

## Heiress's 313

### Chapter 313

The concert officially began.

The renowned pianist, Christian, gracefully ascended the stage. She was adorned in an elegant deep blue velvet gown. Seated at the entirely black grand piano, she began to perform her renowned composition, 'Seasons in the Wind', captivating the audience.

The audience was immersed in the enchanting melody, and a tranquil hush filled the auditorium.

Even though the piano piece was lovely, Bella's attention was fixated on Christian's dark blue gown. This unique haute couture dress was the only one of its kind in the world. It was personally designed by the internationally acclaimed fashion designer Sharon-Bella herself. Individuals of such international high-end talent, celebrity status, and virtuous character, with a distinguished reputation, were the only ones deemed worthy to wear a gown designed by Sharon.

Justin sat through the performance, but it did not capture his interest at all. His fists were clenched so tight that his arms subtly trembled.

Throughout the concert, he tried hard to hide his frustration, but his eyes stayed fixed on Bella. She looked stunning, and every move she made seemed to bother him.

Occasionally, Christopher and Bella leaned in, exchanging soft, whispered words. Bella nodded with a playful glint in her eyes, seeming like she was genuinely entertained by whatever Christopher was saying.

Justin pressed his lips together, and he gripped his fists so hard that his veins popped out. His face turned pale, like it was covered in a layer of frost.

He could not look away.

'What could they possibly be talking about? Bella was married to me for three years and spent every day living with me, so why does she have more to say to him?'

As the concert progressed, Ryan was baffled by the sudden cold. "Damn, why is it suddenly so cold? The air conditioning is too strong..."

Christian played a few more pieces before the spotlight shifted to Zoe, Christian's talented protege. Zoe graced the stage in a stunning green chiffon gown, embellished with silk flowers. This accentuated her ethereal charm, making her appear like a forest fairy.

Ryan, excited to see his sister on stage, enthusiastically waved at her. "Zoe! Zoe, look over here! It's your brother!"

Justin was irritated by Ryan's behavior and had the urge to kick him down from the balcony. Meanwhile, Zoe, who was on stage, remained blissfully unaware of her brother's disruptive antics on the second floor. Her face, as radiant as a full moon, beamed with a confident smile as she elegantly bowed to the audience below.

Soon after, she gracefully positioned herself in front of the piano, resembling a swan's elegance. Her ten fingers delicately touched the black and white keys, producing a seamless flow of smooth notes,

The classical composition was Mozart's "Turkish March".

Bella gazed at Zoe's captivating performance. Her eyes were gleaming with admiration. However, a subtle hint of envy lingered beneath the surface.

Her left hand rested on her lap, and with the precision of well-trained muscle memory, her fingers effortlessly followed the lively melody. Surprisingly, the once-crippled little finger seemed to regain vitality.

Christopher, captivated by Bella's graceful movements, spoke with affection. "I remember how well you played the piano as a child." He leaned in, whispering in her ear, "If you had chosen to pursue music back then, your skill would undoubtedly surpass hers by now."

However, Bella brushed aside the idea, her trembling fingers clenching tightly. "It's impossible," she declared, her certainty evident in her voice. "Those days are long gone."

During the battle in Kridor, she carried the heavily injured Justin back to the army camp. The ligaments in her left hand suffered severe damage, leaving her little finger completely paralyzed and powerless. Countless rehabilitation sessions and hours of effort and sweat were poured into restoring the remaining fingers to a semblance of normalcy.

However, Bella harbored no regrets about saving Justin.

Despite the hurt he deeply inflicted upon her, they once fought side by side for world peace. It was not Justin the scumbag she saved, but a soldier in the peacekeeping force. Her wounds were not a reminder of her mistakes but rather a badge of personal, supreme honor.

As the concert concluded successfully, Christian, accompanied by her talented protégé, Zoe, took a bow as they received flowers and applause.

"Bella, would you mind joining me backstage?" Christopher smiled and extended an invitation to Bella.

"Is there something you need, Christopher?" Bella inquired.

"I have a personal matter. My mother is a big fan of Ms. Christian, so I'd like to request a signed album from her."

Bella responded, "Christian is quite proud, so it might be challenging."

Christopher's eyes softened with a gentle smile. "It's okay. Sincerity can move mountains. As long as I have the chance to meet her and genuinely express my request, there's a chance she will agree."

Ryan beamed with pride, laughing all the way while carrying a large bouquet of flowers backstage with Justin.

Unexpectedly, from the other end of the corridor, Bella and Christopher walked side by side toward them. The vast and open corridor suddenly felt narrow and cramped.