

Heiress's 327

Chapter 327

With Christopher's taunting, Charles's expression shifted instantly, and he discreetly clenched his fists."

The Thompson family members pretended not to notice, but at this precise moment, Lance exhibited keen perception. As he gazed at Christopher, his eyes unmistakably conveyed displeasure.

"Bella, I'll have someone fetch you a glass of white wine to wash down the seafood. A small glass won't do any harm," Christopher suggested gently, now disregarding the pallid Charles.

Bella coughed. "Well, to be honest, anything is fine for me."

Caught between the two Iverson brothers, Bella felt a tingling sensation on her scalp. She could only offer an awkward smile and say, "But I actually prefer beer..."

To her surprise, both Charles and Christopher simultaneously redirected their attention to her, saying in unison, "No! That could lead to gout!"

As dinner neared its end, Christopher briefly excused himself and headed toward the restroom.

Standing in front of the sink, Christopher methodically dispensed hand sanitizer into his palm. His cold and pale hands resembled finely preserved specimens immersed in formaldehyde. He rubbed them together vigorously until they glowed with a rosy hue.

He repeated this handwashing ritual five times and raised his hands to sniff them, but he still smelled a faint fishy odor. Once again, he squeezed another pump of hand sanitizer, meticulously attending to each finger.

At that moment, the restroom door swung open.

Charles entered with a somber expression, observing Christopher's compulsive handwashing. He couldn't resist teasing his brother. "You're really going all out, Chris. Spending the entire night peeling shrimp for Ms. Bella must be a nightmarish task for a clean freak like you. I wonder if you'll dream about washing your hands tonight."

Christopher paid no heed to his taunts, gracefully pulling out a few tissues and lowering his fair eyelids, elegantly drying his hands.

"Chris, it's been many years. I thought you might have learned some remarkable skills in a foreign country." Charles sneered disdainfully. "Turns out, you've become quite adept at bootlicking."

"Oh, Charles, are you jealous?" Christopher smirked, unfazed. "After all, in front of Bella, you don't even have the chance to be a bootlicker, do you?"

"You!"

"Compared to your futile attempts to get closer to Bella, it's evident that being a bootlicker like me holds more value."

Charles choked at the remark, laughing with fury. "Haha... No wonder Dad never liked you. Your brain is indeed abnormal. Being a person is not enough for you. You want to be a lapdog!"

"In this world, where people laugh at poverty but not at immorality, achieving the goal is the most important, no matter the means."

Christopher tossed the crumpled paper towel into the bin and smiled. "Since we were children, you've always been too proud to say more than a few words to me. Why the sudden change tonight? Could it be that you're anxious to watch my relationship with Bella take off? Seeing your grand plans fall apart, do you feel like you can't even compare to a lapdog like me?"

"Chris! Don't get cocky too soon! I'm telling you, Dad will never approve of you being with Ms. Bella! Do you think you even have the right to compete with me?!" Charles was genuinely agitated this time.

“Whether I’m worthy or not has never been up to you to decide.”

Christopher turned slowly to face the furious man. His deep eyes narrowed slightly, and he pushed up his gold-rimmed glasses. “When it comes to Bella, victory is inevitable for me.”

As expected, the conversation reached a breaking point. Charles, consumed by anger, slammed the door and left.

Christopher’s smile faded as he clenched his fists tightly.

At that moment, his phone vibrated in his grasp. He coldly answered, “What?”

“Mr. Iverson, there’s something you need to hear, but please remain calm.”

His secretary paused for a moment before speaking in a hushed tone, “Mr. Salvador showed up at Yara Park’s gate. He came alone, without anyone else!”

Christopher’s dark eyes contracted as he replied in a chilling tone, “Alright.”

At this moment, Justin, dressed in a thin suit, stood alone under the streetlight opposite Yara Park.

Although Hatchbay was by the sea, the night wind was chilly in the fall. It slipped through the cuffs and collar of his suit, penetrating to his core.

This marked his third time standing here, waiting for Bella.

However, the state of his mind this time was entirely different from the previous two occasions. The subtle anticipation had transformed into an indescribable longing, silently burning in his heaving chest.

Justin had considered what he would do if he couldn't see Bella tonight. His pride as her ex- husband told him not to reach out to her. Anyone with a bit of self-respect could not endure repeatedly subjecting themselves to such humiliation.

Therefore, he decided to wait and keep waiting.

Bella would eventually come out, and he would see her.