

Arabella 1621

Chapter 1621

Dave watched as everyone seemed to be swayed by Summer's talent. With a gentle voice, he said, "You know, if you really want to figure out if the two songs are different, don't just rely on how they feel. Listen for the nuances in the instruments - like the quiver of guitar strings or the hum of piano keys. And pay attention to Summer's breath control and singing technique. Hand on heart, she's better than me."

The crowd didn't expect David to affirm Summer so positively, and their comments started pouring in.

[You sing great too!]

[Love you!]

[You'll always be number one in my heart!]

[Thanks for backing Summer. On behalf of all her fans, we appreciate you.]

[Thanks for spending so much time tonight clearing things up for Summer.]

David's agent hadn't expected that by sending him to interact with the fans, David would end up dedicating his whole evening to vouching for Summer. But the buzz from the night reignited their fame, and the agent found some solace in that.

when Joyce dropped a

got your back, spending his whole evening clearing things up

such a professional standpoint. Everyone believes him. They're

of celestial siblings are you two? One saves the brother's show;

Kelly spilling the beans, Joyce and Mya wouldn't have even known their

been full of surprises

in an upscale club's

night when the door swung open, revealing a figure that instantly

"Hans."

you here? Sean, Hans

for Sean, we'll get out of your way. We'll leave you

sofa, Sean, flashed a devilish grin as he watched his friends scatter, leaving him alone with Hans in

down a notch in Hans' presence, but his irreverent demeanor still earned a frown from

how busy you are. If you're not around for the holiday, you'll wish you were. Understand?" Hans placed an object in front of

Sean chuckled, not expecting the usually stoic and workaholic Hans to make a personal appearance, let alone deliver a gift on behalf of his sister.

On the table lay a rolled-up piece of paper - a painting, perhaps?

As Hans prepared to leave, his sharp gaze caught the sight of an ashtray brimming with cigarette butts and a table littered with empty bottles. His voice took on a chilly edge, "During the holiday, I expect you to be free of any scent of alcohol or smoke."

"Leaving so soon, Hans?" Sean called out after him, and at that moment, the club manager crept in, trembling.

"Mr. Sean Collins, I couldn't stop Mr. Hans Collins when he suddenly showed up. I couldn't hold him back."

Sean's gaze turned amused, "So, you're saying it's not your fault?"

"No, no, no, it's my fault." the manager pleaded, "I promise, it won't happen again."

"Are you saying that next time Hans shows up, you'll have the guts to stop him?"

The manager could never have the audacity. When it came to the Collins family, the eldest and the fourth were the ones he never wanted to cross.