

## Arabella 1710

### Chapter 1710

"No, no, it's not lost. I opened it and saw that the painting was so good, thinking it would be a shame to toss it, so I hung it up."

"Where did you hang it up?"

"In my office, on the wall."

"It was the welcome gift from my sister; I hadn't even taken a glance at it, and you went ahead and hung it on your wall??"

The club manager was scared witless; wasn't it Sean who said it wasn't wanted.

"Why didn't you hang your own head up there?"

Although Sean was steaming, he felt relieved that the painting was still intact. "Keep an eye on it and don't touch it; I'll come to fetch it."

After ending the call, Sean tried to get out of bed, but the movement pulled at his wound, causing his eyes to darken, so much so that even his breathing became pained.

"Sean, let me go for you instead; your body hasn't been recovered."

"Then what are you waiting for? Get going!"

"Right away."

unpredictable as ever. Just as he was about to leave the room, he heard Sean add,

have gone

was that

some high status

also suspicious about that fire

parents know which means that she's smarter and more capable

half a year but has

Steward asked shakily, "Dr. Bell is Ms. Collins,

succeeded, but the hostility

Collins got mad, and later blamed

left holding the bag for this; he was just following

to go around arresting people without proper investigation? After all these years, you're still so

flooded with hundreds of question

skin her alive and throw her

good word for

Steward thought to himself: Sean, do you think you can really avoid this? You were the one who hit her on the back.

As the brother and sister sparred that day, neither yielded; Sean's forearm had hit Ms. Collins' back. Not just they saw it; Ms. Collins was probably well aware too.

"Why are you still standing there? What, are you a tree?"

"Yes, Sean."

Steward took the order and left the ward.

Sean felt a bit guilty, realizing he might have to face the music, and with that guilt came a mix of anxiety and irritation.

It was only now that he realized he didn't have his sister's phone number, not even a WhatsApp contact.

His only choice was to send messages to his buddies, asking around for his sister's contact information.

Hans: [Finally remembered you have a sister, huh?]

Chasel: [You think you can just ask for your sister's number and get it?]

Clark: [I had to go through quite a bit to get our sister's number myself. You think it's that easy?]