

Arabella 72

Chapter 72

On her way home after meeting Dylan, Arabella suddenly received a call. Recognizing the familiar number on the screen, she hit the button on her steering wheel to hang up

But Attlee **was** persistent, calling again and again.

“What do you want?” Finally, Arabella picked up, her tone laced with irritation,

“Bella. I’ll cut to the chase. I saw you having dinner with the head honcho of Allbara Investment Group tonight. Are you two acquainted?”

“What’s it to you?” Arabella was surprised that he called to ask such a trivial question and was about to hang up.”

“Bella, straight up, is Dylan into you? Is he wooing you?”

Arabella was speechless.

company. If you want to marry into a rich family, you’ve got to have some dough too, right?” Arabella’s icy eyes flashed with coldness, “What

they could never afford this lifestyle. It’s embarrassing! But I could have your back; imagine how it sounds: the richest man in Tranquil City is your father. Eve got all the gifts sorted. That way you could marry into the wealthy family

coldly, “What do you want?”

in touch with Dylan, arrange a meeting, and facilitate our

“No can do.”

I raised you for eighteen years! Are you really

with me?” Arabella said coldly, “I don’t know where you get off telling me this. My grandma raised me,

sent to learn various things from a bunch of old guys. Her so-called parents never noticed how she spent her holidays! It’s easy to

I had

couldn’t be bothered wasting

depressed look after he hung up and immediately understood what happened

you didn’t listen, and now she doesn’t want to help us! Attlee sighed, unsure

only have her to rely on! And she definitely won’t help us, what about Yoli? The VIP ward must have been arranged by the Panter family. Let’s invite the Panter family out for dinner tomorrow night and

only