

Arabella 1638

Chapter 1638

In the private room 11.

Arabella had sealed the deal, cash exchanged for goods with practiced ease.

She slipped the medicine into her backpack and rode the elevator down to the lobby. Horace, spotting her, broke into a relieved grin.

He'd been worried about the boss's safety going upstairs alone. But there she was, walking out of the room 11 without a scratch.

"Got it?" Horace mouthed, his face a picture of excitement.

The place was a racket, but Arabella caught his drift, nodding and tilting her chin up, signaling it was time to jet.

In the massive birdcage arena, the heavyweight boxer - a brute over 200 pounds - had been mauled by the beast, chunks of his arm flesh hanging loose. Now, he was being carted away, while the victor was rewarded with a feast of raw meat, retreating obediently back into its cage.

match: a muscle-bound fighter tipping the scales at more than 300 pounds versus a kid who looked barely strong enough to lift a

no more than five or six, was forced into oversized boxing gloves and shoved into the cage, his wails piercing the din, reaching Arabella's ears. She glanced over to see him clutching the bars, desperate to escape, as the crowd

of sympathy in Horace's voice

a little one's fight-or-flight kick in

whose

crowd roared

folks - will it be our fighter, or the kid? Countdown starts

up the kid like a ragdoll and slammed him

high on adrenaline. The kid lay there,

see more? Let's see who wants to up the stakes.

flashed with the bet stats: one thousand three hundred and fifty-one bets placed, the highest being thirteen grand. The host was clearly

"We are!"

"Show me the money!" The host's words had barely left his mouth when the screen flashed a new bet: 1 million, from private room 1.

A hush fell for a split second, then the place erupted.

"It's Sean! Sean's in with a million!" The host's voice was tinged with glee.

Arabella narrowed her eyes in disdain. Sean? The jerk who was all over some woman upstairs, trying to get lucky? No surprise he was trash.

"Let's hear your cheers as the next act unfolds," the host was drowned out by the escalating roar of the crowd as the fighter advanced on the kid.

Horace turned, only to find Arabella had vanished.

The fighter lifted the child high, parading him around the arena like a trophy, the audience's cheers shaking the very walls.