

Arabella 93

Chapter 93

The sound of the shower **echoed** from the bathroom, a tall figure reflected **on** the glass door.

Arabella was none the wiser, engrossed **in** her phone dealing with private matters. Only when she heard the bathroom door open did she look up. Romeo, all wet-haired and clad in a white robe, gave off a strong masculine vibe.

Just then, her phone rang. **It** was an unusually long number, not like the typical mobile number. She shifted her attention back to her phone, answering it **calmly**, "Spill it."

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Whatever the person on the other end said, Arabella moved **to** the balcony, responding with a nonchalant "**So?**"

Before long, she felt arms wrap around her from behind. Romeo's breath lightly caressed her ear, making her a **bit** jittery.

He nuzzled her ear affectionately, like a clingy cat. Arabella could feel his body heat. **She** told the person on the phone, "Gotcha, **I'm** hanging up now." "Was that a dude?" Romeo caught a hint of a male voice on the other end, which ruffled his feathers.

She'd just been checking him out when he came out of the shower. But as soon **as** the phone rang, she **didn't** even give him a second glance, just went straight to the balcony.

"Just **a** friend." Arabella didn't know why she felt the need to explain. Her voice hinted **at** resignation, "Let go."

"What kind of friend?" Romeo dipped his head, inhaling the scent on her neck, which was seductive to **him**.

"Just a regular friend or **a** special friend?" His voice was soft and tender, his actions unchanging.

"Not just a regular friend." Arabella said.

After all, they had been through life and death together, their bond was pretty deep.

pretty important?" His dissatisfaction was evident as he gazed at her

tried to wriggle out of his grip, but he held her tight. She sounded helpless, "We've only known each other for a few days, haven't we?" "To me, it

with his tender voice towards her made him all the more charming,

pushed him away, went inside to pour a

his lust not yet extinguished, but

take your pick." Arabella said.

Romeo looked at her, proposing, "So,
there was only one pillow and a small blanket on the bed, and no couch in the
take the floor." Romeo plopped down, leaving the only blanket and pillow to her, "I'm not sleepy, you go
ahead."

Zen-like glow went out, plunging
his soft breaths
bed, gently stroking her hair, "Goodnight."
held her hand as she drifted off to
woke Arabella up. Daylight was streaming in through the curtains, creating a slightly dreamy ambiance.
Soon, the sounds in the bathroom ceased, and
cascading down her shoulders, looking dazed and adorable. This scene had him smile
before, looking so gentle. The merging of his inherent elegance and
the bed, casually saying, "I've got
men's sleepwear from last night, rolled up by Romeo as a makeshift pillow. Did he really spend the night
on
not sure if it was guilt
breakfast table.
thinking they were perfect for each other. He cheerfully asked, "Why didn't you sleep in?"
couldn't sleep." Romeo replied.
the butler were taken aback. They thought last night was a great opportunity to bring
the bed?"