

Heiress's 471

Chapter 471

Just two days ago, Bella's trip from Hatchbay to Savrow was filled with delight. Now, a dark scowl had settled on her face, and her lips were pressed tightly together.

Back at the hotel, Bella locked herself in the office without any disruption from Steven. She looked up anything related to Celeste's incident.

Mila's words echoed in her mind. "The network's special was Celeste's darkest hours, but it was also when she grew closer to Wyatt. Back then, the internet wasn't the behemoth it is today. To keep tabs on the entertainment world, people relied on magazines and newspapers. When news of the incident broke, Wyatt went to extreme lengths to contain it. He reportedly bought and destroyed every magazine subscription in the country that mentioned it. Any journalist who dared report on the matter faced harsh consequences. But apparently, the foreign press was present during the incident. Someone captured the entire ordeal on camera and uploaded it to a foreign website. Even though Wyatt managed to get the video taken down, traces of the video still linger online."

Bella drew a deep breath. With her eyes fixated on the computer

screen, she typed furiously on the keyboard.

She quickly located a grainy video of the network's special that had been sealed away for twenty years.

The video captured Celeste at her most vulnerable, hunched over, and convulsed with silent tremors. Her face was drained of color.

She was at a breaking point.

The harsh beam above her head put her despair under the spotlight. The jeers and laughter from the audience washed over her,

threatening to shatter her fragile resolve.

A tall and strong figure rushed onto the stage, approaching Celeste without hesitation.

From the man's back, Bella could tell that it was Wyatt.

Without a word, Wyatt took off his jacket and got down on one knee before Celeste to cover her modesty.

A hush fell over the stage.

The video came to an end.

Bella stared blankly at the screen, her shoulders drooping as she sank her back against the chair.

Did the incident lead Wyatt to win Celeste's heart?

"My father probably wrote the playbook for getting the girls."

Her phone rang.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Bella picked up the phone. "What's up, Steve?"

"Ms. Bella, Ryan Hoffman has brought his sister to see you."

"

The weight of Celeste's past pressed down on Bella, and the last thing she wanted was to meet the Hoffman siblings. Despite her

3/5

reservations, Bella agreed to meet the Hoffmans, swayed by Steven's mention of Ryan's sister coming to apologize.

Maybe Bella would feel better if she witnessed Zoe with an egg on her face.

It would be like watching a slapstick comedy.

When Bella arrived outside the reception room, Steven came over with a frown.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Bella. I didn't know that Justin was with them. He's inside too."

Bella looked up and met Steven's gaze with indifference. "Why didn't you throw him out?"

"I'm sorry, Ms. Bella." Steven expressed his apologies, knowing that it was his negligence.

For the main part, Justin was elusive. He was not around when Steven led Ryan and Zoe into the reception room. When he returned, Justin had the nerve to relax on the sofa with a cup of coffee.

"Never mind. You can't beat him anyway."

Bella poked her chin out, gesturing for Steven to open the door.

As the door opened, Bella sashayed into the room, her stilettos clicking sharply against the floor. Her straight black suit jacket draped effortlessly over her shoulders and accentuated her confident stride and commanding presence.

"Bella." Ryan got up from the sofa, his throat dry.

Bella was a sight to behold, as always. Her look today was a bold statement, conveying both competence and unwavering determination.

Once again, Bella took Ryan's breath away.

Justin looked up at Bella, his nerves tensing.

His heart pounded out of his chest.

Hiding behind Ryan, Zoe fixated on Bella's haughty face and clenched her shaking fists.

"Oh, you are all here."

Bella pulled her shoulders back, letting the black jacket slide down, and Steven caught it for her.

She then turned to Justin with a smirk. "Well, aren't you an exemplary boyfriend to Ms. Hoffman, Justin? Are you here as a show of support for her?"

'Boyfriend?' Justin locked eyes on Bella's sneaky smile and cleared his throat.

He was fuming.

The woman was harsh to him as usual, hitting his sore point.

That was Bella to him, though. Bella was no longer Anna Brown. He was glad to accept her as she was, critical side and all.

Zoe was so filled with glee that Bella mistook the reason Justin was there.

Playing along, she took quick steps toward Justin with a sad face.

“Bella, I admit I was blind before, but you should get your eyes fixed too.”

Justin remained aloof, but his eyes betrayed his obscure feelings for Bella. “No boyfriend here, only your ex-husband. It’s exhausting enough to be a certain somebody’s husband. I don’t have the time or energy to be someone else’s boyfriend.”

Zoe froze.

Justin had made things clear with her before, but Zoe refused to move on and remained delusional about Justin.

Yet now, Justin threw her under the bus by ditching her in front of Bella.

“I am here to back someone up, but I’m not talking about Ms. Hoffman.

”

Feeling the burn in his cheeks, Justin grabbed his coffee mug and pretended to sip composedly. Despite burning his tongue, he forced himself to swallow the hot liquid.

Sure, Justin often had these thoughts.

However, he was embarrassed to say them out loud.

Bella furrowed her brows, surprised by his implication.

Who was he supporting, if not Zoe?

Was it Ryan?

Well, it was just a roundabout way to support Zoe.