

Arabella 1622

Chapter 1622

"Looks like you've lost your nerve, old-timer."

The club manager nearly jumped out of his skin at Sean's tone that made his knees weak, "Absolutely, Mr. Sean Collins. I'll take the blame and resign, retire back to the countryside."

"Who said you could leave?"

The manager was at a loss for words.

Sean leaned in closer, a careless smirk playing on his lips, "Next time someone comes in uninvited, I'll throw you out the window of this fifth floor myself."

The words were said in jest, but the manager was so terrified he felt a heart attack coming on. He hastily assured Sean it would never happen again.

Sean knocked the gift on the table to the floor without a glance and finished off his drink in one gulp. To persuade Hans to deliver a gift for her? His sister was proving to be quite a character.

As he stood to leave, the manager quickly said, "Mr. Sean Collins, you've forgotten your things."

glanced at the painting the manager picked up from the floor and dismissed it with a flick

couldn't believe it. A personal gift from Mr. Hans Collins himself,

but lacking the courage. They knew this man was as unpredictable as the devil himself, and even though they harbored the thought, they

saw him leave the club and promptly drove up, respectfully

"Mr. Collins."

was leaving so early today, which wasn't Sean's

Hans's interference, Sean said languidly, "Let's

rearview mirror, trying to read his expression, then suggested, "Or the Vail Hot

pool surrounded by beautiful gardens and mountains

and outdoor springs offered a great view and were

to do?" Sean sounded utterly

him further, the assistant paused before suggesting, "Shall I take you home

"The man in the basement cracked just

beating wasn't tough

"Yes," Steward had been with Sean for years, but the nonchalant cruelty in his boss's voice always sent a chill down his spine.

When Sean remained silent, Steward continued, "Also, the old fart on the board said you're too capricious, turning the whole industry upside down - everyone's profits depend on your mood. He even suggested that the cat and mouse game a while back was all your doing."

"Since when is my business open for discussion? A man on his last legs should be more concerned with saving up for his coffin."

"I agree. A lesson is in order." Steward glanced at the rearview mirror, "I'll handle it; no trouble to you, Mr. Collins."

"When have I ever been afraid of trouble?"

Right, Steward shrank a little, "One more thing, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Collins have called me more than once, asking when you're coming home."

Sean hadn't expected his sister to be persistent enough to have their parents incessantly calling him for the past six months.

Even Hans, coming all the way to Belloria for business, had made a special trip here for her, hoping to get him to come home.