

## Arabella 1711

### Chapter 1711

David rolled his eyes dramatically. [You finally grew a conscience? You haven't checked in on your sis for like, what, six months? You want her digits? Call me 'big bro' and I might just think about it.]

Sean could only sigh, realizing they were totally on the same page when it came to the sister's matters.

He sent a text to Louisa on WhatsApp, and just to be sure, he forwarded the same message to Kenneth.

Not long after, two texts buzzed in on his phone.

Dad: [Concern over the phone is one thing, but nothing beats showing it in person, kid. Want her number? Go ask her yourself.]

Mom: [We'll talk when you get home!]

Who knew why he wanted his sister's number? If he went off-script like he did just now, describing her as temperamental, he'd tick her off in a heartbeat.

Sean's mind wandered back to the last time when he almost recognized his sister, but his buddies threw him off the scent.

With that, he texted Hans, with a hint of accusation in his tone.

sis really that

even

I asked you last time, and you said you didn't know

a one-in-a-million kind of beauty. Whether we're talking her stunning features, her ethereal vibe, or her mad skills, she's a total head-turner. Her

So that's what Hans meant. Did

he confronted Chasel, [Last time, you said sis's looks were 'indescribable.'

a crowd, a total knockout. And it's not just her face; her talents are dazzling, too. She's like this glowing gem, and

you just say so last

her for yourself?? What, got a glimpse of her in person and found her prettier than expected? Or was it a photo

he wanted him to see her with

David next, who, when asked about their sister's looks, launched into a rhapsody, showering her with

not compliment her

my concert back then,

thought lowly of their sister's looks—probably

who looked a lot like sis, a real piece of work. Whatever happened

replied curtly, [Zip it. Don't ever bring that up with

[Okay.] David was confused. He hadn't been talking about their actual sister, so why the gag order?

But he had bigger fish to fry. With the New Year around the corner and the last three gigs lined up, he'd soon go home to be by his sister's side. This year, he was skipping every New Year's Eve gig that came his way.

In his heart, nothing was more important than spending time with sis.

After parting with friends, Arabella and Romeo left, leaving the coffee shop with two lovesick souls.

"Grab a drink somewhere?"

Once alone, Timothy felt his hidden emotions bubble to the surface like air escaping a deflating balloon.

"Let's hit up that club I own. We're not calling it a night until we're absolutely sloshed."

Derrick needed the alcohol's numbness, too.

"You look like you've been dumped, man." Timothy was down in the dumps himself and couldn't fathom why his buddy seemed even more out of it.

To someone unknown to the situation, they'd both look like they'd just been kicked to the curb.