

Heiress's 372

Chapter 372

"Ms. Bella said you can enter." Steven stepped aside as if he might catch something from Justin if he got too close.

"Thank you."

Steven scowled without hiding his resentment toward Justin. "Don't thank me. Ms. Bella is gracious to you. If it were me, I would beat the

crap out of you."

He opened the door to the back kitchen before walking away.

After taking a long exhale, Justin stepped inside.

The KS World Hotel's kitchen was sparkly clean, like a sterilized surgical theater, gleaming stainless steel and white.

The space was quiet, and the only thing Justin could hear was his breathing and beating heart.

After a turn, he saw a lithe figure working behind a stainless-steel counter. The wide and tall counter made her frame tiny.

Bella took his breath away once again.

Clad in a pristine chef's uniform with her hair tucked under a hat and her face masked, she sculpted the dough with a pair of scissors.

She was so focused on the task at hand that she did not notice his presence.

Justin's eyes welled up as he remembered Wilma's words.

"Young Master Justin, the dessert wasn't bought or made by our chef. The young madam made it for you. The chef said that the young madam cooks better than him. You enjoyed it so much, but you have no idea the amount of effort the young madam put into this tiny dessert. She locked herself in the kitchen all day to make the food for you. She didn't complain once about her body aches."

A wave of emotions washed over Justin.

For the first time, he got to witness Bella in the kitchen. So that was how she spent her three years in the Salvador household.

She poured all her love, blood, sweat, and tears into the food, but he never once cherished or showed any appreciation for it.

He was a fool who had wiped away any affection she had left for him.

With furrowed brows, Bella sculpted the dough into shapes. She was making pastries for Ada to bring back to her mother.

It was a difficult dessert to make. It took Bella the whole afternoon just to sculpt four doughs.

"Phew! All done."

Bella heaved a sigh of relief as she stared at her fifth sculpture. She

raised her arm to wipe her sweat with her sleeve.

That was when she heard a munching noise.

Dumbfounded, Bella looked up.

She gasped sharply as her eyes widened. She let out a cry..

“Justin! W-W-Why...”

Justin met her gaze and continued munching.

There were only three of the four pastries left on the plate.

“Who said you could eat it? Spit it out now!” Bella’s cheeks flushed in rage. She was tempted to punch him in the face.

However, the man remained oblivious as he took another bite. The

food was yummy.

“You don’t deserve my food, bastard! Stop it!”

Seeing red, Bella tried to snatch the half-eaten pastry from him.

Justin stuffed the remaining pastry into his mouth in a fluster.

“Damn you, Justin!”

Bella yelled. She was fuming.

The kitchen floor had just been mopped, so it was still wet. She slipped and crashed into the man’s firm chest.

Thud!

Hitting his back on the counter, Justin grimaced in pain. He spread

his arms to hold Bella before she hurt herself.

As his grasp tightened, her breathing turned heavy.

It felt like time froze on them.

Bella’s luscious lips, pressing through the barrier of the plastic mask,

met the man’s in a kiss.

Justin and Bella had no words.

The man narrowed his gaze, and his lashes fluttered.

Despite his self-restraint, he could not stop the intensity in his loins.