

Arabella 1637

Chapter 1637

The girl's features hidden behind a black face mask that only allowed her clear, beautiful eyes to stand out. Her hair was scooped up into a playful bun, and she was dressed in casual attire, a backpack slung over her shoulder, and a pair of crisp white sneakers on her feet.

"Sean." Perhaps sensing Sean's gaze lingering on the girl, the woman next to him cooed teasingly, leaning in to press her lips against his.

Steward, with his entourage in tow, hadn't intended to step aside for Arabella, but seeing Sean make room, he motioned for his group to part ways.

Arabella brushed past them and rapped on the door of room 11 before slipping inside.

The woman, eyes closed, moved to seal her kiss with Sean, but in the next instant, she found herself unceremoniously dumped atop a trash can near the elevator.

Being thrown away out of the blue, the woman looked confused and in pain; her expression twisted as she realized she was bleeding from a scrape on her elbow. Raising her eyes, she saw Sean toying with a white pill, a cold smirk playing on his lips.

Feeling for her hair, the woman discovered the white pill, which had somehow ended up in Sean's possession.

drug me?" Sean flicked the pill back at

was shocked by his acuity. Had he noticed when that girl walked by? It seemed impossible; she had been so careful. Could he have detected

no time, his men securing

smile on Sean's face as she remained silent, "Guessed that quickly, huh?

her hands, send them with the pill to

Sean's growing power and the way his own empire was being devoured by

lick her thumbnail, coated in a layer of golden powder - a contingency against failure and capture

had planned to end her own life swiftly with the poison, but her plan

are just as pathetic," Sean shrugged off his suit jacket, soiled by the woman's touch, and tossed it into the trash. He accepted a

woman out cold

it's been handled, and the woman sent. Also, there's a mysterious buyer keen on purchasing one of your islands, offering up

"Which island?" Sean seemed to have forgotten.

"The one we call Weeds Island."

Steward struggled to find the words to describe it. In his mind, the island was overrun with weeds, desolate, save for a sprawling sandy beach and a clear view of the ocean.

"The buyer probably wants a private island, a secluded life away from the world," but in Steward's opinion, the island was hardly worth 30 million dollars. Sean had acquired it for a mere 2 million dollars back in the day.

"Mr. Collins, we'd make a good profit at that price."

"Keep him on the hook." Sean had no intention of selling just yet. He swirled the drink in his glass and downed it in one gulp, "What about the guy?"

"The one from this afternoon? His name's Sam; he's already downstairs luring Felix out. Word is Felix loves a good brawl. If it's brutal enough on the stage, he'll show."