

Heiress's 452

Chapter 452

"Ms. Thompson! Please wait a moment!"

A swarm of reporters closed in around Bella, as if they had hit the jackpot.

Steven was still dealing with the situation inside the hall at this point, leaving Bella alone with no bodyguards. Even though these reporters had no malicious intent, they put her in a difficult situation.

"Ms. Alexa! How do you intend to hold Ms. Salvador accountable for imitating your work? Are you planning to sue her?"

"Bethany incited the female journalist, Xena Gordon, to reveal KS World Hotel's commercial secrets, resulting in the failure of your

collaboration with Ada Wang. Will KS Group and Salvador Corporation

settle this in court?"

"Ada Wang recently stated unequivocally that she would end her collaboration with Salvador Corporation. Will you and Ada reconcile.

and continue to collaborate?"

Bella had been extremely busy all day. All of these questions wore her

down, causing her stomach cramps to flare up once more. She

clenched her hands tightly as a slight sheen of sweat formed on her

forehead, and her complexion turned pale.

Yet, her eyes remained clear and sharp as she stood there as gracefully as ever, not showing the slightest sign of illness.

Before Bella could say anything, a slender figure emerged from the crowd and reached for her. He opened his arms, shielding her from

the escalating chaos.

Her vision became blurry for a brief moment. The next second, a clear and melodious voice spoke in her ear. "KS Group will issue a

statement later and respond to each of these questions. Ms.

Thompson is feeling unwell at the moment, so please excuse her. I'm taking her to the hospital."

Bella's pupils constricted as she stared in astonishment at

Christopher's solemn and concerned expression. He had not

appeared in her presence all evening. How did he notice she was not feeling well?

Lost in thought, the past three years of grievances, bitterness, and injustices vividly replayed in her mind. Justin had shown no regard for her during those trying times. Even when she struggled to leave her bed for days after the miscarriage and asked him to pour her a glass of warm water, he flatly refused.

Even if Justin was not aware of her physical state at the time, his indifference to such an insignificant request showed how much he disregarded her. One's love for another lies in the details. Her love for Justin had been tested in the last three years, leaving her scarred and

defeated.

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Bella definitely regretted it, but she was willing to accept her losses

because she only had herself to blame.

Christopher noticed a glistening drop of sweat trickling down Bella's

brow, and a sharp pain shot through his chest. He supported her. His

left arm naturally wrapped around her waist as he frowned.

"Do you feel uneasy?" Christopher asked, his voice husky and close to

her ear.

"Yeah," Bella said, exhaling gently. Another word would only

aggravate the pain.

"Can you hold it until we get to the hospital? Should I call an

ambulance?" Christopher's hand was around her waist, and every word whispered into her ear was filled with genuine affection.

She tugged at the corner of her lips, forcing a smile. "It's okay. I won't

die.”

Christopher was naturally reserved and apathetic, having never shown compassion for anyone except Bella. Seeing her in this frail state gradually softened his heart, and he felt an overwhelming desire to

protect her.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got you. I’ll take you to the hospital.” Christopher

shielded her with his own body and guided her forward slowly.

“Excuse me, sir. May I ask who you are?” The reporters could not help but gossip after witnessing Christopher’s intimate interaction with

Bella.

Christopher responded calmly, “Christopher Iverson.”

Iverson, as in the Iverson Group? That was a billion-dollar behemoth,

comparable to the Salvador Corporation!

It made sense. Not just any ordinary man could approach Bella. How

could someone be considered worthy of Bella Thompson if they did

not come from a family like the Salvadors or Iversons? After all, she

was the daughter of Hatchbay's wealthiest man and a top-tier jewelry designer.

"Mr. Iverson, may I ask what your relationship with Ms. Thompson is?"

"Are you two dating?"