

## Arabella 1590

### Chapter 1590

The next morning dawned crisp and cold, with Serena gazing out at the manicured lawn of her family's estate. The serenity was undeniable, yet the vast house felt empty. She was alone, save for the occasional presence of the staff.

At last, Betty, the housekeeper, arrived with a basket, interrupting Serena's solitude. "Hey, Betty." Serena called out, a hopeful lilt in her voice.

"Why are you waiting out here, Serena? It's chilly—come inside," Betty chided gently.

Inside, Betty set down the breakfast tray, arranging the simple, yet familiar, toast, eggs, and bacon.

Serena eyed the modest fare with a mix of gratitude and resignation, then sat down to eat.

"Betty, the main house was so lively last night. Was there something to celebrate?" Serena inquired, probing for gossip.

"Oh, have you heard of Summer? The internationally famous singer? For three years, her fans have adored her music without ever seeing her face. She's the most enigmatic figure on the global stage and a genius songwriter from Solterra. Guess what? That person is Ms. Bella!" Betty exclaimed.

her eyes wide with

and photos. Even Mr. and Mrs. Collins have become fans. They were all praising Ms. Bella, and when she went to shower, they were singing her

thought I heard singing and cheering." Serena mused, her heart sinking. She was enduring hardship here, while they were

were insufferable, fawning over Arabella,

been Serena, everyone had scrambled to

Such turncoats!

her breakfast, Serena took out her own creations, placing them into the basket

so I followed an online tutorial and made some milk biscuits for my parents and sister. Take them

was impressed by the well-crafted biscuits, shaped

produce in the garden and some unopened cans of ham, so I whipped up

Serena carefully packed the bowls into the basket, then took out two neatly folded sheets of paper.

"This letter is for my parents, and this one is for my sister. Could you please pass them on?"

Her tone was sincere, that of someone seeking forgiveness and reconciliation. Betty felt moved by her gesture.

"If your parents and Ms. Bella see your homemade breakfast and read the letters, they're sure to forgive you."

"I just want them to be happy, not upset over me anymore. The holidays are coming up." Serena's voice trailed off as she looked out at the courtyard, her eyes reflecting a longing for freedom and her family's affection.

"I'll deliver these right away, Serena!" Betty hurried off, finally reaching the dining area only to find that Kenneth and Louisa, along with Arabella, had finished their breakfast.

Betty presented Serena's breakfast and letters with haste, yet Louisa didn't take the letters, barely glancing at the biscuits and soup before she stood and left the room.