

Arabella 51

Chapter 51

Romeo sat **down next to** Arabella, holding her hand tightly and handing her the menu. "What would you like to **eat?**" Arabella took a gander **at the** menu, picked a few dishes haphazardly, Romeo padded the order with a bunch more. As the manager ducked out of the room, Arabella arched an eyebrow, "Mind letting go now?"

Romeo asked demurely and seriously, "Can we hold it a little longer? Just for a moment... It's a sight for sore eyes during the day too, I'll bring you here next time, alright?"

Arabella stayed mum. After a beat, the manager waltzed in with a few chefs, dishes in tow.

At lunch today, Romeo had taken note of the dishes Arabella didn't touch, and the ones she seemed to fancy, so he had a rough idea of her taste and ordered accordingly.

"All this grub, you think you can polish it **off?**" Arabella eyed the spread, a good twenty dishes laid out before them.

"Slow and steady." Romeo's one hand was still holding hers, the other serving her dishes.

"Can I have my hand back now?"

If he didn't let go, she wouldn't be able to eat!

right hand, only to deftly snag her

Arabella was speechless.

like this?" Arabella was not used to

"Yup."

I think we need

picking it up and

it here, I'll eat it myself."

popped the shrimp

Romeo didn't get ruffled. He looked back at her with a

"Yuck!"

chef nearby nearly had a heart attack, stuttering in broken English, "Which dish didn't suit your palate?

Just say

about the person, not the food."

tad confused, unsure what she was on

guys can scram."

Romeo spoke, the chefs and the manager beat a hasty
at the girl before him tenderly, "I