

## Heiress's 279

### Chapter 279

The members of the Salvador team looked at each other in astonishment. Ian suddenly felt his vision go dark, as if a thunderbolt had struck him from above.

Seeing Justin's expression turn stormy, Rosalind, thinking she was offering helpful advice, quickly said, "Justin, you don't need to worry. It's just a garden. There are plenty of places like this in the country. We can contact other places..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Justin abruptly pulled his arm out of her embrace. The force was too much, causing her to stagger backward, feeling embarrassed.

"Let's go, Mr. Iverson," Bella didn't bother giving them another glance. She smiled politely at Christopher.

Christopher replied, "Sure, I've already booked a restaurant. We can go there anytime."

The two shared a smile, leaving Justin feeling as if an invisible hand was strangling his throat, his brows tightly furrowed.

He quickly stepped forward, blocking Christopher.

"Mr. Iverson, let's talk privately," he said, his tone still strong, showing no sign of weakness due to the failed project negotiation.

"If it's about the Rose Manor project, I don't think there's anything left to discuss with Mr. Salvador," Christopher replied, unwilling to waste time with him.

Justin interjected, "What if it's about something else?"

As he spoke, Justin's dark gaze landed on Bella's face.

Christopher led Justin to a European-style pavilion in Rose Manor. They took their seats, facing each other amidst vibrant flowers, yet the room exuded a chilly and oppressive atmosphere.

Looking impatiently at his watch, Christopher urged, "Mr. Salvador, let's get to the point. I have a date with Ms. Thompson that I need to return to."

"A date? Weren't we here to discuss cooperation?" Justin, unwilling to concede, especially when it came to Bella, instinctively resisted letting Christopher gain the upper hand. "Maybe that's just wishful thinking on your part. After all, Bella was my wife for three years. I know her much better than you do."

"Is that so?" Christopher shrugged dismissively, a hint of mockery in his tone. "It's only been three years, and it was only a marriage in name... Mr. Salvador, where does your confidence stem from? Do you really believe you understand Bella better than I do?"

"You investigated me?" Justin questioned as he clenched his fist in anger. His eyes were chilly.

Christopher smiled and shook his head. "Everything I've done is for Bella, and it has nothing to do with you from the beginning till the end. My collaboration with her this time wasn't about snatching her from you. She's the one I've been waiting for, and besides her, I won't let anyone else intervene here."

Christopher added, "I know your subordinate contacted someone from my company. I just didn't have the chance to tell you in person. From the beginning, I never intended to cooperate with Salvador Corporation."

He emphasized the name "Bella" so warmly!

Justin quietly exhaled, his deep gaze flickering like a night fire. "Christopher, even though you've recently returned to the country, I'm not completely ignorant about you. Like Bella, people who don't know you well might be deceived by the façade you present. However, I won't be fooled. I've heard enough about what you did in Sentania."

In Sentania, Christopher was indeed the embodiment of wealth and desire—a beautiful yet infamous figure. However, he could completely conceal his true nature before Bella, presenting a gentle and humble image. It was evident how deep and cunning this man's scheming was.

Indeed, they are divorced, and everything about Bella is no longer his concern. But seeing her getting closer to Christopher, Justin could not help but feel a mix of anger, hatred, and fear.

Christopher's lips curled into a faint smile, and he casually adjusted his glasses. He didn't bother to refute Justin's words.

"You never lack women by your side. But Bella is not a woman you can play with, not someone you can casually provoke, engage in a bit of romance, and captivate with a few bouquets of roses." Justin's handsome face carried a deep and frosty demeanor.

A few seconds later, Christopher couldn't help but sneer, "It's strange. Since you are so reluctant to part with Bella and care about her, why did you divorce her and marry someone else in the first place?"

This question hit the nail on the head, leaving Justin stunned and speechless. Pain and regret flashed through his heart, shaking his entire soul.

Christopher continued, "I am very clear about what kind of person I am. Even if I am irredeemable, my sincere heart for Bella will always remain pure and loyal. I can't say the same for you, Mr. Salvador, who married Bella but still harbors thoughts for others, hurting her to the core. Anyone else in this world has the right to say these words to me, but not you."

Christopher's brows furrowed, his tone becoming colder as he added, "Regardless of whether you regret it now or not, you are already divorced. Whoever she is with, likes, or loves in the future has nothing to do with you."

He then stood up and walked towards the exit of the pavilion. Stopping abruptly, he turned back, observing Justin, who seemed frozen like a sculpture.

He said, "My feelings for her existed long ago. In my eyes, those three years are not worth mentioning."

Left alone in the pavilion, Justin, reflecting on Christopher's words, had a face as pale as paper, his broad shoulders trembling ever so slightly.