

Arabella 1717

Chapter 1717

[Right, he went in like two minutes ago. Didn't you catch that?]

Horace handed his phone to Arabella, who stood up to leave the bustling pub. Horace scrambled to keep pace with her swift strides.

The second floor was a lively bar, but the floors above were a maze of private party rooms.

As they left the raucous atmosphere of the bar, Horace's ears finally got some relief. He quickly asked Arabella, "Do you reckon he might have slipped into one of the private rooms?"

With so many rooms to search through, it could take forever.

And they risked tipping him off.

"Let's head up and see," Arabella said, opting for the fire escape instead of the elevator.

As she pushed open the door to the stairwell, they heard a clatter from above – something, or someone, had taken a tumble.

when they heard a hoarse

the gap between them widened – she was

long before they

the hallway, they found a man with a buzz cut and a menacing stare clutching a rope tightly around the neck of someone they called "Viper." Two others, one in black and the other in gray,

delivered a swift kick, and with the rope loosened, Viper gasped for air, his

you?" the buzz-cut man

sensing a threat, glared at Arabella

he finally made it up, but the man in black was already dialing for backup. "We

through a window, but

grab her, but before Horace could even step in to assist, the stairwell door

to give chase, but seeing Arabella taking on

man clean off his feet and sweeping another into the crowd. She used the railing to deliver a few well-aimed kicks, then pulled Horace

no option

follow onto the rooftop, Arabella knocked them down one by one, guarding the

Some realized they were no match for Arabella and quietly retreated, opting for another staircase to the roof.

There were two staircases to the rooftop – one at the corridor's beginning, the other at its end.

Viper reached the rooftop and ran to another staircase for escape, only to be tripped up by another group that had arrived. Horace dashed into the fray, trading blows with the newcomers.

With the crowd against him growing, Viper made a desperate move to the edge of the roof, ready to jump.

“Don’t do it! I’m not like them.” Horace tried to get to him, but the encircling foes were too many. Before he could break free, Viper had leapt from the edge.

“Hey—” Horace dropped a few more attackers and rushed to the edge, only to see that Viper had landed on a balcony of the sixth-floor private room. Not missing a beat, Viper scaled the railing and jumped to another balcony one floor below.

Horace had no choice but to follow suit, tracing Viper’s path.

The rest, unwilling to be outdone, also followed suit and leaped onto the balconies in pursuit.

As Viper landed on the fourth-floor balcony, he felt the pain from his wounds became unbearable – he had been stabbed twice, and blood had soaked through his pants, now dripping onto the ground.