as the person got closer. It was like a gentle midnight breeze that rustled through window curtains and tugged at her heartstrings.

It was an unusual fragrance that was rarely used by men-the rich scent of violet leaves blended with a light floral scent.

Although Bella was sensitive to smoke, she had an excellent sense of smell. She slowly opened her eyes and finally scanned the man from top to bottom

Bella's lips parted slightly, and her eyes widened in shock.

Christopher said, "Please accept my sincere apologies for being late, Ms. Thompson.