

## Heiress's 359

### Chapter 359

Ryan booked a presidential suite at the hotel and instructed his female secretary to swiftly purchase a discreet evening gown for Carrie to change into as soon as possible.

As Carrie entered the room to change, he remained seated on the sofa, crossing his legs and tapping on his knee. If he had opted for a black suit for the evening, he might have resembled a groom patiently awaiting his bride to try on wedding dresses.

Before long, the door opened.

The secretary warmly smiled as Carrie shyly emerged from the room. "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Salvador is ready."

Ryan lazily turned his head and observed Carrie approaching him hesitantly, elegantly dressed in a wine-red lace evening gown. Her eyes sparkled with innocence, subtly tinged with a hint of confusion.

He was momentarily taken aback, and his gaze subtly deepened.

In Ryan's world of extravagance and debauchery, he had encountered a myriad of women, but never before had he beheld eyes so untainted.

Ryan's gaze appeared to linger for a moment too long, staining her innocent eyes.

"Tsk, why did you choose such an old-fashioned color? She's so young! Shouldn't she wear something more youthful?" Ryan chastised his secretary, though his gaze was fixed on Carrie's face. "You've been with me for so long. Why is your taste still so unrefined?"

The secretary knew that Ryan was seemingly laid-back but meticulous about the smallest details. She blushed shyly and was about to apologize.

Carrie spoke candidly. "Ryan, I really like this color, but red doesn't suit you at all. It makes you look dark..."

The female secretary behind Carrie looked visibly startled.

Ryan's expression darkened at that moment. Apart from Bella, no woman had dared to openly critique him in such a manner.

Truth be told, he was confident in his looks and considered himself second to none.

nationwide. Only Justin dared to claim the top spot!

"Considering you're Justin's little sister, I'll let it slide," Ryan admitted, feeling uneasy. His voice was slightly stiff.

"Ryan, are you angry?" Carrie asked, genuinely concerned.

Feeling a bit flustered, Carrie timidly continued, "So, if I were to say that you look like a ball of coal in red, would you scold me or hit me?"

The female secretary could no longer contain herself and covered her mouth before bursting into laughter.

Ryan, the heartthrob of countless women, had been dubbed a ball of coal in the eyes of this girl. How audacious of her!

Ryan widened his eyes, struggling to catch his breath. He was so furious that he almost choked.

He approached Carrie calmly, his tall figure casting a shadow over her. It made her and her teddy bear seem small and helpless.

Bending down slowly, he raised his hand. Carrie instinctively closed her eyes and tightened her grip on the teddy bear.

A gentle smile spread across Ryan's lips, and he lightly flicked her forehead with his fingertips. "You're right. I'm going to hit you. Did that hurt?"

"Uh..." Carrie rubbed her forehead with her hand and shook her head.

"Next time, if you dare mock me again, I won't go easy on you," Ryan playfully scolded, as if teasing a child.

The chaos caused by Bella required Justin to step out and handle it. Thus, he left the banquet in Ian's capable hands and temporarily left the hotel.

With Ada Wang taken away by Bella and Justin absent, Zoe felt her carefully laid-out plans fall apart. Frustrated, she downed two glasses of wine. Then, with an annoyed huff, she walked up to the stage and sat at the piano.

Initially, the guests were engaged in casual conversation, paying no attention to this resentful woman. Suddenly-

A loud "clang" echoed as Zoe angrily pressed down on the piano keys, startling everyone. All eyes turned to the stage, some with frowns on their faces.