

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1321

• • •

Chapter 1321

"Mrs. Griffith, don't get your feathers ruffled, I'll just have a word with someone downstairs." Mr.

Morrison couldn't handle Eunice's raging temper and quickly looked for a scapegoat. He turned fiercely to the waiter in front of him, "Tell me, who let that lunatic in?"

A young waitress stepped forward, visibly shaken, her face contorting as if she were on the verge of tears.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Morrison, she said she knew Ms. Bella, had a few words for her. She was dressed in some fancy limited-edition getup, looked like a million bucks, so I reckoned she was a friend of Ms. Bella's. I didn't dare give her the cold shoulder, so I let her through."

After all, they should just give Ms. Bella's friends the third degree, right?

If she'd put up a fuss, she might've caught an earful. "I never dreamed she was off her rocker. I'm so sorry, Mr. Morrison, my bad. It won't happen again, I swear."

Sally's eyes brimmed with tears, her hands fidgeting nervously.

"You think a 'sorry makes everything peachy? Didn't you see Ms. Bella get splashed with champagne? Do you have any idea how much her outfit costs? I'm afraid the price tag might just scare you to death!"

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Morrison, truly sorry. I'll go apologize to Ms. Bella right away." Sally approached Arabella again, bowing incessantly, tears streaming as she said, 'I'm so sorry, Ms. Bella, so sorry, Mrs. Griffith. I had no clue who she was, if I'd known she'd pull such a crazy stunt, I would've never let her in."

"Cut the waterworks. They're ruining Ms. Bella and Mrs. Griffith's mood! The damage is done, what good is an apology now!" Mr. Morrison barked, reducing Sally to even more pitiful sobs.

"It's not your fault," Arabella said, her gaze falling on the young girl before her. She was about her age, yet already hustling for a paycheck.

Seeing a chance for things to cool down, Mr. Morrison quickly scolded, "Ms. Bella's gracious enough to let it slide, and you're not on your knees thanking her? If you had to cover the cost of her dress, you'd be working for fifty years and still not make a dent!"

Sally was painfully aware of the price tag on Arabella's clothes. She couldn't afford to pay. Arabella was kind enough not to fuss was a relief, and gratitude nearly brought her to her knees.

Arabella quickly raised a hand to stop her, "You did nothing wrong. Why kneel?"

If every customer had to be grilled before entering a restaurant, would the place stay in business? Who would dare to dine there?

And who can guarantee that a customer won't lie? That they were a good person?

"Besides, you wiped the champagne off my dress right away. I should be thanking you."

Sally never expected Ms. Bella to turn around and thank her; she was overcome with emotion.

Eunice, knowing the root of the problem wasn't with the restaurant staff, recalled a pink skirt from the security footage and a familiar face.

She couldn't help but ask, "Bella, is she the one who tangled with you over that dress on Style Plaza today? Do you know her?"

Arabella admitted, "Yes, that's her. We know each other."

"Everyone, please leave."

Eunice was having a hard time swallowing her pride. She pulled out her phone and texted Leno, [There's a girl leaving the Sky

Restaurant, in a pink suit, snow boots, with long wavy brown hair. Find her, stuff her in a sack, and give her a good thrashing.]

Leno was a loyal henchman she'd taken under her wing from Alexander.

After giving the order, Eunice pocketed her phone and looked at Arabella, "You didn't lose out, did you?"

Arabella replied with a calm smile, "Not at all. She's the one at a loss."

• • •

Send ·

Chapter 1322

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1322

• • •

Chapter 1322

Eunice chuckled, her laughter carrying an air of satisfaction.

Just moments ago, she had heard from the manager how her niece, fiesty as ever, had pinned someone down on a table and

poured two bottles of red wine right over their face.

"That's my girl' Eunice proudly proclaimed. "She needs to learn not to mess with you again!"

As she spoke, Eunice cast a chilly glance at the manager beside her. "Since my niece is letting it slide, shouldn't you and your

staff be making yourselves scarce?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Griffith, and Ms. Bella, for your graciousness. We'll put this behind us. I assure you that I'll tighten up our

management so nothing like this occurs again. Your meals have been replaced, please enjoy at your leisure. Tonight's dinner is on the house, and from now on, Mrs. Griffith and Ms. Bella, you will receive a fifty-percent discount whenever you dine with us."

The restaurant manager bowed deeply before making his exit.

"Bella, you haven't eaten much waiting for me, have you?" Eunice said as she picked up the fork to plate some food for Bella.

"Eat up, darling. It's the first time I have taken you out for a meal, and I won't have you going hungry." Meanwhile, outside.

Serena stormed out of the restaurant, fuming, and stood by the garden waiting for Martin's chauffeur to pick her up.

"How many minutes has it been now? I have to wait? You've got five more minutes, buddy. If I don't see you in five, you can kiss your job goodbye. I'll have Martin fire you on the spot!"

She ended the call, seething. The damned traffic - even with snow, how long could it really be?

There she was, shivering in her wet clothes, teeth chattering as the snow fell like feathers around her, the cold seeping into her very bones.

The worst part? Her clothes were soaked, and the wind only made her shiver more violently.

As she cursed Arabella to high heaven in her head, suddenly, a sack was thrown over her head, and she was dragged into a nearby alley.

"who are you? What do you want with me? Did Arabella send you? Let me go! Do you have any idea who I am?

Crossing me will not end well for you!"

Leno, a man Eunice had acquired through Alexander, signaled to his men. He didn't know Serena's identity or her connection to Bard. He only knew she had offended Mrs. Griffith and needed to be taught a lesson.

Initially defiant, Serena soon broke down into sobs, pleading for mercy after a thorough beating.

"Please, no more. Who sent you? How much did they pay you? I'll double it, no, ten times that!"

She shielded her face, desperate, and even tried pleading.

Leno was momentarily speechless at her antics.

Back inside the restaurant.

Eunice and Arabella were all smiles and laughter when a manager approached with a report. "Mrs. Griffith, someone's here to see you. They say it's urgent."

Eunice glanced at her associate in the distance and commanded with an air of authority, "Let him in."

"Yes, ma'am," Mr. Morrison gestured, and the staff promptly stepped aside.

Her subordinate hurried over and bowed deeply before Eunice.

"To witness your return with my own eyes, Mrs. Griffith, is a profound joy." His voice was thick with emotion.

"Alright, cut the drama. What's the news?" Eunice was known for her straightforwardness.

Seeing her there, as stunning and commanding as ever with her curled hair and perfect makeup, he was so moved that his eyes welled up with tears.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1323

fl



# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1323

• • •

Chapter 1323

It was all good as long as she was alive.

No worries as long as she was okay.

But.

Who's this girl across from Eunice?

Reporting on business with an outsider present, was that really okay?

"No need to fuss, she's my niece, but it's no issue."

Eunice's blend of elegance and authority was undeniable, an effortless display of cool confidence.

Jimmy immediately averted his gaze.

Although he had no idea when Eunice had acquired a niece, if Eunice said it was fine, he believed her.

"Mrs. Griffith, during your absence, all nineteen of your companies have been running smoothly. Mr. Griffith hasn't interfered. He

said you trusted us, so he left us in full charge. The net profits have been consistently deposited into your account each month, have you noticed?"

"I've seen it; Eunice said with an approving smile, "and it's up."

Each month was better than the last.

"All credit goes to you, Mrs. Griffith! Your strategic foresight planned our future development. We're just following the path you set out."

Indeed, Eunice's direction had been spot-on, and the nineteen companies were thriving, earning respect from industry insiders.

"Weren't you afraid I wouldn't return?" Eunice asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Each of these companies, you led us to build from the ground up without relying on Mr. Griffith or anyone else's influence! Just for that, even if you never returned, we'd continue to manage them for you, ensuring the net profits hit your account every month until our dying day"

"Besides, we figured you were just tired and needed a vacation. Ever since you disappeared, not one of us has left

headquarters. We all waited for your comeback!"

Eunice knew her team was devoted. Her eyes sparkled with gratitude and emotion.

"You've all worked hard during this time. I'll have them give an extra year's salary as my thanks for your dedication."

"You're too kind, Mrs. Griffith. We're just doing our jobs!" Jimmy finished, pulling a stack of reports from his bag, "While you were out, I compiled the monthly data and progress of all nineteen companies. It's too much for a phone call, so I'll leave it with you to review at home."

Eunice glanced at the pile of reports, aware of the hard work her team had put in during her absence. The topmost financial statement alone was impressive.

"Let's discuss this after I've had a chance to go through it"

"Of course, I won't disturb your meal any longer. It's a joy to see you back safe and sound!"

Her smile grew, "You've mentioned that more than once."

Jimmy hadn't expected to become such a chatterbox and, with an embarrassed smile, excused himself. Arabella never imagined her aunt had built up nineteen companies without leaning on her uncle's influence.

The loyalty shown by the company's employees during Eunice's absence was remarkable.

No wonder Eunice carried herself with such effortless grace and assertiveness. With such an empire backing her, she exuded an aura of confidence and strength.

To have an aunt like this—intellectually independent, financially self-sufficient, full of ideas, and yet so charismatic—was not only Arabella's good fortune but her uncle's as well. It could only be said that her uncle was indeed fortunate to have a wife like Eunice.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1324

fl

## The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1324

• • •

Chapter 1324

After dinner, Arabella and Eunice left the restaurant and took the elevator down to the lobby.

Outside, the world was a white blur as large snowflakes began to fall like feathers from heaven.

That was when Eunice's phone rang, her tone souring instantly, "You let her go?"

On the other end, Leno was taken aback, having thought that roughing up Serena was enough. He hadn't expected his boss to insist on keeping her.

"It's my fault, ma'am! I'll bring her back immediately"

"Just text me the location," Eunice commanded.

It dawned on Leno that she intended to handle Serena personally.

Meanwhile.

After a brutal beating, Serena finally wriggled out of the sack as she heard her assailants' footsteps fade away.

The ally was deserted, stretching endlessly under the snowy night sky.

She was crying and her heart shattered with fear, she spotted her purse not far away. Wincing with pain, she crawled towards it, trembling hands fumbling for her phone.

Terrified and in disarray didn't begin to describe her state. She knew there was only one person in all of Dawnstar who could save her!

She scrolled through her contacts and dialed Bard's number.

The call connected in seconds, and Bard's calm voice came through.

"Serena.

Tears choked her words, "Uncle Bard. I've been bullied!"

Bard's voice immediately filled with concern, "What happened? Where are you? Who did this to you?" Through her sobs. "Please send someone to Hill Street to pick me up."

Crowded with people, even her attackers wouldn't dare touch her in plain sight.

"You're in Dawnstar? Stay put, I'm nearby. I'll come for you myself."

After hanging up, Serena wiped the icy tears from her face and staggered forward, shivering with cold and fear.

On the other side.

A convoy of cars stopped in front of Eunice and Arabella. Eunice took an umbrella from a bodyguard and held it over Arabella.

"Bella, you head back first. I have some business to take care of."

"Alright." Arabella didn't pry. Climbing into the car, she gave her aunt a glance, "Come back soon."

"Will do." Eunice affectionately patted her head before closing the car door for her.

As she watched the main car drive away with Arabella, Eunice casually got into one of the security vehicles and, after looking at

the address Leno sent her, commanded coldly, "To find the girl."

Leno had immediately rallied his men to recapture Serena after getting orders from the boss. She was almost out of the ally when someone grabbed her, stuffing a rag into her mouth.

A large burlap sack was slipped over her upper body, and the opening was tied tight with a rope. The familiar terror overwhelmed Serena as she whimpered and struggled, but to no avail.

She couldn't understand why they had come back, and the feeling of utter despair made her tremble uncontrollably, tears streaming down her face.

Oddly enough, after dragging her to the middle of the lane, the men didn't proceed further.

That was until a car stopped at the entrance.

When Serena heard the noise, her tearful eyes flickered with hope. Was it her uncle coming to save her?

He was nearby and had promised to come quickly. The car door opened and a bodyguard held an umbrella aloft. Eunice stepped out, her elegance and authority mingling with each step, her presence commanding yet alluring.

As the footsteps drew closer, Serena grew fearful. Why was she hearing the click-clack of high heels on the pavement? Was it not her uncle?

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1325

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1325

• • •

Chapter 1325

Arabella never wore high heels, so whose footsteps could those be?

Serena's heart plummeted, anxiety gripping her tightly, a sense of impending doom washing over her.



"Ma'am,' the lead man, Leno, called out, bowing his head, "we've got her."

Ma'am?

What ma'am?

Serena had no clue who this "ma'am" was!

She had pleaded for what felt like an eternity, but they hadn't stopped.

Eunice cast a cold glance at the burlap sack, reached out her hand, and without a word.

Leno, understanding the silent command, placed the stick in her hand.

With a swift strike, the person in the sack wailed, wriggling and struggling on the ground like a startled, injured insect.

Eunice's beauty remained undiminished as she doled out punishment, her cool gaze making her look like a fierce and fiery lady boss.

After seven or eight ruthless strikes, the person in the sack was no longer struggling as violently, her cries diminished, her body twitching sporadically.

Then, another luxury car pulled up at the end of the alley, a bodyguard opening the door for Bard.

From a distance, Bard saw his wife wielding a stick, beating the person in the sack.

None of the subordinates dared to utter a word, silently standing by.

Amidst the swirling snow, his wife, clad in a striking red coat, stood out with an aura of power and defiance.

He walked towards her, taking an umbrella from the bodyguard, and held it over his wife himself.

"Who's got you so riled up?"

Had he not been on his way to Hill Street to pick up Serena, passing by here and recognizing the familiar license plate, he

wouldn't have known his darling wife was out here dispensing her own brand of justice.

Discarding the stick, Eunice said nonchalantly, "Someone's been bullying our niece again and again. Don't you think they deserved it?"

Bard glanced at the sack on the ground, noting only a skirt hem, a pair of legs in white tights, and snow boots that looked filthy.

"Why are you here?" Eunice's gaze shifted back to her husband, then to the person on the ground.

"Recognize them?"

Bard didn't know anyone who dressed like that. "I heard Serena was in Dawnstar and came to pick her up."

"Serena?"

Bard nodded, his focus returning to the person on the ground, considering the situation at hand.

It took a lot to get his wife this angry.

Bard asked, "What did this person do to Bella?"  
"Bella had her eye on a dress, and this one just had to snatch it away, over and over. She took advantage of my absence, dousing Bella with champagne." Eunice's voice trailed off, evidently still fuming, and she kicked the sack a few more times.

The person inside the sack never expected the attacker to be her own aunt.

Nor could she have imagined that her aunt had ordered her men to bag and kidnap her.

It had nothing to do with Arabella.

And there stood her uncle, right beside her, yet she didn't dare cry out for help.

If her uncle had been oblivious, she could have lied, smeared Arabella's name, but now, her aunt had beaten her to the punch, airing her misdeeds.

Her uncle already knew she was the one who had bullied Arabella.

"It seems a beating was letting her off easy." Bard's gaze lingered on the sack, his eyes mixing with the snow and wind.

Bella had been in Dawnstar for just two days, and someone dared to bully her under their watch?

"Two beatings,' Eunice corrected coolly, "one from Leno and his men, one from me."

Eunice's cold eyes fixed on the person on the ground. "Now, the question is, do we light a fire and burn her, or do we just throw her into the sea?"

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1326

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1326

• • •

Chapter 1326

The woman crammed into the sack was scared out of her wits. She yearned to beg for mercy but feared that her aunt and uncle would recognize her voice. She knew the horrible things she had done to Arabella, and if her cruelty was uncovered, she might

lose their affection, just like her brothers.

Or worse, they might despise her.

"Alright, calm down now, don't get yourself all worked up,' Bard soothed as he rubbed her shoulders. "Where's Bella?"

"I told her to head back first."

"Does she know you're here?"

"I told her."

Bard gently caressed his wife's face. "Look how upset my sweetheart is."

Eunice couldn't help but chuckle at his antics.

With a doting tone, Bard asked, "Did you find anything you liked shopping today?"

"Oh yes, the new season's collection is rather fetching."

"And what did you get for Bella?"

"Clothes, shoes, handbags, a bit of everything. I'll take her out for some jewelry another day."

"How come you didn't use my credit card?"

He had waited all day and hadn't received a single bank notification.

Eunice flashed a coy smile. "A mere three million, I can handle that."

"And what about you? Didn't you treat yourself to anything?"

"Bella got me gifts! The entire trunk is filled with presents from her, Eunice beamed, her smile radiant and enchanting.

"Look at how happy you are,' Bard smiled, catching her infectious joy.

"It's my niece's token of affection." Eunice straightened his collar, "There are a few things in there for you too."

Bard lit up, pleasantly surprised, "For me as well?"

"Of course. Our niece is nothing if not fair."

"Is it a suit?"

"Suits, shirts, ties, she got it all." After adjusting his collar, Eunice gazed at him with eyes full of love.

"Then let's pick up Serena and head home to see our gifts. As for her,' Bard wrapped an arm around Eunice's shoulder, glancing

at the sack on the ground, "her fate, alive or dead, we'll leave in the hands of the Almighty.

Eunice couldn't be bothered with the sack anymore and walked away with Bard.

Serena listened as their footsteps faded and the car drove off. She dared not move until several minutes had passed, ensuring

they wouldn't return. Only then did she start to whimper for help.

At that moment, the fruit shop nearby was closing, and a clerk, carrying out the trash, spotted the sack on the ground. Hearing

muffled cries for help from within, she was startled but quickly untied the ropes sealing it.

Serena was finally exposed to the outside world, her eyes adjusting to the light as large snowflakes fell from the sky. Her phone was ringing non-stop on the ground. The clerk saw the blood on Serena's mouth and her filthy appearance - stained with wine and muck - and hastily helped her to her feet.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1327

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1327

• • •

Chapter 1327

What on Earth was going on here?

"Hey, are you okay?" The clerk, seeing she was a girl and probably not up to no good, picked up the dropped cellphone and handed it over. "Is this yours? How'd you end up in a sack? You should head home quick, alright." Serena didn't know how long she'd been out of it until the clerk left and her phone started ringing again. That was when she finally snapped out of it and saw 'Uncle Bard' flashing on the screen, but she couldn't bring herself to answer.

Sitting in his car, Bard had called Serena three times with no answer, and he was starting to worry. "Could something have happened?" "You said she called you for help, mentioning she was being bullied?" Eunice asked. "Yeah, Bard replied, worried his niece might be in danger. He was about to get someone to check on her when his phone rang.

It was Serena!

Trying to muster strength, Serena stood up against the wall, forcing a smile, and said with a light laugh, "Uncle Bard, you don't need to come get me. My boyfriend just came by and he's taken me back to the hotel safely. I've just finished taking a shower.

Bard, relieved yet surprised, said, "Since when do you have a boyfriend?"



"It's a long story." Serena teased sweetly, avoiding a lengthy explanation, "I'll tell you all about it when we meet tomorrow."

"You mentioned on the phone that you were bullied? What exactly happened? Did you have a fight with your boyfriend?" Bard asked with concern.

"No, it's not that." Serena didn't want to tarnish Martin's image, especially since he was already no Romeo. To speak ill of him now would only make him seem worse.

She lied, "My boyfriend's been tied up with work in Dawnstar, busy for a long time. He said he missed me, couldn't get away, and wanted me to come see him."

Serena could feel pain all over, but she endured it, standing and smiling, "I thought, it's been a long time since I've seen Grandpa and you, especially since I heard Aunt Eunice is back. I couldn't contain my excitement, wanting to visit you all. I planned to stay at a hotel tonight and come see you tomorrow, but I didn't expect that as soon as I got to Dawnstar, while waiting for my boyfriend on the street, some thugs started harassing me."

Bard frowned slightly, "Thugs? What did they do to you? Can you remember what they looked like?"

Serena was afraid Bard would check the surveillance footage and find out that she wasn't harassed by thugs but was, in fact, the one who got into a scuffle with Arabella and ended up in a sack, taking a beating.

So she lied again, "It wasn't much, they just whistled at me and said a few rude things. I've never encountered such people before, so I got scared. Maybe they got bored when they saw me crying and left."

Bard seemed unconvinced, "Nothing else happened?"

"Nothing. Uncle Bard, don't worry. I've adjusted my attitude. Please don't tell my parents about this. I'm eighteen now. I should

start facing this complex world. If you tell them secretly, they won't let me go out alone next time."

Bard relaxed, not pressing further, "Alright, as long as you're okay, I promise I won't tell."

Serena felt a lump in her throat and a sudden urge to cry.

"Which hotel are you staying at? Send me the address, and I'll send someone to pick you up tomorrow, Bard offered.

Serena hadn't actually settled on a hotel yet and chuckled, "No need, Uncle Bard, I want to spend some more time alone with my

boyfriend. I don't know when I'll be free to visit you. Don't bother coming to get me; my boyfriend will arrange that."

"Then get some rest. Now that I know you're safe, I can relax. If you need anything, just call me,' Bard said warmly. "I'm glad you thought to call me. Will you reach out next time you're in trouble?"

"Of course,' Serena's voice wavered, and she sniffled, "Well, Uncle Bard, you and Aunt Eunice should get some sleep too."

"Alright; Bard said, finally at ease and hanging up the phone, content that she was safe.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1328

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1328

• • •

## Chapter 1328

Serena slid to the floor, her body unable to support her any longer after she hung up the phone.

Through the call, she could feel Bard's genuine concern. It wasn't just a show for appearances' sake.

But as much as Bard cared about her, as close as they had always been, she now felt a vast distance between them.

All because of Arabella!

Clutching the snow in her fists, Serena thought bitterly that if it weren't for Arabella, she would still be the darling princess of the

Collins family, adored by all. Her brothers wouldn't despise her, her aunt wouldn't have struck her, and she could still be acting coy with her uncle like before.

How wonderful those days were?

It was all Arabella's fault that she had fallen into such a state!

The cold snow melted in her palm, but she couldn't feel the chill, her eyes brimming with hatred towards Arabella.

Her phone rang repeatedly until she snapped back to reality and answered it.

“Sorry, Serena, the traffic was a beast, I'm just downstairs at the restaurant now. Where are you?” the driver apologized profusely over the phone.

"I've already gone back to the hotel' Serena replied icily, cutting off the call. She didn't want the driver to see her in such disarray, lest it get back to Martin and make a bad impression.

As the snow continued to fall, she struggled to her feet and made her way back to the hotel, step by step.

Along the way, she remembered her aunt mentioning that she had bought Arabella a welcome gift worth \$3 million. Serena's heart swelled with discontent, fueling her disdain for Arabella.

The next morning.

Just as Arabella finished getting ready to head downstairs, a nervous servant suggested, ‘Miss Bella, perhaps you should get some more rest. Or maybe take a stroll in the garden through the back staircase. It's best not to pass through the living room.”

Puzzled, Arabella glanced up and asked, "Why?" “Bess Griffith is here, and she’s a real piece of work.” the servant whispered. "Mrs. Griffith is already dealing with her. If you can't

go back to sleep, Miss Bella, why not enjoy the garden? Shall I bring your breakfast out there?"

"Sure." Arabella didn't want to cause any trouble, and as she stepped into the garden, she saw a girl taking selfies on a swing.

Noticing Arabella, the girl snapped irritably, "Is this Eunice's idea of hospitality? I come all the way to see her and not even a cup

of tea or a biscuit in sight. Hurry up and serve me!"

Arabella regarded the snobby heiress and asked calmly, "Who are you to her?"

"What's it to you?" the girl scoffed, looking Arabella up and down. "Why's a servant asking so many questions?"

To think a servant didn't recognize her!

Just then, another servant approached, trembling, with a tray of pastries and fruit. In her nervousness, she nearly dropped it.

"I've got it" Arabella said, steadying the tray.

The poor servant was about to tell Bella that the young lady was also not to be trifled with.

But Arabella had already taken the tray and placed it before the spoiled rich girl.

The girl, admiring her own reflection, was displeased when Arabella delivered the tray.

"Is this what Eunice sends for my welcome?" she huffed.

"Is there a problem?"

“These are fit for a dog, and you dare present them to me?’ the rich girl flipped the tray onto the ground. Fresh orange juice, milk, an assortment of six fruits, and four different pastries scattered across the grass.

The servants at a distance were terrified.

Unfazed, Arabella faced her, “Are you saying you've never had any of these before?”

Milk? Fruit? Not even as a child?

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1329

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1329

• • •

Chapter 1329

“Of course I've had it!”

"And yet you go and say that stuff is fit for dogs, so what does that make you, a dog?"

"You, you dare twist your words to insult me?" The rich girl stood up in a fury, her hand raised to slap Arabella across the face.

But Arabella effortlessly caught her descending hand.

"You dare grab me? Let go! I'm telling you to let go, do you hear me?"

With a swift motion, Arabella pushed her away, and the girl stumbled back into her chair, her face turning a shade of red with anger!

"Are you one of Eunice's minions, sent here to provoke me? You have the same low-class manners as she does!" The rich girl pointed a finger at Arabella's nose and ordered, "I command you to pick up everything off the floor! Eat it all up!"

Arabella regarded her with the kind of look one reserves for the mentally unhinged and asked nonchalantly, "And what if I don't?"

"Then your end today will be particularly unsightly! Guards!"

Her entourage of seven or eight bodyguards surged forward at her call.

"Strip her of her clothes!" the girl demanded, eyeing Arabella's limited edition QY outfit with disdain.



Hah, as if a servant could afford such fine attire.  
“With her salary, she couldn't afford it in a lifetime!  
Surely Eunice taught her some seductive tricks to  
weasel benefits from men!”

How else could a servant afford QY designer  
clothes?

It had been a long time since Arabella had loosened  
her muscles, but today, the rich girl had ignited her  
rage.

"Struck a nerve, have I? Ashamed and angry?" the  
rich girl taunted. "The crooked beam leads to a  
crooked wall.

Strip her first, give her a beating, then send her to  
Eunice's!"

"Don't you dare disrespect Ms. Bella!“ From not too  
far away, a few servants finally mustered the  
courage and rushed over to  
shield Arabella, "This is Ms. Bella, not some lowly  
servant as you claim"

"Ms. Bella? Never heard of her. Eunice's illegitimate  
daughter all grown up now?"

"Watch your tongue! She's the niece of Mr. Bard,  
Mrs. Collins' own daughter. By rank, you are far  
inferior to her!"

“Louisa has a daughter this old? Did she also fall  
under Eunice's influence, learning to sneak around  
with men?"

Arabella stepped forward and took down several bodyguards in quick succession. Before anyone could react, she was already upon the rich girl, delivering a savage kick. The rich girl hadn't even processed what was happening when Arabella slapped her repeatedly. Grabbing the rich girl by the collar, Arabella demanded, "My mother's reputation is not for you to tarnish, understand?"

The rich girl was stunned, her cheeks flushed from the slaps, her eyes reddening.

She couldn't believe that she had been struck within the walls of the Bard estate!

"Has no one taught you manners? You throw a tantrum without considering whose territory you're on! Guards!"

Arabella turned to a servant and asked, "Who is she exactly?"

"Mr. Bard's aunt is her grandmother. Therefore, you are her elder sister."

Elder sister?

A flash of satisfaction crossed Arabella's eyes,

"Then today, your sister is going to teach you a proper lesson!"

The entire household staff was dumbfounded, hardly believing that Ms. Bella would dare strike Rose, the apple of Calvin and

Bess' eye, who had been doted on from birth.

Even Calvin himself tended to indulge her.  
But today, Ms. Bella had hit her.  
And she hit her hard.  
On the floor, the seven or eight bodyguards watched  
Rose take a beating, too pained to rise, utterly  
powerless.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1330

fl

## The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1330

• • •

Chapter 1330

Arabella didn't hold back as she gave Rose a  
thrashing she wouldn't soon forget, and with a swift  
kick, she towered over her and

chided, "Hasn't anyone ever taught you not to waste food?"

Rose was about to retort when Arabella's foot came down on her once more.

Flat on her stomach, Rose's face was now mashed into the scattered fruits on the ground.

The onlookers were gobsmacked. Ms. Bella was fierce.

The scene was too satisfying to watch.

Unable to hold back her tears, Rose sobbed, "I'm going to tell my grandma, and she'll have you torn limb from limb!"

"Oh, carry her inside,' Arabella's command once again left the servants speechless.

What was Ms. Bella saying?

After giving Rose a beating, she wanted her carried inside for everyone to see? Shouldn't this be covered up?

"She wants to tattle, right? Hoist her into the living room so she can spill her guts in one go. And bring those bodyguards too."

After Arabella finished speaking, she sauntered ahead.

The servants stood frozen for a moment before realizing Ms. Bella wasn't joking and hurriedly called for help to carry the bodies.

In the living room.

Bess had just savored a sip of her afternoon tea when Eunice signaled the bodyguards, and in a blink, they seized her.

The teacup crashed to the floor with a crisp sound. "Eunice, what do you think you're doing? You dare have people grab me?" Bess couldn't believe this bold move from Eunice, who had the audacity to capture her in front of everyone.

"Do you really think so highly of yourself? Believing that with Bard backing you, you can do as you please? This family doesn't revolve around your words!"

As Bess' bodyguards were about to step in, Eunice's laugh was cold and stunning, "Take one more step and see what happens."

The bodyguards froze, not daring to make a move.

"You're just dying to know if I'm playing clean with Alexander, right? Well, only Bard can answer that for you.

How about I send you over, and you can ask him yourself?"

Eunice's beauty was as engaging as ever, but the domineering aura she exuded was chilling to the bone.

Arabella had just reached the entrance when she overheard the conversation. No wonder the servants said Bess was a tough

nut to crack, even daring to question something as salacious as one's purity.

At that moment, Rose and her bodyguards were dumped on the living room floor.

Bess' eyes widened in shock as she saw her precious granddaughter beaten and bruised, her entourage not faring any better.

"Eunice, you even dare to lay a hand on my precious granddaughter?"

Before Bess could finish, Arabella interjected coolly, "I was the one who hit her. If you have an issue, take it up with me."

Bess turned, puzzled and annoyed, "And who might you be?"

Surprised to see the room in disarray, Eunice curled her lips into a smile.

"She's Louisa's daughter, recently returned to the fold. The Collins family has been treating her like a gem."

Louisa had another daughter out there?

And she was all grown up?

"She must have been born from some affair." Rose spat bitterly, battered and bruised, "Kenneth's been cuckolded for years."

• • •

Comment...

0/255  
Send ·