

## Arabella 1555

### Chapter 1555

Some of the seasoned board members just couldn't stand it anymore.

"My daughter is head over heels for that David. She ditched her piano lesson this afternoon just to fangirl over him!"

"My son adores him too, says he's cool and responsible, wants to shine bright like him when he grows up."

"My mom's in her seventies, and she had me scrambling for concert tickets, saying that David is such a sweet-looking boy, and calls herself a 'granny fan'."

Arabella hadn't realized David's fan base was so wide-ranging.

"Alright, we can knock off early today."

Seeing their minds weren't on work at all, Arabella simply said, "Meeting adjourned."

No sooner had she dismissed the meeting than some of them huddled together, buzzing about the concert.

Later that afternoon.

planning to grab an early dinner before heading backstage to meet David.

stadium steps were packed with fans who had arrived

concert, and the roads were clogged, with an army

rented out by fans, plastered

entire buses with his

every nearby restaurant would be filled to the brim

to park," said Romeo, equally surprised by David's drawing

were ahead,

Arabella sat in the car for a harrowing thirty minutes. It was

shopping bags with David's charitable acts

forward, Romeo steered into a nearby parking lot, which was full. They

back at the company for a staff

chuckled, "But it's close to the stadium. After we eat, let's just walk over.

Otherwise, they would be gridlocked forever.

This subsidiary wasn't a frequent stop for Romeo. As he and Arabella stepped out of the elevator on the ground floor, the manager Mr. Quennel spotted them.

"Mr. McMillian, are you here for an inspection? And this is." Mr. Quennel hurried over to shake hands with Romeo and nodded towards Arabella.

"My fiancée, Arabella. We're here to try the staff meal."

Mr. Quennel was taken aback. The staff meal?

Oh no, he hadn't received any notice that Mr. McMillian was coming to check on the cafeteria standards.

"Running low on food?" Romeo sensed his discomfort.

"No, no, it's not that. I'm just worried you and Ms. Arabella might not be used to our simple fare. It's all homestyle dishes," Mr. Quennel hastily explained. "Please, follow me!"