

Arabella 1715

Chapter 1715

"She was treading carefully, not wanting to spook anyone. So she only brought me along. But rest assured, Mr. McMillian, I'd lay down my life to protect her."

"Both of you come back in one piece, you hear it?"

"Absolutely!" Horace replied and soon realized he'd started to think of Romeo as his boss, as he answered him with such ease.

Just then, Arabella emerged, all dressed and ready. Romeo poured her a cup of coffee and handed it over.

"It's nippy out there. Have some coffee to warm up before you go."

Arabella looked at Horace, who quickly mouthed 'I didn't spill anything!'

After she finished her coffee, Romeo added, "If you need anything while you're out, just holler for me."

"Will do." Arabella, not wanting him to wait up, said, "If I'm not back by midnight, don't wait up. Just hit the hay."

"Okay." Romeo tousled her hair gently. "Be safe."

With a nod to Horace, Arabella indicated it was time to leave. Horace stood up immediately, "Mr. McMillian, we should head out."

reluctant gaze, Horace reassured him, "Don't worry, I've got

nod, Romeo saw them to the

corridor, Arabella's cool and

he could see Romeo still standing at the door and watching

you don't want to have a word with Mr. McMillian? He seems kinda torn

back, only to see Romeo give a little wave

the

into the car. Remembering Romeo's anxiousness throughout the day, Arabella pulled out her phone and shot him a message on

was short and sweet, typical Arabella, but she

a funk, instantly felt his

Bella knew he

was comforting him

'patted'

from a kiss they shared long ago, which he'd turned
curved

Gentlemen Club parking lot; instead, he parked on the

"Boss, I left the car here. If things go south, we'll take a route without surveillance. I've mapped out our escape plan."

Arabella was impressed by his efficiency—a promising talent worth nurturing.

Horace flashed a golden card at Arabella, with an eyebrow raised.

"A club membership card? How'd you get this?"

"I got it from an old-timer member."

Horace had pulled a lot of strings for Arabella, and therefore got to know some folks who owed him favors. Scoring a card like this wasn't a big deal.

"It's just on loan, though. Gotta return it later." With that, Horace led Arabella towards the club.

The club's entrance was manned by four male and four female staff, lined up to welcome guests.

As Horace and Arabella ascended the steps, the staff exchanged curious glances; they were evidently unfamiliar with these new faces.

"Gentlemen Club extends a warm welcome to you both," they greeted.