

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1431

• • •

Chapter 1431

"Let go! Stop dragging me. What are you trying to do in front of Romeo?"

Martin's complexion soured, and even the nearby servant couldn't help but whisper, "Serena, this is Martin, your boyfriend"

"What boyfriend? I only have one boyfriend, and that's Romeo! Who does this Martin think he is, fit to be my boyfriend?"

Martin's heart felt as if it had been struck hard.

The servant quickly covered Serena's mouth, murmuring, "Serena, you are drunk. Let's get you back to your room to rest."

"What are you doing? Let go of me! I want to be with Romeo. Don't drag me."

Serena struggled vehemently.

"Serena." Martin's voice was hoarse, "Please drink this tea to sober up."

Serena glanced at the bottle of tea in his hand and instantly swatted it away, "Who needs your stuff. Get lost, don't interrupt my date with Romeo."

Martin felt his heart shatter into pieces.

"Romeo." Serena pretended to wrap her arms around "Romeo's" neck, standing on her tiptoes to plant a kiss on his "lips; so passionate and so focused.

Martin's heart churned with mixed emotions, especially since the real Romeo was standing right there, witnessing it all.

He picked up the bottle of tea from the ground, thankful it hadn't broken, and handed it back to the servant, saying coldly, "Make sure she drinks it. Tell Mrs. Griffith I had to leave. I'll come by another time to apologize-"

"Mr. Cooper."

The servant wanted to follow him, but Serena snapped, "What are you shouting for? Can't you see I'm busy with Romeo? Move aside or I'll slap you!"

The servant timidly covered half of her face, still burning from Serena's earlier slap.

She dared not approach again, but whispered, "Serena, the real Mr. McMillian is to your front left.

Serena paused, looked at the tree in front of her and then to the man on the left who looked just like Romeo. He was really Romeo.

"Romeo."

Overjoyed, Serena rushed towards him, "You like someone who stands out, how about I show you a table-splitting act?"

She extended her hand and fiercely aimed at the small round table in front of her.

The table remained intact, but her hand was nearly broken.

In an effort to impress Romeo, she kept chopping at the table.

The servant was terrified and quickly went to call Eunice.

When Eunice arrived, she saw Serena treating a slender tree as if it were a "stripper pole" performing a pole dance for Romeo.

Unable to persuade Serena, Eunice could only turn apologetically to Romeo, "Romeo, sorry about this. Maybe you should head home."

Romeo knew that the tea party was ruined, so he got up and said, "Mrs. Griffith, I'll visit another day."

"Alright" Once he'd left, Eunice didn't hesitate to grab a cup of water from the table and splash it onto Serena's face.

The cold shock brought Serena to a momentary pause before she accused, "You witch, what are you doing? Are you trying to kill me?"

Eunice said flatly, "Take her back to her room; I'll go find Bella."

As Serena was dragged to her room, she kept shouting, "I've been wronged, I've been framed by villains. Let me go, let me go.

Eunice sighed heavily.

Later, when Arabella heard about Serena's antics, it left her somewhat shocked.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1432

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1432

• • •

Chapter 1432

"Ms. Bella, thank heavens you're here at last," the housemaid gasped, flinging the door wide open as Bella arrived.

At that moment, Serena was no longer in bed. She had been tossing everything from table lamps to vases at the servants, and in a blink, she had dashed to the edge of the balcony, threatening loudly, "If you don't let me see Romeo, I'll jump right off this ledge!"

Everyone was speechless.

Darren, who had rushed over after hearing the commotion, was petrified.

"Serena, what on Earth are you doing? Get down from there, it's dangerous!"

Serena paused, her eyes locking onto his, recognition flickering.

"Let's talk this out downstairs, come on. You're giving me a heart attack here."

It was Darren's first time witnessing his granddaughter's drunken tantrums, and it was a terrifying sight.

Without warning, Serena vaulted over the railing and ran towards Darren, wrapping her arms around him with joy, "Romeo, you've finally come! They wouldn't let us be together. They locked me up! Did you come to rescue me? I knew you would"

"Serena, what are you thinking, I'm your grandfather!" Darren exclaimed, pulling back as Serena moved in to kiss him, "What are you all waiting for? Help me out here!"

Serena's drunken frenzy was downright horrifying. Belinda had just arrived at the scene and was shocked to see Serena squinting her eyes, ready to smother Darren with kisses.

She was frightened and quickly grabbed Serena's hand, saying, "Serena, what are you doing? He's your grandfather"

"Arabella? You again, you wretch! Romeo doesn't even like you, why are you here?" Serena shoved Belinda away fiercely.

Belinda staggered backward several steps and would have fallen if Bella hadn't caught her in time.

"What in the world has gotten into this child? A glass of wine and she's this wasted?" Belinda asked, still in shock.

"Romeo, Romeo." Serena lunged for Darren again.
"Serena!"

Bard, who had just arrived, shouted sharply. His displeasure snapped Serena out of her daze.

"Romeo, so you were here"

She glanced at Darren again, her expression a mix of disgust and disdain, "Martin? How dare you impersonate Romeo, trying to steal a kiss? Shame on you! I almost fell for it!"

She raised her hand to hit Darren, but Bard quickly grabbed her wrist.

Serena was still smitten, "Romeo, you're so handsome, so strong."

Everyone was helpless.

"So, you must be Arabella!" Serena noticed Eunice standing nearby, her arms crossed, and raised her hand to slap her, "You

homewrecker, it's because of you that Romeo and I aren't married. We might've even had kids by now. You little mistress, ruining others' happiness."

Darren and Belinda were both frantic to hear such scandalous words from Serena.

"Bella, you got any bright ideas.? We can't let it go on like this!" Darren couldn't bear to watch Serena's state any longer.

"Do you want to team up with Arabella against me? Martin, you traitor! Both of you, stay away from me."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1433

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1433

• • •

Chapter 1433

"Can we just knock her out?" Eunice had enough of the incessant babbling, "If nobody else will do it, I'll take the swing."

The servants all wished they could nod in eager agreement, silently cheering for their madam to take charge.

"Hold on a second, let's see here," Arabella intervened, "You all just hold her down for now."

Arabella had suspected something was off with that glass of lemonade, but she'd never seen anyone go bonkers quite like this.

"What are you trying to do? Stay away from me! Romeo, come save me."

Serena clung to Bard tightly, "They're trying to tear us apart."

Everyone exchanged uneasy glances.

Bard held her steady as the other servants grasped her firmly. Arabella's hand rested on Serena's wrist, feeling for her pulse

which was erratic and strange.

"She has several toxins interacting within her body. The worst is a hallucinogenic neurotoxin, causing delusions about time, space, and people.

She could even spiral into self-deformation, delusions, and thought disorder.

There's also something wreaking havoc on her gut flora, leading to acute digestive issues—non-stop flatulence, bloating, diarrhea"

"You mean, she's been drugged?" Belinda was incredulous and furious, "Who would dare to target a member of the Griffith family?"

"Could it be related to the lemonade she drank tonight?" Eunice chimed in.

At dinner, she had noticed Serena and Arabella acting weird. Could Serena have tried to drug Bella and accidentally poisoned herself?

"It's possible." Arabella had no concrete evidence linking Serena to the lemonade.

Eunice took out her phone and called the restaurant manager, "Is the glass Serena drank lemonade from still around?"

"It's been washed and sterilized" the manager responded, puzzled, "Is there something you need? Did you fancy the glass, or was there an issue with the lemonade?"

"Never mind, forget it"

After hanging up, Arabella mentioned, "I smelled that lemonade. It was just normal lemonade. If the drug dissolved in it, and she drank it all. there's no way to trace it now. Whoever made it must be pretty skilled"

Eunice's mind raced at the thought of such a drug. She glanced at Serena. Could she have bought the drug?

Serena was still going crazy when Arabella said coldly, "It's not that we can't help her. We'd need thirty-four different ingredients, simmered on low heat for six hours. By that time, she'd probably have recovered on her own."

"Are those ingredients hard to find?" Bard inquired.

"Some might take half a day to collect."

{t wasn't that Arabella was unwilling to help; she simply didn't have access to the necessary ingredients. Besides, Serena had intended to harm her; there was no obligation to save her.

"Is there no other way?" Bard pressed, unable to stand by and watch Serena suffer.

"If she hadn't drunk that whiskey, acupuncture might've been an option. But with the alcohol reacting with the toxins in her system, it could be fatal."

Arabella stated frankly, "All we can do now is wait for her to recover naturally"

The gathered crowd hadn't expected this outcome and couldn't help but ask, "How long will that take?"

"Roughly ten hours."

Serena had already been causing a scene for two hours, with ten more to endure.

It made everyone's heart sink. Who could withstand such an ordeal.

The servants looked petrified, each praying not to be assigned to tend to Serena.

"If we leave her be, will it be life threatening?" Eunice asked with concern.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1434

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1434

• • •

Chapter 1434

"Nope, on the contrary, letting it all out is better than using meds. At least it doesn't damage the body, and there's no wasted time recovering later"

Arabella stated frankly.

“Well, that's easy then. Just lock her in her room, let her rage all she wants.

Lock the windows and doors, and we're good," Eunice said. "You guys, tie her to the bed, and we'll check on her tomorrow".

The servants were taken aback. Could it really be that simple?

With no better solution at hand and the uncertainty of finding the right medication, this method seemed worth a try.

It was just a pity that the room might end up in chaos.

Darren and Belinda surveyed the bedroom to ensure there were no hazardous objects or valuables.

“Arabella, you wretch, what kind of advice are you giving now? I'll tear your mouth apart!” Serena, fueled by some unknown

strength, suddenly broke free and lunged at Eunice.

In her delirium, she mistook Eunice for Arabella.

She wanted to scratch Eunice's face with her long nails.

But Eunice blocked her, grabbing a silk necktie from the wardrobe and swiftly tying Serena to the bed.

The servants couldn't help but admire Eunice's decisive action. It had to be Eunice who took charge.

"Let's go, Eunice said after securing Serena. She dusted off her hands, ready to leave.

"Arabella, you'll get what's coming to you, you wretch, I curse you." Serena's rant was cut short as Eunice stuffed another tie into her mouth.

"Mmmph"

Serena's curses were now in vain.

Leaving Serena's room, Belinda sighed, "Thank goodness Bella said it wasn't life-threatening. We'll check on her again tomorrow."

On their way back, she couldn't help but say, "I wonder if Serena's ranting is because of the drugs, or if she genuinely had that much hostility towards Bella"

"We watched Serena grow up; she's not a bad seed. Didn't Bella say the worst the drug could do was cause hallucinations?"

Serena isn't in control of her actions."

"Let's hope so.' Belinda felt a weight in her heart, unsure of its origin.

"Eunice, do you know something?"

On their way back, Bard couldn't help but ask

Eunice, "What was with that lemonade, really?"

Eunice confessed, "Bella thought there was something off with the lemonade tonight, so she gave it to Serena. Serena hesitated

and wouldn't drink it, so I wanted to find out if the drink was drugged and if Serena had drugged it to harm Bella. Turns out Bella was right; the drink was drugged, and the effects were strong".

"You mean, Serena drugged Bella?" Bard was in disbelief.

Serena had always been a considerate and kind child in their eyes.

It wasn't that he was viewing her through a family bias; it was through eighteen years of interactions that he had come to know her genuine simplicity and kindness.

Now, Eunice was suggesting that Serena might have poisoned the lemonade to harm Bella. Was this a momentary lapse, or had there been long-standing resentment?

"Bella doesn't force issues. Her insistence on Serena drinking that lemonade speaks volumes." Eunice knew Arabella wasn't that kind of person. However, Eunice suspected that Arabella lacked concrete evidence that Serena had drugged her drink, which was why she hadn't disclosed it in front of everyone.

Now that Serena drank the lemonade, even if the cup weren't cleaned and sterilized by the restaurant staff, the little residue left

could hardly be tested for anything conclusive. Even Bella, with her exceptional medical skills, could only detect the scent of regular lemonade.

Bella had mentioned, whoever made it must be pretty skilled.

"I'll have someone check the recent purchases of such drugs in the market, see who's buying them. If we follow the trail, we should find something; Eunice instructed as she pulled out her smartphone and gave orders to her subordinates.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1435

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1435

• • •

Chapter 1435

Bard also took out his phone to issue instructions.

"I'm gonna have someone question the restaurant staff. See if there's a mole

or if anyone's been sneaking around the kitchen."

Back in her room, Arabella took out her own phone and instructed, "I need you to check the black

market for a drug. It causes

continuous flatulence after initial ingestion,

discomfort in the stomach, inability to expel waste,

followed by continuous diarrhea

and hallucinations, with effects lasting approximately twelve hours."

"What kind of sicko comes up with this stuff? It's like they're out to get someone. That's just twisted."

Justin's voice crackled

through the phone, barely masking his concern.

"Boss, tell me no one's trying to pull this number on you!"

"Why so many questions?"

"Someone's actually got the guts to mess with you?

Just give me a name, and I'll go chop his head off!"

"We'll talk about it once I've got a name, Arabella replied coolly. "Gotta go, I need to get some sleep."

Meanwhile, the servants occasionally heard strange noises coming from Serena's room. They didn't dare peek, just kept their distance.

Until the next morning, a little past nine.

Serena opened her eyes and suddenly noticed the ceiling was colorful and even damaged.

She couldn't believe it. Sitting up, she saw that all the ceiling lights were busted, the room was trashed, and she felt like she'd been hit by a truck.

What on earth had happened?

Had there been a burglar in her room?

Had she lost her virginity?

The thought made her glance down, noticing her clothes were in disarray.

And then she saw it—a massive bruise on her stomach. What in the world had happened?

Her mind was a mess, but slowly she recalled something about a Snow Queen kicking her in the belly.

A Snow Queen?

Why was her mind throwing her these bizarre flashbacks?

Frantically, she tried to get out of bed, but her body was weak. She collapsed to the floor and struggled to get back up. Finally

standing, she staggered to the door and pounded weakly on it.

The servants nearby were terrified, huddling together, fearing Serena might unleash more chaos. When Serena called out normally for someone to open the door, they hesitantly sent Iria, the bravest among them.

"Iria" Serena said as the door swung open, about to ask what had happened, but Iria looked as if she'd seen a ghost and bolted back.

Serena was baffled. What was going on with them? One scaredy-cat was one thing, but seven or eight huddled together, looking at her like she was a monster.

"Thurn," Serena said directly, "come here!"

Thurn approached, tears welling up in her eyes, clutching her swollen cheek.

"Ms. Serena"

"What happened to you?"

Serena tried to move Thurn's hand to see her face, but Thurn started screaming, "Please, Serena, have mercy! I've already lost a tooth."

"What are you talking about?" Serena was confused by Thurn's wailing and quickly grew impatient.

"Never mind, just go. Get someone else here."

Eventually, under the servants' collective urging, a timid maid named Liz stepped forward.

She didn't want to, but being the newest one, she had to follow the others' lead.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1436

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1436

• • •

Chapter 1436

"Ms. Serena."

"What in the world happened to my room?" Serena asked, her eyes scanning the chaos, "Did we get burgled? Are the other

rooms trashed too? Was I attacked in my sleep last night? Why am I covered in bruises? And why is everyone acting like I'm some sort of monster?"

The maid recounted the previous night's events in painstaking detail.

Serena was incredulous. "And why is my hand so swollen and painful?"

"That would be because you attempted to karate chop a dining table last night," the maid explained, a nervous edge to her voice.

"Ms. Bella said you might have a slight fracture. Luckily, it didn't displace, so you don't need to be realigned. Just a cast for a couple of weeks should do."

Karate chopping a table? A fracture?

The disbelief on Serena's face deepened as the maid continued to spill the beans about her antics upon returning home: jogging in place, knocking over vases, tumbling down the stairs, and continuously passing gas.

But karate chopping a table and ending up with a fracture? What on earth were those about?

Only under relentless questioning did the maid finally stammer out the full account.

Serena felt as if she'd been struck by lightning. She couldn't believe that she had, in front of Romeo and Martin, embraced a tree

and smothered it with kisses, attempted a pole dance, and the table-chopping.

Not to mention the mortifying things she'd blurted out.

And it didn't end there. She had even tried to take a shit on Arabella's balcony in front of several servants!

She was beyond embarrassed.

"Because you were causing such a scene last night without any antidote, Eunice had no choice but to tie you to the bed."

Saying that, Thurn glanced at the missing tie on Serena's wrist. Clearly, Serena had snapped it during the night.

"Eunice tied me to the bed? Then how come I'm standing here?" Serena looked down at her wrists, noting the layered marks. It seemed she had been restrained with some cord but had broken free.

Thurn went on to tell Serena how Serena had tried to kiss her grandfather, hurled insults at her grandmother and Eunice as if they were Arabella, and explained the servants' fear.

"Last night, you insisted on feeding Zola with a slipper, claiming it was a pastry you'd made. You said not eating it was an insult to you".

"You tried to pull out Iria's hair, convinced she was wearing a wig and determined to expose her 'baldness."

"You also claimed yourself the farm owner, ordering everyone to crawl on the ground like animals. You said the 'sheep' should eat the 'grass; which turned out to be clothes from your wardrobe, and the 'cattle' should drink 'water" from your toilet"

"You even slapped Thurn, saying she was a homewrecker, and knocked out some of her teeth." Serena couldn't believe that last night's drug was so strong that it caused her to do so many humiliating things!

No wonder the servants looked at her like she was a ghost. Thank goodness, Liz had filled her in, or she'd still be clueless about the extent of her absurd behavior.

"UL didn't do anything to you last night, did 1?"

Serena feigned concern.

"You were relatively kind to me, Serena. You just made me play a horse, carrying you around the room." the maid hesitated,

"though you did whip my back with a leather belt for half an hour. It still hurts a bit"

Serena winced in empathy. She could never have imagined the bizarre things she'd gotten up to the night before.

"I'll give you all a bonus later, to apologize. I'm really sorry. I got carried away after drinking last night." After drinking the lemonade, which she realized had been drugged, she had foolishly tried to cover it up by purposely drinking a shot of whiskey in front of her family.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1437

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1437

• • •

Chapter 1437

She planned to blame all her behavior on the classic excuse of having been drunk.

After all, getting a little wild after a few drinks was a common enough tale.

"I'll go freshen up. Would you mind asking someone to tidy up my room?"

Serena said, feeling the uncomfortable stickiness all over her skin.

Half an hour later.

When she got down the stairs after her shower, she immediately noticed Eunice sitting in the prime spot on the couch, looking at her tablet.

Eunice was browsing the financial news and looked up at the sound. "Feeling better now?"

"Aunt Eunice." Serena's voice was timid, afraid that Eunice might be about to settle scores.

Eunice put her tablet aside and with a commanding presence instructed, "Call the doctor over."

"Yes, Mrs. Griffith" The servant hurried to get Dr. Justin.

"You put on quite the show last night trying to break a table with your bare hands and ended up with a fractured wrist, so I called

the doctor to have a look; Serena had a creeping feeling that Eunice was settling scores with her but expressed her gratitude

nonetheless, "Thank you, Eunice."

"Serena, take a seat, and let's have a look at that hand," said Justin, a renowned orthopedic surgeon and one of the Griffith family's trusted doctors.

Sitting down on the couch, Serena could feel Eunice's penetrating gaze and began to explain, "I had too much to drink last night and did a lot of ridiculous things. I wouldn't have believed it myself if the servant hadn't told me. I'm so sorry for my behavior,

Eunice. I didn't mean to be so disrespectful"

Eunice, cutting straight to the point, asked, "Have you always had feelings for Romeo? Haven't you moved on?"

"It's not like that! Bella and Romeo are the perfect couple. Besides, I'm with Martin now."

"From what I see, you don't seem too fond of Martin."

Eunice's words made Serena anxious, "Eunice, whatever I said or did last night was beyond my control. If I could have controlled it, why would I let myself be so embarrassed? It was all that whiskey."

"Was it the lemonade, perhaps?" Eunice's gaze was challenging.

Serena played dumb, "What about the lemonade? It was the whiskey that did me in last night, I just couldn't handle it"

"But the doctor found hallucinogens and other toxins in your system. How do you explain that?"

"You mean, someone drugged my drink?" Serena's eyes widened in disbelief.

“At your restaurant, who would dare? Did you find out who it was? Was it the whiskey? Or the food? Did any of you get affected too?”

“You really don't know anything?” Eunice's tone suggested she wasn't easily fooled.

But Serena insisted, “Eunice, why would I drug myself? What's in it for me?”

“What if you meant to harm someone else but ended up harming yourself by mistake?”

Eunice's suggestion left Serena stunned and in disbelief.

Eunice always had an air of cool authority, and right now, her gaze was piercing.

Facing Eunice's imposing demeanor, Serena felt the weight of her gaze.

Eunice was Serena's elder, her presence and intensity outmatching Serena's.

Just then, Serena faintly heard her grandfather's footsteps descending the stairs, and tears welled up as she asked with a

hoarse, aggrieved voice, “What are you implying, Eunice? Everyone at the dinner table last night is family. Not to mention the

years we've spent together, even my sister, who's only been back in the family for half a year, has given me precious gifts and

shown me nothing but kindness. How could I harm anyone? Why would I harm you all?"

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1438

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1438

• • •

Chapter 1438

Darren was stretching leisurely when he came down the stairs, only to hear the choked sobs of Serena.

Instinctively, he

quickenened his pace. Reaching the bottom, he saw her eyes, red and swollen with tears.

"What on earth happened here?"

He glanced from Serena who seemed pitiful, to the imposing Eunice, who sat at the head of the table, completely baffled by the scene.

Had the two argued?

"Serena, you're awake. And what's with the cast on your arm? Eunice, what's going on here?"

Serena's tears streamed down her cheeks as she sobbed, "Grandpa, do you really think I would harm you? Last night, I just started feeling sick all of a sudden. I mentioned it in the car, didn't I? I felt like I was going to be sick, and after we got out. I don't know, I started hallucinating."

She continued through her tears, "I can't remember what happened next. If it weren't for the servants telling me, I wouldn't believe I did all those bizarre things last night. I'm covered in bruises, and I have no idea how I got them.

How could this possibly be related to being drugged?"

"Being drugged? What are you talking about?"

Eunice, you suspect that Serena drugged herself?"

Darren asked, confused,

"Does that even make sense? There's no benefit to her in doing that."

"What if she meant to drug someone else and accidentally took it herself?"

Eunice asked coldly.

"So in your eyes, I'm that kind of venomous person?"

We were having such a lovely family dinner last night; who would I possibly want to harm? Why would I want to harm any of you? After eighteen years, do you really see me as a heartless monster?"

Just then, Belinda, drawn by the commotion, asked in bewilderment, "What's all this noise about? Why the commotion so early in the morning?"

"Aunt Eunice, if you prefer Bella because she's blood-related and wants to get rid of me, just say it. Why accuse me unfairly? I'm a victim here! I'm humiliated in front of my boyfriend. I'd rather be dead! Now you also misunderstand me."

Serena's tears flowed as she clung to Belinda's neck, weeping bitterly.

Belinda had never seen her granddaughter so devastated, crying in her embrace. Serena had always been the darling of the family, never allowed to shed a tear.

"So what's the deal now? I'm still not clear on it. Eunice, you think Serena tried to poison us, but accidentally hurt herself? Is that

it? Do you have any proof?" Belinda asked, lifting her head.

Eunice, of course, had no evidence. Her intention was to rattle Serena with psychological tactics to see if she would slip up.

But Serena, perhaps sensing support had arrived, burst into tears, which made Eunice suspect her even more.

Innocent people don't need such dramatics, nor do they need someone to back them up.

Serena's reaction seemed a bit like a cover-up.

"I have no proof" Eunice admitted, but her gaze at Serena was inscrutable, as if trying to see through her.

"If there's no evidence' Belinda was at a loss for words. The situation was bizarre, but without proof, it was wrong to accuse

Serena. What if they were wrong about her?

"If you believe someone is behind this, trying to harm our family, then I implore you, Grandma, and Grandpa to investigate

thoroughly and clear my name!" Serena was emphatic, her words strong despite the tears, "Even though I'm not a natural-born

Collins, I would never harm you! I'm not heartless. In my eyes, you will always be my dearest and most cherished family!"

Seeing her so earnest, Belinda and Darren felt a stab of guilt. It seemed they had indeed wronged Serena.

Her expression was so innocent, her eyes welled up in tears. They had never seen her so wronged and angry before.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1439

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1439

• • •

Chapter 1439

It couldn't have been Serena; if it were, why would she insist on an investigation to prove her innocence?

"Serena, your aunt was just asking casually; she meant no harm," Belinda comforted, "She too wants to uncover the truth quickly to clear the air for everyone. Maybe she was a bit abrupt in her approach, but don't take it to heart. It's not just your aunt; your grandfather and I will make sure there's a thorough investigation. We won't let the person who's trying to harm us get away! If you're innocent, I'll definitely do you justice"

"Thanks, Grandma," Serena said, her tears turning into a smile as she spoke endearingly, "Grandma, my hand really hurts."

She showed her hand to Belinda, revealing cuts and one palm even wrapped in a cast.

"Justin, how's Serena's injury?" Belinda asked with concern.

"She's got a minor fracture and will need about two weeks of recovery. I've prescribed some medication, and unless there's something else, I should get going"

Justin felt a bit uneasy, knowing too well the discomfort of being privy to another family's issues.

"Thanks for your help. Someone escort Dr. Justin out, please."

After Justin left, Serena continued to play up her charm in front of her grandparents, apologizing for her behavior the night

before, claiming she drank too much and had no recollection, insisting it wasn't intentional.

Eunice realized why Arabella hadn't publicly accused Serena of possibly drugging her drink the night before—there was no evidence.

Sharing an unsubstantiated claim with others would at best lead to half-hearted belief; no one would take it seriously.

Eunice rose with her tablet in hand to return to her room, just as she received a report from one of her aides.

"Ma'am, the drug you asked me to look into hasn't turned up in Oakridge City and other cities. It might take a bit longer to find any leads."

"Expand the search. Check the neighboring countries, especially Solterra, and do it thoroughly. She felt more and more convinced that Serena was involved in this matter.

"Yes, ma'am."

Back in the living room.

After placating Darren and Belinda, Serena recalled Martha's words and a glint of luck flashed in her eyes.

Martha had said she'd covered her tracks well, leaving no trail for anyone to find.

It didn't matter what Darren, Belinda, Eunice, or Arabella did in their investigation. Because the dealer was already dead! Dead men tell no tales! Even if by some miracle someone traced an indirect connection between Martha and dealer, there was no evidence to suggest Martha had slipped the drug into Arabella's drink, and Martha had no clear motive. The number of people involved, even an organization, was not something Arabella could simply uncover! With this thought, Serena's lips curled into a triumphant smile.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1440

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1440

• • •

Chapter 1440

Serena had only been back in her room for a short while when she heard a knock at the door.

She ran to answer it, only to have Arabella kick her right in the stomach.

"Qof." Serena crashed to the floor, wincing in pain, "Arabella, have you lost your mind?"

With the door shut firmly behind her, Arabella strode over with icy composure, grabbed Serena's collar, and hissed, "Heard you woke up, huh? Time to settle some scores."

Before Serena could get a word out, Arabella slapped in her face.

Caught off guard, Serena was bombarded with slap after slap, feeling dizzy and tasting blood at the corner of her mouth.

Finally, Arabella kicked her again. Serena felt a familiar sensation, in the exact same spot, prompting an epiphany from Serena,

"You. you were the Snow Queen from last night".

She vaguely remembered a Snow Queen kicking her in the stomach with the same force, at the same spot. There was no mistaking it; it was Arabella.

"Well, aren't you the bright one?" Arabella hoisted Serena up for another kick, "Since you have such a good memory, make sure you remember this lesson well.

So she wouldn't foolishly cross Arabella again and suffer for it.

Serena hit the ground hard, her plaster-wrapped crushing to the floor, agony ripping through her.

That damn Arabella.

Chattering through the pain, Serena threatened, "I'll expose you to grandma and grandpa and let them see who you really are.

You wretch, daring to hit me".

Arabella's lips curled into a frosty smirk. A wretch?

Glancing around the room, her eyes fell on a vanity stool. She picked it up and walked over to Serena.

Too hurt to stand, Serena scrambled back, shouting, "Arabella, you wouldn't dare! When grandma and grandpa see my bruises,

what will they think of you? Aren't you afraid of ruining the image you've worked so hard to build?"

"If they knew you drugged me, they'd think I went too easy on you."

"Do you have proof? Without proof, it's slander!"

Serena raised her voice, hoping to be heard outside,

"Are you attacking me

based on your assumptions? Don't forget, this is Uncle's house, not a place for a young girl like you to make a scene!"

"You better hope you've destroyed all the evidence. If not, I won't let you off lightly-"

"So, you have no proof after all. Shouldn't you be leaving my room then?"

Arabella smiled coldly, "Even without proof, if I want to hit you, you're getting hit"

As she spoke, the vanity stool crashed down on Serena.

Serena's scream caught the attention of the servants outside.

"Ms. Serena, what's wrong?" came the anxious knocking of Liz, "Are you alright? May I come in?"

Just as Serena tried to call for help, Arabella brought the stool down again, and Serena's cries got even louder.

Liz was terrified and rushed to find Eunice, "Ma'am, something's happened to Serena."

The screams were horrifying.

Liz was too timid to open the door and see what was happening inside.

Eunice approached Serena's door, faintly hearing the sisters' quarrel.

"Arabella. how could you." Serena, in excruciating pain, felt as if her bones were falling apart with every movement. She glared

at Arabella with hatred.

"You dare to drug me, why shouldn't I retaliate?"

Arabella slammed the stool down on Serena once more.

"Ahh."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·