

The Princess and the Paupers Chapter 61 - 70

Chapter 61

“The guy who called and was all sarcastic was Mario.” Ben started **to** say something, then stopped short.

“Can you stop beating around the bush? **If** there’s anything else, just spit it out.” Attlee was losing patience, tugging at his tie, looking all sorts of annoyed. “Well, Allbara Investment doesn’t want to work with us anymore. They seemed relieved, even pleased. I could hear them laughing at the end of the call!”

Attlee **tried** to make sense of this. “No, I have to call Mario myself and find out what’s going on.”

Ben quickly fetched the office phone.

Attlee first called Mario, who usually picked up faster than anyone else. But now, there was only the cold automated message: Sorry, the number you dialed is switched off!

Attlee refused to believe Mario was ignoring his calls. He tried several times, growing more agitated. He’d been ghosted!

He undid the top button of his shirt and dialed Mario’s boss, Dylan, the head of Allbara Investment’s Solterra division. To his surprise, Dylan had ghosted him, too.

Listening to the emotionless automated voice, Attlee’s frustration peaked. Holding back his anger, **he** tried the other two companies.

They didn’t pick up his calls, either.

After an hour of futile attempts, no one was responding.

Ben stood off to the side, shivering, when suddenly he received a message.

“Mr. Murphy.”

“Can’t you see I’m pissed off? Shut up! Let me cool down! Attlee was very angry and extremely annoyed.

Ben couldn’t speak, so he took a notebook from the desk and wrote: The board is looking for you,

Attlee glanced at the notebook Ben handed him, and his anger flared. “The board is looking for me; can’t you just say it? Why do you have to write it down?”

“Mr. Murphy, you’re the one who told me to shut up.”

These people, when it’s time to share the profits, are happier than anyone. But the moment something goes wrong, they’re the first to point fingers!” Attlee, frustrated, got up and grabbed his coat. “Never mind them, get my car ready! I’m going to Allbara Investment Group.”

“Mr. Murphy.?”

“I’m going to have a word with Dylan!”

Meanwhile.

Following the location her mother sent her, Arabella arrived at a company.

The facade was made of glass, and the building was about nineteen stories tall and roughly five storefronts wide.

A large stone at the entrance read, Collins Fashion.

Weren't they supposed to be a very small company?

As Arabella walked in, she saw a receptionist dozing off. She gently said, "Hello."

"Hello??" The receptionist, seeing a high-school-looking girl, rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"Young lady, I think you're in the wrong place. This is Collins Fashion." "My name is Arabella. I'm here to work."

The receptionist, hearing this, was instantly wide awake. "Ms. Bennett? Right this way!"

Kenneth had already told them yesterday that someone would be taking over the company. Since they hadn't disclosed Arabella's identity yet, they simply told the staff that Arabella was sent by the group's headquarters.

The receptionist led Arabella to the elevator and pressed the button for the highest floor, the 20th. "I'll take you to the office first."

Chapter 62

"No need; **I'm** just going to take a look around." Arabella glanced **at the** elevator's floor layout and randomly pressed the button for **the** second floor, the design department.

Early **in** the morning, there were only a few people in the design department. Some were playing with their phones, and some were catching some z's. The atmosphere was lax as hell.

The receptionist knocked on the door when she led Arabella in.

But when the design department saw that she brought a high school-looking girl, they thought she was a family member; they didn't give a hoot. "Nadia, did you bring your family to work today?" A chubby woman laughed, "Come play some games with me!"

Nadia quickly gave her the stink eye to shut her up.

“What’s wrong with your eyes?”

The chubby woman didn’t notice anything, but Arabella came over and saw the woman playing a game on her computer and lazily pointed out, “You’re about to lose.

The chubby woman was taken aback. Did this girl know the game’s strategy?

“You could do this.”

The chubby woman listened to Arabella’s advice, and her hand involuntarily started to move.

Under Arabella’s guidance, the chubby woman won **the** game in a short time.

“Wow, you’re really something! How old are you?” The chubby woman patted Arabella’s shoulder and asked, “Can you help me win a couple more rounds? I’ll buy you some candy!”

“This is Ms. Bennett, the company’s head, sent by headquarters!” The receptionist immediately explained, “Now you guys better get to work, focus on your designs, and stop messing around.”

The chubby woman looked at the high-school-looking girl in front of her. She was utterly shocked; she didn’t know what to say!

She? The company’s head was sent by headquarters?

She’s so young; she hadn’t even graduated from high school yet, right?

Was she some big shot’s lover who got her this job to torture them?

Everyone else was also puzzled about Arabella's age; how could she manage a company?

"With the way you play, you won't win in three to five months." Arabella patted the chubby woman's shoulder and said, "Better get to work and earn some more money."

As Arabella was about to leave the design department, she spotted a girl in the corner wearing headphones, her back to them, and drawing something on a piece of white paper.

"This is Molly, the most diligent and ambitious designer in our company." Nadia, the receptionist, said, gently touching Molly's shoulder.

Molly removed her headphones and looked at the stranger **in** front of her, somewhat puzzled but still politely asking, "Do you need something from me?"

The office was too noisy just now; she was drawing drafts with her headphones on and had no idea what was going on.

This is Ms. Bennett, our company's head." Nadia whispered, "You better greet her."

Molly looked at Arabella, immediately stood up, and timidly but respectfully said, "Good morning, Ms. Bennett."

"Are these all your designs?" Arabella's eyes fell on a stack of drafts.

"Yes." Molly quickly handed the drafts to Arabella.

"Molly graduated from college at 18. She was a real brainiac at school! She loves fashion design, and she's already designed quite a few pieces for the company since she started last month."

"Pretty good." Arabella handed the drafts back to her, saying, "Keep it up."

“Thank you, Ms. Bennett, Molly watched Arabella’s retreating figure; she didn’t expect that she was about the same age as her and that she was already the head of the company! That meant she must be really capable!

After going around the company, Arabella found that the overall atmosphere was incredibly **lax**. Before coming to this company, all the companies she managed combined weren’t one percent as lax as this one!

Chapter 63

This place was seriously going downhill. Not a spark **of** life in sight.

Arabella walked back into the office and barely took a seat when Dean, the perpetually late assistant, barged in.

“Sorry I’m late, huh? Where’s the boss? Wasn’t he supposed to be here today? Kid, have you seen the boss? You need to get up; he should be arriving soon! You can’t sit there!”

Dean rattled on, then realized the girl in front of him was just watching him with a nonchalant air that sent a shiver down his spine.

“Arabella.

“Ms. Bennett,” Dean rushed forward, scared out of his wits.

From his stammering explanation, Arabella got the gist.

A year ago, the Collins family entered the fashion industry, hiring a number of talents, some good at management and others at design.

They even sent a head honcho, Oscar, to oversee things.

But as time passed, the company saw little improvement.

Disappointed, many of the talents left.

From initial expectations to complete neglect, the headquarters had grown distant. The overall atmosphere in the company was pretty lax.

Dean had been here for a year, and despite his frustration, he lacked the capacity to change things.

“Call a meeting half an hour from now. I want every department head and member of management present.”

“Yes.” Dean rushed off to send out mass notifications.

Half an hour later.

In the meeting room, out of 38 chairs that should have been filled, only nine people showed up.

“Ms. Bennett, the head of finance says her kid’s sick today; she took a leave to take him to the hospital.”

The head of procurement says he’s not feeling well; he’s resting at home.”

Before Dean can finish, Arabella cut him off: “Tell them if they’re not here tomorrow, they needn’t bother coming back ever.”

Those who came to the meeting thought Arabella was just playing tough.

“Just because I’m here, it means you folks need to kiss your lazy days goodbye, or you can kiss the company goodbye.”

Everyone looked up at her; little did they know she ran her own company with an even tighter ship. Any employee who didn't pull their weight would've been fired long ago.

“Now, who can tell me the current state of the company, any progress we've made, and our future plans?” Arabella scanned the room.

Nobody spoke up.

“I'll ask again.” Arabella repeated her question, but the response was the same: no one answered.

She realized instantly that this was the current state of the company. No progress, no future plans.

Just then, a voice piped up.

“Ms. Bennett.”

“Hmm?”

“Also, I think our department's designs are pretty awesome, but for some reason, we just can't make a sale.” Arabella kept silent.

Chapter 64

Samuel tossed ten fresh and pretty dresses onto the big screen,

With just one glance, Arabella **spotted** several **issues**: “The lace on the **first** one is a bit excessive; The second one is to turn the maxi into a mini and swap the V-neck for a round one. The hem on the third one could be altered like this.”

After Arabella finished critiquing all ten dresses, everyone was gobsmacked. **They** were clearly taken aback by her professionalism.

They originally thought the person sent by HQ would be unreliable and didn't take this girl seriously. But she pointed **out** the problems casually and effortlessly.

She **must** obviously know her way around design, and even more so than them.

Otherwise, how could she spot the problems and offer better solutions in such a short time?

“Ms. Bennett, even if our designs are top-notch, we're helpless when some colleagues don't pull their weight!”

“The company atmosphere has always been lax. Even if you resist, others will astracize you!”

“We're stuck between a rock and a hard place with insufficient professional manpower and knowledge. HQ is just keeping us around without making use of us, but they also aren't planning to let us go.”

Many voiced their concerns, pointing out the issues.

“Before I joined the company, I did some snooping.” Arabella's gaze swept across the room. “Our company integrates product design, development, production, and marketing. We also take on some outsourced orders, like producing products for other factories. Currently, aside from clothes, shoes, and bags, we also have men's and women's accessories, such as scarves, sunglasses, and other related products.”

But a year had passed and the company was still in a rut; clearly, something's up.

“I took a walk around the company earlier and noticed some machines are too outdated; they can't keep up with the times. So, I want the purchasing department to replace **them** within three days. This includes cutting machines, sewing machines, printing machines, needle detectors, automatic packaging machines, and so on. I'll make a detailed list.”

People were getting a little pumped at this! They've been wanting to replace these machines for a long time!

The company is going in two directions: we must have work we're proud of, and to maintain our current development, we still need to take on some outsourced orders.”

“There'll be a big shakeup in management, so brace yourselves.”

“Anyone unwilling to work with colleagues or who can’t accept changes at work should feel free to submit their resignation to HR.”

“If you have any issues, feel free to drop by my office. **That’s** it for today’s meeting. Dismissed!”

Arabella stood up, exuding a strong and cool boss vibe.

Many watched her retreating figure, sensing the company was about to undergo some changes—and for the better!

Back in her office, Arabella’s phone started vibrating. “Grandpa Alberto?”

“Okay, I’ll send you my location.”

“Sure thing.”

After hanging up, Arabella sent her location over. She checked her bag and realized she hadn’t brought anything valuable today. She remembered some machines in the production department that could come in handy.

At this moment, Design Department Head Samuel and designer Molly came to the production department to check out the latest designs.

They were chatting when Arabella showed up.

“I’ll be using the machines; you guys carry on.”

She ordered her assistant, Dean, to bring over a bunch of fabrics. Many of the colors she needed were already used up, and some fabrics were unsuitable. So she had to keep switching styles. After messing around in the production department for a while, she finally made a few outfits and dashed off.

Samuel and Molly looked at each other in disbelief. They were shocked that Ms. Bennett managed to make several outfits in such a short time. And the whole process went smoothly without a hitch!

Chapter 65

The point was, Ms. Bennett’s clothes were like chameleons; she didn’t even need a template to work off, and the designs she came up with were freaking

gorgeous.

But damn, Ms. Bennett worked too fast; they were **just** standing there; they didn't even get a good look.

Who the hell was this Ms. Bennett?

How was she so damn good?

“Where do **you** work?”

When Arabella didn't respond to his message after a while, he sent another one: “Are you okay on your first day at the company?”

After thinking for a moment, he added, “Did anyone bully you?”

Arabella sent him a location, and when Romeo looked, it was a small clothing company under the Collins family.

She's only been back for two days, and they've already put her in charge of a company?

“Tired?” Romeo was worried about her.

“I'm not tired; it's easy, and no one's been bullying me.” Arabella replied in one breath.

“Lunch together?”

“Next time, I've already made plans with someone else.

“A guy?”

“Yes.”

Seeing her response, Romeo felt that sour, unhappy feeling spreading in his heart again.

“What restaurant? I can drop you off.”

Arabella sent back a “no need” and then picked up a report from Dean to read, not responding anymore.

At noon.

Arabella got a call from Grandpa Alberto, and knowing that Grandpa Alberto was downstairs, she grabbed her baseball bag and got in his car.

“Mr. McMillan, should we follow them?” Carl didn’t expect that Miss Arabella would take over her family’s company so soon after finding her biological parents, and even more unexpectedly, Miss Arabella had turned down Mr. McMillan’s lunch invitation and got in someone else’s car!

The license plate looked unfamiliar; it should not belong to someone who was always **in** the upper social circles of Summerfield; they didn’t know who! was in the car!

However, if Mr. McMillan personally wanted to follow, there must be a man in the car!

“Why should we follow their car?” Romeo’s tone was dismissive: “We are just looking for a place to eat.”

Yes.”

A jealous man.

In the car at this moment, the old man saw Arabella and got a bit excited, saying, “You’re even more beautiful! Seeing you is just too hard now!” “How is your grandma doing now?”

Arabella told him the general situation and saw a hint of tears in Alberto Rollins’ eyes: “With you taking care of your grandma and that old man James in Summerfield, I can rest assured.”

Alberto **and** Grace Murphy loved each other back in the day, but he was born poor, and Grace’s family looked down on him, not allowing them to date. Eventually, Alberto watched helplessly as the woman he loved was forced to marry **into** local, wealthy family—the Murphy family. He worked hard and made a name for himself in the business world, finally managing to take his business abroad, where he established his own company.

Later, when he felt his career was successful, he returned to the small city to find Grace and even gave her a ring, promising that he would fulfill any request she made with this ring!

Chapter 66

Who would've thought that one summer, Grace gave Arabella this ring to go find him, asking him to teach her a thing or two?

He was a business whiz with loads of badass friends.

For Grace, Alberto stayed single all his life. He treated Arabella like his own granddaughter, teaching her the ropes of business. His buddies also gave Arabella a few pointers **in** medicine, and a few who were good at music, chess, and painting also took a real shine to Arabella, passing on their **life's** wisdom.

Arabella didn't disappoint; she learned everything they taught her.

One could say Arabella spent all her summer and winter holidays with this bunch of old geezers. Where she was today was all thanks to these old boys going all out to teach her!

"When are you graduating? You should start helping your grandpa out!" Alberto felt his age: "I don't have any children or grandchildren; you're my only heir.

"No." Arabella was really swamped, especially now that Kenneth was handing her another company, she didn't know what to do.

"You're the only family I have left; if I don't leave my estate to **you**, who else would I give it to?" Alberto chuckled.

"Why don't you move back to your home country if you miss her?"

Anyway, his business abroad was stable. If he settled in Summerfield, they could visit more often

But Alberto smiled sadly and said, "It wouldn't look good."

No one knew his past with Grace; even Attlee didn't know his mother knew such a big shot!

"He passed away young, but he truly cared for your grandma; I couldn't just get together with her after his death. Just being able to care from afar and getting news about her is enough." Alberto didn't ask for much; what comforted him now was that Arabella was raised so well by them that she could take over his business!

The car arrived at The Gourmet Garden.

Arabella opened the car door and helped him out. “I told you to take care of yourself when you were young; you never listened.”

See, now that he’s old, he can’t even walk steadily.

Alberto chuckled, fully content under her support: “Knowing that I can leave you with a lot of money when I’m gone, all these years of hard work are worth it.”

“You were clearly motivated for Grandma; what does it have to do with me?” Arabella supported him and slowly walked forward. “You’re old now; you should take a break.”

“No, no, there are some businesses; I need to secure them for you before I die.”

Just then, Yolanda, holding Zachary’s hand, exclaimed in surprise, “Zachary, isn’t that Arabella?”

She was originally here with Zachary to check out wedding dresses at the bridal shop across from The Gourmet Garden. But as soon as they stepped **out**, they saw Arabella holding an old man’s hand and leading him slowly into the restaurant.

“That man is so old; isn’t she disgusted?” Zachary frowned. He never thought Arabella would do such a disgusting thing as stay in Summerfield! He suddenly felt repulsed!

Yolanda remembered that last night at La Belle Vie, Arabella was also with a man coming out of the VIP elevator. Was Arabella dating different men at the same time? Or was the man last night really her brother?

Either way, she was really happy to see Arabella so down and out now!

Romeo, in the car, saw Arabella holding the old man’s hand; he couldn’t take his eyes off her.

Those small hands he once held were now supporting someone else.

“Mr. McMillan, doesn’t that old man look familiar?”

Carl thought hard and suddenly remembered, “I remember now! His name is Alberto, and he’s the head of Luna Capital, a well-known venture capital firm

overseas.”

His group was even bigger than Allbara Investment. He initially made his fortune through small businesses, then turned to investing once he had enough funds. He had a keen eye and ruthless strategy; any project he invested in would make money. Over the past decades, he invested **in** countless industries, so his personal wealth was incredibly substantial!

No wonder they didn't recognize his license plate; he usually lived overseas.

Carl couldn't help but sigh, "Ms. Bennett sure knows a lot of people."

Not only was the director of Hope Hospital highly impressed with her; a bunch of medical experts were singing her praises; the richest man was her father; and now, it seemed she was also on good terms with Alberto.

Chapter 67

Romeo was still eyeing those hands. She's been helping him for so long; wasn't it time to let go?

As their figures disappeared into the elevator, Romeo's gaze darkened slightly. "Find out which dining room they're in." "Mr. McMillan, would you like to join them?"

As soon as Carl finished speaking, he noticed his boss's bad mood. He thought for a moment and suddenly understood!

"Mr. McMillan, I asked the restaurant manager. They said Ms. Bennett is in the dining room on the second floor, south side. Coincidentally, there's another restaurant across from that one. How about we dine there? So we won't bother Miss Arabella and her friends."

"Alright." Romeo shifted his gaze, still thinking about those soft hands.

Arabella held Alberto as they entered the dining room, handing him the stuff from the bag. This is for you."

He was both happy and satisfied. "Did you make this yourself?"

"Yes."

"I love the clothes you make! They look good, and they're comfortable!"

The set Alberto was wearing was made by her last year, and it still retained its **shape**.

“This is a great gift! I’ll accept it.”

“Mr. McMillan, the food is ready. We can eat now.”

Inside the dining room, Carl saw that Romeo’s gaze was still fixed on the girl in the room opposite. He couldn’t help but tease, “Really got a good view from here” They could see everything Ms. Bennett was doing inside.

“Eat your food “Romeo saw the girl give a gift to the old man, pour him a glass of water, and then serve him food.

Last night, he didn’t get such treatment!

“Mr. McMillan, rll start eating now. ” Carl immediately began to eat. “Delicious!”

He was really hungry. He **had** been busy with Mr. McMillan all morning and hadn’t had the chance to eat.

“Alright.” Arabella got him more food and placed it in front of him. “How long are you planning to stay this time?”

“I’m leaving this afternoon.”

“So soon?”

“I’m just a lone wolf.”

Looking at his lonely expression, Arabella said lightly. “If you want to see grandma, I can arrange it”

Alberto was visibly moved, but he thought about it and was afraid of causing trouble. If people in the hospital started gossiping and the Murphy family heard

He didn’t care about himself, but he was worried about Grace’s reputation, even though they were innocent.

“I can ask Caden to take you to see her tonight.” Arabella said lightly, “Don’t worry, Grandma won’t wake up.”

Alberto thought for a moment, then firmly shook his head. "I'm afraid if I go, I won't be able to leave"

Arabella was taken aback and looked into his eyes.

"Actually, this is quite good. You can come with me to the hotel later to get your grandma's gift"

Even though he couldn't be there with her, at least she wouldn't be lonely with something by her side

Romeo watched as Arabella finished her meal.

Chapter 68

After dinner, Arabella got into Alberto's car to fetch something from the hotel.

Yolanda and Zachary, who were waiting outside The Gourmet Garden, saw her helping him into the car, which was headed towards a hotel!

Zachary didn't understand why he suddenly felt so pissed off, but he fired up his engine and followed them.

"That was her choice!"

For some reason, seeing Arabella's fair and attractive face made Zachary extremely annoyed.

Maybe because he grew up overseas, he had only seen Arabella a few times. He never thought she would look so appealing when dressed up, let alone use her good looks to seduce an old man

If she came to him for help, maybe, just maybe, he could lend a hand!

"Mr. McMillan, Ms. Bennett just entered the hotel; should we follow her?"

Carl watched as Arabella helped Alberto into the hotel, sensing the jealousy radiating from the man in the car, which made him feel suffocated,

“Or, you could call Ms. Bennett? Ask her what she’s up to

Romeo ignored him, clearly disdainful of his suggestion

But as the seconds ticked by, Romeo couldn’t resist reaching for his phone to dial that familiar number.

And it had only been five minutes since Carl’s suggestion.

“Bella.”

Even Romeo himself didn’t notice the hint of a whiny complaint in his tone, which sounded a bit pitiful “Do you need something?” Arabella just stepped out of room with stuff.

“I just want to chat Romeo just wanted to hear her voice at that moment: “What did you have for lunch? “Just some grub from a regular restaurant.” Arabella was in the elevator, and the signal was still holding up. “How was it?*

Romeo thought that since she finished all her food, it must’ve been pretty good.

“Not bad.”

“Could you take me next time?”

Arabella could tell he was just talking nonsense. “Did you call me for a reason?”

“Where did you go?”

Even though it was a simple question coming from Romeo, it seemed filled with longing

“Don’t you already know where I am?”

Arabella walked out of the elevator, heading straight towards the black car outside the hotel, she opened the car door and looked at him, saying, "Did you follow me from the company to the hotel?"

"You knew all along?" Seeing her approach, Romeo pulled her into his arms and said dependently, "I just happened to pass by and saw you."

"You didn't even look for me" Romeo's dark eyes were fixated on her

"How should I? Should I stop the car and ask you why you're following me?" Arabella tried to pull away from him.

But Romeo held onto her, and for some reason, the anxiety and restlessness he felt earlier disappeared the moment he held her

"Romeo, you're crossing the line"

He held her hand yesterday, and now he was bold enough to hug her!

"I really want to hold you, what should I do?" Romeo looked at her sincerely and passionately; not waiting for her response, he hugged her even tighter: "Just for a moment."

"Who is he?"

Romeo's chin gently rubbed against her shoulder, he felt extremely jealous.

Carl, who was sitting in the front, was genuinely shocked by Romeo's behavior. Who knew Mr. McMillan could act so spoiled?

Arabella explained, "He's an elder of mine."

"Are you close?"

"What do you think?"

Romeo continued, “You didn’t even serve me food yesterday”

“Are you unable to use a fork? Are you really jealous of an old man?”

“Could you treat me like that next time?”

Arabella didn’t expect him to be so petty when he was serious “Can you let go of me now?”

“If you agree, I’ll let go.”

14:27

“Sure”

Chapter 69

Romeo let go of her, then started holding her hand.

Outside the hotel, in the BMW

Yolanda and Zachary’s eyes were wide open, they couldn’t believe that Arabella just finished serving the old man in the hotel, and now she’s getting into a luxury

car!

This car’s license plate looked pretty impressive, who could be inside?

“I didn’t expect big sis to be so careless with her own body”

Watching the luxury car drove away, Zachary was pissed to no end. Arabella being with those old men, she might as well give her first time to him!

At least he’s young!

Carl drove the car to Arabella’s company, but Arabella didn’t get off.

Her hand was still being held by Romeo, he wouldn’t let go.

"I'm going to be late!"

It's her first day of work, and she wouldn't want to give her employees a bad impression.

But Romeo kept holding her hand and saying, "I'll pick you up after work"

"I have my own car"

"Let Carl drive you back?"

"No need for all that trouble!"

Arabella tried to pull her hand back, but Romeo held her hand tighter.

"I'll take you to work and back."

"No need"

"Or we can drive your own car. There's a thunderstorm these days, it's not safe for you to drive alone"

"I really don't need it!"

"Can I come up and hang out?"

Arabella looked at him helplessly and said, "I'm going to work."

"We could also discuss cooperation."

Arabella didn't want to **pull** in such a top financial group to cooperate with her on the first day of work, people will definitely gossip! "Dinner tonight?"

Arabella was really helpless. "I have an appointment some other day."

Romeo didn't expect her to have so many appointments. "What about tomorrow?"

"Sure"

"From now on, I take you to and from work"

Arabella looked into his eyes with a slight warning: "If you keep doing this, I'll get mad."

“So, just for a week?” Romeo continued to ask

Arabella looked at the time, she was really going to be late. She had to grit her teeth and agree, “Fine”

“Keep this week free, don’t give it to anyone else.”

“I got it” Arabella finally pulled her hand back, got out of the car, and went into the company

Carl glanced at Mr. McMillan in the rearview mirror, there was actually a hint of a smile on his lips.

Carl doubted his own eyes!

Was this really Mr. McMillan?!

This was too out of character!

He had been with Mr. McMillan since he was eight for fourteen years, and this was the first time he saw Mr. McMillan so attached to a girl

As soon as Arabella stepped into the company, her phone started vibrating

“Boss, it’s me” The caller was Dylan, head of the Solterra region of Allbara Investment Group. “There are a few more investment projects that want your decision, I’ll bring them over tonight for you to have a look, and also this quarter’s various reports; I’ll bring them all for you to review”

“Sure.” Arabella got into the elevator and said, “See you tonight”

Not long after she hung up, her phone vibrated again, it was Grandpa Jarvis.

“Sweetie, how are your biological parents doing?”

“Grandpa Jarvis” Arabella went into her office, made herself a cup of coffee, and said, “They’re fine, my biological family is good, what made you call me today?”

Chapter 70

I'm missing you here, and the top three of this year's piano competition have been announced. The folks under me did the judging. They say this year's entries aren't all that. I'll send them over **for** you to check out"

"Alright." Arabella was also one of the top judges, but she rarely got involved in the judging process, leaving it to her subordinates.

Solterra held a piano competition every year, but this year there were fewer participants as most of them ran off to compete internationally.

"The one who got the first place did so largely because of his family's reputation, plus the other entries were pretty subpar, so he just barely grabbed the first place. Second place is a pity. The first half of his piece was boring and the latter part wasn't performed well. The climax was okay, but I feel like he added too much. Kind of unnecessary! And the third place, well, let's not even talk about that."

"Okay, I'll listen." Even though Arabella didn't participate in the judging, she needed to know what stage the competition was at and who the talents were this year. When she opened the audio sent by Grandpa Jarvis, she saw Serena's name

Serena won first place?

The piece did sound pretty bland.

When she clicked on the second **place**, she **was** surprised. Yolanda?!

Why did this piece sound so familiar?

Arabella smirked, closed her laptop, and didn't bother listening any further

On the other side.

Attlee was sitting in the lounge on the first floor of Allbara Investment, his eyes fixed on the elevator.

He had been waiting since morning until noon for Dylan to show up, enduring his growling stomach, waiting for this moment.

At this point, he was about to pass out from hunger!

No one invited him upstairs, not even a cup of water was offered to him!

He couldn't help but approach the reception with a cautious smile on his face: "Excuse me, may I know if Mr. Dylan has finished his meeting?"

It's been from morning till now, surely he couldn't have been in a meeting the whole day!

I'm sorry, Mr. Dylan is still busy. Maybe you can come another day! The receptionist was not as enthusiastic as before her attitude was indifferent.

Attlee asked with patience, "Could you do me a favor? Can you check what Mr. Dylan is doing? I've been waiting since morning"

"Mr. Dylan is really busy" As soon as the receptionist finished her sentence, she saw Dylan walking out of the elevator. She quickly stood up, along with her colleagues, and respectfully bowed, "Mr. Dylan!"

"Mr. Dylan, it's me." When Attlee finally saw the familiar figure, he immediately stepped forward to greet him.

But Mario stopped him, saying. "I'm sorry, Mr. Dylan has an important appointment"

"Give me three minutes." Attlee wanted to squeeze to the front and say, "I have something to say to Mr. Dylan."

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Dylan is really in a hurry"

"Mario, can you tell me why Mr. Dylan doesn't want to work with **us** anymore?" Attlee was holding the bank card he had intended to give Arabella, ready to hand it Mario

"Mr. Murphy, you can't do that!" Mario quickly pushed the card **back** toward him

Attlee insisted on giving him the card

The card fell to the ground, attracting quite a few onlookers.

"Mr. Murphy, this is blatant bribery; you'll get me fired" Mario was furious

"Mario"

Mario quickly shook off his hand and followed Dylan's steps, as if eager to distance himself from him,

“Mario, wait for me.” Attlee didn’t care about his current embarrassing situation, he picked up the card from the ground and followed them, Seeing them get into the car, Attlee quickly got into a taxi and said. “Follow that car!”

Inside the private room of the restaurant.

Arabella had been waiting for a while. Seeing Dylan in a formal suit, she couldn’t help but tease, “You’re more **and** more like a CEO now”

“Boss, you’re making fun of me again” After Dylan entered, he put the report aside and took out the gift. This is something I specially got for you.”