

## Heiress's 414

### Chapter 414

"I saved you... I mean, your teddy last night. Can't you let me have the portrait in return?"

Propping his firm hand onto the desk, Ryan leaned forward and continued, "I like the sketch. Can I have it, please?"

"I-I have something else for you." Carrie sounded timid. Her toes. curled up.

"What is it?" Ryan's eyes lit up.

Minutes later, Ryan returned to his Ferrari.

A wide grin plastered across his face as he held a cake box and a scrolled portrait. He had never been happier.

In fact, he had seen the portrait Carrie gave to Nigel during his

birthday celebration. Since then, Ryan has been yearning to get one himself.

He wanted a drawing that was only made for him.

To his surprise, he had gotten it.

The joy and happiness he felt were indescribable.

Ryan put away the sketch with glee and eagerly opened the cake box.

It was a simple and slightly ugly blueberry mousse cake inside.

He slid his finger on the cream and put it in his mouth for a taste.

Ryan smacked his lips with furrowed brows.

Why does it taste a little sour?

Late at night, Bella sat behind her computer in the study to game with

a facial mask on. She did not even take a break.

Truth be told, she was sleepy. However, Bella was worried as Steven

had not returned after she sent him out tonight to follow Henry. She

waited for his update while gaming to stay awake.

The officials of the game server sent her yet another email, inviting her to compete in the professional league as the top female gamer, but she declined every time.

She only played games to kill time, and she did not want to mix. pleasure with business. It was not as if she needed the money.

Beep.

She received a notification that Christopher was online. His gaming name was “Rose”, while Bella’s was “Lucifer”.

[Rose: How about a game?]

[Lucifer: Alright. Invite me to one.]

As Christopher and Bella communicated via the voice channel, the man's voice echoed in the room.

"Good evening, Ms. Lucifer."

"Good evening to you too, Mr. Rose. Bella teased him, "Are you blooming tonight?"

"It looks like you're handling things well. The incident with Ada hasn't gotten to you," Christopher said with a tender smile.

"Duh. I am trained in the dark arts."

"What do you mean?"

"He can channel his inner Darth Vader, plotting my demise, but trust me, the Force is strong with this one."

Christopher chuckled. He paused and asked, "Do you need my help?"

"Nah, I'm good. It's between me and Salvador Corporation. It's not a huge deal, but I don't want to get the Iverson Group involved. Thank

you for the offer, though.” Bella turned down his help.

“I don’t represent the Iverson Group. I want to help because I want to help you.” His concern was reflected in Christopher’s soft voice.

Bella raised a brow. “So you don’t trust me to handle it on my

“No.”

Christopher laughed helplessly. “I don’t want you to be tired. I w you to spend some time gaming with me. It’s been days since y were online.”

Bellan blinked in a trance.

Had he been waiting for her online?

This man had nothing to do and had no friends since he had just

come back from Sentania. It was no wonder he could not leave her alone.

It was sad, really.

There was a knock on a door, and Steven’s voice was heard.

“I’m back, Ms. Bella!”

Now that the man that she was waiting for was back, Bella said. goodbye to Christopher in a hurry.

“Right, I need to attend to something now. Goodnight, Mr. Iverson.”

She left the voice channel before he could respond.

Meanwhile, Christopher stared at the channel and murmured to himself affectionately.

“Goodnight, Bella.”

His expression turned into a grimace as he clicked on his mouse.

The gaming page was replaced by information on Steven and his two brothers.