

Arabella 1617

Chapter 1617

"Because Ms. Arabella is our top client at LM, she naturally gets priority."

"What are you implying?"

"Didn't Mrs. Collins inform you? You're no longer a VIP with our brand. Ms. Arabella has taken your place."

"What did you just say?" Serena doubted her own eyes, but the message from Giselle was clear; Arabella had usurped her status as LM's VIP.

She was stunned for a moment before asking, "When did this happen?"

"Just now."

Serena hadn't expected this. Not only had her mother not allowed those designers to come and tailor clothes for her, she had actually transferred her membership to Arabella.

unfortunately, I can no longer continue to serve you, Ms. Serena. Should you become a VIP with our brand

other high-end brand account managers, only to find out

this had just happened; her mother had revoked all her VIP privileges in

much did it cost? With your connections, LM must've given you a hefty discount. Thanks so much, you've saved me a bundle. Which card

while before replying, [Juliet, I just found out that my mom thinks LM is too downmarket for our family's current status. So, I'm no longer their VIP client.

an emoji of astonishment, unable to believe that a brand on par with LV could be considered 'low-end' brink of bankruptcy? Or facing cash

simply stop shopping there, but why go to the extent of

it, Juliet didn't want to push, and politely dropped the subject after a few

cautiously reported, "The items you ordered online have been delivered, but Mrs. Collins didn't sign for

"What do you mean??" Serena was shocked. The goods she had ordered a few days ago from a high-end international website had not been signed for by her mother.

In the past, no matter what she purchased, someone always paid for it upon delivery. But now, her mother really had changed!

"Also, the New Year's gift you picked out, the Ferrari, has been canceled by Mrs. Collins too. The dealership called to ask why, and she said she wanted to get a better one for Ms. Arabella."

"What did you say??" Serena was utterly dumbfounded, unable to believe her mother's blatant favoritism.

"And, there's more." Betty carefully laid out the dinner, her voice tentative, "Your cards have been frozen."

"When did this happen? Which cards??" Serena asked, her shock unabated.

Her parents had given her several sub credit cards in the past, always depositing money into them every month, allowing her to buy whatever she wanted.