

Arabella 751

Chapter 751

"Even though you're still young, you're quite the brainiac and so talented," the lady seemed to like her even more, "but there's one tiny little snag."

"The snag being that I already have a boyfriend."

The lady's eyes showed a flicker of surprise. She didn't expect this girl to read her mind like that.

"We've met in the warehouse earlier," Arabella said with a light smile.

Now, the lady was even more surprised. She was hiding on the second floor of the warehouse. How on earth did she know?

"You have a unique scent. The top notes are aldehydic and jasmine, the middle notes are rose, ylang-ylang, and iris, the base notes are cedar and lily of the valley. If I'm not mistaken, your perfume is composed of no less than a hundred ingredients, and it's not available on the market. That tells me you're someone special."

The lady didn't expect this girl to be able to analyze so much just from a whiff of her perfume. And the kicker was that she was right.

"You're certainly full of surprises." The lady's eyes filled with admiration and fondness, "What else have you discovered?"

"The gentleman in the warehouse who was buying the painting was wearing a masculine perfume. The top notes are lavender and geranium, the middle notes are mint and gorse, and the base notes are cedar and sandalwood. But he had your scent on him. So, he must be your husband, and if I'm not mistaken, he should be in that room right now."

There was a door in this booth leading inside, and the lady was surprised that Arabella was clever enough to figure out this relationship, and even guessed that someone was hiding inside.

"When did you realize there was someone inside?" The lady asked with interest.

"The moment I walked in."

From the moment Arabella walked into the coffee shop, she could smell the faint floral scent and the masculine perfume mingled in the air.

"Darling, you can come out now."

With the lady's gentle call, the door inside was opened. The middle-aged man who was buying the painting in the warehouse came out.

"I didn't expect you to have another identity as Maestro Melody." The man's eyes were filled with admiration and surprise, "And even more surprising is your intelligence at such a young age."

"I guess she knows a lot about perfume, and her coffee-tasting and critique skills surpass most people." After the lady told her husband, she turned to Arabella and praised without reservation, "You are truly extraordinary."

Far superior to girls her age.

"You flatter me." Arabella nodded lightly, but she wasn't proud. She had heard too many compliments over the years and was already used to it.

"Your boyfriend is very lucky to have such an accomplished girlfriend." The lady looked at this beautiful and talented girl in front of her, and couldn't help but feel a bit regretful. It was a pity that Arabella couldn't be her daughter-in-law.

"My boyfriend is also very accomplished." As Arabella said this, her phone vibrated. Perhaps she realized

who the sender was, so her eyes softened, and her aura retracted. She seemed like a gentle girl.

"I'm sorry, I should be going."

She was still carrying the tracker Romeo gave her. Since she didn't move at all in the coffee shop, Romeo would definitely worry about her safety.

The lady noticed her change and figured someone from her family might be rushing her. She didn't expect she was such a family-oriented girl, very considerate, and very likable.

The lady felt even more regretful. Why were all the good girls dating others?

At this moment, Romeo thought there was a problem with the tracker because Arabella's location was still at The Aurora Haven.

This club had just recently come under his name. When he found out Arabella didn't reply to his messages and her location didn't move, he tracked down Carl, got the manager's phone number, and called him personally.

The manager was dumbstruck when he received a call from Romeo. It took him a couple of seconds to recover, "A very beautiful girl? Many girls came tonight, but if you're talking about the most eye-catching, Ms. Bella might be the only one in the entire club."

Chapter 752

Before Romeo could say anything, the manager begged, "Ms. Bella not only saved the former boss of the club, but also me. I owe her big time, so Mr. McMillian, I beg you to pick another girl!"

Romeo thought, "Huh? Am I some kind of beast?"

The moment Romeo asked who was the prettiest girl at the club on the phone, the manager guessed his intention, so he begged again, "Ms. Bella is not yet 18, please spare her, Mr. McMillian. I'll find the most satisfactory girl for you."

Romeo didn't expect that Arabella had tamed so many people outside, let alone that this guy was so loyal to Arabella. He chuckled and teased, "Who can you find? Anyone as good as her?"

"Mr. McMillian." The manager was really scared, but still mustered the courage to beg, "You can't take Ms. Bella away."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She's well-connected!" The manager thought this would scare Romeo off.

But Romeo casually said, "Oh, that's okay."

No background could compare to his.

The manager racked his brains, "She knows a lot of vicious people."

"It's fine."

"She's got good fighting skills. I'm afraid she might hurt you."

"I have bodyguards."

The manager was out of excuses and was worrying when suddenly an idea popped into his head, "She's on her period! Yes, that's right, she just started! What a coincidence, Mr. McMillian, I'll find someone else for you."

"How do you know she's on her period?" Romeo asked with interest, "Did she tell you?"

"No, no, an employee said she stained her clothes."

Romeo didn't expect his man to lie to his face. No one knew Arabella's menstrual cycle better than him, but he wasn't angry at all.

"Is she safe now?" Romeo suddenly got to the point and asked directly.

The manager was confused, "Yeah, she's very safe."
"Take good care of her. Don't let anything dangerous happen."
"Huh? Yes."

Until the call ended, the manager didn't understand what Romeo was really up to.
In the coffee shop, Arabella was about to leave when the lady suddenly clutched her stomach, seeming uncomfortable.

"Honey, are you okay?" The middle-aged man quickly bent over and asked, "What's wrong? Is your stomach hurting?"

"Um," the lady didn't know what was going on. Why would her stomach suddenly hurt? Was it because of the coffee?

Arabella looked back. The lady was already in pain, curled up in the man's arms.
The middle-aged man was really scared, "Honey, honey."
He was about to call for help.

"Let me check." Arabella returned to the lady's side and squatted down. With her slender fingers on the lady's pulse, in less than three seconds, she had the answer in her mind.

"She's been poisoned. It's a slow-acting poison. Let her lie down flat." Arabella opened her backpack, picked a long silver needle from her acupuncture bag, "What did she drink three days ago at this time?"

Chapter 753

"Three days ago, right about this time?" The middle-aged man seemed a bit puzzled and took a while to respond, "We were at a wedding in Oakridge City for the son of one of her good friends. At about 8 pm when we were about to leave, her friend said she was having a blast and wanted her to stick around for a few more glasses of fruit wine, which wasn't that strong."

"That's about it." Arabella explained as she treated her, "This type of drug can only be mixed with alcohol. If you put it in mineral water or any other drink, it'll taste funny, and you would sniff it out. But when it's mixed with alcohol, it doesn't change the taste, and that's when it really kicks in."

"You're saying her friend spiked her fruit wine?" The man was even more confused, "But that's impossible. They've been friends for 20 years, keeping in touch all this time."

Arabella didn't bother speculating about other people's business. She just did what she had to do.

"Will my wife be alright?" The man looked at the woman lying on the ground, writhing in pain, curled up. If he could, he'd take on all her pain.

"I'll detox her first." Arabella continued her treatment, "Her stomach's taken a bit of a hit. We'll need to follow up with medication. You can get the meds according to my prescription. I'll write it down before you leave."

The man looked surprised, "Ms. Mirabelle, you're a doctor too?"

Who would have thought this young lady could not only paint and compose music, but she could also save lives.

What a jack of all trades!

"For the next three days, ask her to avoid spicy food. Keep her diet light." Arabella saw that the woman was doing better and stopped the treatment.

"Honey, are you feeling any better?" The man quickly helped the woman up and held her in his arms.

"Much better. It doesn't hurt anymore." The lady was amazed at Arabella's medical skills. She had been in excruciating pain but now felt like she'd sprung back to life, only a little weak.

Arabella put away her tools, took out a pen and paper, and wrote down the prescription, dosage, and precautions.

Looking at Arabella's precise and forceful handwriting, the man was amazed. It suddenly hit him that her handwriting seemed familiar. He'd seen it somewhere.

Earlier tonight at the warehouse, when the girl had signed for him, he'd found her handwriting familiar. Suddenly, it dawned on him. He had a collection of works by a famous calligrapher, and her writing was identical to that person's.

Whether it was the style or size, it was a carbon copy.

Could it be that she was also a calligrapher?

This thought blew his mind.

"She should be fully recovered after taking the medication for three days." Arabella handed the prescription to the middle-aged man.

The man was jolted back to reality, "Thank you so much. I really can't thank you enough."

"Melody, thank God you were here." The elegant lady squeezed Arabella's hand, her beautiful eyes filled with gratitude and admiration.

Before the man could ask about Arabella's identity, he heard his wife say, "Honey, shouldn't you be thanking her?"

"Oh, right." The man quickly took a check out of his pocket, signed it, and was about to hand it to her.

"There's no need. Never mind." Arabella gently looked at the beautiful lady, holding her hand tight, and said, "Take good rest when you get home, and try to lay off coffee for a few days."

"Why's that?" The man was puzzled, "Is there a problem?"

Arabella smiled slightly, "Drinking coffee at night might overstimulate the nervous system and mess with your sleep."

Chapter 754

This lady was growing fonder of Arabella by the minute. How could there be such an angel in this world? Whose kid was she?

She was so adorable!

"Alright, time for me to hit the road." Arabella stood up, knowing it was getting late and Romeo would be fretting.

"Melody, let's hang out some other time," the lady called out to her. "Dinner's on me."

Arabella turned around, smiled and said, "Sounds good."

Once Arabella left, the lady stared at her retreating figure, her eyes filled with longing. "What a gem. Which lucky devil snatched her up? Such a pity. I'd love to take her home."

"It's fate. Even if we can't be family, we can still keep in touch, like family. She mentioned something about the fruit wine being off. I need to look into that. If it was one of your friends who spiked it, I won't let them off the hook."

"Melody is so stunning. There's no way she'd lie." The lady's mind was filled with Arabella's image. How perfect it would be if this girl was her daughter-in-law.

Spotting the prescription Arabella left behind, the lady picked it up for a closer look. "Such a neat, strong handwriting. It's full of character, just like her."

The lady liked Arabella even more after seeing her handwriting.

"Do you reckon it looks familiar?"

The lady took a glance. It did seem familiar, like she'd seen it somewhere before.

"Labella?" They said in unison, looking at each other.

After a moment of surprise, the lady found some familiar characters in the prescription.

"Look, these characters also appear in her works. The style and font are identical."

"Could she really be Labella?" The lady was not only surprised but also fell for the girl even more.

Meanwhile.

Alma handed a wad of cash to the waiter, wanting to know which floor Arabella went to and who she met.

But the waiter didn't accept it. He whispered, "Ms. Alma, we can't disclose client information. Please don't make me do this."

"Who would know that? I won't tell others." Alma, seeing that he really wouldn't accept it, pulled out another wad of cheques. She ripped one off and handed it to him. "Since you can't say it, write it down. Ten grand a word, right here."

"Ms. Alma, I'm really sorry." The waiter still didn't agree. Arabella was his benefactor. Without her, he might have lost his job. He would never betray her.

"Alma, he's just holding out for more money." Cherry, sitting on the couch, looked down on him. "So, ten grand a word is not enough? How much do you want?"

"Ms. Cherry, you might have misunderstood. I'm not asking for money." The waiter kept his respectful posture, sincerely saying, "Protecting the privacy of our clients is part of our job."

"I bet you, a low-life, struggle every day, and even basic food and clothing is an issue. Your living conditions might even be worse than a dog's, and you're here talking to me about job responsibilities?" Cherry suddenly swept all the game chips on the table to the floor in front of her classmates. "Pick them up."

"Ms. Cherry."

"What, isn't this your job?"

All her classmates laughed, enjoying the waiter's embarrassment.

The waiter squatted down, picking up the game chips one by one, looking awkward but not daring to resist.

Cherry stood up and walked over to him, her high heels grinding his hand. "Do you think you're worthy to play the high and mighty in front of us? Alma is being nice to you to ask you for information. Do you see yourself as some big shot?"

Alma coldly watched from the side, quite unhappy about the waiter's behavior. Lucky for her, Cherry vented her anger for her.

The waiter was in so much pain he wanted to pull his hand back, but Cherry intentionally applied more pressure.

"Alright Cherry, why ruin your mood over a low-life? If you're upset, we can help you vent, you don't have to do it yourself." A male classmate, Alvis, came over and patted Cherry on the shoulder.

Cherry scornfully glanced at the waiter, and then took her foot off and returned to her seat.

Chapter 755

Alvis picked up the waiter and socked him hard in the gut.

"Dare to upset Cherry, are you asking for a fight?"

Alvis gave him another kick, sending the waiter flying out of the private room. The waiter, wincing in

pain, struggled to get on his feet and staggered towards the hall.

"Oh, do you think you can escape?"

Alvis grinned, and the whole room filled with laughter.

He picked up a wine bottle, "Cherry, watch this. Revenge is coming."

His classmates started egging him on.

"Alvis is so sweet to you, Cherry."

"Should we go and watch?"

"Come on, Cherry, let's go."

"Alma, you come too!"

The waiter, exhausted, stumbled to the hall and collapsed again.

With the classmates' cheer, Alvis, clutching the wine bottle, headed towards the waiter in anger.

The other waiters and security guards stared in confusion, unsure of what happened.

At the same time, the elevator door opened, and Arabella's gaze fell on the scene.

"What kind of trash is this, ruining my mood?"

The bottle came down hard, and the waiter, too weak to resist, was hit on the head, blood running down his forehead. It was a horrifying sight.

Alvis, seeing the bottle still intact, complained, "Why is this bottle so sturdy?"

The rich kids and nobles laughed, ignoring the bleeding waiter.

Someone had gone to get the manager. The security guards wanted to help, but were afraid of offending these wealthy people.

Alvis raised the bottle again, ready to strike the waiter's head.

Then, a figure appeared in front of the waiter, knocking the bottle out of Alvis's hand.

Alvis was about to get angry, but then he saw it was a pretty girl, and he was dumbfounded.

The waiter raised his hand to shield himself, only to find Arabella had arrived when the bottle hit.

"Are you okay?" Arabella helped the waiter. Seeing his bloody forehead, she was instantly angry.

"Ms. Bella." Evan's nose tingled.

He didn't cry when he bent over to pick up chips.

He didn't cry when Cherry ruthlessly trampled on his hand.

He didn't cry when Alvis hit him.

But why, seeing Arabella, did he suddenly feel like crying?

A few months ago, before the club came under Romeo's ownership, a nouveau riche caused trouble. It was Arabella who saved him then too.

He owed Arabella twice now.

It seemed like only Arabella saw him as a person.

Chapter 756

"I'm fine, Ms. Bella. You better bounce." Evan knew there was still one in the bunch looking for Ms. Bella's whereabouts, probably up to no good.

Alvis whistled and raised an eyebrow, flirtatiously looking at Arabella, "Hey, are you all by your lonesome?"

"Buzz off." Arabella kicked him away without a second thought.

Everyone around was stunned. They didn't expect this girl to be so gutsy, let alone that she could send a guy flying with a kick.

Alvis hit the ground hard, clutching his stomach. For heaven's sake, this girl was something else. Alma was also taken aback. She didn't expect her cousin would stand up for a waiter. Were they having an affair? "What's the beef?" Arabella turned her face, asking Evan, the waiter behind her. Evan, wincing in pain, said, "One of them wanted to know your whereabouts. I didn't tell them, and they started insulting me and even got physical."

Arabella looked at Alvis on the ground indifferently, "I don't know you." Why was he looking for her out of the blue? Alma was a bit on edge on the side, fearing Alvis would spill the beans. If Arabella knew it wasn't Alvis looking for her. Unable to utter a word from the pain, Alvis was helped by a few classmates. "Who do you think you are? You dare to kick Alvis. Do you want to lose your foot?" "Do you know who Alvis is? You'd be scared shitless if I told you!" "Alvis, are you okay? Hang in there. I'll get your back." They didn't know Arabella's identity, thinking she was just a nobody, and wanted to stand up for Alvis. The manager rushed over when he heard the ruckus. Then he saw a few young masters walking towards Arabella, and injured Evan standing behind her.

He had a hunch about what was going on, but out of professional duty, he politely asked, "Gentlemen, what seems to be the problem?" "Get lost!" One of the rich kids pushed the manager aside. If it weren't for Arabella stepping forward to catch him in time, the manager would have fallen to the ground. "You seem to have a knack for sticking your nose in other people's business, first the young waiter, now the old manager. Are you two in cahoots? You sure like to meddle." The next second, he got a beatdown from Arabella. It was too brutal to watch. Other classmates couldn't help but close their eyes. Alvis, sitting on the ground, was scared to back away, "Don't come closer."

Arabella's gaze fell on Alvis again, "Insulting the club's staff constitutes defamation." Everyone else was stunned. What? Defamation? Was this for real? "I'm telling you, don't try to scare me." Alvis clearly didn't believe it. Seeing the girl making sense, some of his classmates couldn't help but pull out their phones to look it up, and found out she was telling the truth! "Alvis, she's right," someone murmured to Alvis, "it's true." He didn't expect to run into someone who knew the law. Today was just not his day. Alvis didn't care about losing money, but he was afraid of detention. If word got out, it wouldn't be good for his reputation, and if it caused a stir, it could affect his parents' official careers. What if someone looked into his parents? By rights, his family didn't have the clout to let him hang out in such places. "I'll pay, okay?" Alvis took out his phone from his pocket, apparently trying to make peace, "I'll transfer the money. Is 10 grand okay?"

"Does money make you almighty?"

Evan was seriously fed up with these spoiled rich kids who thought they could boss everyone around just because they were loaded.

"Twenty thousand. Is that enough?" Alvis, seeing that Evan wasn't agreeing, added, "Thirty thousand? I can't offer any more."

But Evan stayed silent.

The surrounding classmates started to blame him.

"You're just a worker, trying to extort so much money for a minor injury. Are you only after the money?"

"How much do you make in a month from your job? Alvis is already being generous by offering you thirty thousand dollars!"

"We didn't even ask you for medical expenses when you hit Alvis. We're already being kind."

"A hundred thousand dollars." Surprisingly, Arabella asked for a huge sum.

"Don't push it."

Before Alvis could finish, Arabella started marching towards him.

"Fine, fine, a hundred thousand dollars!" Alvis didn't expect such bad luck, facing such a formidable opponent. He backed away in fear, "Just give me your account number."

Arabella signaled Evan to step forward. Evan took out his phone, and shockingly, Alvis actually transferred a hundred thousand dollars to him.

A few classmates helped Alvis up, ready to leave.

"Hold on." A cold light flashed in Arabella's eyes. It didn't look like she was going to let them off the hook, "Apologize."

Alvis's classmates were a bit angry, "Listen here, don't push your luck."

Arabella's dangerous gaze made Alvis's classmates quite scared, "Alvis, just apologize to them."

Alvis shot them a glare.

Seeing another person being beaten so badly, Alvis had no choice but to swallow his pride, "Sorry."

He didn't want to end up like the other guy, covered in bruises.

"Who are you talking to?" Arabella was obviously not satisfied with his attitude, "Are you apologizing seriously?"

Alvis had to suppress his pain. He walked up to Evan, and bowed his head, "Sorry, I lost my cool earlier."

"Was he the only one who hit you?" Arabella turned to ask Evan, "What about the others?"

Evan looked at Cherry, who immediately got angry as if blaming Evan.

Arabella noticed the dirty shoe print on Evan's hand. She turned to Cherry and asked coldly, "Did you step on him?"

Cherry answered arrogantly, "What's it to you?"

"Sis, let it go." Alma stepped forward to defend her friend.

But Arabella didn't seem to plan on letting her off, "So, do you want to apologize for her?"

Alma was speechless for a moment.

"Apologize and pay medical expenses, or I'll report this to your school and call the police."

Cherry didn't expect Arabella to be so unreasonable. She had just extorted a hundred thousand dollars from Alvis and wasn't satisfied. She still wanted her to apologize and compensate.

"What if I refuse?"

Arabella took out her phone and dialed the police right in front of them.

Two or three classmates started to panic. As children of government officials, their families wouldn't

ordinarily have enough money to throw around like this.

Besides, their parents were currently running for government positions. A scandal right now would be bad for the campaign!

Chapter 758

"Cherry, give it a rest. No need to make a fuss over it."

"Making a big deal out of this won't do your family any favors."

"Listen, I'll cover the cost. You just apologize to him."

"Please, Cherry."

A few classmates quietly pleaded with Cherry. Annoyed, Cherry glared at Arabella, "Typical small-town girl. You can't shake off your money-grubbing ways. I've got cash to burn! A hundred grand, keep the change!"

She wrote a check for a hundred grand and tossed it in Evan's face.

The check fluttered to the ground.

Cherry stood there, haughty as royalty.

"Pick. It. Up." Arabella coolly watched her, "I've got no patience for this. Either I call the cops or you apologize sincerely. Your call."

"Cherry, I'm begging you, just apologize!"

"Please, Cherry."

"Apologize to a waiter? What are you guys thinking?" Cherry crossed her arms, clearly refusing to apologize.

She could afford to pay, but apologizing to someone beneath her? That was a no-go.

"A job is just a means to survive. If I threw you out into the real world, you wouldn't even know how to make a living, and you still have the nerve to look down on others."

"You!"

"At least they earn their money with their own two hands, unlike you, spending your parents' cash like there's no tomorrow, all the while feeling superior."

Furious, Cherry glared at Arabella, "No matter what you say, it doesn't change the fact that they're beneath me."

"So being a waiter automatically makes you inferior?"

"Just because you're not born into a wealthy family and have to work for a living, does that make you less than?"

"If it weren't for these diligent workers keeping your family's enterprise afloat, would you even be here to diss them? If you're so capable, fire them! I recorded what you just said." Arabella held up her phone, "If your family's employees heard you calling them 'inferior', I wonder how many would quit? How much would your stocks plummet? How much damage would your family take?"

Cherry was gritting her teeth in rage.

"Pick it up. Apologize. I won't say it a third time." Arabella coolly watched her, "You may look down on others for their jobs, but they'll look down on you for your attitude. If word gets out that the Evert family's princess is so full of herself and arrogant, imagine the backlash the Evert family would face."

Cherry was fuming, but in the end, she begrudgingly picked up the check and muttered an apology.

Just when everyone thought it was over, Arabella asked, "Who pushed the manager?"

That guy quickly owned up. He didn't want another beating from Arabella.

"Arabella, you'll pay for this!" Cherry threatened as she left.

Once the seven or so students left, the club's staff started clapping. Arabella turned to check on Evan's injuries, "Manager, can he take a break, maybe get checked out at the hospital?"

"Sure, I'll arrange for someone to take him. Ms. Bella, thank you for helping us again."

Arabella had helped them out before.

Arabella nodded slightly, "I've got some things to take care of, so I'll be going now."

The club's manager immediately followed her, pressing the elevator button for her, "Ms. Bella, allow me to see you out. We really wouldn't know what to do without you today."

As the crowd dispersed, no one noticed the couple in the corner admiring Arabella.

"Honey, we are right. She's truly exceptional." The middle-aged man was in awe of Arabella's integrity, bravery, kindness, and decisive problem-solving. He couldn't help but admire her.

Chapter 759

"Oh my god, I like her even more." The lady was once again touched by Arabella. She didn't expect such a brave woman in this era.

The way Arabella just smacked that person was way too cool!

The lady really wished she had two sons, so she could have one of them pursue Arabella.

Such a pity! A real pity!

The manager escorted Arabella to her car, reminding her, "If anyone tries to ambush you on the road or if you run into any trouble, come find me. I've got a secret room here where people can hide. No one would find out. Plus, I know some folks in high places."

Arabella thought the manager's behavior tonight was a bit off. Not only did he escort her to the garage, but he also said some strange things.

"Did something happen?"

"Nothing." The manager didn't dare to tell her that his creepy boss Mr. McMillian had taken notice of her, fearing that Mr. McMillian might have someone intercept her on the road.

"Anyway, Ms. Bella, you must be careful."

"Okay."

Arabella only called Romeo to check in after she got in the car.

"Have you handed over the music sheet?" Romeo asked with concern, "Did everything go smoothly?"

"Yes, it went very smoothly. They were very satisfied with the music sheet." Arabella didn't mention that she had hit someone. "I'm on my way home now."

"Okay, drive carefully. Watch the road."

"Mm-hmm."

After hanging up the phone, Arabella focused on driving.

After Arabella left, the manager urgently gathered all the waiters, "Don't tell Mr. McMillian about what happened tonight! Or you'll be fired!"

All the waiters were confused. They didn't understand why.

Wasn't this Mr. McMillian's club?

Someone caused trouble tonight. Shouldn't they report it to Mr. McMillian?

"Just follow my instructions."

The manager was afraid that if Romeo found out about Ms. Bella hitting someone here, he would trouble Ms. Bella and force her to do something she didn't want to do.

After all, given Mr. McMillian's influence and temper, it was better to be careful. Romeo had some late-night snacks prepared, having nothing to do at home, so he called the manager again.

"Did anything happen tonight?"

Hearing Romeo's question, the manager was startled. He suddenly felt a bit guilty. Did Mr. McMillian already know something?

Did a waiter sneakily report it to him?

"Why aren't you speaking?"

The manager felt uneasy, "No, nothing."

His nervousness didn't escape Romeo, "You should know the consequences of hiding things."

Realizing he couldn't hide it any longer, the manager confessed, "Mr. McMillian, if you have any anger, vent it on me. It was me who allowed Ms. Bella to hit someone. It has nothing to do with her."

"It was you who allowed her?" Romeo raised an eyebrow, "She hit someone?"

"It's mainly because those people went too far." The manager told about Alvis injuring the waiter and Ms. Bella helping them.

"Is that waiter very handsome?"

The manager was taken aback by Mr. McMillian's question, quickly saying, "No, compared to you, his looks are nowhere close. Oh no, I should say there's no comparison at all."

Chapter 760

Romeo fell silent before the manager spoke again, "Ms. Bella has always been a kind soul. Anytime she sees an injustice, she's always quick to step up."

"She's indeed got a big heart," the only thing Romeo was concerned about was, "Did she get hurt?"

"No, she didn't. The other guy got the worst of it."

Especially that guy who got a good whooping from Ms. Bella.

"What's the name of that jerk who insulted her?" Romeo's tone carried a hint of danger.

"Harley."

"And that flirty one who tried to hit on her?"

"Alvis."

"You know what to do, right?"

"Rest assured, Mr. McMillian. Those people have all been blacklisted from the club tonight and won't be stepping foot in here again."

"Hmm."

After Romeo hung up the phone, he sent Carl to deal with those two. Soon, he heard the sound of a car returning.

Arabella drove into the garage, stepped out of the car, and was immediately pulled into Romeo's arms. They'd only been apart for a few hours. Was all this fuss really necessary?

Romeo took a deep breath, inhaling the scent of the girl in his arms, then he looked her over. Her feet, hands, and face were all fine. The manager hadn't lied to him. She was unscathed.

Arabella was carried into the living room by Romeo. Her phone vibrated, and she took it out and saw a message from the manager.

[Ms. Bella, are you home?]

[Yes, I am,] Arabella replied while in Romeo's arms.

[Did anything happen on the way home?] The manager was clearly worried.

[Safe and sound.]

[That's good, I won't disturb your rest then. Oh right, Evan is okay. He's been bandaged up and is resting at home.]

[Okay.]

Seeing her reply to messages, Romeo couldn't help but ask, "Who are you chatting with?"

"The manager."

"What does he want?"

"He's been acting a bit strange today, always worrying that something would happen to me on the road."

Romeo thought back to earlier. Hmm, the manager better not think he was some sleazy guy trying to stalk the prettiest girl at the club.

When did his reputation among the staff become so bad?

Just then, Romeo received a call. After a few short words, he looked down at Arabella in his arms and said, "My parents are back in the country. They want me to come over tomorrow. I want to take this opportunity to introduce you to them."

His parents only came back once in a while, who knew when they would return next.

He wanted his parents to know that he'd found the love of his life. As soon as she graduated, he planned to marry her.

But whether they met his parents or not was up to Arabella.

"If you're not ready, we can always do it later," Romeo didn't want to put any unnecessary pressure on her.

"What do they like?" Arabella suddenly asked.

Romeo was slightly taken aback, but quickly replied, "You are the best gift, as long as you're there."

"I can't show up empty-handed the first time," Arabella continued, "Do they have any special hobbies? Like, do they collect anything?"

"Dad is a big fan of the calligrapher Labela," Romeo's fingers gently ran through her hair as he softly said, "I'll have someone buy it."