

## Heiress's 277

### Chapter 277

Bella was the kind who completely immersed herself in her work when she encountered something she liked, to the extent of forgetting about space and time.

At this moment, Bella suddenly remembered that Christopher was still waiting for her. She hurriedly turned around and was surprised to see him still patiently standing in his original

spot.

There was now an intricately woven flower basket on his arm, adorned with beautiful, understated pink flowers.

Bella thought, 'Those flowers are lovely, which inevitably makes me think of the quote-a rose does not answer its enemies with words but with beauty.'

"Ms. Thompson," Christopher called out to her, approaching with the flower basket.

Seeing him dressed so cleanly, Bella hurriedly tried to stop him with concern. "Ah! Don't come over! It's muddy here!"

However, Christopher paid her warnings no attention. He walked straight through the thorny bushes, single-mindedly wanting to reach her side. Bella pursed her red lips, feeling a bit embarrassed.

"Ms. Bella, this is for you." Christopher, his deep eyes filled with the soft glow of the evening sun, presented the flower basket to her.

Bella smiled gently and declined. "Mr. Iverson, thank you for your kind gesture. But these flowers... I can't accept them."

Although it was just a basket of flowers, they were roses with ambiguous implications. Accepting them would be inappropriate.

Christopher anticipated her refusal and changed his approach. Smiling, he said, "Flowers complement the beauty of a lady; that's just one aspect. More importantly, I've noticed Miss Thompson's interest in the roses I planted, so I wanted to give you a basket to take back and study. Underneath the flowers, there's soil from here that you can take back, transplant into your garden, and carefully nurture. They will bloom perennially."

With this explanation, Bella had no reason to refuse any further. She hesitated momentarily, then reached out to accept the flower basket, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Iverson, for your gift."

Suddenly, Christopher frowned slightly, standing with his hands behind him as he leaned towards her.

A handsome, chiseled face gradually enlarged in Bella's astonished pupils. She held her breath, and her long eyelashes fluttered.

Bella asked, "Mr. Iverson, what's wrong? Is there something on my face?"

Christopher nodded earnestly, "Mmhmm."

"Where?" Bella was bewildered, raising her hand to wipe her face, and another streak of mud smeared across her cheek. This time, she indeed became muddy.

Christopher was full of indulgence. He took out a pure white silk handkerchief from his pocket and naturally wiped away the dirt on her cheeks and forehead.

He moved too quickly, and Bella only snapped back to reality, hastily saying, "I can do it myself."

"It's okay. It's already clean." Christopher gazed deeply at her, smoothly retracting his hand.

He was always like this, stopping at the right moment when she felt their interaction was getting too intimate. Somehow, Bella's mind came up with a provocative thought.

However, she quickly dismissed this thought. Perhaps Christopher's considerate actions were due to his gentle nature, and there might also be some childhood friendship between them.

At this moment, a series of footsteps approached them.

Bella suddenly lifted her eyes and then froze.

Just a few steps away, Justin's imposing figure stood like a mountain before them. He displayed neither excitement nor anger. Only his eyes had a faint reddish glow.

It was like the calm before a storm.

Just moments ago, Justin observed every interaction between Bella and the man before him. His fists clenched fiercely beneath his refined sleeves, and veins bulged on his forehead. He watched her accept the roses from Christopher, witnessed her radiant smile, and observed him gently wiping away the dirt from her cheek.

Their tacit understanding and intimacy were like a pair of harmonious musical instruments. Justin's back tensed, teeth grinding audibly, and a roaring pain echoed in his mind.

He witnessed her interactions as if they were a couple, the silent agreement and closeness akin to a pair of perfectly matched partners.

Justin's back was taut, his teeth grinding with a creaking sound, and a buzzing pain resonated in his mind.

It turned out that Bella wasn't here to compete for the project but to appreciate the blooming flowers with a new lover. However, he preferred that she come here to snatch his project and torment him. He was willing to yield everything to her. Yet he was unwilling to see that everything that once belonged to him, she would willingly hand over to this man...