

## Heiress's 453

### Chapter 453

Bella was in excruciating pain at the moment. Despite this, she rolled her eyes when she heard those words. These media reporters were. truly lacking in creativity. Could a man and a woman only be a couple? Why could they not simply be friends?

"I am Ms. Thompson's protector."

Christopher lowered his gaze and stared lovingly at the person in his arms, as if the entire world had been cut off from him and only she mattered in this world. "I am also Ms. Thompson's admirer."

Bella's eyes widened in surprise as she heard those words.

A collective gasp swept through the crowd as camera flashes illuminated the scene, revealing them to the media frenzy. These reporters were not just going about their business tonight. They were

completely absorbed in their work, meticulously capturing every

moment as it unfolded.

Suddenly, another tall figure approached Bella's side like a gust of

wind. Without saying anything, Justin yanked Bella away from

Christopher's embrace, holding her waist with a vice-like grip. He led

her out of the crowd silently and efficiently.

"Justin! Let me go! Who the hell do you think you are?!" Bella winced

in pain, but her attempts at resistance were futile.

Justin, on the other hand, paid no attention to her rage. His throat tightened, and the veins bulged on his forehead as he firmly resolved to escort her away.

He looked crazed.

The onlookers were perplexed. So, Bella Thompson had two protectors? But there could only be one man by her side!

Bella finally had enough when she arrived in a secluded corridor. She

shook off his hand, shivering all over.

But the moment she slipped from his grasp, he grabbed her slender wrist again, pulling her back into his embrace. He firmly gripped her lower back with another hand, pressing her against his chest, fearful

that she would flee.

He had not yearned for anything so desperately in a long time. And now, he could clearly feel that, no matter how clear-headed he was,

his body craved her uncontrollably.

“Justin! What the hell is wrong with you?!”

Bella felt completely powerless. Her breathing was erratic, and the agonizing pain in her stomach caused her to cry.

“What on earth do I have to do, Bella? What else do I need to do to get

you to stop being so harsh on me?” Justin’s breathing was labored.

His voice trembled as his eyes started welling up with tears. At this

moment, Justin appeared enraged, embarrassed, and desperate.

“Am I being harsh? Pft!”

Bella shut her eyes. She was too frustrated to argue with or engage

with this man, who appeared to be suffering from paranoid delusions

and mental illness. She was sick of him. “Let go, or don’t blame me

for hurting you. Three, two...”

“Do you think I’m incapable of protecting you? Or are you trying to humiliate me in this way?!” Justin clenched his hands as if he wanted to crush Bella’s wrists, his eyes turning red.

He had just seen Christopher confess to her in public.

His ex-wife, his wife, his... woman.

However, another man was caring for her, even making attempts to win her heart by claiming her as his own.

At that moment, his heart was experiencing pain equal to that of a thousand horses trampling over it. His body sank heavily, as if

stepping into an abyss.

“One.” Bella’s expression became cold as she said the final word.

“Bella...”

Whoosh-!

The next second, Bella’s lips curled in disdain. A sharp butterfly knife was pressed against Justin’s chest.