

Arabella 1640

Chapter 1640

The crowd roared with excitement as Horace squeezed his way to the edge and glanced back. The fighter was down, and he knew the boss had roughed it out in that cruel region before, able to handle these backstreet brawlers with ease.

“Boss, I swear I'll come back for you!” Horace led them away first.

Arabella, now free from worries, floored the fighter and swiftly locked the cage door behind her as she made her exit.

A gunshot suddenly echoed through the arena. A lot of audience realized till then danger had descended and scrambled to the sides.

Zebulon, flanked by a slew of henchmen, had Arabella cornered. “You think you can wreck my joint?”

Arabella, facing the armed crowd, her eyes turning icy, retorted, “What, I need to write you a permission slip?”

“You’re in over your head!” With a wave of Zebulon's hand, his goons opened fire.

quickly subdued one of them, using the man as a

In the VIP room.

Sam slipped away in the chaos, and I lost sight

spoke, his gaze fell to the lone girl below. Her movements were lightning-fast, and Zebulon's dozens of thrill of the fight, so Sean had deliberately jacked

the cage, and her crew had managed to snatch the kid's mother too.

Why play hero? Why stir up trouble? Couldn't she just stay home, hit the sent someone for the kid.

that girl have

it would be botched today,

the agile girl on the ground floor, her aura defiant and cold,

In the arena.

Zebulon, seeing his men strewn about in pain, only a few left circling Arabella, stepped back fearfully, “Who the hell are you?”

The girl wore a black mask, her face unseen, but her youthful clear eyes suggested she was just a teenager. So young, yet with such skill and bravery, she had not only taken down a 300-pound muscle-bound fighter but also left his men groveling on the ground.

At that moment, Steward arrived with reinforcements.

Zebulon, seeing them, as if spotting his salvation, "It's this girl. She's ruined Sean's fun. Steward, get her!"

Sean?

Arabella's gaze lifted towards the VIP room. Silhouetted against the massive floor-to-ceiling window, a lean figure stood watching the melee below.

"This one's for Sean to handle."