

Heiress 601

Chapter 601

Christopher was insatiable by nature, rarely feeling gratified by anything in the world.

Making Justin pay was one of the unlikely things that pleased him.

“Mr. Iverson, what brings you here?” Snapping out of her thoughts, Bella asked curiously.

“I’ve moved here. I’m living in the villa behind yours.” Christopher stared at her affectionately.

“What?” Bella was shocked.

Justin’s heart dropped as he had a bad feeling.

“We’re neighbors now, Bella.” While talking, Christopher tilted his head and smiled in a youthful and

gentle manner. He extended his right hand to her. “Hello, neighbor. I hope we can get along.”

Though baffled, Bella remained unruffled and politely shook Christopher’s hand.

Christopher managed to mercilessly and cleanly cut off Justin, the ex- husband who once was most

intimate with Bella.

“Bella, do you want to visit my new home?”

Like Bella, Christopher was an opportunist. He extended an invitation to her. “I bought a lot of

groceries, including some fresh salmon and crayfish. They're all your favorites. I'll cook for you."

His words were filled with love.

Christopher was considerate, attentive, and a gentleman. He was the boyfriend of every woman's dreams.

"I'll need to take a rain check. We live in the same neighborhood, so

we'll run into each other more frequently. We have plenty of time in

the future. Thank you for the offer, though, Mr. Iverson." Bella was

flustered and not in the right mind for a housewarming session.

"My mother will be at my place tonight."

Christopher's eyes fixated on Bella as he invited her earnestly once.

more. "I told her that I'd invite you over to the house for dinner. She

was excited and said that it had been years since she last saw you. She wanted to meet Chairman

Thompson's favorite daughter."

Bella was taken aback. "Is Mrs. Iverson back from Sentania?"

"Yeah. I brought my mother back." Christopher grinned with relief.

“That’s great.”

Justin was alarmed.

However, he could not add a word to their conversation. All he could

do was stand there and do nothing.

Justin, who sat on top of the business world, had such moments of

desperation too.

He had become a fool for his little lady.

“You know my mother, Bella. She rarely has moments when she’s

conscious and herself.”

The sadness in Christopher’s eyes tugged on Bella’s heartstrings. “I

hope you can meet her when she’s of sound mind. It makes the

encounter meaningful. Can I be abrupt and ask you for this small

favor?”

The Iversons and the Thompsons went way back. Plus, Bella did not

really have anything planned tonight anyway. She did not have a reason to refuse.

“Alright then. Sorry to trouble you for dinner, Mr. Iverson.”

Fueled with rage, Justin clenched his fists.

“Not at all. I want to thank you for accepting my invitation, Bella.”

With joy apparent on his face, Christopher gestured for Bella to come along with him.

They then walked right past Justin.

However, Justin was not one to give up or back down so easily, especially when it came to competing with Christopher. He did not want to let the love of his life walk away with another man.

What should he do?

He contemplated his options.

His inner voice was telling him to leave his ego out the door and stop Bella from leaving.

Nothing was more important than his wife. He had to keep her.

“Bella!”

As his heart pounded out of his chest, Justin took strides to keep up

with the pair.

Before Justin could get close to Bella, Christopher sensed Justin. He turned around and aggressively

pulled a punch, aiming straight for Justin’s face.

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Swoosh!

A violent breeze brushed past the tip of Justin’s nose. There was sure

power, ruthlessness, and speed in the punch.

If Justin was not a skilled fighter, he would not have been able to dodge the unsuspecting attack.

Justin was able to gather a lot of information from the missed.

assault.

Underneath Christopher’s polished appearance was a vicious beast.

Justin could not possibly let Bella go with him.

No way!

Everything happened too fast. Bella walked ahead, oblivious to the men fighting over her in the back.

Christopher pulled another punch, and Justin ducked in tim

retaliated with a high kick. However, the counterattack mer

past Christopher's chest.

Christopher backed away to regain his balance. His seemingly

arms under his silver cuffs tensed as he clenched his fists. His ve

bulged.

Justin, who was ambushed, stood there, rooted to the ground.

Christopher pushed his glasses up his nose, hiding the bloodthirst

behind the lens.

For over a decade, Christopher had been learning to fight from the best fighters in Sentania, perfecting

his skills to become stronger so that he could protect his mother and recruit elites.

Christopher dabbled in close combat, shooting, and knives. He was gifted in that respect. Although he

was not blessed with the best of health, he was able to make up for his deficiencies by putting in the hard work.

Hence, Christopher was confident he could take Justin on.

Nevertheless, after the brief clash with Justin, Christopher realized he had underestimated his opponent.

Justin was stronger than most men.

Even if Christopher were to give everything he had, he might not be able to defeat Justin.

Christopher furrowed his brows grimacingly.

Suddenly, he curled his lips slyly, sending shivers down Justin's spine. Something did not sit right with Justin.

Christopher's eyes, always tender in Bella's presence, were savage and rampant, challenging Justin's patience.

Upon narrowing his eyes, Christopher threw himself forward.

Letting his muscle memory and the urge to beat up the man take

control, Justin reacted with a right hook to Christopher's left cheek.

Bella happened to turn around and witness this scene.

Justin was shocked to catch Christopher, bleeding in the mouth,

smiling wickedly instead of getting angry.

Shit!

He fell right into Christopher's trap!

Christopher was not trying to hit him. He was trying to lure him to

draw blood.

Justin cursed himself for being a fool to fall for it.

"Chris!"

Bella widened her eyes and ran to help Christopher.

She blurted out his nickname in a panic.

Christopher's eyes bulge in surprise. Disregarding the burning pain on

his cheek, he clutched Bella's wrist and asked in a trembling voice,

Bella... What did you call me?"

It then hit Bella.

She took a bit of time to process what she just said. It was just a

form of address, and she used to call him that name when they were

kids.

Hence, she cried, "Chris."

Christopher's eyes welled up in excitement, his facial muscles

twitching.

Only God knew how long he had been waiting for her to use the term

of endearment.

It had been too long-15 years too long.

Could Justin understand 15 years of yearning and lovesickness? No,

the heartless man could never understand this.

Justin froze as the color drained from his face.

He could hear something breaking as his body slowly gave out.

Bella had once again broken his heart to pieces.

It appeared Bella and Christopher were close, and it all started when they were kids.

Justin questioned what he meant to Bella.

“Have you gone mad, Justin? Mr. Iverson was just inviting me to meet his mother at his place. What did he ever do to you? Why must you injure him?” Bella helped Christopher up and snapped an angry look at Justin.

There were a lot of emotions in her gaze.

She was angry, helpless, and, more so, disappointed.

For the past 13 years, Justin had been an unattainable presence for her.

Now, she could feel the untouchable shine of him fading as he drifted further from the man she remembered him to be.

"I'm fine, Bella. Don't be mad."

The murderous intent in Christopher's eyes was no longer present. He looked tenderly at her and said

nicely, "I can understand why Mr.

Salvador attacked me."

Chapter 603

Christopher continued, "Everything he does is for you."

"For me? Including hurting someone?" Unable to put up with Justin's

behavior, Bella scoffed. "He's just covering up his misdeed in the

name of justice. Don't say that it's for me. I won't stand for this."

"Bella!"

Justin felt suffocated, and his misery showed in his voice. "I don't

want to explain or justify my behavior. I just have one thing to ask

you. What am I to you?"

As her breath hitched, Bella felt her heart drop.

Despite the dimly lit surroundings, she could see the shattered and

anguished look on Justin's face.

Christopher stared intently at Justin's pale face like a hawk on its

prey.

"If you stop pestering me and being a nuisance in my life, we might

have a chance of becoming business partners. But if you persist in your ways, our only possible

relationship is that of enemies."

Without taking another look at Justin, Bella held onto Christopher and

left.

Justin stood there in a daze, as if the whole world had left him behind.

Before he knew it, the chilly breeze pierced through him, drying the

tears in his eyes before they could pool again.

He would never love another the way he loved her.

Even the strongest love could fade with time.

Christopher's villa was the second largest in the upscale area.

The biggest belonged to Bella.

Since the Iversons owned the neighborhood, Christopher could just pick any villa he wanted.

As they entered the compound, Bella felt bad that Christopher was

badly bruised in the face. She asked cautiously, "Does it hurt?"

Christopher curled his lips, grinning brightly and warmly. However, the

smile was stiff because of the bruise. "I'm fine. It doesn't hurt that

bad."

"The bastard didn't hold back." Furious, Bella wanted to punish Justin.

"Mr. Salvador was in the army, and he went to military school. It

doesn't surprise me that he was heavy with the beating."

Bella scowled. "How did you know that he was in the army? Did you

run a background check on him?"

Unflustered, Christopher said with a faint smile, "Mr. Salvador and I

are rivals, whether in business or love. If I want to win, I should know

my enemy well."

Reading between the lines, Bella pursed her luscious lips.

It was a shame that she did not see Christopher the same way.

In fact, she played dumb to his feelings for her.

“Please cover for me later when my mother asks about this, Bella.”

Christopher looked over and nervously gave her the heads-up.

“How should I cover for you? It’s not like you can fall and hit one side.

of your face.” Bella furrowed her brows, finding the excuse hard to

believe.

Christopher let out a wry smile, but the joy in his eyes was clear. His

affection was reserved only for her.

“I got an idea!”

Struck by a thought, Bella pulled out a compact powder from her

purse and handed it to him. “Cover up your bruise with this.”

“What’s this?”

“Do you know how to use it?”

Christopher looked at her with clear eyes and shook his head.

“I’ll help you.”

Bella opened the compact and dabbed the powder puff on the pressed powder before drawing close to Christopher’s face. She proceeded to dab the puff on his swollen cheek.

“Hiss...” The man grimaced in pain.

“Does it hurt?” Bella asked.

Christopher narrowed his eyes and leaned closer to Bella. He was just inches away from her baby-smooth and beautiful face.

He could not love her more than he already had.

Their breaths mingled as the tips of their noses nearly touched.

Bella could even smell his minty breath mixed with his violet cologne, which made her feel lightheaded.

“It hurt a little just now, but it doesn’t hurt anymore.” Christopher

looked deep into her eyes with a grin.

Bella stepped back a little, nearly dropping her compact powder.

Although she cried out his nickname in a moment of panic, that did

not mean that they had become closer.

“Come on, Bella. Any later, and I might not get dinner ready in time.” Christopher stopped teasing her.

He had to take things slow, as slow

and steady would win him the race.

The pair walked through the gates of the villa and disappeared out of

sight.

On the other side of the metal gates, Justin stood alone on the opposite road. His bloodshot eyes were

drawn to the villa’s distant

glow.

Chapter 604

Everything in Christopher’s home looked new. It was clear that he had

moved in not too long ago.

The villa's interior was decorated in minimalistic colors of black, white, and gray. Bella could tell right away that the furniture and appliances were top-of-the-line brands that exuded a subtle luxury.

Bella shuddered a little when she walked into the house.

The reason was not because of the heating. The empty space, paired with the monotonous colors, gave off a sense of oppression and chill.

"Do you feel cold, Bella?"

Christopher took out a pair of white slippers from the shoe cabinet and got down on one knee to place them by Bella's feet. "Put them on. I'll turn up the heating."

As her lashes fluttered, Bella slipped her dainty feet into slippers.

The fluffy slippers were comfortable.

They were new, and the size seemed to fit her just right, as if they were made for her.

m

“You’re back, Mr. Iverson.” Zelda, a housekeeper to Christopher and his mother, Sophie, approached to welcome them.

“Bella, this is Zelda.”

Christopher introduced them with a smile, “Zelda, this is-”

“I know! She’s Ms. Thompson, the one you always talk about! Hello there, Ms. Thompson.”

Zelda checked Bella out with enthusiasm. “You’re so beautiful, Ms. Thompson. Oh, my goodness.

You’re prettier than the winner of Miss

Sentania.”

Bella blushed and smiled with embarrassment. “Thank you for the compliment, Zelda.”

“Come in. Come in! It must be cold outside. Mr. Iverson, your mother has been waiting for you.”

Zelda led them to the living room, turning back to check on them from time to time. With each glance,

she found them a perfect match for

each other.

Bella felt anxious.

She could barely remember what Sophie looked like.

Bella often visited the Iversons' residence in her younger days, and Lance was usually the one to greet

her. Sophie rarely made an appearance. She had encountered Sophie maybe once or twice, but she

remembered the woman to be kind and gentle.

"Mom!"

Hearing Christopher's greeting, the middle-aged woman in a wheelchair with a beige blanket over her

lap slowly turned around.

Feeling a catch in her throat, Bella felt upset.

Sophie was around Mila's age, but she was silver-haired and a

shadow of her former beauty.

"Son, you're back."

Sophie smiled. Although she aged significantly, her smile was

beautiful as always. It was clear that she was a stunner back in the day.

Christopher went up and gave her a hug. "Mom, Ms. Thompson is here to see you."

"Ah... Bella? Is it Bella?"

Sophie was perky, like a child, her eyes reflecting her tenderness for

Bella. "Zelda! Zelda!"

"I'm here, Mrs. Iverson," Zelda responded.

"Hurry up and get Bella some juice and candy."

"Alright."

Zelda grabbed a handful of candy from the coffee table and presented it to Bella. "Here you go, Ms.

Thompson."

Though surprised, Bella took the candy.

It never occurred to her that Sophie had such a different approach to

hosting guests.

“Chris, you must bring your friends to the house. Don’t worry about disrupting my rest. I don’t want you

to be alone and have no one to

play with.” Sophie looked worriedly at her son.

Bella looked at Christopher in shock,

“Don’t worry, Mom. I don’t feel lonely with Bella by my side.”

As sadness fled across his eyes, Christopher patted Sophie’s back. “Even if all the kids won’t play

with me, Bella won’t ignore me.”

“Alright. Bella, you must visit us often.” Sophie looked at Bella as if she were still the little girl from 15

years ago.

“Thank you, Mrs. Iverson.”

Chapter 605

Swayed by emotions, Bella approached Sophie and got down on one knee. She looked up with a bright

smile and said, “Chris has a friend

in me, so don’t worry.”

Christopher took off his jacket, his slender build drawn out by his white shirt and gray vest. He went to the kitchen, looking rather chic.

Although Bella was a guest, she felt bad letting him cook for her.

Thus, she followed him to the kitchen.

“I’ll help you. You don’t have a chef. It will take you forever to cook dinner.” Bella looked at the table of

ingredients and rolled up her

sleeves to get to work.

“It’s okay. I have everything ready. It should be quick and easy to

make dinner.”

While talking, Christopher looked at her with concern and murmured, “Bella, I remember that you’re

allergic to smoke. It can get greasy and smoky in the kitchen. You should head to the living room and

chat with my mother.”

Bella paused, her eyes twinkling in surprise. “H-How did you know I’m allergic to smoke?”

“Don’t you remember? Your dad would take you to my home when you were a kid, and my brother

would demand a cookout, ordering the household help to start the grill in the backyard. When it started

to get

smoky, your dad carried you away nervously, saying that you were allergic to smoke. I still remember your dad getting worked up and yelling at my dad.”

Christopher chuckled. “You’re the apple of your dad’s eye.”

Bella stared at him in a daze and felt a lump in her throat.

Despite her best efforts, she could not stop her eyes from tearing up.

During the three years she had been with Justin and cooked for him, the man had no idea that she had an allergic reaction to smoke.

However, Christopher did not forget the trivial matter that happened over a decade ago.

“It’s okay. I’ll help you.”

Bella stood alongside Christopher in front of the sink, preparing the fresh ingredients skillfully.

Christopher swallowed hard and quietly stepped closer to her.

“Thank you, Bella.”

“I should thank you for treating me to dinner.”

“That’s not what I mean.”

Christopher’s voice was raspy as he smiled wryly. “You’ve seen my mother. Her memory is regressing badly. Sometimes, she doesn’t even recognize me. There are times that she thinks I’m still 7 years old.”

“I understand. It’s one of the symptoms of Alzheimer’s.” Bella sighed.

“I’m grateful that you are willing to make her happy with me.”

Their eyes met, and their foreheads bumped into each other.

They chuckled, taken aback.

It was a happy and tender moment at the villa.

Beyond the walls of the residence, it was cold and windy.

Justin stood rooted to the ground outside the villa, staring intently at the warm light.

He had no idea how long he had been there or how much longer he would stand there.

There was only one thing on his mind.

He was waiting for Bella. He was waiting for her to come out and see him.

She had to leave one way or another, right?

Suddenly, Justin felt something cold on his face. The biting cold spread throughout his body.

He lifted his chin as the tiny snowflakes fell on his pale face and melted into his bloodshot eyes.

It was snowing.

Savrow welcomed its first snow in the winter.

The first snow was a blank canvas. It signified a fresh chapter, full of potential and the promise of something special.

He thought to himself, 'Bella, I want to experience the first snow with you.'

Justin breathed out a puff of cold air and pulled out his phone shakily

to dial Bella's number.

Chapter 606

Dinner was pleasant and full of laughter.

Christopher had planned to bring out a bottle of well-aged red wine,

but Sophie kept serving Bella juices. Bella had drank orange juice, grape juice, pineapple juice, and

other varieties of squashed fruits.

After dinner, Zelda took Sophie elsewhere for other activities to give

Christopher and his beloved a moment alone.

Christopher gave Bella a tour of his villa, showing her his art

collection of paintings and artwork.

These babies could fetch an astronomical price at an auction.

S Standing before a desk, Bella leaned forward with a magnifying glass. toto appreciate a painting. Her

bright eyes reflected her joy.

"D'Do you like it? If you do, I'll wrap it up for you to take home CChristopher propped his arm against

the bed, staring at

with a tilted head.

She admired the painting, while he admired her.

“Wrap it up for me? You know better than anyone that anything consists of at least seven figures. These are authentic works. I can’t believe you’re offering the painting to me for free.”

fully

Bella stood up straight and cheekily looked at Christopher through the magnifying glass. She

blinked. “Are you an antique collector? Or are you just collecting for fun? If you’re a real collector, you should act like Wyatt Leiler freaks out when anyone tries to touch his collection. I

can’t imagine him giving his stuff away.”

Christopher smiled and spoke in a soft and alluring tone. “I’m only generous to two people. That’s you and Chairman Thompson.”

Bella’s heart skipped a beat, and she pursed her lips.

Christopher and Justin were two extremes. The former was a sweet

talker, while the latter would not have anything nice to say even with a

gun to his head.

“Wyatt is a greedy man. If he knows you own such treasures, he’ll

certainly take your generosity for granted.”

“Chairman Thompson is welcome to take anything he likes. I don’t have much to offer, but if there’s

anything that catches his eye, I

won’t be stingy with him.” Christopher’s tone could not be more

sincere.

“What about you? Do you have anything you want apart from getting

a slice of your family assets?” Bella asked subtly.

With tender eyes, Christopher answered in his mind, ‘I want y

It”it’s snowing, Bella,” he said something else out loud instead.

R”Really?”

BeBella beamed with excitement.

ShShe loved the snow. When she was a little girl, her mother would hold heher as they admired the

snow in the backyard. Her mother would take heher hand and guide her to draw on the snowy surface.

“COCommon. Let’s check out the snow.

Christopher led Bella to the balcony and opened the door. Bella was mesmerized by the blanket of snow.

The fluttering snow fell like feathers.

“It’s so beautiful!” Bella looked up at the night sky and expressed her thrill.

Standing behind her, Christopher took off his jacket and draped it over The her shoulders. He wrapped her up tightly and murmured sweetly, snow is beautiful, but I don’t want you to catch a cold.”

The lingering warmth from the man’s jacket cast away the chill that Bella felt.

She turned over to meet his burning gaze.

Bella murmured, “You...”

The man’s heart raced, and his breathing turned heavy.

“Your glasses are foggy. Can you even see the snow?” Bella asked in

a serious tone.

Christopher was taken aback, but he smiled faintly, not hiding the affection in his eyes.

'Bella, do you know? There's a saying in Sentania that couples who experience the first snow together will eventually marry each other.'" Christopher thought to himself.

Not minding her frozen, stiff cheeks, Bella reached out to capture the snowflakes. Her face was alight with joy.

Christopher, stirring with feelings, was tempted to grab her hand and never let her go.

A disruptive phone call shattered this joyful moment. Bella glanced at her phone screen and frowned.

Chapter 607

Justin's name haunted Bella.

Seeing that it was his love rival calling, Christopher hid the chilling glint behind his gold-rimmed glasses and said, "Bella."

Despite her stirring emotions, Bella decided to take the call. "Hello?"

Disappointment was written all over Christopher's eyes.

He hated Justin's guts.

Justin looked at the lit window, not knowing if Bella was behind the

window, or if she could see him. His voice was hoarse.

"It's snowing, Bella. This is Savrow's first snowfall for the winter."

"Yeah."

Bella kept a colorless face. "Why are you calling?"

Justin was stuck for words. It took a moment before he

gained the courage to ask, "Can't you invite me to see the snow together

tonight?"

"Do you have a girlfriend, Justin?" Bella frowned in

surprise.

"I don't."

"Knowing our relationship, do you think it's appropriate?"

“Either way, it beats your relationship with Christopher.”

Justin had a case of sour grapes.

Bella was furious and amused. “Ha. Well, I don’t share your

sentiment

I won’t do it until I see you tonight, Bella.” The man was stubborn,

and there was no talking sense to him.

I went to take this piece until you go.” Bella could be more headstrong

than him.

Are you kidding me off, Bella?”

Justin narrowed his eyes angrily and clutched his chest, barely

catching his breath. Are you really going to spend the night at

Christopher’s? Do you know what you’re doing?”

rage consumed Bella.

With her back facing Coriscooper, she walked to a corner, took a deep

breath, and said huskily, “Marssavado, I’m grateful that you saved my

fe, but that doesn't mean you get to use it against me, for

to things I don't want to.'"

just wanted to see the first snopial with you. That's all!"

But I don't want to! Justin, I'm not interested in the slightest!"

Bella yelled into the phone, her dramatic reaction startling Justin.

Christopher swiftly walked up to Bella and held her trembling

shoulders.

2300

What's wrong, Bella?" Christopher drew to her and whispered in

her ear.

Justin caught Christopher's murmurs.

Bella closed her tearful eyes and shook her head helplessly.

The scene from Christmas Eve two years ago came to mind.

She welcomed a belated snowfall on Christmas Eve.

However, that scene was painted with a bloody car accident. She had by been carrying Justin's child for less than two months.

le cunin nearly tore her apart. She had to bid a goovy goodbye to her boro o child.

hat wes susist in doing at the time?

: new to Mereraranto spend Christmas with his beloved Rososalind.

fore Beliala axised out from admitting Nigel to the hospitaes, she had

ren Just a cathil.

wever, allshere received was a cold, busy tone.e

dia gasped forcaina sagedespair washed over her.com

er consciousness ariete o out, and her body gave way.

ella!"

Chapter 608

ristopher held@celia in his arms before she sank to the erground.

he resentmenninmis eyes went rampant.

Justin stood outside in the snow, his head and shoulders covered in a

sheet of white.

He waited hopefully, rearing up at the gate there the whole night.

Suddenly, the metal gate of the Villa opened.

Justin perked up.

However, his heart soon sank at the sight of his stomach.

Christopher headed his way with a pale, grimacing look.

"Where's Bella?" Clenching his fists, Justin asked Christopher

with the eye.

and

Christopher pushed his glasses up and showed a sinister smile

and acted himself like a proud winner. "She will be staying the night

at my place. She won't be going home or enjoying the snow with you because he's resting now. If you have any

shred of dignity left, you should

leave now and save yourself the humiliation. I need to get back to

ite strain showed in Justin's voice. "You must be delintaedwith

nurself, Christopher. You are only together with Bella ahrough

anipulation!"

"SISO/What?"

The aggression was visible in Christopher's eyes. He was a different peierson in front of Bella. "I'm

willing to do anything to win the love of mylefer and t make no apologies. I'm unlike someone who acts

like he

ordyly as eves for Bella but plays the field instead."

"Chansiccooner!" Justin shouted angrily, his voice trembling. The blood

inn's stopat was getting thicker.

"Durro y your three-year marriage with Bella, you never once

celelmoteca ary holidays with her. You were with Ms. Gold during

Valemme s Day, Christmas, and Bella's birthday, am I right?"

Christopter mooched with a smile, "You should go to Ms. Gold for a

romantic nigin it ke today. Are you trying to insult Bella now?"

Color washed offffuustin's face as agony overtook every fiber of his

being.

"You're my rival, Justin d only looked into your past becaus

ad

for Bella. i will protecacterer, and won't let the same thing hap

again.

Christopher's eyes were coold CGet lost. A filthy man on the insid

out like you does not deserve to be around Bella,"

With Christopher gone, silence alleled the air once again.

Justin froze in the snowstorm fotos tolong time.

Suddenly, he lunged forward and covered his mouth.

Ugh!"

His eyes bulged, and he felt wetness on his palm.

Blood dripped to the ground, tainting the snow.

When Christopher returned to the villa, he was not in a hurry to check

on Bella, who was unconscious.

He tiptoed upstairs and entered his study to check the surveillance

outside the villa's perimeters on his computer.

Sinking his back into his leather chair, Christopher wanted to admire Justin's defeat, but to his surprise,

he found something else to his

delight.

The strong and handsome man kneeled on one leg in the snow, breathing laboriously with a bloodied

mouth.

Did Justin cough out blood?

"Hahahaha! Justin, what a wonderful surprise."

Christopher took out his phone to call his secretary, his eyes never

leaving the screen.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Iverson?"

“Investigate Justin’s recent health records. Is he ill or injured? Which hospital was he at? I want to know everything.”

Chapter 609

Beliala’s dread was still fuzzy the next morning. She was a little.

She abruptly opened her eyes and jolted up from bed.

The monotonous colors of black, white, and gray and the calming incense in the room relaxed her.

“This is a man’s room. Christopher?”

Belia had a vicious headache, as if someone had just hit her head with a club.

The last thing she remembered from last night was arguing with Justin, and everything since after was a blur.

With her heart pounding, Beila got up and left the room.

Downstairs in the kitchen Christopher wore a white shirt rolled his sleeves to his elbows. He was at the kitchen counter, m

breakfast for Bellala,

The warm morning sun outside the window shone on the man, softening his facial lines.

He was handsome and poised like a

gentleman in a painting.

He often cooked but never wore a apron.

Christopher never wore the same garment twice anyway.

"Mr. Iverson."

Christopher looked up tenderly at the sound of Bella's voice. "You're

awake, Bella. How do you feel?"

"Mr. Iverson, last night-

"Didn't we agree on it, Bella? Just call me Chris."

Christopher pouted a little. Still, he did not stop the task at hand, like a

dutiful wife. "You weren't feeling well last night, and you passed out. I

guess you could be low on blood sugar or overwhelmed. Don't worry.

You slept in my room, but I didn't touch you."

“I know...” Bella rested her head in her palm exhaustedly. She was not

naïve.

She had no idea whether she was hypoglycemic, but she was not in a good mood last night. The past

trauma still haunted her, and it still

hurt.

It never crossed her mind that she would react strongly and be

knocked unconscious by the pain.

That bastard, Justin, was the bane of her.

“Breakfast is ready, Bella. Come and eat,” Christopher urged her

gently as he put the plates down.

It was as if they were newlyweds, and Christopher, the husband, made

breakfast for his wife since she slept in.

“I don’t feel like eating. Thank you, though.”

Bella believed it was inappropriate enough that she stayed the night at the home of a guy she barely

knew. She could not possibly stay for

breakfast too.

That was suggestive, and she was not that type of woman.

“Thank you for having me. I should go now.”

While talking, Bella pressed her lips together awkwardly and walked

toward the door. novelbin

Feeling crushed, Christopher caught up to her. “Bella, did I do

something wrong?”

“No. I’m just not used to spending the night and having breakfast at a man’s place, especially one I’m

not close with. It’s just not me,” Bella expressed indifferently with a distant smile.

Feeling hurt, Christopher clutched his fingers.

Justin could get close to her and hold her, but Christopher could not

make her stay for breakfast.

If he had not shown up on time last night, Christopher wondered what Justin and Bella would have

done. They could have kissed, and Justin.

could have stayed the night at her place.

Bella's phone rang. Asher was calling.

"Hey, Ash."

Chapter 610

"Bella... Axel, Ralph, Steve, and I are outside Christopher's villa."

Asher's voice rolled like thunder.

He kept things short.

However, assurance and intimidation were present in his tone of

voice.

"I'm fine, Ash. You're all being dramatic." Bella rubbed her temples, already imagining the commotion going on out there.

"Dramatic? Bella, you spent the night at another man's home. You were out all night! We nearly wept in panic," Axel cried out loud.

"Did that Iverson boy touch you, Bella? Were you there of your own

free will, or did he set you up? I've got the cuffs ready for him." Ralph was a police officer through and

through. One word from Bella, and he would rush in to arrest Christopher.

“Calm down! Chill the heck out!”

Bella put on her heels in a panic and walked out the door.

Outside, fancy cars surrounded Christopher’s villa.

“Ms. Bella!”

Teary-eyed, Steven went up and held her shoulders. “Are you alright D Did Christopher lay a finger on you?”

“No one would lay a finger on me unless they wanted the Thompsons oron their tail.” Bella found them overstraining themselves with anxiety.

“Bella!”

Her three brothers gathered around. They were relieved that Bella

looked fine and her clothes were intact.

“Good morning, Asher, Axel.”

Christopher approached with a smile and turned to Ralph. “Ah, you’re

here too, Ralph. I guess it's not busy at the station this morning."

Ralph gritted his teeth, tempted to just cuff the gu

guy.

Axel was not having it. "We're not on a first-name basis. That's Mr.

Axel Thompson to you!"

"That's true. I have not been back for a long time. We have grown

apart, I suppose."

Christopher did not mind them. Instead, he took a lingering look at

Bella. "I don't care what you think of me, but my feelings for Bella

have never changed."

This was the second time Christopher hid their princess.

Although Christopher did nothing, his behavior constantly tested the

Thompson brothers' patience.

"Come on, guys. We should head home." Sensing the tension in the

air, Bella tugged on Asher's and Axel's sleeves while giving them a

look.

“Take Bella home.”

With furrowed brows, Asher grabbed Bella’s hand and gave her a little

squeeze. “Mr. Iverson, a word, please.”

Christopher kept a friendly smile. “Sure.”

Seeing that there was no talking sense into Asher, Bella was escorted

into the car by her brothers and Steven.

As the car drove away, Bella looked out the window, and her heart

dropped.

The dried pool of blood on a blanket of snow by the road was

alarming.

Tension was thick in the living room.

Asher sat sternly on the sofa with his legs crossed.

His gaze on Christopher was not as kind as before.

“Here, have some tea.” Christopher served him a drink.

“I don’t need it. I’ll make this quick.”

Act Fast Free Bonus Time is Running Out!