

Heiress's 273

Chapter 273

Christopher's lips curled into a graceful smile as he savored his tea. He exuded the air of a sophisticated young aristocrat in the modern world. The two of them chatted as they caught up with each other.

Bella learned that Christopher had dedicated himself to looking after his mother during her recovery in Sentania. His mother was diagnosed with Alzheimer's, which led to a gradual decline in her ability to take care of herself. Despite having numerous opportunities to return to Savrow, he remained in Sentania to care for his mother and develop his career.

She remembered that the Iverson family dynamics were quite intricate. The Iverson family included four children, among them Christopher, who had two older brothers and one older sister. The trio shared the same mother. On the other hand, Christopher was the child of the second wife, introducing an additional layer of complexity to the family structure.

Bella had limited knowledge about Mrs. Iverson. Even though their families were once close when she was a child and she had visited the Iverson estate, she still had no impression of that lady.

Bella asked again, "Why did you suddenly come back this year?"

"Home is where the heart is. After all, I am a son of the Iverson family. I wanted to come back and reclaim a part of what belongs to me," Christopher said, lowering his eyes. He played with the delicate teacup with his slender fingertips.

Bella nodded slightly, understanding his meaning.

Children born into wealthy and prestigious families were often caught in a power struggle. Those who did not navigate the power struggle were exploited and ultimately ended up with little to show for their privileged backgrounds. After all, a close-knit and happy prestigious family, like the Thompsons, were rare.

Christopher suddenly asked with a smile, "There's still some time before dinner. What would you like to do?"

“Huh?” Caught off guard by the sudden suggestion, Bella was momentarily stunned.

Christopher continued, “I can take you to see the roses under the sunset.” He leaned towards her slowly, sincerity evident in his eyes. “I have a private rose garden, and we are having a public exhibition today. Let’s go enjoy the flowers together.”

‘Roses?’ Bella’s heart fluttered, and her eyes sparkled. Roses were her favorite flowers. She personally maintained a small rose garden in Yara Park’s backyard. She had not taken care of it herself in the past few years. Mila and the others had taken turns looking after it.

She readily agreed, without hesitation. “Sure! Let’s go for a stroll.”

On the way to the Rose Manor, Bella sat in Christopher’s luxurious Bentley. Given their parents private friendship and longstanding acquaintance, going in separate cars and meeting at the destination felt superfluous.

The Bentley glided smoothly ahead, closely trailed by Steven. Steven gripped the steering wheel tightly.

Bella had just gotten rid of Ryan. Now, Christopher popped out of nowhere. It was evident that Christopher radiated a higher level of sophistication than the flirtatious Ryan.

In the past, Christopher had discreetly followed Bella to her neighborhood. This time, he had somehow replaced Bella’s blind date to meet her.

It showed how scheming this man was.

Steven took a deep breath, his gaze unwavering on the Bentley ahead. Having witnessed how much Jerkface Justin had hurt Bella, Steven swore not to let any man harm her again. He was determined to do everything within his means to protect her.

The Bentley’s atmosphere was pleasant.

Bella had removed her disguise and had not bothered to wear makeup. Instead, she showcased her natural beauty. Her long, flowing hair was loosely tied into a simple bun with a hairpin, dismissing any concerns about maintaining the image of a wealthy young lady.

Christopher remained composed while stealing a glance at her from the corner of his eye. Her radiant, flawless face exuded natural beauty and calmness.

He steadied his tumultuous thoughts and asked softly, "Do you remember what you called me the first time you saw me that night?"

"Huh?" Bella blinked, feeling a bit dazed. "I... Really don't remember."

Christopher whispered, "You called me

'Critter'."

This man either left Bella embarrassed or at a loss for words.

Christopher explained, "My dad used to scold me that way when he disciplined me. You overheard it one day and started teasing me like that."

"We all said the dumbest things when we were kids... I apologize for my childish and rude behavior back then," Bella muttered, feeling embarrassed. A hint of blush appeared on her

cheeks.

Christopher said with a playful smile, "It's okay. If you want to call me that now, you can."

"Oh

my... What am I? Twelve?" Bella muttered under her breath, feeling a bit awkward. She waved and said, "Let's just stick to calling you Christopher. We're not kids anymore. Besides, you're a man of status and have a reputation to uphold. I can't be disrespectful."

Christopher smiled gently as he leaned slightly closer to her. His gentle voice was infused with tenderness as he said, "Sure, whatever makes you happy."