

Arabella 1542

Chapter 1542

Kenneth's heart sank as he pondered their situation, "At first, we were thinking about the old folks' health and, to be honest, we wanted a bit more time with Bella. We didn't want a swarm of nosy relatives barging in and disrupting her life."

"But Clark did say that announcing it at the end of the year would be best. He mentioned Bella still had some loose ends to tie up out there; the specifics of which are beyond me."

But deep down, Louisa didn't want the revelation of their daughter's identity to become a burden on Bella, which was why she took Clark's advice to heart and decided to schedule the announcement for the end of this year.

"Only about ten more days left now. Then we'll invite the entire McMillian family to witness the moment," Kenneth planned with her.

Serena was in the bathroom, wrestling with diarrhea. To gain Arabella's understanding, she had downed half a bottle of hot sauce, leaving her gut and rear end ablaze with fiery pain.

When she finally got out of the bathroom, she saw the servants packing up her clothes and bedding. She couldn't help but ask, "What's all this about?"

that, as punishment for your misdeeds, you are to reflect on your

suspected she had misheard. Yet, there they were, one servant folding her

came from mom? She

Mrs. Collins

be Arabella! Arabella must have

that thought, she dashed downstairs and accosted the butler, "Where are mom

might catch them at the front gate," Erik heard of her

was clear that this

she saw her parents' car gliding past the fountain, she lunged

the window, tears welling up in her eyes, "I

she kept knocking, "Dad, mom, just

"Stop the car," Louisa ordered coldly.

The driver immediately hit the brakes. Moments before, he had been caught in a dilemma, not daring to stop but also not wanting to speed up, inching forward at a mere 10 miles per hour. He feared if Serena accidentally hit the car and got hurt, he would be in deep trouble.

Thankfully, Mrs. Collins called for a halt.

The window rolled down, revealing Louisa's indifferent profile.

"Mom, are you really sending me to live in the guesthouse? Did my sis say something to you? You won't even give me a chance to explain before sending me away?" Serena's tears fell, her voice laden with hurt and sorrow.

After all, they were living in the main house; the guesthouse next door was meant for visitors.