

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1091

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“Are you concerned that Mom might not have feelings for Bella and favor Serena more?” Sampson voiced her worries, “Afraid of hurting Bella's feelings?”

Louisa's eyes reddened even more, “You know, Bella is such a sensible child. Even when she's upset, she doesn't show it. I'm afraid that if she returns to this home, and we do something wrong, it would hurt her again.”

Sampson chuckled.

“Louisa, you know what? The first time I met Bella, I thought she looked a lot like you, with a standout personality that makes her noticeable in a crowd. As we got to know each other, I found out that she's cold on the outside but warm on the inside. She's a

quiet one, but she's kind-hearted and intelligent. She's a great doctor, a successful businesswoman, and when she saved me that day, I found out that she's also skillful. The prescription she wrote was so elegant. She has so many strengths, I'm not worried about Mom not liking her. But you're right about one thing, Mom loves Serena. The love she's given Serena over the years is deeply ingrained. She won't suddenly start favoring Bella just because we told her about Bella's identity. Everything takes time, and you need to understand that too. As long as Mom treats them equally, things will fall into place."

Just as Sampson finished speaking, he saw Kenneth carrying a cup of coffee.

Seeing him, Kenneth smiled, "Sampson, why didn't you go back to your room to rest? Had I known you were here, I would have made another cup. I'll make one for you later."

"No need to trouble yourself, Kenneth." Sampson's gaze was gentle, "Every time my sister is upset, you make her coffee. You've always been hands-on these years, and I'm glad my sister married you."

“Sampson, are you being distant with me again? Isn't it normal to treat my wife well? Otherwise, what's the point of bringing a wife home?” Kenneth said, then handed over the coffee with a smile, “Right, honey? It's not hot anymore, I let it cool down before bringing it over. Give it a taste.”

Seeing her husband trying to please her, Louisa couldn't help but smile.

“Sampson always keep your favorite coffee at home, no matter which villa he is staying in.” Kenneth didn't forget to say

something nice about his brother-in-law.

Louisa pouted, “Hmph, do we need you to praise our sibling relationship?”

“Okay, okay, the bond between you is stronger than gold, words can't describe how good you are to each other.”

The three of them chatted and laughed together.

In the evening, after dinner, Sampson suggested, “Bella said that Mom will wake up tomorrow. Why don't we take her out for a walk tonight? As her uncle, I also want to buy her some things to show my affection.”

Kenneth hesitated, would it be inappropriate to go out and play before Mom woke up?

"Bella said that Mom's condition isn't serious, and she'll wake up tomorrow. I just want to take my sister out to relax, and make Bella happy." Sampson didn't want the atmosphere at home to be so heavy.

"I'll ask your sister's opinion." Kenneth always listened to Louisa, and hurriedly went to consult her. Meanwhile, Sampson wanted to discuss the outing with Arabella. He saw her sitting on the living room couch, one hand on her phone, exuding a powerful aura.

As he approached, he saw his niece handling work matters. He was a bit surprised. Did she know foreign language.

Had her business expanded this broadly? Even into Dawnstar?

At that moment, Arabella finished replying to a message and looked up at Sampson, "Uncle Sampson, what's up?"

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"See, I want to go out and about, but there's no one to accompany me." Sampson studied his niece's reaction, testing the waters,

"Are you available?"

Arabella saw right through him, "Uncle Sampson, you've already given me so many properties and shares, I'd feel guilty if you bought me anything else."

She couldn't bear to see her uncle spending any more.

"We won't buy anything. It's just a walk. Your parents are also going, consider it relaxation. It's your first time here, I want to show you around."

"Let's go then." Arabella stood up.

"Let me check if your parents are ready.' Having settled one side, Sampson moved onto the next, "Louisa, Bella agreed to go out. The three of us should accompany her, it's a rare opportunity."

Eventually, the four of them set off in a luxury limousine.

Sampson's status in this country was very high, so whenever he went out, there were four cars leading the way and four cars tailing.

Whenever people on the street saw this spectacle, they knew it was Sampson out and about.

While waiting at the red light, people cast envious and curious glances.

"Is Lidaria's night view pretty?" Sampson asked Arabella in the car.

"It's alright"

"Whenever you come to this country, if there's anything you cannot handle, you can always turn to me. Of course, you can find me even if there's nothing. I look forward to your visit."

"Alright, I will visit when I have the time." Arabella promised.

"Bella, look, all the shops on this street belong to your uncle."

After the car turned a corner, Kenneth pointed out the window, "The shops on this street also belong to your uncle. In this

country, your uncle owns a lot of properties."

Listening to her father's introduction, they soon arrived at the city's largest luxury shopping center.

"This mall also belongs to your uncle."

Of course, not all of the high-end brands inside belong to Sampson.

Sampson wanted the staff to clear out the customers, but Arabella gently said, "No need, let's not disturb others. We'll just look around."

Even though Arabella didn't want to make a spectacle, having twenty bodyguards following them, plus the mall manager and management leading the way, they attracted attention wherever they went.

"who is that girl? She knows Sampson at such a young age?"

"It looks like Sampson brought her shopping."

"Who is she?"

"Bella, which brand do you like?" Sampson asked in a low voice.

"I thought you wanted to go shopping."

"Right, right." Sampson pondered, "Let's go check out QY."

He heard that a lot of young people liked the QY brand.

Kenneth and Louisa heard this and thought, wasn't this Bella's brand?

"Alright." Arabella signaled her parents not to reveal this. If her uncle liked anything, they would just gift it to him.

The manager of QY was informed that Sampson was coming and hurriedly appeared. When she accidentally saw Arabella, her eyes widened.

As the regional manager and store manager of QY in Lidaria, she had the fortune of seeing Arabella once in a video conference.

She had a deep impression of Arabella, and never thought she would meet Arabella in person today. But she never expected that Arabella would appear with Sampson.

Could they be a couple?

"See if there's anything suitable for him." Arabella did not reveal her uncle's identity directly.

The manager heard this and quickly led Sampson to the men's section.

Sampson walked around inside, with some bodyguards following. The other customers couldn't help but start gossiping.

"Is that Sampson? He's so handsome!"

"Did he bring his girlfriend to shop?"

"His girlfriend looks so young, like a student."

"She's not even as pretty as me!"

A blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl confidently flicked her hair, revealing her shoulders in a sultry manner, and walked up sexily.

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A couple of bodyguards stopped her in her tracks.

She flicked her hair back, seductively throwing a

flirtatious glance at Sampson.

"Mr. Sampson, my name is Lucy. I've admired you for a long time. I've even learned to play golf just for you.

Would I have the honor of getting your phone number?"

The surrounding customers were taken aback. They didn't expect her to be so bold. Sampson, on the surface, seemed like a gentleman, but in reality, he was a tough guy.

But she dared to flirt with him unabashedly.

Unfazed, Sampson glanced at her before Louisa intervened. "Miss, if you could keep your dignity in check."

"Are you Mr. Sampson's sister?" Lucy quickly put on a smile, "Nice to meet you, I'm Lucy. I really like your brother.

Please give me a chance. I promise to make him happy for the rest of his life."

Louisa was left speechless. What could this exotic girl offer to make her brother happy? His money?

Lucy pointed at Arabella, standing up straight to accentuate her figure. "Don't you think I'm better than her?"

"Better than her?"

"In terms of dressing, figure, I surpass her in every way!"

At this, Louisa waved her off, "Have her escorted out."

"What did I say wrong?"

Two bodyguards escorted Lucy out.

Lucy desperately tried to argue her case, "You don't know me. Once you do, you'll see that I'm better than her."

Louisa smiled, "I may not know you, but I know her. You're not even worth one of her fingers. Goodbye."

Once Lucy was escorted out, Louisa sighed, "Such a spectacle. It's disgraceful. And Sampson, you're getting older, when will you find a girlfriend? I can't always be the one shielding you from these women."

Sampson changed the topic, "Let's check out the women's section."

"Did you not see anything you liked?"

There was nothing in the men's section, clothes, accessories, shoes that he liked?

"They're all average."

Kenneth and Louisa were speechless.

This was Bella's design, and he just called it 'average'!

"Sampson, listen to me. Louisa was interrupted by the store manager.

"Notify everyone to have this brand removed from our store overnight."

"Sampson, what are you doing! This brand, QY, it's."

Louisa was interrupted by the manager's panicked voice.

"Boss, what do we do?" the manager was frantic. He had seen the boss and Sampson walk in together earlier and thought they were a couple. But then, she called him uncle.

There seemed to be tension within the family. And now, they were being asked to leave overnight. He thought, was there no love in wealthy families, just business?

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Sampson, taken aback by the store manager's words, asked, "What did you just call her?"

"Uh, she's our boss." The manager looked terrified.

"Mr. Sampson, did we do something wrong? If you have any complaints,

please speak with our boss, but don't make us close overnight. Give us a chance to correct our mistakes."

Kenneth, realizing he couldn't hide it anymore, admitted, "OY was founded by Bella."

"You just said that this brand's designs are average."

Louisa chimed in, not missing a chance to stir the pot.

Sampson felt as if he'd been struck by lightning.

"Uncle Sampson, if there's anything you think I should improve, feel free to tell me."

Hearing Arabella say this, Sampson was taken aback and it took a while for him to respond, "I didn't know you were the designer.

How are you so talented at such a young age?

You've managed to create such a big brand?"

Seeing Arabella stay silent, Sampson quickly added,

"I just wanted to buy you something, as a token of my affection. I was

looking in the women's section. then suddenly remembered there are several designs in the men's section that I like."

"You don't have to force yourself if you don't like them."

"No, no, no, I really like several items." Sampson quickly went back to the men's section, grabbing over a dozen outfits and handing them to the manager. "Wrap all these up for me."

This was his niece's brand. How could he, as her uncle, not show his support?

So he pointed to a row of clothes, shoes, and bags in the men's section. "Wrap all these up for me."

"Of course, Mr. Sampson!" The manager quickly got his staff to package everything.

"Uncle, do you really like them?"

"Of course, don't you believe me? Ask the people around me."

The bodyguards behind him quickly testified.

"Mr. Sampson really likes this style of suits."

"These scarves, brooches, watches, and cufflinks are all items Mr. Sampson likes. He's bought similar ones before."

Half of the men's section was quickly cleared out and packaged.

When the bodyguard was about to pay with Sampson's card, Arabella stopped him. "I want to gift these to you."

"That's not acceptable!" Sampson refused outright, "If you did this, I would feel guilty, I wouldn't be able to sleep at night."

"If you don't allow me to gift these, then I won't be able to sleep."

Seeing that he couldn't convince her, Sampson tried to persuade her gently, "How could I take advantage of my niece? How much do these cost? Today, I must pay."

"No.

"Be good."

"Not today."

Louisa, who was standing by, couldn't help but step in, "Ever since you said you were coming here to browse, Bella wanted to gift you something. Otherwise, she wouldn't have asked us to keep it a secret. She wanted you to pick out what you liked without any distractions."

"Yeah, this is Bella's token of affection. Just accept it." Kenneth also chimed in.

"Louisa, Kenneth, you guys persuade her."

"No, I can't change her mind." Louisa waved her hand.

"This is my precious daughter, I have to listen to her" Kenneth also admitted defeat.

In the end, under Arabella's insistence, Sampson's bodyguard left QY carrying dozens of shopping bags.

To an outsider, it would look like Sampson had generously bought his young girlfriend so many gifts. The manager, along with a dozen or so employees, bowed respectfully as they saw them off.

This scene was captured and posted online.

It immediately went viral.

[Is that Sampson's girlfriend? Is it real or fake? She looks so young!]

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[Looks like dozens of shopping bags. That must have cost a fortune. She's buying all that from one store. This woman is way out of line, swiping Sampson's card like there's no tomorrow.]

[Yeah, so shameless!]

[She should be a bit more reserved, she's not even trying to hide her ambition]

[She's got dollar signs in her eyes, hasn't she?]

[I wish I could be Sampson's woman. She's so lucky, buying so much from just one store.]

[And all those bodyguards and store staff following her around, so grand.]

At this point, Arabella had no idea she was the talk of the town, forcibly dragged by Sampson into a jewelry store.

"Listen to me this time. You have to pick a few items!" Sampson said, not forgetting to whisper to Louisa behind him, "Louisa, this brand isn't one that Bella founded, is it?"

Louisa, unable to help laughing, replied, "No, it's not."

"That's good then."

The shop assistants saw Sampson bringing in his young girlfriend to shop, hurried forward to serve them, showcasing all the store's treasures.

"Sampson, Chanel across the street has a new collection, I'll go take a look, will be back soon."

Louisa, not interested in the jewelry, headed across the street.

Kenneth hurriedly followed, with some of the bodyguards leaving too, leaving Sampson and Arabella in the store.

The shop assistant brought out a dazzling necklace made up of 999 diamonds, "This design is new with 999 diamonds, symbolizing eternity. It suits this lady's temperament: Hearing it could highlight his niece's temperament, Sampson immediately said, "Wrap it up."

"This one can make this lady look even more stunning."

Even more stunning?

Sampson didn't hesitate, "Wrap it up."

Just as Arabella wanted to reject, Sampson said, "If you don't let me buy them, I'll buy the whole brand and put it under your name."

Arabella was speechless.

But the seven or eight shop assistants all looked at her with envy. They thought, "Mr. Sampson was so manly, so domineering.

Having such a boyfriend, this girl was still not content. Was she playing hard to get?"

"Mr. Sampson, what do you think of this set? It symbolizes peace and health."

"Mr. Sampson, take a look at these diamond rings." Sampson bought quite a few pieces of jewelry in one go, then took Arabella to their next destination.

Outside, many people surreptitiously took out their phones, capturing his generous side.

Meanwhile, back at the dormitory, Serena had just finished applying her face mask and was about to sleep when her roommate asked her.

"Serena, isn't Sampson your uncle? His shopping spree with his girlfriend has blown up on the internet. It's the top trending topic, why didn't you tell us you have an aunt?"

Upon hearing this, Serena had a bad feeling. She hurriedly grabbed her roommate's phone to check. Normally, after applying her face mask, she would never look at electronic devices, as it could darken her skin.

But now, she saw a live video of Sampson and Arabella on a shopping spree in the mall under his name, bodyguards carrying

dozens of shopping bags.

Her face turned pale instantly.

"Why does this girl's silhouette look so familiar?"

"We didn't catch her face, but there's something familiar. I thought I've seen her somewhere."

"I have that feeling too."

"Serena, who is she? Does her family have a lot of money?"

"I think she doesn't have much money, look at how she's swiping your uncle's card, just at QY, she bought so much. Look at the logo on the shopping bags."

QY was Arabella's brand, Serena knew that, but she actually took her uncle to shop at her own brand.

Wasn't this just ripping off her uncle's money? It was too despicable.

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"If she becomes your aunt, God knows how she'll squander the family fortune."

"She's too lucky to have caught your uncle's eye."

"Serena, can you tell me what your uncle sees in her? I'm dying to know what kind of women rich men like. I want to learn from

it~ Serena couldn't focus on what her roommate was saying anymore.

It was Christmas Eve tomorrow, and Christmas the day after, but she hadn't received a gift from her uncle yet.

Her uncle used to send her gifts ahead of time, always two at a time.

But this year, her uncle had time and mood to take Arabella shopping but forgot about her, the niece he had lived with for eighteen years!

It was just too much!

On the other side.

Sampson had bought Arabella numerous gifts. He still wasn't done, and it was already midnight.

The mall was supposed to close at ten at night, but due to Sampson's presence, not a single brand closed early, all hoping that Sampson would spend money in their stores. All the shop assistants stood at the entrance, lined up, smiling, their eyes full of anticipation, hoping that Sampson and his entourage would come in.

"Uncle Sampson, it's midnight." Arabella was a little sleepy. "I'm tired."

Louisa yawned, "Let's call it a night."

"Sampson, I know you adore Bella, but it's really late. Let's stop for today."

Seeing that the three of them were indeed tired, Sampson whispered to the mall manager, "Have the rest of the stores send their new collections to my place. I'll continue picking tomorrow."

Wasn't this a bit too much?

"Yes, Mr. Sampson." The mall manager bowed and obeyed.

Sampson didn't forget to instruct his bodyguard, "Arrange for masseuses to come over"

Tonight, he had to make sure his brother-in-law's family was relaxed.

Back home.

Kenneth, Louisa, and Arabella were soaking in different hot tubs, with professional masseuses helping them relax.

Meanwhile, Sampson was still on the phone, "Now and in the future, our malls will always welcome QY, and from this moment

on, all rents for QY are waived. The best location in the mall will always belong to them."

The person on the other end of the phone was obviously stunned for a while before asking in disbelief, "So, Mr.

Sampson, until when the rent is waived?"

After all, it was a considerable amount.

"Until my company goes bankrupt."

The person on the other end was stunned again.

Given the current growth of the company, it wouldn't go bankrupt even in five hundred years.

What had this QY done to get the boss's favor to such an extent?

It was extraordinary!

Meanwhile.

At McMllian Corporation.

Romeo looked at the time and realized that he hadn't seen the little girl for two days. He pressed the intercom and called Carl in.

"We have a small project in Lidaria recently. Have the person in charge hand it over to me. I'll handle it personally.

Carl was taken aback when he heard this, "Mr. Romeo, this is just a tiny project."

Normally, Romeo wouldn't even notice it!

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So now, was the boss bored out of his mind?

No, wait, he suddenly remembered that Ms. Bella had taken off to Lidaria a couple of days ago.

Had she not returned yet? Was Mr. Romeo planning to follow her?

"But Mr. Romeo, didn't Ms. Bella say before she left that she didn't want you tagging along?"

Carl, seated in the driver's seat, remembered their conversation clearly.

With a straight face, Romeo replied, "I'm not going to chase her, I just don't trust anyone else with this project."

Carl thought to himself, "Boss, will Ms. Bella buy that story? If you want to see her, just say so. It's not like she doesn't know you."

"Alright, I'll have the project manager clear the schedule, Carl said, suddenly pausing as a thought struck him.

He turned back with a cheeky grin, "Mr. Romeo, tomorrow is Christmas Eve, and the next day is Christmas.

What about my holiday?"

"What does a bachelor need a holiday for?"

Carl was speechless, on the verge of tears.

Every time the boss had a date or a holiday, he was left with all the work.

Enough was enough. He had to stand up for himself!

"Got a problem with that?" Romeo's gaze fell on him.

Carl replied with a forced smile, "No. I'm grateful for this opportunity. I'm thrilled."

"If work makes you so happy, you can handle the workload for both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day."

Carl almost cried at the news, "Don't worry, Mr. Romeo. I'll get it all done."

"Off you go."

"By the way,' Carl added with a sly grin, "I heard that on Christmas Eve, people give gifts to their loved ones for safekeeping.

Have you prepared any gift?"

Like maybe a little bonus for the hardworking bachelor.

"Would a pink slip do?"

"Mr. Romeo, I just remembered I have something urgent to attend to. I'll get right on it" Carl quickly exited the office.

The next morning.

When Arabella woke up, she found that it was snowing outside. The snowflakes were gently falling, blanketing the world in a pristine white.

Every servant greeted her with a warm smile, "Merry Christmas Eve."

Arabella wished them the same.

"Ms. Bella, you're up so early."

The heating inside was ample, and May, dressed in light clothing, ran up to her.

"They haven't woken up yet. Mr. Sampson instructed that if you're up first, you should have breakfast. I'll take you there."

"You're up this early too."

"Mr. Sampson has plans for today. We all have to prepare early.' May didn't reveal what the day had in store. She wanted to surprise Bella.

After breakfast, Arabella followed May to the wine cellar to choose the wine for the evening.

Arabella hadn't visited this place when she toured her uncle's house the day before. Now, when she entered the cellar, her gaze

was instantly drawn to the wines on the shelves.

"Mr. Sampson has a special affection for wines. He has several cellars, and this one houses his favorites. Each bottle on the shelf has a number. Ms. Bella, which wine would you like to have tonight?"

Each cellar was fitted with a centralized air conditioning system to monitor the temperature and humidity. The lighting was strictly controlled. Every bottle stored here was wrapped in paper and neatly arranged on the shelves.

When Arabella arrived, there were security personnel patrolling, with fire extinguishers, smoke detectors, and surveillance

cameras scattered about. It was clear that her uncle held these wines in high regard.

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The security here might outrun that of a bank vault. May chuckled to Arabella, "This wine cellar alone is comparable to a small bank vault. I heard from the cellar keeper that the worth of just a few of these bottles would be enough to buy a villa."

Arabella wasn't particularly fond of wine, but, influenced greatly by her grandfather since childhood, she knew good wine when she saw it and had an eye for quality.

"Let's take these two,' Arabella said, pointing at two bottles. May immediately had them brought over.

"Ms. Bella, could wine be considered a form of investment, its value appreciating over time?" May asked, curious.

"Fine wine appreciates quite rapidly."

"No wonder there are so many members under Mr. Sampson's vineyard. They're all collectors. After buying the wine, they store it in Mr. Sampson's cellar. These members have personal wine racks engraved with their names, each bottle of wine has a number.

If they want to retrieve their wine one day, there are people who will deliver it to them"

"Do you like wine?" Arabella asked.

"I've been allergic to alcohol since I was a kid. But I admire Mr. Sampson's business acumen. Being around him has really broadened my horizons."

They chatted away. After getting the wine, Kenneth, Louisa, and Sampson had already gotten up and finished breakfast.

"Bella, can you ski?" Sampson asked, visibly excited upon seeing her.

"I can a little"

"Great! It's snowing today, let's go skiing." Sampson had the vehicles prepared, and the group set off with great momentum.

In this country, Sampson owned multiple ski resorts. The largest and most scenic one was the Ski Resort. The mountain there looked like a ram's horn.

There, the beautiful snow lines allowed skiers to overlook the distant snow-covered villages, a true feast for the eyes.

The snow there was excellent, large and dense, soft and fine. The snow on the ground was pillowy, attracting many wealthy people.

The key was that the skiing here was very smooth, even if you fell, it didn't hurt.

When Arabella first arrived at the ski resort, a group of staff came to greet her.

"This is my dear niece. From now on, whenever she comes, notify me immediately and take good care of her!"

Arabella responded with a smile.

Sampson had brand new skiing gear brought over. Since those who came here were either rich or noble, there were not as many tourists as in ordinary ski resorts.

Each skier could even enjoy a ski track all to themselves, making the experience quite enjoyable.

Arabella changed into her gear and went skiing. Sampson watched her figure from a distance, couldn't resist taking out his cell phone to snap a few photos of her.

"This kid seems to be able to do anything,' Sampson said to his sister beside him.

"She can do a lot more. Kenneth and I are going to play over there, you should relax a bit too."

Sampson asked the staff to keep an eye on Arabella and to attend to her needs immediately if necessary.

Arabella slid down the high snow track, snow splashing around her like waves. It had been a long time since she had had so much fun.

At the same time, a foreign man sitting in the cable car, looking at the imposing Romeo in front of him, was at a loss for words.

The outside world was covered in snow, yet he was so nervous that he wiped the sweat off his forehead.

Originally, the one who was supposed to negotiate with their group was a business manager from the Lidaria Branch under McMillian Corporation.

But now, with Romeo personally stepping in, he was so scared that he couldn't utter a single word.

He didn't understand why Romeo would personally negotiate with him. Was it because the benefits he proposed were too small,

or was there another reason?

Because he couldn't figure it out, he was uneasy for a while.

At that moment, he inadvertently caught Romeo's gaze, which was fixed on a girl skiing below.

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The girl was clearly a pro on the slopes, her moves agile and graceful. An idea popped into Elgin's head.

"Mr. McMillian, I know almost everyone who comes to this ski resort. That girl down there, I can find out who she is and have someone send the information to your room. How about it?"

Upon hearing this, Romeo, who had been watching the girl with a gentle gaze, suddenly turned cold. Elgin quickly corrected himself, "No, no, no, what I mean is, I can introduce you."

"Do you think I need your introduction?"

"No, no, I misspoke. With your charisma, you can certainly win her over."

The atmosphere cooled once again.

Elgin was at a loss for what topic to bring up next. Ever since they came to this ski resort, Mr. McMillian hadn't said much.

He couldn't figure out what Mr. McMillian was thinking.

He treaded carefully, trying to think of the next topic.

"Mr. McMillian, "Shut up."

All Romeo wanted was to quietly watch Arabella ski. Arabella reached the bottom of the slope and suddenly felt a gaze on her. She looked up and saw Romeo!

Arabella pulled out her phone from her pocket and called him, "What brings you here?"

"Just talking business with a partner. Didn't expect this coincidence."

At that moment, the ski lift stopped. Romeo got off and strode towards her, while Elgin cautiously followed behind him like a lackey.

Arabella glanced at Elgin before Romeo swept her into his arms.

"Merry Christmas Eve."

Romeo dipped his head and gave her a kiss, confirming Arabella's suspicion. This guy was here to spend the holiday with her.

Business talk and partners were just excuses.

Elgin was taken aback seeing Mr. McMillian move so fast, spotting his prey and immediately sweeping her into his arms. The progress was too swift.

Wasn't it rumored that Mr. McMillian was indifferent to women?

"Elgin."

Hearing Romeo call him, Elgin hurriedly stepped forward.

Romeo still held Arabella, his gaze fixed on the girl in his arms, "This is my business partner."

"Nice to meet you, Merry Christmas Eve." Elgin cautiously extended his hand, intending to shake Arabella's hand in a friendly gesture.

But a glance from Romeo made him retract his hand.

God, the big boss's gaze was too intimidating, and his mood was so unpredictable.

"So you really are here for business." Arabella said with interest, her tone teasing.

Perhaps afraid she would feel awkward, Romeo emphasized, "Just for a bit."

Knowing she was with her uncle's family and had to spend time with them and this was their first Christmas Eve together, Romeo didn't want to take up too much of her time.

"Just for a short while." Romeo's gaze was hopeful.

"Okay: Arabella agreed, considering the lengths he had gone to be here, "I'll see how things go and let you know in advance."

Romeo, pleased, leaned down and kissed her again.

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1100

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Chapter 1100

"Your business partner is waiting,' Arabella teased with a playful tone.

"I'll have to go then; Romeo said, patting her cheek affectionately. "See you tonight."

"Mm." Arabella watched him leave.

Elgin nodded respectfully at Arabella before chasing after Romeo. "Mr. McMillian, I already explained the project plan and the future revenue forecast on the cable car ride. What do you think.?"

"Let's see."

Elgin's heart skipped a beat. Trouble!

"Is there an issue with the project plan, or are you dissatisfied with the revenue forecast?" Elgin caught up with Romeo again, nervously smiling. "We can discuss any problems, as long as McMillian Corporation is willing to give us a chance to cooperate."

"We'll see"

Romeo left the ski resort and drove away.

Elgin watched the disappearing car, completely puzzled. Had he said or done something wrong? Or was Romeo just naturally enigmatic?

Arabella was about to continue skiing when she saw a group of staff members running towards her, out of breath.

"Ms. Bella, is everything okay?"

According to Arabella's original ski route, she should have arrived ten minutes ago. But after waiting for a full ten minutes and

seeing no sign of Arabella, they had assumed something went wrong and started searching for her. Arabella quickly reassured them, "I'm fine. I just decided to try a different slope."

"Are you sure you're not hurt?" the staff asked, their faces full of concern.

"I'm fine."

The staff let out a sigh of relief. "Ms. Bella, if you decide to try a different slope next time, let us know so we can keep an eye on you."

"That won't be necessary; Arabella said gently. "It's not crowded here. I want to enjoy some time alone."

"If you need anything, feel free to call us."

A staff member handed her a business card. "You also have a whistle in your pocket. If your phone loses signal or runs out of

battery, just blow the whistle and we'll be there right away."

"Okay; Arabella said, appreciating their dedication.

"I'll be heading off now."

"We hope you have fun, Ms. Bella."

The staff members bowed respectfully as Arabella glided away.

After a while, Arabella was about to take a break when she heard a surprised voice.

"Is that you?"

Arabella looked up to see Angela and a friend removing their helmets and ski goggles, glaring at her.

They were also checking if Kelly was around.

"Isn't Kelly with you?" Angela asked, her chin lifted high, looking down on Arabella. How unlucky! She had planned to enjoy a

peaceful Christmas Eve with her friend skiing, but she didn't expect to run into Kelly's friend.

Arabella ignored them and continued skiing down another slope, planning to rest somewhere else.

"Angela, she just ignored you!" Darlene was furious.

"It must be because Mr. Sampson spoke up for them on the cruise. Now she thinks she's somebody, that she has a powerful backer!"

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