

Heiress's 321

Chapter 321

Bella stared at him in astonishment and asked, "How... How did

you

end up here?"

Steven, who was standing behind her, witnessed Christopher's mysterious reappearance. His heart sank, and he silently clenched his fist.

"They told me this elevator was only reserved for you, so I waited here," Christopher said with a gentle, shallow smile, skillfully sidestepping the real question.

"I wasn't asking about that. I meant, why did you come to find me?" Bella furrowed her brows. "Your dad is supposed to visit our house tonight. Aren't you heading to Hatchbay with him?"

Christopher calmly and confidently clarified, "That's why I'm here-to pick you up. Let's go back to Hatchbay together."

Bella pursed her red lips, suspicion creeping into her heart. His words were faultless, but not entirely innocent.

"Thank you for coming to pick me up, Mr. Iverson, but Asher has already made plans with me. He should be here soon, and I'll be following him back home." Bella politely smiled. "See you at Yara Park tonight."

"I've already informed Uncle Wyatt of my intention to come and pick you up. He agreed, so Asher won't be coming," Christopher said with an unruffled demeanor.

"What?!" Bella's beautiful eyes widened. She lost her composure.

“Our families have a long-standing relationship. Chairman Thompson and my father are sworn brothers, and you and I grew up together. With such a connection, Uncle Wyatt shouldn’t worry that I’d kidnap you,” Christopher explained calmly.

Christopher thought to himself, “Though I really wanted to whisk you away... I’d love to bring you back to Sentania, cherish you, protect you, and love you like my exclusive treasure.” “Well... Alright, thank you for making the trip.” Bella remained polite, maintaining a sense of propriety in their relationship.

This was rather unexpected from her eldest brother. Asher was usually so caring and protective of her, like a mother bear guarding her cub. But this time, he actually pushed her toward another man.

Bella thought, ‘Does Asher also want to market me off like Wyatt? What if Christopher was a psychopath in disguise?’ Bella sighed silently, feeling guilty for being suspicious of her savior.

“No trouble at all. I always have time for you, Ms. Thompson.” Christopher smiled warmly.

Bella had grown accustomed to this man’s flirtatious way of speaking. She did not dwell on it too much as she walked alongside him.

“Ms. Bella!” Steven’s heart felt a pang, and he quickly called out to her.

Both of them came to a halt.

Bella’s beautiful eyes filled with curiosity as she asked, “What’s the matter, Steve?”

At this moment, Christopher adjusted his glasses. His dark, hawk-like eyes squinted slightly as he turned his gaze slowly toward Steven behind him. Steven felt a stinging pain in his heart from that gaze. He stiffened, hesitating to speak. “Miss, I...”

“Oh, right, Steve, I almost forgot.” Bella raised her gentle, bright eyes to him and said, “You don’t have to follow me home. You can leave early. You’ve been working hard lately, so go home and rest well tonight.”

With that, they walked away from Steven.

Steven's shoulders slumped. A shiver ran up his spine when he recalled Christopher's concealed, chilly gaze. He felt a cold force wrap around him, like being plunged into a dark cellar.

Bella and Christopher walked side by side in the lobby, quickly drawing the attention of all the hotel staff.

"Wow, look! Ms. Thompson has changed her companion! There's finally a male presence besides Mr. Lovett!" Someone exclaimed.

Another colleague said, "Really! And he's so handsome! Mr. Lovett is totally outclassed!"

"Mr. Lovett and this gentleman have completely different styles, right? This one is like a handsome and stern Dobermann, while Mr. Lovett is like an adorable Golden Retriever. They're incomparable!"

"I vote for Mr. Lovett!"

"I vote for the handsome vampire-looking guy!"

"Choosing favorites is for kids. As an adult, I'll take both!"

Outside the hotel's main entrance, Christopher's car had been waiting for some time. His secretary respectfully opened the car door. Just as Bella was about to get in, the man gently took hold of her arm.

"Ms. Thompson."

"What's the matter, Mr. Iverson?" Bella looked at him in surprise.

Christopher's eyes brimmed with indulgence as he gently curled his lips. He retrieved a brand new and pristine white handkerchief from his pocket, intending to help her wipe away the lipstick that had strayed beyond her lips.

However, this time, Bella did not let him have his way. Her almond eyes sparkled as she quickly took the handkerchief from his palm.

"I can manage on my own."

Christopher's gaze flickered, and he merely smiled without saying anything. Soon after, the top-of-the-line Bentley departed from the hotel entrance.