

## Arabella 1709

### Chapter 1709

“Sean, I know you can hear me. Your sister has been home for six months now, and you haven't bothered to show up or even send a single gift. New year is around the corner, and we're going to announce her to all our friends and family. You need to be here, do you understand? If I don't see you in the next couple of days, you might just forget about this home, and drop the Collins name as well . Don't even call me mom anymore!”

Steward heard Kenneth trying to calm Louisa down on the other end of the phone, “Honey, you can be mad, but don't work yourself into a frenzy. Sit down, take a deep breath.”

As he saw Mrs. Collins so worked up, but found it impossible to tell her that Sean was on the brink of uncovering some leads about a fire incident abroad, he had no choice but to explain, “Mrs. Collins, it's not that Sean doesn't want to come home, it's just that he's sick. He just had surgery and is currently on IV fluids.”

“What? He is sick? When did this happen? Is it serious? Why did he need surgery?” Louisa's tone shifted to one of concern, “Why is he dealing with this alone? Why didn't you tell me?”

“He didn't want to worry you both.”

“The way you guys kept secrets from me makes me worry more!”

“He's in post-surgery recovery, and just needs to rest for some more days.”

“Let him come home to recuperate! Your sister, she's a whiz, who was known as Dr. Bell. She's the one who cured your grandparents.”

Louisa could finish, Sean blurted out,

as well, paused for a while and said, “Ma'am, do you mean

phone, “You boys haven't been home, so we didn't tell you.

like you, fair-skinned with long hair?”

my daughter; of

in disbelief, “Is she

be sweeter, the darling of the house

continued, “Is she good in

is gentle and kind! She's no thug. Can't you have a better imagination about your sister?

Bell??” Sean felt his heart

You've seen the

item Hans passed on to him

And he...

Sean abruptly ended the call and urged Steward to dial the club manager.

"Find out where that painting ended up!"

It was a painting his sister had made for him.

And he hadn't even looked at it!

As soon as the call got connected, Sean snatched Steward's phone immediately and demanded,

"Where's the painting I left behind that day??"

The club manager, startled by Sean's direct questioning, stammered, "Sir, you said you didn't want it. I reminded you that evening that you'd left something in the club."

"So you lost it???" Sean's voice was tinged with desperation.