

Heiress's 322

Chapter 322

Across the street, the tinted windows of a sleek black Lamborghini glided down, revealing Justin's sculpted and handsome face.

His lips remained tightly pressed, and his eyes, usually cold, now held a subtle hint of red as he focused on the Bentley moving away. The sight of Bella and Christopher as a couple sent a palpable shock through him, causing his heart to react as if electrocuted. A chill surged through his veins.

Justin had gone without sleep for two consecutive nights, and not even sleeping pills proved effective. Since they parted ways at the concert, Justin has been preoccupied and absent-minded. Known for his focus at work, he even skipped important meetings and let reports pass unnoticed.

The reason behind his behavior eluded him, but he was certain that Bella was the root cause of his insomnia.

Today, without informing Ian, he quietly drove himself to the KS World Hotel and waited patiently for the afternoon.

His sole objective was to catch a glimpse of Bella.

Even if it were just to ensure a full night's sleep, he longed to see her.

However, the shock hit hard when he saw Bella still in Christopher's company. Intense pain radiated in his head, and a momentary haziness clouded his vision.

The uncertainty of whether this encounter would alleviate his insomnia lingered, but the impact was akin to a heart attack.

Justin's bloodshot eyes darkened. He gritted his teeth and floored the gas pedal.

The sports car surged forward and raced to catch up with the Bentley.

*

Tonight, Yara Park buzzed with activity as the servants hustled to prepare for the arrival of distinguished guests. Following Wyatt's invitation, the kids who could make it had returned Asher, Axel, and his seventh son, Ralph, were already there. Bella was en route.

Amelia, who was swamped with important coursework, could not make it. Since it was not a particularly important gathering, Celeste insisted her daughter prioritize studying.

"Another night of testosterone overpowering estrogen." Axel sipped his tea in the living room. He glanced at Asher on his left and then at Ralph on his right, shaking his head with a playful smile. "Why is it so tough for us to meet up with our sisters?!"

"Ax, be grateful. We just cracked a big case, and the chief gave us a two-day break. Otherwise, we won't get to see each other in another decade!" Ralph, sporting a leather jacket, lounged on the sofa with his head propped up on his arm. His relaxed posture revealed the vibe of a guy who had spent considerable time in the police force, void of the grace that an elite man should have.

As the youngest Thompson son, he bore the closest resemblance to Wyatt-thick brows, doe-like eyes, a steep nose, full and slightly upturned lips, and a sun-kissed, wheat-colored

2/2

complexion that accentuated his bright, starry eyes.

"Ugh, I really don't mind that." Axel teased.

"Be thankful for my presence!"

Suddenly, there was a sharp snap.

Asher and Axel jolted up in their seats. Their faces reflected a mix of confusion and curiosity as the scene unfolded before them. Ralph, the picture of nonchalance on the sofa, effortlessly raised his arm, nabbing a walnut hurtling toward him from an unidentified source.

‘Damn! Is this the kind of reflex humans are supposed to possess?’ Axel thought.

“Hehe! Mom, you really know how to pamper me. You chose such a large walnut, knowing they’re my favorite!” Ralph smoothly rose from the sofa, delicately placing the walnut on the coffee table. With practiced finesse, he crushed the shell with one hand, retrieving the kernel with a cheerful grin.

“Sit up straight or stand properly! Honestly, you’re lacking all the poise expected of a Thompson man! Are you really a cop? Or have you spent a decade undercover in the

underworld?” Mila scolded Ralph with her hands on her hips. She strode over to her youngest son with a frustrated expression.

“Well, it’s no big deal, right?” Ralph grinned, munching on a walnut kernel and extending his hand to his mother. “Mom, this isn’t remotely enough to fill my cravings. Got any more walnuts?”

“What on earth are you wearing? Hurry upstairs and change into something befitting our status before our guests show up!” Even the sophisticated and well-informed Mila could not suppress her irritation. She delivered a stern kick to her son’s butt. “I don’t care how you conduct yourself in the police force. The moment you step back into this house, you’re Wyatt Thompson’s 7th son, and I expect you to act accordingly! Chairman Iverson and his sons will be arriving shortly, so don’t embarrass your father!”

In the study, Wyatt sat on a vintage leather sofa, sporting a pair of reading glasses on his straight nose, attentively flipping through the photos in his hands.

The protagonists in the pictures were none other than Bella and Christopher.

“As per your instructions, I’ve been discreetly keeping an eye on Ms. Bella’s dating situation,” Quentin reported respectfully. “She hasn’t contacted anyone else on the list, but her interactions with Mr. Christopher from the Iverson family have been quite frequent.”

Wyatt repeatedly flipped through the photos, nearly wearing them out. Upon hearing this, he asked in a deep voice, "Has Christopher Iverson made any inappropriate advances toward my Bella? Any improper behavior?"

"No, Mr. Christopher is a refined gentleman. He knows how to conduct himself in the company of Ms. Bella and has shown no signs of crossing any boundaries."

"Hmm." Wyatt pondered in silence, choosing not to say more.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door. Celeste's gentle voice came from outside. "Wyatt, Chairman Iverson and his sons have arrived."