

Arabella 1723

Chapter 1723

"You probably haven't been to many fancy occasions, huh? It's normal to get butterflies. I know Grandpa Phillip's ways and temper very well. If you slip up or do something wrong, I'm right there to smooth things over. Come on, take me with you."

Serena had a way with words, that much was certain.

Aside from her gossiping, her actions often left others speechless.

Take, for instance, the time when the family was enjoying afternoon tea together. Serena, thinking she had the inside track on her parents' tastes after all these years, made a show of it right in front of her. She'd pour Dad and Mom each a cup of tea. When it came grudgingly to serving Arabella, noticing she was wearing a white dress, Serena even considered scolding her.

When Dad asked about which college she wanted to apply to, Serena jumped in with "I'm aiming for Summerfield College," flaunting her academic prowess in front of Arabella.

In front of everyone, Serena clung to Dad, Mom, and her brothers, acting all cutesy. To the outside, it seemed like the family orbited solely around Serena. Eighteen years old and still acting like a child.

Then there was the time Serena knew Arabella wanted to go out, so Serena raced her for the driver, offering in a mock-generous tone, "If you're really in a hurry, I suppose you can take the car first."

up, slipped into something revealing, and made a show of bending over and placing a hand on Romeo's knee, the curves of her chest on full display as she confessed her feelings. After he turned her down, she had the gall to show up

her front, making sure she was soaked right in front of Romeo, hoping to stir something in

Romeo was at Arabella's beck and call, Serena had the nerve to tell

to her best friend,

list went on

Serena had never intended to live in harmony with

being scolded by Hans and Chasel, Serena seemed to change a bit, but it wasn't long before she

gaze landing on Martha, "And you, ever since I came back home, you've

front of Arabella's parents, Martha would play the angel, but in private, she wouldn't even

get closer

It was Martha's conspiratorial glances that emboldened Serena to act so recklessly.

"And then there was that night, Mom called me down for soup, and you, you spiked it with something nasty."

Martha bristled at the memory, "You ungrateful little wretch, I'd nearly forgotten. You had the nerve to make me eat it. I was sick all night!"

"That's called getting a taste of your own medicine," Arabella retorted, looking straight into Martha's eyes, fearless. "Just like when you spilled oil all over the floor hoping I'd slip, and you and your daughter ended up taking the fall instead."

Martha, reminded of these humiliations, grew even angrier. "You're really asking for it."

She snatched a leather whip from one of her men and lashed it across Arabella's back.

"Boss—" Horace struggled frantically, "Damn it, leave her alone! Come at me!"