

Heiress's 454

Chapter 454

Justin felt a strong shiver run through his body. Once husband and wife, he never envisioned reaching a point where they were at odds

with each other.

Though the sharp butterfly knife had not yet made contact with his skin, it felt as if it had pierced his heart.

"The last person to greet me in this manner was Mr. Hoffman. But he wisely kept his distance from me." Bella tilted her head, her beautiful eyes cold and emotionless. "Mr. Salvador, given your self-

righteousness, I don't think I need to stab this knife into your body to make you understand the situation, do I?"

Justin ignored her threat and asked in a hoarse voice. "What's so appealing about him?"

"What did you say?" Bella blinked, surprised.

"Christopher Iverson... What is it about him that is so appealing?" Justin approached her slowly, his eyes red. He could not care less about what was pressed against his chest or that Bella was ruthless.

and capable of anything.

"Take a step back, Justin!" Bella widened her almond-shaped eyes,

stepping back with each stride while maintaining a firm grip. The

butterfly knife pressed against his chest did not budge. “Do you think

I wouldn’t stab you?”

“Why do you insist on being with him? Is it just to take revenge on me?” Justin locked his gaze on her, his voice trembling and husky.

Unaware, the knife’s tip had pierced his suit, penetrating his flesh.

“Isn’t being with him the same as being with you? What’s all the fuss about?” Bella thought that Justin was absurd. “Besides, I have been with you for three years. Didn’t you drive me away yourself?”

Every word she said was like a dagger to his heart. Justin took a deep breath, and the pain in his chest felt as if it had taken root and spread to every nerve in his body. Everything she said was undeniably true. It was cruel, and it made him feel helpless.

“Bella!”

Bella’s heart quickened as she turned her gaze to see Christopher, who was standing a few steps away. His eyes were filled with

anxious anticipation.

“Bella, you’re still not feeling well. Please let me take you to the hospital.” As he reached out to her, Christopher’s gentle eyes were

filled with concern.

Rather than engaging in the mundane competition of wooing Bella away from Justin, he took a different approach. He chose to care for

her, protect her, and show her both warmth and concern. That way, he could show her who loved her the most.

“Alright, I’m coming.” Bella quickly retracted the butterfly knife with her nimble fingers and walked toward Christopher without looking.

back. She seemed to have already decided between the two. It was self-evident who she chose to abandon.

Justin remained motionless, a cloud of sorrow and absurdity obscuring his entire being..

Bella approached Christopher but did not take his hand. “Let’s go,” Bella said gently.

Christopher’s fingertips trembled slightly as he drew his hand back.” Okay.”

The two walked shoulder to shoulder, like a perfect couple, leaving in a dignified manner under Justin’s melancholy and embarrassed gaze. It was not until the corridor was empty that Justin slowly raised his hand to cover the wound. His eyes were filled with a painful and poignant expression.

“Bella, all I want is for you to notice me.”

Christopher took Bella to the hospital right away. When she arrived at the hospital, the pain overwhelmed her, making it difficult for her to exit the car. She clutched her abdomen with all her might, her mind

blank and her face devoid of color.

A chronic stomach problem had plagued her as a result of the tumultuous times when she worked with Doctors without Borders, < going through periods of famine amid chaos.

“Mr. Iverson! I will get a wheelchair right away!” The secretary was visibly nervous, sweating profusely.

“No need. I will handle it.” Christopher got out of the car and gently carried Bella out. He strode into the hospital with firm steps and with

Bella in his arms.

“It hurts... It really hurts...” Bella panted, weakly leaning against him.

“Bella, I know you have warned me not to touch you casually.” Christopher wrapped his arms around her soft and delicate body, as if

he wanted to embed her in his chest. “But you must bear with it for now, Bella... Don’t hold this against me, okay?” His tone was

extremely gentle, with a hint of coaxing.

The secretary, who was watching from the side, was surprised to see this side of Christopher. Christopher was known for his coldness and indifference, but he was so tender and warm with Bella. Even his

heart of stone had softened for Bella. It would be her loss if she did not marry Christopher.

After a long struggle late at night, Bella was finally given an intravenous drip. She fell asleep on the hospital bed. Perhaps because of their childhood bond or her weakened state, Bella, who had always been wary of unfamiliar men, surprisingly let her guard down and allowed Christopher to stay by her side.