

Arabella 1553

Chapter 1553

[Alright,] Romeo queried, [you hitting the sack yet?]

[Just wrapping up some stuff.]

Without missing a beat, Romeo shot her a video call. Arabella was taken aback but tapped 'Accept'.

"I'll keep you company." He kept the video running, watching her work in silence, not wanting to break her concentration.

Arabella propped her phone against a tissue box, flipping through her files, scanning each page meticulously.

Romeo admired her from the other side of the screen, her eyelashes fluttering lightly with focus, her well-defined nose, clear eyes, and striking features. She was breathtaking, to say the least.

"Livestreaming's all the rage lately. My crew's thinking of getting some big-name streamers to help push this season's line, says it'll move faster than the usual."

No sooner had Arabella finished speaking than Romeo chimed in, "True that. Last time McMllian Corporation had a bunch of overstocked watches—pricy and outdated. Couldn't move 'em in stores, but the streamers sold them out."

salary of a hundred grand per hour plus a 10%

product type, even the size of the partnering firm—all factor into their rates. I'll have Carl shoot their rate card over to you, so you've got a ballpark for

alright for me to see

course." Romeo quickly

Arabella the streamers'

the door, "Bella, you asleep? Mom sent

come in." Arabella's gaze didn't stray from her documents for

eyes widened at the sight of the handsome face on her daughter's phone. Were they video chatting? Had

and polite. "And

might need a break from work. Are you

"That's right."

leave you to it." Heartened to see

it's hot, don't

"Let it sit for a bit." Arabella reviewed the financial report one more time, spotting a decimal error made by her team—a close call but caught just in time.

After she worked for a while longer and downed the soup in one go, Romeo watched as her focus returned to her tasks.

"Ever been told you're a workaholic?"

"Isn't 'workaholic' your exclusive title, Mr. Romeo?" Arabella jotted down notes with her pen, her tone playful.

"Guess we're the workaholic couple then. Our poor employees."

Arabella couldn't help but laugh, "Get outta here."

"Yes, my dear wife." Romeo quieted down again.

It wasn't until the clock hit 2:50 AM that Arabella finished up her work, took a shower, and finally crawled into bed for some well-deserved rest.