

Arabella 1643

Chapter 1643

"Hi," Romeo's voice was more formal than before, lacking the seductive undertone it carried earlier, but there was a hint of warmth in it. Horace knew that this touch of warmth came from the boss's influence.

"Did Bella get through the night without any scrapes?" Romeo asked softly.

"No, the boss's got some slick moves; took them all on single-handedly."

"Focus on driving," Arabella swiveled the camera back to Horace.

"Was there a fight?" Romeo's tone was laced with concern, "Did you get hurt?"

"No."

Maybe to ease his worry, Arabella added, "Just a bunch of nobodies."

Horace was stunned. The boss called that 300-pound muscle-bound boxer a nobody? And what about Zebulon's dozens of henchmen?

"I thought this trip was supposed to be a cakewalk, just a quick pick-up and meet with the client before heading back?" Romeo's worry was evident, "What happened? I can send some guys from Mafia C to back you up."

Mafia C??

in shock. Was he out of the loop, or had the

The possibility made Horace freeze in place. He couldn't fathom the boss

gestured with

the trip going

"It's safe."

"Don't lie to me."

some fashion designs for a client, then heading back. You take care of things at Dawnstar; don't worry

He'd never expected the boss and Romeo to

time he'd seen two fearsome figures show such a different

with Romeo for a few minutes until they reached the hotel entrance, Arabella finally ended the

walk you

car,

his concern, "Boss, those guys might not find this place tonight, but if they do, you can twist the wall lamp behind the

learning to care. Arabella's lips curled into a smile, "Got

"Well then, boss, I'll leave you to rest," Horace closed the door behind her.

It was nearly 1 a.m. Arabella took a bath and fell asleep soon after.

Early in the next morning, Arabella woke up to several messages, one of which was from her bestie.

[Bella, are you in Belloria by any chance? Heard about some young woman stirring up trouble at Zebulon's joint last night, even knocked a boxer on his backside. I bet it was you, am I right?]

The sender was Ophelia Almond, one of Arabella's closest friends.

Arabella texted back, [It was me.]

Ophelia called her, and after hearing the whole story, she too was fuming.

[These jerks deserve a lesson. Last time at another underground ring I saw them forcing an old man to fight, I trashed the place too.]

Bullying the weak was the lowest of the low.

"These people will do anything for a buck; they don't see others as human," Ophelia's voice was filled with righteous anger. Arabella smiled, "What have you been up to lately?"