

Arabella 2003

Chapter 2003

"Romeo, you're the only one who can mess with me," Luna raised her voice so Harriet could hear,

"What does she think she is compared to you? She's got nothing on my own brother!"

Harriet was taken aback by her not-so-warm homecoming. It dawned on her why Serena and Alma

hadn't been able to win over Romeo—it was because of this feisty guard dog by his side!

Once they were in the office.

Romeo asked nonchalantly, "Done with the theatrics?"

Luna's tears turned into a chuckle, "Heh, Romeo, you always have my back. Didn't even call me out on my act."

She noticed the towering snack cabinet in Romeo's office, "You really have a snack cabinet this huge? I

didn't believe the online gossip until now. I just chased off that vixen for you, so you owe me some treats, right?"

Romeo, ever the paternal figure, opened the cabinet and tossed her a bag of chips.

"So, Arabella is into these, huh?" Luna ripped open the bag with glee, grabbing a chip, just as Romeo

added, "She doesn't like this flavor, so it's all yours."

Suddenly, the chip in Luna's hand lost its appeal.

"Don't make a mess," Romeo grumbled, hating crumbs on his carpet.

"But I saw a post saying Arabella makes a mess and you're always there handing her drinks," Luna

retorted, extending her hand, "Where's my drink?"

"These are her favorites; you can have some water."

"So, what brings you here anyway?"

"I saw Arabella getting attacked online. I made a bunch of accounts to fight back, but it was useless.

So, I thought I'd come to you. Do you have a plan to help her?"

"Let's not worry your pretty little head about her."

"What do you mean?" Luna said earnestly, munching on a chip, "She's your fiancée and my future

sister-in-law. I can't just watch people sling mud at her."

Carl knocked and entered with a cup of tea in hand.

"Ms. Luna, here's the coffee you like." He set the freshly brewed cup before her. "Mr. Romeo, I've

escorted the lady out. The receptionist tried to stop her, but Ms. Monroe was insistent, even got a bit

pushy—just like Ms. Luna said."

"Your staying out of it is the best help you could give."

"Why?" Luna was puzzled.

Carl explained, "Ms. Bella is playing a strategic game. Mr. Romeo doesn't want you to mess it up."

"What kind of game? It sounds thrilling."