

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1201

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Chapter 1201

At that moment, Romeo's cell phone buzzed. He glanced at it and told the girl next to him, "Excuse me, I need to take this call"

"Sure."

As Romeo walked away, everyone turned their attention back to Arabella, bornbarding her with questions.

"Mr. McMillian, how did you meet Mr. McMillian?"

"How did you manage to win over such a cold-hearted man like Mr. McMillian?"

"Can you share some tips with us? I have a crush on a guy too, but he seems unattainable."

"Yeah, teach us, please."

In the corner of the design department, two girls sat quietly, one with long hair and the other with short. They didn't join the crowd around Arabella, but instead watched the commotion from a distance.

The long-haired girl twisted a pen in her fingers, her eyes coldly gazing at Arabella, who was the center of attention.

“That woman is no simple matter. I heard she forced Irene, the HR director, to resign, caused the vice president to be fired, and even turned Mr. McMillian's office upside down, causing a commotion in the entire company. And Ms. Maria, who had connections with Mr. McMillian, also got fired.”

The short-haired girl gasped, disbelief etched on her face. She whispered, “No way! Don't the Paisley and the McMillian families have a long history of cooperation? Could it be that this woman got jealous of Ms. Maria's relationship with Mr. McMillian, hence the office chaos and getting Ms. Maria fired?”

The long-haired girl harbored similar suspicions, so her gaze toward Arabella was even more disdainful. Just because she's young and pretty.

“She's getting ahead of herself just because she has Mr. McMillian's support.” The long-haired girl continued to twist her pen, commenting indifferently, “Anyway, when Ms. Maria was leaving, she didn't look pleased. It seemed like she was quite upset.”

"This woman seems quite terrifying." The short-haired girl glanced at Arabella, suddenly finding the beautiful exterior hiding a venomous character.

"Ms. Maria was just praised by Mr. McMillian last week, and so was Irene. She was just promoted to HR director yesterday, and today she's fired. Surely, this woman felt threatened by their capabilities and beauty, and thus eliminated them. We shouldn't be praising such a hypocritical woman."

As the long-haired girl finished speaking, she suddenly got up and walked towards Arabella. The clicking of her high heels echoed rhythmically, growing closer to her target.

"Mr. McMillian just said that if we have any questions about design, we can consult you."

When addressing Arabella, the long-haired girl was not respectful enough.

Arabella looked up, sensing the hostility in the long-haired girl's eyes. Was this another admirer of Romeo?

The dozen or so employees surrounding Arabella noticed the challenge in the long-haired girl's eyes, and they couldn't help but whisper.

"Sheila, what are you doing? Mr. McMillian is still here!"

"This is Mrs. McMillian, our guest. Don't bother her with minor design issues."

"Mrs. McMillian is just here to observe."

"You should go back to your workstation."

People were afraid that Arabella might be clueless about design, or that she might not be competent enough and end up embarrassed.

After all, Sheila was exceptionally talented in design and had won several international design awards in recent years.

She was an undeniable design prodigy.

And now, this prodigy was asking for advice from Arabella, a young woman.

"I happen to have a few new designs that I've just finished. Mrs. McMillian, could you take a look and tell me if there's anything that needs to be improved?"

When people saw Sheila's attitude, they knew she wasn't really looking for advice, but rather, she was trying to put Arabella in a tricky situation.

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Arabella glanced up, "Your name is Sheila?"

"Yes." Sheila tilted her chin slightly, as if waiting for Arabella's guidance.

"The third place winner of last year's Astronisia Design Competition, right?"

Everyone was surprised that Arabella even knew about this, even Sheila's haughty eyes showed a hint of surprise, "Have you

been following this competition?"

"You've regressed." Arabella was flipping through the design draft in her hand, her voice indifferent,

"With your level last year, this year shouldn't be like this."

Just as Sheila was about to speak, Arabella picked up a pen next to her and started making changes directly on the original

draft.

“This dress's shoulder lace is superfluous. Not many people can pull it off. If you want to keep the lace, consider something like this.”

Arabella drew the new lace design, and the dress immediately looked more refined.

“This way, it doesn't look old-fashioned. Also, the waist section, which you think is a major highlight of the dress, will make the wearer look bulky, as if pregnant. If you want to win with waist design, consider these few types.”

Arabella swiftly sketched several waist designs on the draft, instantly making it more eye-catching. Everyone around was stunned. They hadn't expected her to come up with so many designs in such a short time, let alone her excellent drawing skills, which were obviously professional.

Compared to hers, Sheila's previous drafts were an absolute disaster.

“Your original color scheme is too oppressive. If you switch to these three contrasting colors, it will look classy, fashionable, and eye-catching.”

Arabella sketched a few strokes again, and a chic, beautiful dress emerged on the paper.

Sheila was so shocked that she couldn't speak. She couldn't believe that Arabella could transform the dress into something so stunning.

She had thought her design draft was perfect and that Arabella wouldn't be able to find a single flaw. But to her surprise, under Arabella's alterations, her original draft was simply trash.

Sheila couldn't hear what Arabella said next. Her mind went blank until a round of enthusiastic applause erupted from the crowd, and she slowly came back to her senses.

Arabella had already finished modifying the draft and handed it to her.

Sheila didn't know how she reached out to take it, or how she flipped through these drafts, each page leaving her in awe.

One after another, people in the crowd were taking out their drafts, hoping for Arabella's guidance.

A few employees were still inquiring about Arabella's identity.

When Romeo returned from a phone call, he saw his girl surrounded by people, his gaze instantly softened.

"Mrs. McMillian, can you help me look at this? I always feel that there is something wrong with these designs, but I can't put my finger on it."

“Can you look at mine? I drew several designs in one go when I was inspired this morning, but now that I've calmed down, they seem mediocre. I don't know what the problem is.”

“I'm quite satisfied with my drafts, but I don't know if they can be made more stunning. Mrs. McMillian, could you please help me identify any shortcomings?”

People were asking Arabella for advice, and Arabella, with patience, picked up her pen and helped them make improvements page by page.

“Oh my God, I never thought that the neckline could be changed like this, it's so beautiful”

“Having Mrs. McMillian make these changes, I suddenly feel I don't deserve to be a designer.”

“Mrs. McMillian, how do you have so many inspirations in your mind? It seems endless.”

“Yeah, originally we racked our brains to come up with these, but after you made changes, we realized these clothes could be designed to be so stunning.”

“Mrs. McMillian must be a big shot in the design world, right? Your level is even better than many designers.”

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The last words seemed to slap Sheila right in the face.

Sheila felt a burning sting on her cheek, utterly embarrassed.

"Alright, I still need to take Mrs. McMillian for a tour in other departments, you guys figure out the rest." Romeo's words left the design department feeling a pang of loss. They hadn't had enough chat with Arabella.

"Mrs. McMillian, you should come visit the design department when you have time."

"The entire design department would love to invite you for an afternoon tea!"

“Exactly, next time you come, just say what you'd like to eat or drink.”

Arabella's gaze softened, "Thank you."

“We should be the ones thanking you. You've inspired us and made us realize that we still have a long way to go in design.”

"Next time, I'll definitely present more impressive works for you to see, Arabella."

"Mrs. McMillian, see you next time."

“You must come.”

Arabella nodded with a smile, surveying the crowd. Sheila was at the very back, her face contorted with embarrassment.

“Sheila, could you step out for a moment?’ Arabella suddenly called out.

Everyone in the design department looked at Sheila. She had just offended Arabella.

Now that Mr. McMillian was back from his call, Arabella was going to settle the score with her. Having won several international design awards in recent years, she dared to be so reckless in front of Arabella.

She was still a young girl, a bit green.

Sheila was initially taken aback when Arabella called her out, but she quickly composed herself. The clicking sound of her high heels on the floor wasn't as confident as before.

"Mrs. McMillian,' Sheila stepped into the hallway outside the department, her voice considerably quieter.

"Irene chose to resign."

Arabella's words left Sheila frozen on the spot, her expression a mix of surprise and embarrassment.

"Deputy Manager Lou was taken away by the police because he had been harassing female interns for the past two months, and they reported him."

Sheila's face turned even more sour. She hadn't expected that Arabella had heard every word she'd said to others just now.

"The person who turned Mr. McMillian's office upside down was Maria, not me; Arabella continued, "She was fired because she made a mistake, thought she was clever, and spoke ill of others. Mr. McMillian didn't take into account the relationship between the McMillian and Paisley families and fired her. This goes to show that nepotism doesn't work in this corporation. What Mr.

McMillian values more is an employee's personal abilities and character."

Sheila was dumbstruck, unable to utter a word. How had Arabella heard what she'd said to others from such a distance? And so clearly!

“Mrs. McMillian.” Sheila didn't know how to defend herself. She glanced at Romeo, who seemed somewhat indifferent.

“Mr. McMillian- Sheila really didn't know how to explain.

“Also, in last year's Astronisia Design Competition, it was my vote that made you the third place.”

At the time, Sheila and another contestant, Caroline, had a tie in votes. It was Arabella's crucial vote that made Sheila the third and Caroline the fourth.

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Chapter 1204

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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## Chapter 1203

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"My goodness, what did Mrs. McMillian say to Sheila? She's crying her eyes out. Should we go comfort her?"

"If Mrs. McMillian wants to give someone a hard time, it's best for us to steer clear. Let her sort it out on her own. After all, wasn't she acting all high and mighty in front of Mrs. McMillian just now? Chances are, she's about to get fired."

Sheila spent a good while crying in the corridor before wiping away her tears and returning to the design department as though she had regained her courage.



Seeing her return, everyone scattered back to their workstations.

"Count me in the next time Mrs. McMillian treats us to lunch."

Sheila's sudden words took everyone by surprise and they all turned to look at her.

"Used to be so full of myself, thinking that winning a few big awards made me special, acting all big and bad in front of you all.

I'm sorry for causing you trouble,' Sheila suddenly bowed in apology. "From now on, we can all discuss any design issues together."

Everyone's mouths fell open in shock.

Just what had happened to she? It was as though she had turned into a different person.

What the hell did Arabella say to her?

Meanwhile, Romeo was taking Arabella on a tour of the finance department.

On the way, Arabella suddenly said, "Don't fire her. Give her a chance to change."

Romeo was taken aback. "She made things difficult for you with her design draft. She was arrogant and disrespectful. She had ill intentions."

"It was just a little competition." Arabella didn't think it was a big deal. If she didn't value talent, she wouldn't have brought up last

year's Astronisia Design Competition. Given Sheila's skills, her design this year shouldn't have been so mediocre.

"Did you get upset when I was away?" Romeo asked the girl beside him.

"No, didn't you see? Everyone likes me"

Even Sheila, who had initially looked down on her, had eventually apologized.

Romeo mulled it over for a while before saying,

"Fine, I'll listen to you this time. I hope she won't let you down.

But with your guidance, McMillian Corporation's new line for this quarter is definitely going to be a hit.

How should I thank you."

Romeo caressed Arabella's face and was about to lean in for a kiss.

Just then, the elevator doors opened with a ding.

The head of the finance department was about to enter, only to see Mr.

McMillian caressing a girl's face as if about to kiss her, his voice seductive, his eyes filled with affection.

He was taken aback and quickly rubbed his eyes.

"Mr. McMillian" He quickly greeted, "I was just coming to find you. Here's this week's financial report."

Oh, my god, someone tell him what's happening.

Why was Mr. McMillian in the elevator, acting so intimate with a girl as if no one

was around?

"Do you usually not greet people?" Romec's gaze fell upon him. "Call her Mrs. McMillian."

The head of the finance department clutched his heart, shocked for a moment before stammering, "Mrs.MeMillian, h-hello.

Welcome to the finance department. I'll show you both around."

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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When Arabella visited the finance department, she noticed that the financial software they were using seemed a bit outdated.

The interface wasn't slick enough, the layout was somewhat irrational, and it was lacking in detail compared to the best financial software X1 on the market.

However, this software was developed in-house by the McMillian Corporation, and was thus considered relatively secure.

"What's up?" Romeo noticed her pause and followed her gaze.

"The software needs an upgrade"

At Arabella's comment, the head of the finance department couldn't help but feel a surge of joy, but on the surface, he merely replied politely, "This is the latest version."

Though they found it inconvenient to use, the development of a new software would require considerable resources, so they hadn't raised the issue with upper management.

"What issues did you find?" Romeo asked the girl beside him.

"The interface isn't clean enough, the major functional modules aren't comprehensive, and the management structure is rather

rigid. It fails to meet the variable demands of the corporation, and its installation size is huge. This results in slow operation speeds and it's prone to freeze."

As soon as Arabella finished her sentence, many of the finance department staff around them began to nod in agreement. Spot on!

The software developed by McMillian Corporation was indeed outdated. They had grievances for a long time, but didn't dare to voice them to the higher-ups.

Mrs. McMillian just pinpointed the problem upon arrival.

They were just short of shouting, "Thank heavens, finally, someone has noticed the shortcomings of this software."

Romeo didn't expect the girl to understand even these matters, and encouraged her with an approving look. "Go on: "Just now, I noticed they don't have a feature for voiding vouchers. There's no clearance feature, no cashier's signature feature, and I didn't see a marking error feature in voucher review either."

The staff around her began to nod vigorously in agreement. Yes, yes, yes, these were missing, and it was so inconvenient to

operate that sometimes they felt like flipping the table and smashing the computer!

A staff member was gazing at Arabella hopefully, her computer screen showing a consolidated statement, with the cursor hovering over a certain part of it.

Arabella instantly understood, "In the voucher consolidation, there's no data on foreign currency. There are no statistics based on account types. Like asset statistics, liability statistics, and so on"

The employee was so grateful she could have knelt down to thank her. She hadn't expected Arabella to be so sharp and spot the problem immediately.

These were the exact issues she wanted to bring up! Arabella looked at Romeo, slightly puzzled. These were features that financial software should include. "Why hasn't anyone raised these issues?" Romeo's gaze swept over the surrounding people. Usually, he was busy with decision-making matters and had little insight into these details.

The staff were a bit nervous, but the finance department head defused the situation with a laugh, "Everyone adheres to an 'if it's usable, use it' principle, so as not to be wasteful"

“This isn't about being wasteful or not, if the software is affecting work efficiency, it should be changed.”

“In fact, it can be changed now.’ Arabella’s slender fingers clicked the mouse, and then swiftly typed a series of codes on the keyboard.

Normally, altering backend data would require a password.

It would need the consent of Romeo, the person in charge of the software, to proceed.

But Arabella was Alex, and this was not a challenge for her.

Her delicate fingers danced over the keyboard, and a series of codes quickly came into view.

“The generated reports will be more concise and pleasing to the eye this way.”

After saying that, Arabella modified a few more programs, and then said, “And this way, the accounts and vouchers will be clearer and more organized.”

Everyone was flabbergasted, they couldn't believe that a problem that had been troubling them for over a year had been solved in just a few minutes by Arabella.

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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"I've added a new feature. From now on, just click here, and you'll be able to check your reports across multiple years. Also, this

feature here allows you to customize shortcuts."

Quite a few employees broke into excited chatter.

"That's fantastic! Sometimes when we're swamped, we really want to set up shortcuts, but the software itself didn't allow us to,

so we were left without a solution."

"This software originally couldn't cross-reference reports over multiple years, so we had to dig through each month individually.

But now, with Mrs. McMillian's addition, pulling up annual reports will be a breeze."



“Absolutely, no more numbing our hands with constant mouse clicking.”

Arabella demonstrated the new features and the crowd around her gasped in astonishment.

“I love this feature. Earlier, Mr. McMillian asked me to pull up a report for a particular month from one of our subsidiaries. It took me ages to find it. But now, with this fuzzy search, it pops up in an instant.”

“Mrs. McMillian, you're so talented. Are you a software developer?”

“Can you help us upgrade other features?”

Arabella's slender, pale fingers moved swiftly across the keyboard as she spoke. “I've refined some features, expanded the types of reports, increased the convenience of report handling, simplified parameter settings, and added some flexibility.”

The employees around her were ecstatic.

“However, overall, the software's intelligence level and technological aspects are somewhat outdated. It requires a lot of time for maintenance, the version is too low, and it's prone to bugs. I suggest a complete upgrade or developing a new one.”

No sooner had Arabella finished speaking than Romeo agreed, “We'll arrange it immediately.”

The crowd hadn't expected that a single sentence from Arabella would hold more weight than their thousands of pleas. They burst into cheers.

"Having Mrs. McMillian visit us today is truly an honor"

"Mrs. McMillian, you spotted so many issues and helped us improve. We really can't thank you enough."

"Mrs. McMillian, will you be involved in the software development later? You're so knowledgeable about finance software. With you on board, the new software is bound to be a breeze to navigate!"

"Mrs. McMillian, when will you be visiting us next? We have a few more questions about finance we'd like to ask you."

Arabella gave a faint smile, her voice gentle as she replied, "We'll see."

"If you have any issues with the software, feel free to bring them up. We'll help improve it."

Romeo finished speaking, draped an arm around Arabella's slim waist and said, "We should get going."

At this rate, they wouldn't finish their tour in the afternoon.

Arabella nodded, bid them farewell, and with a reluctant Joyce accompanying them to the elevator, the crowd only started discussing once the elevator doors closed.

"Do you think Mrs. McMillian works in finance? She seems to know quite a bit. Could she be a financial expert?

Or maybe a company owner? Could she be from a wealthy family?"

"I think she looks like a college student who hasn't graduated yet. Did you see her skin? It's so soft it could probably squirt water"

"She's indeed young and beautiful."

"Anyway, we can finally say goodbye to the old, frustrating software. With Mrs. McMillian's help today, it'll undoubtedly be much easier to use."

"We're looking forward to the new software for a better user experience"

"That's not the point. The main thing is, the usually high and mighty Mr. McMillian, seems to become a different person around

Mrs. McMillian. Have you noticed? No matter what Mrs. McMillian says or does, Mr. McMillian just watches her with a look full of love."

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Chapter 1208

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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Chapter 1208

Arabella followed Romeo through several departments until they halted their half-day tour as Carl brought over the afternoon coffee.

On the other side, Serena was completely stunned by the WhatsApp message that her best friend had sent.

[Serena, you know my mom is the Assistant Director of Procurement at McMillian Corporation.]

[This morning, she saw Romeo with a girl, hand in hand, making quite a public appearance at McMillian Corporation. By noon,

they were seen lunching together at the staff canteen.]

[My mom said the girl is stunning, top-notch looks, even prettier than us, and around our age.]

[Turns out, Romeo's mother even made it to the canteen to join them for lunch. They were chatting and laughing throughout, looking just like a family.]

[Serena, isn't Romeo your fiancé? Why would he be with another girl? And she even received his mother's approval.]

When Serena saw these messages on WhatsApp, she felt a chill down her spine as if she'd been dropped into an ice cave.

Although she knew the truth couldn't be concealed forever, she didn't expect the day to come this swiftly.

What on earth had Arabella done to have Romeo openly parading her around McMillian Corporation, even dining with her at the staff canteen as if eager to publicize their relationship?

{I heard when she arrived at the corporation, the stunning Director of HR, Irene, resigned willingly, and Maria, who had a great rapport with the McMillians, was fired by Romeo. Is it because they were too beautiful, held high positions, and threatened the

girl's status]

Serena read her friend's message, her feelings in turmoil, and didn't reply.

[Romeo is your fiancé, but there are hardly any photos of you two together. Did something happen between you two? Does the engagement still stand?]

Upon reading this, Serena became angrier. She thought it over and decided that concealing the truth wasn't the solution. Hence, she composed a reply.

[Honey, I broke up with Romeo a while ago. Since our parents haven't announced it yet, we haven't mentioned it to anyone. Now that he's found someone he likes, I wish him well. Don't worry about me, I have a reliable support system by my side.]

Just as Serena hit send, her friend sent over several messages, incredulously asking about what had happened.

Seeing that her friend wouldn't stop until she knew the whole story, Serena explained, [Martin tirelessly pursued me and won me over with his sincerity. That's why I decided to leave Romeo for him.]

Her words were quite ambiguous, insinuating that she had been the one to break up with Romeo.

Her friend was incredulous. Who would abandon the young and handsome billionaire Romeo for Martin, who paled in comparison in every aspect?

[The higher the public regard for Romeo, the more critical they are of the women around him. I don't want to live my life wearing a mask of perfection. With Martin, I can be myself]

[But what about Romeo? Did he agree to let go? You two grew up together. Didn't he try to retain you, instead of giving you up to Martin?]

Serena sent a sighing emoji.

[I was determined to break up, threatened him with never seeing each other again. Perhaps he was scared, or perhaps I broke his heart. Maybe I moved on too quickly with Martin, which is why he found someone new so soon, making such a public appearance.]

Her friend suddenly understood, [Oh, I see. He's trying to provoke you with his new love, letting you know that he

could have any woman anytime he wants. No wonder the usually low-key Romeo is so ostentatious this time, he's trying to make you see.]

Serena sent a helpless emoji, [He knew your mother is the Assistant Director of Procurement, knew about our relationship, yet still did this.]

[God, he's so passionate. How could you bear to hurt such a good man?]

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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The bestie couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy for Romeo, mourning over their lost love.



Upon seeing her friend's conviction, Serena finally breathed a sigh of relief. [Romeo is just like the unreachable stars. Being with him brings a tremendous amount of pressure. My every move is under a magnifying glass and I don't want to live such a exhausting life.]

Her bestie interjected. [But he deliberately flaunts his new flame to provoke you, indicating that he still loves you. He's a great man, aren't you considering going back to him and becoming his wife?]

Serena, with an air of maturity, replied, [Our relationship has just evolved. From engaged couple to good friends, the love and support we've given each other won't ever change. We're not enemies, we will continue to care, support and love each other in the future.]

When the atmosphere was right, Serena finally revealed, [Sylvia, I consider you a good friend. That's why I'm sharing this secret with you. You must help me keep it. It can't leak out. Once both our parents make the announcement, I'll personally talk about it.

[Don't worry, I won't say a word!] After sending this message, Sylvia couldn't help but worry about Serena's feelings.

Upon learning that Serena was feeling a bit down and guilty after letting go, she decided to call a few girlfriends and plan a surprise visit to the Collins family, to lift Serena's spirits.

After sending her message via WhatsApp, Serena thought she had perfectly covered her tracks and quickly put away her phone, preparing for a nap.

Around four in the afternoon.

Several beautiful heiresses arrived at the entrance of Reflections Villa in their luxurious cars.

Louisa had just returned from the hospital and looked a bit haggard from the death at Crystal.

Seeing so many girls, she was momentarily taken aback.

"Mrs. Collins, it's me, Sylvia! Long time no see. Why do you look so worn out?"

"Did you not sleep well? I'm Antonia, don't you remember me?"

"Hello, I'm Melissa."

"I'm Nadia."

"I'm Christine, sorry to disturb you again."

Louisa took a closer look and realized these were all Serena's besties, so she quickly invited them in, 'Come in and sit. I've been

so busy these past few days. I haven't had a chance to catch my breath. It's been a while. You all have become even more beautiful."

"Thanks for your compliment, Mrs. Collins." The young heiresses replied with radiant smiles as they followed Louisa into the villa.

Their drivers and luxury cars waited outside the gate.

"No, Mrs. Collins, don't wake her up. We'll just look around and when she wakes up, we'll chat a bit and then leave."

"It's a rare visit from you all. Stay for dinner tonight. Don't be shy." Louisa called for a servant to serve them tea and snacks, kindly saying, "I'll go upstairs and change. I'll be right back."

"No, Mrs. Collins, you can go about your business. We'll just stroll around the garden."

"You've added so many new species to your garden. It looks beautiful."

"We'll just take some pictures here, play around and wait. Please don't worry about us."

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Chapter 1210

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1210

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Upon Louisa's departure upstairs, a few girls lounged in the garden, basking in the sun and splashing in the water feature, snapping plenty of beautiful photos.

"Each visit is more impressive than the last. It's far more beautiful than our homes."

"Later, how about we ask Serena to give us a tour of her walk-in wardrobe? Maybe she has some unworn clothes or handbags that she'd be willing to gift us."

"Sounds great! Let's do it"

At that moment, a car pulled up outside the mansion.

Romeo stepped out, opening the car door for Arabella, "Do we have visitors today?"

Arabella glanced at the luxury cars parked at the entrance, with drivers waiting inside, "It appears so." "I'll stay with you in the garden for a bit and then leave."

Romeo was hesitant to enter the main hall with so many guests inside, yet he was reluctant to part from Arabella so soon.

Seeing a white circular table in the garden surrounded by chairs, he pulled one out for Arabella. "when you have some free time, come visit my mother. She just mentioned on WhatsApp, insisting I invite you over soon."

"Maybe in a few days," Arabella smiled, "Your mother has also mentioned it to me."

On the other side of the mansion.

Louisa descended the stairs after changing her clothes, just as she reached the last step, her vision darkened, and she felt faint.

"Madam, are you okay?" Edith rushed forward to support her.

After a moment, Louisa collected herself and focused on Edith, "I'm fine, probably just haven't rested well these past few days"

The Temple family had been going through a rough time. She and Kenneth had been at the hospital with Alger and Celeste, fearing they would do something irrational.

Today, Kenneth suggested she come home to shower and rest a bit, but she did not expect to suddenly feel faint.

"Thank God you were here to catch me." Louisa said, leaning on Edith, "Otherwise, I would have hit the floor."

The consequences would have been unthinkable.

"Madam, you and sir haven't been home to rest for the past few days. You both look extremely worn out. What happened?"

"Alas, life can be so unpredictable," Louisa sighed, unsure of where to start.

Edith tactfully refrained from asking further, "Shall I help you back to your room to rest?"

"No, Serena is still napping. Her friends have come over. I should go and attend to them." Louisa insisted.

"With your current state, how can you entertain them?" Edith kindly suggested, "They are all young girls, with you around, they might feel uncomfortable. Let me serve them some coffee and snacks. Serena should be waking up soon, she can keep them company. You should go rest, your health is important."

"That makes sense." Louisa considered. Realizing that the girls might not relax if she was around, she instructed Edith, "Prepare

plenty of coffee and snacks for them, and invite them to stay for dinner later."

"Alright, no problem."

After seeing Louisa back to her master bedroom, Edith instructed the staff to prepare refreshments, which she personally

brought to the garden. To her surprise, she spotted Romeo and Arabella from a distance and hurriedly walked over to them.

"Mr. McMillian, Ms. Bella, when did you two get back? Please have some refreshments."

She served them first, then refilled the tray and proceeded to the group of girls.

"Edith, you are spoiling us with all these delicious snacks. Thank you so much!"

"Edith, long time no see. You look even younger now."

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