

## Arabella 1569

### Chapter 1569

The song was a gift from Arabella to David, penned under her songwriting alias, Melody. She'd crafted the melody and scribbled the lyrics in a rush of inspiration, fashioning a hit that seemed to fit David like a glove.

David had a hunch it would be a smash the moment he read through it. But even he hadn't anticipated the wildfire it would become online. Since its release, the track had topped the charts for weeks on end, shattering records set by music legends of yesteryear.

So when David kicked off his concert with that very song, Arabella wasn't the least bit surprised. She watched, earnest and tender, as he owned the stage.

As the final notes of "Fire" rang out, spotlights beamed down on the members of his boy band, each one popping with an electrifying new dance routine.

Meanwhile, David had descended beneath the stage on an elevator to change. When the dance break ended and the lights dimmed on the dancers, a single bright beam spotlighted David, now seated at a pristine white piano that slowly rose from the depths of the stage. The crowd went wild, their screams filling the air.

Nobody expected such a quick costume change, nor for him to return so composed. His voice was perfection, each lyric sung with a clarity that was simply flawless.

his signature pieces, written for his fans just a

he was the picture of a refined prince, his fingers dancing over the keys in tribute to the years

voice, more captivating than any instrument, was a melody so beautiful it could make ears sing

at the airport grew with each clip, and the shy, timid boy transformed into the internationally renowned superstar that now held

sang along to "With Me," tears streaming down their faces, especially when recalling the time David fell off the stage and, despite his injury, comforted the distraught fans who had come to

was a

with love and care – doodles, love letters, video edits, paper cuttings

playfully mingled, even giving each fan a parting gift. Inside were handwritten thank-you notes and autographed photos, along with special

had

elder brother, and

prouder and warmer she felt, proud

It was clear that "With Me," written for his fans, was a song from the heart – its lyrics healing and warm, the melody profoundly touching, a true expression of David's gratitude.

In the cutthroat world of entertainment, where some stars sought to stoke their fame with fan fervor while keeping them at arm's length, despising their devotion, David stood apart. He genuinely cared for and cherished his fans.

A thought struck Arabella, prompting her to send a WhatsApp message to Jossie, telling her about the tea she'd left on David's makeup table. They were specially prepared for him, meant to soothe his throat.

Jossie, who was backstage watching David's performance, quickly replied, [Thanks, Bella. David would be thrilled to know how thoughtful you are.]

She added a cute emoji at the end.

Arabella's gaze softened as she continued to watch David play the piano, his voice serenading the audience with each note.