

Arabella 1721

Chapter 1721

"Martha, I found nothing."

"Same here," came the echo.

With a curt nod, Martha signaled them to tie up Arabella and Horace.

They were in an unfinished high-rise, a skeleton of a building that rose nineteen stories into the sky. Without any windows, the chill outside swept in, bringing with it the snowflakes that danced on the merciless wind.

Horace couldn't help but sneeze.

He and Arabella were hauled up to the eighteenth floor, each bound to a cold, unyielding chair. Horace squirmed, trying to find some semblance of comfort, but was promptly rewarded with a gun barrel pressed against his temple.

"Don't move," a female killer hissed with icy precision.

a resigned nod from him. Fine, fine, he'd stay put. What was

of authority, as if she were the queen on a

screensaver was a photo of Arabella and Romeo's silhouettes, a photo that Romeo had sweet-talked

whether out of anger for Serena or a desire to prevent Arabella from communicating, suddenly

crash, imagining the device in pieces. Was this woman nuts? Why smash it when confiscating it would've sufficed? That phone

gun harder against Horace's head as if

unattainably proud, and her loyal henchman Horace, now pathetically tied to chairs. Behind them stood hundreds of her guys. The two were completely at her

brought a vicious laugh to her lips. She had waited so long for this

humiliation under Arabella's thumb, the way

would have her

Her eyes, gleaming with malice, bore into Arabella as she stepped closer.

Horace couldn't fathom why this old bat kept breaking into these fits of laughter. Was she touched in the head?

Martha grabbed Arabella's bun, spitting venomously, "With all your identities, your success out there, why come back for the Collins family heiress title? You could have lived well enough. but no, you chose to come back for your doom!"

“Don’t you touch my boss! Come at me if you dare!” Horace bellowed. “You think you’re worthy of touching her hair?”

Martha turned to Horace with a mocking smile. “Oh, look at the loyal little pup. You, my dear, have quite a knack for winning hearts. In the Collins household, you swayed all the servants loyal to Serena. Impressive. Someone gag him.”

Muffled protests came from Horace, even with his mouth gagged, he struggled fiercely, itching to take a swing at the old hag.

Damn it, they could do whatever they wanted to him, but laying a finger on his boss? That was a line no one was allowed to cross.