

Heiress's 274

Chapter 274

If Christopher had not brought her here, Bella would have never known about the vast rose garden on the southern outskirts of Savrow. The Iverson family did not own this place. This was Christopher's private property, where only Damascus roses were cultivated in this hundred-acre field.

Under the vividly colored sunset, the lush greenery and vibrant pink roses seemed to drip with charm. The fully blooming garden captured Bella's gaze, providing a moment of relaxation. Couples leisurely strolled and took photos, while even some internet celebrities conducted live broadcasts. This beautiful scene relieved Bella, whose mind and body had been tense from work for many days.

The remarkable sight of the outstanding couple attracted envious looks from onlookers. It was evident that they appeared to be a perfectly matched couple, almost as if a higher power had blessed them.

Bella bent down. Her slender and graceful hands gently lifted a rose as if caressing a lover's cheek. She playfully crinkled her small, dainty nose closer to inhale the fragrance with an intoxicated expression.

Christopher's eyes deepened, and the corners of his lips lifted slightly. "Bella-a name that befits its owner. Charming and graceful, even more so than these flowers."

Bella giggled. "I know I'm beautiful, but thanks for your compliment, Mr. Iverson."

Christopher approached her, his eyes sparkling with eager anticipation. "If I were to call you Bella like when we were young, would you call me Chris, just like before?"

Bella's eyelashes fluttered. Her back was turned to him. She felt awkward that he still held onto the same feelings from their childhood, while she had distanced herself entirely from that past. To her, Christopher Iverson was practically a stranger now.

After contemplating, she said politely, "It's possible, once we get to know each other better."

"I believe we will get close to each other again, just like when we were kids. I'll be waiting for you." Christopher's eyes blazed with determination as he enunciated each word.

Bella sensed that the conversation was awkward and decided to shift it. With a serious tone, she inquired, "Mr. Iverson, what is the annual rose production in this field? What are the costs of cultivating these roses? Do you currently have any exclusive contracts with corporate groups?"

With a light laugh, Christopher adjusted his glasses and asked, "Ms. Thompson, are you interested in discussing a partnership with me?"

"Honestly, I do have that idea," Bella admitted. As soon as she entered, golden business opportunities flooded her thoughts. Since her return to KS Group, she has planned to expand into the cosmetics market, developing makeup and skincare products with a rose theme. However, Wyatt had instructed her to strengthen and grow KS World Hotel first, limiting her time and energy for this venture.

Bella's determination flared up again the moment she entered the rose garden.

"The Damask Rose, scientifically known as *Rosa Damascena*, has deep roots in ancient Greek

mythology. It symbolizes the beauty of the love goddess, Aphrodite, and the vegetation deity, Adonis. It's a profound emblem of love and beauty, exuding an exceptionally romantic essence."

Bella shared, her eyes bright with enthusiasm. "The essential oil of Damask Rose is precious, with effects that can simultaneously impact both the body and the soul. The price of air-flown roses is high, and very few estates cultivate this type of rose domestically."

Christopher gazed at her deeply, his handsome face adorned with a gentle smile.

He had focused little on the business insights she was sharing. Over the past two years, many have coveted his rose field, yet he has never given it serious consideration. This sea of flowers, akin to a lively Gatsby party, was arranged solely for Bella.

Noticing that Christopher looked at her silently without an immediate response, Bella mistakenly believed he was in deep contemplation. She laughed heartily and said, "I understand my proposal is abrupt. Moreover, my project is not a small one. Mr. Iverson, please take your time to consider. I'm not in a hurry."

Outside the Rose Manor, Steven stood in the fading sunlight. His thoughts were in disarray as he gazed at the vast sea of roses. He was well aware of the close relationship between the Iversons and the Thompsons, especially the strong bond between Chairman Iverson and Chairman Thompson.

He thought, 'While Christopher was clear about his intentions towards Ms. Bella, she had always been distant from the opposite sex. For example, she cut Ryan off mercilessly. However, with Mr. Iverson, she seemed less resistant and willing to entertain him.'

Of course, the fact that he had intervened and saved her from the knife attack played a role. However, Steven could not shake the feeling that Bella was particularly accepting of Christopher.