

Arabella 731

Chapter 731

Only one guy was left. Hans was gripping his collar tight. Seeing his buddies had all bolted, he blurted out fearfully, "Hans, what are you doing here?"

"Where's Molly?" Hans' voice was seething with rage.

The guy went pale, this was the first time he'd seen Hans lose his cool. "She's in room 3201 downstairs." They were on the top floor where the party was going down. Below were the hotel rooms.

Realizing what was going down, Hans made a beeline for room 3201.

In the room.

Molly was tossed onto the bed. She knew she was in deep shit, but she was too weak to fight back, fear coursing through her.

President Jay slapped her face. "You're biting off more than you can chew, standing up to me. You haven't seen half of what I can do. Today, I'll make you understand, until you yield!"

His plan was to have his way with her and then blackmail her with the photos so that she would toe the line at the office.

"Don't come any closer." Molly felt really sick. President Jay was right there, but she felt flush as if she was losing control.

"Such a young thing." President Jay caressed her soft face. The bright dress she was wearing today made her really stand out, pure yet alluring.

Molly's fists clenched tight, her nails digging into her palms, close to breaking skin.

"It's useless. The drug will make you lose control, stop struggling." President Jay grinned wickedly, like a devil. "As long as you obey me, I'll be gentle. I know it's your first time."

"Get lost." Molly was drained. Her voice was laced with disgust, but it came out sounding like she was acting cute. Tears ran down her cheeks as fear engulfed her.

President Jay yanked her dress down. She didn't even have the strength to pull it back up. She didn't know how she'd ended up like this.

Tears welled up again.

President Jay pulled her dress down to her waist, exposing her skin and the last of her modesty.

"So beautiful." President Jay was admiring her like a piece of art. He pinned down Molly's hands, so she couldn't move. Tears were streaming, and she cried out in desperation, "Hans, help me."

Right then, all she could think of was him. It seemed like he was the only one who could fix everything.

"He's still upstairs. He can't hear you even if you scream." President Jay paused, then slapped her hard.

"You slut, always trying to seduce young, handsome guys? You think I can't satisfy you?"

"Leave me alone." Molly wept, feeling too weak to resist. She couldn't break free.

President Jay looked at her teary eyes, his heart aching. "I like girls like you. So cute, so lovable."

He was about to rip off her last piece of clothing.

Just then, the door was kicked open. Hans stormed in to see Molly on the bed, hands pinned down, tears streaming, crying out, "Hans."

The man standing over her was holding her hands above her head, about to unbuckle his belt. Seeing Hans, he froze. "Hans? What are you doing here?" He backed away in fear.

Hans, consumed with fury, rushed over. He took off his jacket and covered Molly, then kicked President Jay. He grabbed a chair and whacked President Jay with it.

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President Jay suddenly keeled over. He didn't even have the strength to beg for mercy and just passed out right there on the ground.

Hans looked at Molly lying in front of him, who looked so pitiful. He pulled up the dress she was wearing under her suit jacket.

"Hans." Molly was still crying, her face as red as an apple. She unconsciously clung to Hans' clothes, as if she was scared he would leave.

"Don't worry, I'm here." Hans picked her up.

Molly weakly wrapped her arms around his neck, sobbing quietly against his chest. This was the first time a girl had cried in his ear. Hans felt as if an invisible hand was tugging his heart. It was uncomfortable, and he felt guilty. If only he had been more careful, none of this would have happened.

"It's so hot. I feel awful," Molly sobbed quietly, her face already as red as an apple.

Hans held her as they entered the elevator. "Just hold on a little longer. The doctor will be here soon." Molly leaned against his neck, in agony.

"Molly." Hans' voice was full of restrained control. Her breath on his neck was a bit warm and somewhat seductive.

"I feel horrible, Hans." Molly's small face was rubbing against his face, her soft lips brushing against his skin and even his earlobe.

Hans' breath quickened. "Behave."

"I really feel horrible."

"I know."

From the moment they were in the guest room, Hans knew she had been drugged.

Finally, they reached the garage, and Hans put her in the back seat of the car. But Molly didn't want to let go. "Don't leave."

"I'll be right here in front." Hans removed her hand, hoping she would calm down.

"Hans, don't leave." Molly's eyes were filled with tears, clutching his clothes. Her eyes were full of a hint of grievance like she was acting spoiled.

Hans tried to soothe her, but it was no use. Feeling helpless, he had to take her in a cab.

He didn't take Molly back to Reflections Villa, but gave the taxi driver his private address, urging the doctor to hurry.

Molly was held in his arms, mumbling, and fidgeting restlessly. She was pushing Hans' patience and restraint of over twenty years to their limits.

This restless little kitten.

The driver up front saw the girl mumbling uncomfortably in Hans' arms and thought she was drunk.

"Young man, how could you let your girlfriend drink so much? Alcohol is bad for the body. She looks really uncomfortable. You should make her some greasy breakfast food when you get home. A man should take care of his woman, don't you agree?"

Hans agreed with the last part, "Hmm."

Molly's soft lips brushed against Hans' earlobe, she mumbled softly, "Hans." This touch, this call, completely shattered Hans' sanity. He turned his head, and their lips met.

"Oh, these young people." the driver didn't dare look again and focused on driving.

Hans felt Molly's lips against his, and he became statue-like, motionless. Molly tasted sweet, and her

arms were tightly wrapped around his neck, deepening the kiss. She felt terrible, but the kiss eased her pain. She was desperate and eager to get more from Hans.

Molly kissed Hans for a long time. He eventually closed his eyes, and his fingers ran through her hair, deepening the kiss.

Molly's kiss was unskilled; it was clear she had no experience. But like an unripe fruit, it attracted him to explore further.

After a while, the car stopped in front of Hans' private villa.

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Hans got out of the car with Molly, but she was still passionately smooching him. This spectacle was witnessed by Dr. Blake, who was waiting at the door.

Blake was gobsmacked. It was full-on right from the start. Was this something he, as a doctor, should be seeing?

Who would have thought the usually cool and composed Hans had this side to him. And where did this gutsy little girl pop out from?

"Whatcha lookin' at?" Hans' finger pressed on the fingerprint scanner. As soon as they entered, the system detected the master's return, lights automatically lit up, and the curtains neatly closed.

Hans set Molly on the sofa, then glanced at the newcomer. "Turn around."

"Huh? Oh." Although Blake had no idea what Hans was up to, he turned around anyway.

After Hans slightly adjusted Molly's dress and covered her with his suit jacket, he then called Blake over to examine her.

"I'm going to give her a shot first. It'll speed up the drug's effect, but the process will be painful." She would just have to grit her teeth and bear it for the next hour.

Upon hearing this treatment method, Hans immediately said, "Pick another one."

Blake was confused. If there were other options, why would he choose this one??

"The drug she took is the latest on the market. Only this method can save her, and the others are harmful to her body."

Hans gave him a look as if he was judging his medical skills. He whipped out his phone to call his sister, explained the situation, and then told Blake, "My sister said she just needs bloodletting."

"Thanks, but I practice Western medicine, I don't understand mysterious medical arts."

Hans looked at him even more disdainfully, hung up the phone, and said, "Think of something else."

Blake didn't have any other tricks up his sleeve. "If you insist, there is one."

He looked at Hans as if hinting at something. "But this drug is too strong, I'm afraid her body won't be able to handle it."

In the end, Hans could only let him give her the shot. If it weren't for Arabella being tied up, he wouldn't have needed this shot.

After the shot, Blake told Hans to carry Molly back to her room to rest. "I'm leaving now. She'll have a slight fever later, and it's normal."

"Mm, close the door on your way out."

Blake had been friends with Hans for many years, and this was the first time he was looked down upon this much.

After leaving the villa, Blake was a bit down. He knew Hans had a beloved sister, but when did she start understanding medicine, and even know about that mysterious medical arts??

On the other side.

Romeo turned a misfortune into a blessing, successfully keeping the girl at his villa. If he could, he'd rather there was danger outside all the time so that he could keep the girl with him without a hitch. After Arabella took a shower and came out, Romeo had already prepared a hairdryer for her. He gently said, "Come here."

He naturally had a cold demeanor, but at this moment he seemed gentle, like a warm-hearted big boy, making people feel like they were basking in the spring breeze.

Arabella sat in front of the vanity mirror, watching him gently comb her hair in the mirror.

"Carl said it's dangerous outside, so you better stay here a few more days."

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Arabella listened as he spewed out nonsense with a straight face, and she said with interest, "I'm just at school, I won't go anywhere else."

"Come on, that's not gonna cut it," Romeo said as he was blow-drying her hair. "What if it affects your classmates? I just happen to be free in the next few days, so I can stay home with you."

"Besides, there's a lab here," Romeo patiently persuaded. "You love doing experiments, right? Whatever materials you need, I'll have them sent over, and I promise not to bother you when you're working." Of course, when she was not experimenting, they could get a little cozy. But he wouldn't say that out loud.

"Alright then."

Romeo couldn't hide his joy when Arabella agreed, as he didn't expect her to say yes. "Once it's safe, I'll take you back to school."

"Mm-hmm."

After drying her hair, Romeo helped her comb it. Her hair was so soft and delicate that he didn't dare to pull hard.

"I asked David, and he said that girls nowadays like to use these skincare products after a bath." Romeo pointed to the array of bottles and jars on the dressing table.

He bought a set for Arabella, but he didn't know how to use them.

He clicked on a video that David had sent him, where David explained step by step how to use the skincare products.

Romeo watched and practiced on Arabella's face. Arabella's face was so small, he had to be extra gentle, afraid of hurting her. They were so close they could feel each other's breath.

Romeo's fingers were still on Arabella's face. He looked at her clear and bright eyes, her delicate nose, and her rosy lips.

He couldn't help but draw closer. His lips slowly met hers, entangling, exploring deeper and deeper. Her softness was addictive, and gradually, his rationality crumbled.

He lifted her onto the dressing table, kissing her uncontrollably. His big hand started to wander restlessly. Her scent was constantly tempting him.

Meanwhile.

Serena had been waiting at Westerly College for two days and hadn't seen Arabella.

She wanted to text Arabella but was afraid of annoying her, so she asked Arabella's roommates, but none of them were willing to talk to her. She didn't understand why Arabella wasn't even going to the lab or the library.

Her phone showed it was 22:37. If Arabella didn't get back to Summerfield College soon, the dormitory building would be locked.

She walked back in a daze with the late-night snacks she bought for Arabella, and suddenly remembered something, and called Martha.

"Martha, did Dad use the foot bath I sent back?" Serena didn't understand why she hadn't received any feedback from her dad about the foot bath that had been received three days ago, but she didn't want to ask her dad directly, so she had to ask Martha first.

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"Eh, Serena, I didn't really want to tell you this but." Martha paused, sighed, and after a while continued, "Your dad didn't even open the gift you sent. Instead, he's using the one Arabella sent every day."

"Did you tell him our gifts could be used together?" Serena's friend had told her about a new foot bath on the market that was very advanced. Although it was expensive, many people were very satisfied with it, which is why she decided to get one for her father.

"I told him, but he didn't seem to listen." Martha paused again and sighed, "Serena, I'm not trying to bring you down, but the high-end skincare products you sent the other day... the lady used them to moisturize her hands."

Before Serena could respond, Martha lamented, "Those were for her face. How could she use them on her hands? The unlabeled product Arabella sent before, she used it on her face. Look at the comparison."

Hearing this, Serena felt a bit downcast but quickly said, "It's okay. They should use whatever product they find useful. It doesn't have to be the one I bought."

As long as her parents received the gifts, whether they used them or liked them, she couldn't force it. "Serena, you're too kind." Martha started to say some unpleasant things, "The stuff you send me, I can hardly bear to use them. If it wasn't for the anti-aging cream you sent that's about to expire, I wouldn't have even opened it."

"Martha, I know you mean well, don't worry."

"Okay, it's getting late, you should also get back to your dorm and rest. I'll remind your parents again tomorrow, sigh."

"No need," Serena said understandingly. "Some things can't be forced. As long as I do my part, the rest will take care of itself."

"Mm, okay."

After hanging up the phone, Martha suddenly heard Louisa calling her.

"Martha? Martha??"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm here. You're still awake?" Martha quickly stuffed her phone into her pocket and hurried out of the kitchen.

Louisa came down the stairs, still looking around. "I suddenly remembered Serena told me a week ago that she sent a foot bath for her dad. Did someone in the house sign for it?"

Serena said it should have arrived three days ago, but there was still no news, what was going on?

"I'm not sure either. But there were a bunch of deliveries from brands two days ago. I don't know if Serena's package got mixed up with them. Let me check."

Martha had already hidden the package. When she heard Louisa was looking for it, she pretended to find it.

"Here it is! Some servant must have put it in the storage room. Ma'am, do you want to open it now?"

"Mm, open it. I'll take it up to Kenneth." Louisa felt relieved. "Serena is becoming more sensible. She sent me a set of skincare products a few days ago. But my skin is sensitive, so I can't use them. I tried them on my hand. The effect was pretty good."

"Yes, Serena has always been good. It's a pity, she's not a real Collins." Martha faked a sigh.

"We can't say that." Louisa said seriously. "In our hearts, she's part of the family. You can't treat her as an outsider."

"Ma'am, rest assured, I've always been loyal to Serena."

"I know." Louisa took the foot bath and was about to go upstairs. She stopped and said, "Bella and Serena are both my children. You need to treat them equally."

"Yes, ma'am." Martha didn't agree in her heart, but on the surface, she maintained a respectful demeanor.

Watching Louisa go upstairs, a cold glimmer flashed in Martha's eyes.

Chapter 736

The next morning.

Kenneth was praising while having breakfast, "The stuff Serena sent is really handy. I added the herbs Bella prepared into it, and I slept so well last night. Honey, you should try it too, I promise it'll give you a good night's sleep."

"Why don't you give Serena a call later, let her know, and give her some feedback." Louisa ladled a bowl of oatmeal and handed it to Kenneth. "Also, tell her, the skincare products she sent are amazing. I love them."

"Sure, I'll do that right away."

Just as Kenneth was about to whip out his phone, Martha brought in a spread of breakfast, chuckling, "Let me make the call. Your breakfast is getting cold, and Serena bought me some stuff a few days ago too. It's a good chance for me to thank her."

"Alright." Louisa smiled a motherly smile. To think Serena was so considerate, not only getting gifts for her parents but also thinking of Martha, who'd been taking care of her since she was a kid.

Such a grateful child.

Martha breathed a sigh of relief and dialed Serena's number in front of them. At that moment, Serena was in class. As Martha expected, Serena did not answer the call immediately but sent a message asking what was going on after hanging up.

"Serena is in class, she can't answer the phone," Martha reported, then replied to Serena in front of Kenneth and Louisa, "Your dad says the foot spa you sent is very useful; he had a very good sleep last night. Your mom also praised you for being very thoughtful, saying the skincare products you sent are perfect."

After sending the voice message, Martha put away her phone, and then commended, "Serena is such a dutiful daughter, always thinking of you two."

"And always thinking of you too." Louisa laughed. "Serena has been pure and kind-hearted since she was little."

"That's because you raised her well."

After serving Kenneth and Louisa breakfast, Martha checked her phone, and sure enough, Serena had replied.

"Martha, did you go to my parents last night?"

Last night, Martha said on the phone that she would subtly hint to Kenneth and Louisa to appreciate the gifts Serena had sent.

Martha took the opportunity to reply, "They were about to go to bed last night, so I did start the foot bath and let your dad try it. Your mom also put on the skincare products."

Serena felt a bit down. So it was because of Martha that her parents remembered the gifts she sent.

"Oh right, Myrna just sent something to the house, and your parents went to open it right after breakfast."

The difference in treatment was too obvious. What Serena sent was left aside. What Chasel's girlfriend sent, they were so eager to see right after breakfast.

Serena felt even more down. She didn't expect that in her parents' eyes, she was not even as important as Chasel's girlfriend.

"Myrna prepared gifts not only for your parents but also for Arabella." Martha hesitated. "It's just, it seems like there's nothing for you."

Serena lowered her gaze. "Well, it's nothing. She can give it to whoever she wants. My attitude towards her probably made her dislike me, which is normal."

"Serena, haven't you noticed? Everyone in the house treats you like an outsider, even Myrna, who's never been part of this family, dares to treat you like this." Martha wanted to say more, but hearing the lady calling her, she said, "Serena, don't be too upset. The lady is calling me. I need to see what she needs."

"Okay." After hanging up the phone, Serena stood in the corridor outside the classroom, her eyes filled with disappointment. She felt as if the whole world had abandoned her.

"Martha, where's Martha?"

"Lady, I'm here." Martha hurried over.

"Look, these are the gifts Myrna sent. These are for Serena. Help her take them to the cloakroom."

"Myrna sent so many gifts? Serena got some too?" Martha happily accepted the gifts. "That's so thoughtful. I really have to thank Myrna."

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"Serena's got one too, everyone in this house has, including you." Louisa grinned, digging out a large box of gifts specifically for the staff. It was neatly packed with dozens of identical parcels.

She handed one to Martha, chuckling. "This one's yours."

"Miss Myrna still thinks of us, such a sweetheart," Martha said, laughing. "What is it?"

Louisa unwrapped Arabella's present from Myrna, a bunch of stunning dresses. Louisa picked up one of them. It was so beautiful that she could already picture Arabella in it. She was sure it would look lovely on her.

"Absolutely stunning, it fits Ms. Bella's personality to a T." Martha complimented generously.

"Right? I think it's gorgeous too. Myrna has a good eye for clothes," Louisa said, examining the dresses Myrna had sent for Arabella, then said to Kenneth, "Myrna is really thoughtful."

"Yeah, Myrna's considerate and polite, unlike Chasel who's more introverted, and not as bubbly as Myrna."

"Each to their own. He might not be a big talker, but he always puts her first. He really cherishes her."

Spotting the lively chat, Martha took her gift and went upstairs, sneakily taking a photo of the gifts with her phone and sending it to Serena.

"These are all gifts from Myrna for Arabella."

She exaggerated, including all the large boxes in the photo, making it seem like Myrna had given Arabella a ton of gifts.

"Ma'am also thinks that dress is fabulous, and says Arabella would look stunning in it."

"Looks like there are dozens of dresses."

"They look expensive."

Martha picked out the most unremarkable dress from the gifts Myrna gave to Serena, purposefully messing it up a bit, took a quick snap, and sent it, hinting, "This is what's left."

What was left? What did she mean? Serena was a bit confused.

"It's picked out from that pile of gifts."

Martha added on purpose, "Maybe they thought Myrna didn't prepare a gift for you and feared you wouldn't get along, so they picked some from Arabella's pile. Ah, something less noticeable, as if it's from Myrna."

"Serena, I'll put these in your closet. Check them out later."

"Okay."

After hanging up the phone, Serena was more upset.

A sly glint flashed in Martha's eyes. Serena was her own flesh and blood, watching her daughter call Kenneth and Louisa "Dad and Mom" since she was little, and with their close relationship, of course, she was jealous. This was a perfect opportunity to slowly draw her daughter's heart closer to her, her biological mother.

She hoped to use the Collins family to help Serena gain greater success. Simply put, she wanted to score big from the Collins family, even hoping to live a better life with the Collins family's help.

Emotionally, she didn't want her daughter to maintain a close relationship with the Collins family anymore. She wanted her daughter to depend more on her.

Chapter 738

Arabella had just finished brushing up and was about to head downstairs when Romeo swept her off her feet and planted a kiss on her. "Morning, love."

Arabella had been smothered with his kisses all night. Although nothing else happened, it still messed with her sleep.

"Put me down."

Romeo held her tighter. "Would you rather I hold you or keep kissing you?"

Seeing she gave no response, Romeo descended the stairs, pinning her against the window for another kiss.

He guessed she must be fine with both since she didn't say a thing.

Romeo continued to kiss her until a servant accidentally shattered a glass.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to." The servant looked mortified, she couldn't understand why she would break a glass at such a moment.

"It's okay." Arabella shot her a glance and said, "Just be careful not to cut your hands while cleaning up."

The servant was on the verge of tears, and she didn't expect Arabella to be so kind and gentle. It was her first day on the job, and she had messed up, but Arabella comforted her.

During breakfast, the servant saw Romeo either peeling eggs or feeding Arabella, even wiping her mouth with a napkin. It was hard to believe.

The butler seemed unfazed by it all, was she the only one surprised?

"Something's up with MetroCity Realty this morning; their renovation quality is problematic, and stock prices plummeted."

Romeo fed Arabella a piece of bread. Arabella casually replied, "MetroCity Realty has always been good at PR, no matter how big the problem, they can always handle it well. Are you suggesting that we should buy a lot of stock when others are selling?"

Romeo didn't expect Arabella to be so sharp, he just made a casual remark, and she figured out his real intention.

His plan was for them to buy together when the stock price was low and sell together when the price was high, making a quick buck.

"Okay, we'll buy some later." Arabella didn't expect Romeo to share such an opportunity.

"Oh, and let's sell our DreamTech Innovations stock together."

"How did you know I own DreamTech Innovations stocks?" Arabella was surprised.

DreamTech Innovations was a very well-known bedding company.

"There will be negative news about them this afternoon, so the stock price will plummet." Romeo continued to feed her, looking at her gently.

The servant was moved by their sweet interactions, completely engrossed in the warm scene.

Meanwhile.

When Molly woke up, she found herself in a strange bed, with the events of last night replaying in her mind.

She remembered the welcome party last night, someone accidentally stained her dress when the fireworks were blooming. She wanted to go to the restroom to freshen up, but not long after she got there, she felt weak. Then someone barged in and took her to a guest room, where President Jay said some unspeakable things and tried to rip off her dress.

She had no memory of what happened next. Was she in President Jay's house now? Was she brought here last night?

A surge of anger welled up in her heart. Hearing footsteps approaching from outside, she didn't have time to think, quickly grabbed a glass from the bedside table, and made for the door.

The door swung open, and Molly threw the glass in fury.

The next moment, Hans had her wrist in a tight grip, his eyes filled with confusion. What happened to her?

Her reaction after waking up was so unusual, could it be side effects from the drug wearing off last night?

Luckily, Blake was downstairs, so he could take a look.

"Hans, it's you!" Molly dropped the glass in shock.

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Hans managed to catch the glass that was about to fall in the nick of time.

"Sorry, I thought you were President Jay." Molly seemed a bit puzzled, totally clueless about what just happened.

"Did you think I was President Jay?" Hans guessed her thoughts and said in a calm tone, "From now on, you guys won't meet again."

"Huh?" Molly caught on after a while and then ventured, "Hans, were you the one who saved me last

night?"

Hans: Did she lose her memory?

"Your neck?" Molly noticed a bunch of hickeys on his neck.

Hans looked a bit downcast, "You forgot?"

"What should I remember?" Molly was a bit confused. She remembered that she had been drugged last night and that Hans had saved her from President Jay. She must have done some crazy stuff!

So, were the hickeys on Hans' neck her doing?

This thought completely blew her mind.

Hans realized that she indeed forgot, which made him feel even more despondent.

During that one hour last night, he had been by her side, being tortured to the point of taking several cold showers, even his routine was messed up.

And she woke up, remembering nothing.

"Hans, I didn't do anything to you last night, did I?" Molly asked cautiously, on the verge of tears, "I can't remember."

"The doctor's here and we'll have him take a look later." Hans handed her a change of clothes without answering her question directly.

Molly was still wearing last night's dress. After tidying herself up, she heard Blake laughing over there.

"Hahaha, so she doesn't remember what she did last night?"

Hans gave him a cold stare.

"Hahaha, you got taken advantage of by a girl, kissed, touched, and slept with, and she doesn't even admit it, hahaha."

Hans threw a pillow at him, and Blake finally stopped laughing.

Last night, Molly insisted on pulling him into bed, hugging him tight like an octopus while sleeping, although nothing actually happened in the end.

Molly didn't even know how she made it downstairs. So, not only did she take advantage of Hans last night, she also brought him to bed.

This was so terrible!

Thinking about the hickeys on Hans' neck, she almost felt like dying.

"No worries." After checking Molly, Blake laughed, "I just want to know when you two will send me your wedding invitations?"

Molly's face turned beet red in an instant. Hans curtly said to him, "Out."

"Oh, now you're asking me to leave." Blake complained while packing up, "Who was it that called me this morning asking me to pick up breakfast on my way? And after buying it, you wouldn't even let me eat it, saying just kept it warming in the kitchen."

Hans: ?

"Alright, alright, I'm leaving; I won't bother you two anymore." Before leaving, Blake gave Molly a light pat on the shoulder and said, "I'm not blaming you, but we should be responsible for our actions."

Hans's face turned even darker. "Get your hand off her."

"Okay okay" Blake felt that if he didn't leave now, he might get a beating, so he quickly left with his stuff.

Chapter 740

A few days later,

Arabella got a message from her subordinate.

[Boss, we've hit the jackpot! Someone wants you to paint a picture for them. There is no price limit, but it has to symbolize longevity and health. This is a major opportunity, boss. Let's ask for 20 million dollars straight up!]

Arabella didn't expect her subordinate to be even craftier than her. [When do they want it?]

[Tomorrow.]

[Alright.] Arabella happened to want to practice painting recently, and since work was coming her way, [Just 10 million dollars.]

[10 million dollars? Boss, are you not short on cash recently? With your skills, 20 million dollars is no problem. Or, you can ask for 20 million and give me the extra 10 million.]

Arabella suddenly grew serious: [We should have a conscience in life.]

The boss was talking about conscience? Did she even have one?

After that, Arabella had him send the painting paper to Romeo's villa. She only used one type of paper for painting, one not found on the market.

"Boss. Instead of going to school, you're loafing around. You've gone downhill." Jack didn't expect the boss's relationship with Romeo to progress to living together. Suddenly, he felt like his boss was drifting away from him.

Half an hour later.

Arabella got the painting paper and was about to enter the villa when Jack hesitated. Finally, he couldn't help but say, "Boss."

"Hmm? Anything else?"

"I saw a quote online. It says men like to conquer and like challenges. The more unattainable, the more they are into it."

Arabella understood his meaning: "You're teaching me now?"

"Yes, yes, yes." Jack didn't expect the boss's aura to still be so strong, and he was suddenly scared.

He was just worried that the boss would be deceived.

Sigh, it's so hard to be a subordinate these days.

In the study.

Arabella spread out a long piece of painting paper, the brush rendering on the white paper. It was the first time Romeo saw her painting.

She had her hair simply tied up, plain and simple, but with an outstanding temperament.

Romeo had no idea she could paint, and so well at that.

Could it be that she had another identity as a painter?

Just two hours later, Arabella had completed a painting.

Romeo held her from behind, admiring her work and deeply impressed by her vision and perspective.

How high must her level be to complete such a work?

"Could you paint one for me when you have time?" Romeo kissed her cheek softly, watching her reaction.

Arabella smiled. "My paintings aren't cheap."

"No problem, I can afford it."

Forget about money, he would give anything, even his life.

"So what kind of painting do you want?" Arabella asked.

"Just us."

Their intimate shadows reflected on the floor-to-ceiling window next to them.

"Like this, is it okay?" Romeo pointed to their reflections on the window.

"Sure."

Arabella took out more painting paper, sketching the scene where Romeo was holding her from behind while she was painting.

The figures of the two were vivid and realistic, and the expressions were captured perfectly. Even the masterpiece that Arabella painted was reproduced on the paper again.

Romeo didn't expect Arabella's painting skills to be even better than he imagined. "Have you been painting since you were a kid?"

"Yep." Arabella didn't hide it, "it was also taught by one of my grandfathers."