

Arabella 1634

Chapter 1634

Arabella stepped off the plane, immediately feeling her mother's warm concern through a text message. After sending a quick reply, she looked up and saw her right-hand man, Horace, waiting to pick her up.

"Boss," Horace couldn't help but notice something different about Arabella the moment he laid eyes on her. It wasn't just her change in fashion; her usual icy aura had thawed, replaced by a lively sparkle in her eyes and an air of refined grace. She was breathtaking.

Horace, who rarely got the chance to be in her presence, couldn't suppress his goofy innocent smile. He had always envied Jack and Jones for sticking close to the boss, facing danger by her side, while he was often dispatched elsewhere. He learned things related to the boss from other buddies of his, and had only recently heard the gossip about her love life.

Once in the car, Horace reported the situation, "Boss, we still haven't secured Els Island. There's this guy, Sean. Without his say-so, we can't make a move."

Els Island boasted a unique climate and pristine environment, perfect for cultivating delicate herbs, including some rare varieties that were crucial for Arabella's research.

Take hairyvein agrimony, for instance. Previously, Arabella needed a concoction of over a dozen herbs to replicate 80% of its effects. But on Els Island, hairyvein agrimony was abundant, mistaken for a common weed due to its unassuming appearance.

Arabella had hoped to acquire the island at a modest price, letting its natural herbs flourish while introducing other sensitive plants for her research.

Arabella inquired with detached

him with reverence. He's a mystery, rarely seen, and Els Island is in his

island was a treasure trove of botanical potential for Arabella, both for the inherent value of the herbs and the research opportunities they

be prepared to raise

"Understood."

rearview mirror before adding, "Oh, and boss, the seller agreed to

"Time and place?"

at the Demon Ring, room

nodded, "I'll go alone tonight. You don't need to be

Horace's protective instincts kicked in. If there was a chance to stand by her, he wouldn't miss it

a bit of persistent coaxing, Arabella relented, "Fine, but you follow my

"No problem."

Horace dropped her off at the hotel, insisting on carrying her backpack to the door of the presidential suite. Only after seeing her safely inside did he leave with a silly satisfied grin, "I'll pick you up later, boss."

"Okay."

Meanwhile, the dimly lit basement reeked of blood.

A man hung suspended, his body battered and lacerated. His captors, breathless from exertion, had yet to extract any useful information.

"Mr. Collins, he's still not talking," one of the underlings confessed, out of options. They had tried both beating and threats to no avail.

A man with a dangerously charming demeanor lounged in a chair, his lips curling into a merciless smile. He peered through the bars at the wounded man, idly playing with a snake in his hands, and said indifferently, "Then there's no longer necessary for him to live."

The green python hissed, its tongue flickering as it glared menacingly at the injured captive. A rare mutation, impossible to mass-produce, one had to gamble on numerous snake eggs and raise them to maturity before knowing if they had this particular variant. Due to the rarity and high cost of nurturing, such a python could fetch around 300 thousand dollars.