

Arabella 63

Chapter 63

This place was seriously going downhill. Not a spark of life in sight.

Arabella walked back into the office and barely took a seat when Dean, the perpetually late assistant, barged in.

“Sorry I’m late, huh? Where’s the boss? Wasn’t he supposed to be here today? Kid, have you seen the boss? You need to get up; he should be arriving soon! You can’t sit there!”

Dean rattled on, then realized the girl in front of him was just watching him with a nonchalant air that sent a shiver down his spine.

“Arabella.

“Ms. Bennett,” Dean rushed forward, scared out of his wits.

From his stammering explanation, Arabella got the gist.

A year ago, the Collins family entered the fashion industry, hiring a number of talents, some good at management and others at design.

a head honcho, Oscar, to oversee

passed, the company

the talents left.

grown distant. The overall atmosphere

and despite his frustration, he lacked the capacity

half an hour from now. I want every department head and member of management

to send out mass

an hour

her kid’s sick today; she took

procurement says he’s not feeling well;

cut him off: “Tell them if they’re not here tomorrow,

came to the meeting thought Arabella was just playing tough.

means you folks need to kiss your lazy days goodbye, or you

her; little did they know she ran her own company with an even tighter ship. Any employee who didn’t pull their weight

“Now, who can tell me the current state of the company, any progress we’ve made, and our future plans?” Arabella scanned the room.

Nobody spoke up.

“I’ll ask again.” Arabella repeated her question, but the response was the same: no one answered.

She realized instantly that this was the current state of the company. No progress, no future plans.

Just then, a voice piped up.

“Ms. Bennett.”

“Hmm?”

“Also, I think our department’s designs are pretty awesome, but for some reason, we just can’t make a sale.” Arabella kept silent.