

## Arabella 1612

### Chapter 1612

As the maid Sarah poured tea, she couldn't help but marvel silently at the array of sketches laid out on the table. "They're so beautiful," she whispered to herself.

Once she set the teapot down and stepped back, she leaned in to whisper to Edith, "These designers are incredible, aren't they? To come up with so many styles in such a short time, and each one is just stunning."

It was beyond her sense of beauty. She knew that one couldn't find such exquisite designs in any department store.

"Without powerful strength, how can they attract clients?" Edith whispered back. "The designers you see here, they don't just serve any client. Money is not enough. They look at the family's influence. Take BT for example, Mr. Collins has to spend two million dollars a year just to keep this slot."

Sarah gasped, nearly jumping out of her skin. Two million dollars? And with seven or eight brands represented here, the household must be spending tens of millions annually on haute couture alone.

It was lavish and shocking.

tell me, do people really spend that much money on clothes?" Sarah asked, her disbelief

either from the billion-dollar club, royalty, or wives and daughters of prominent politicians and celebrities. What

in shock. "All that time and money on a dress, only

all sorts of bizarre costumes. They're also worn just once – the next year it's

have beautiful ready-to-wear collections from brands, with designs perfect for celebrations, all for a fraction of the price of

"True blue bloods rarely go for ready-to-wear, except for everyday wear. For significant events, it's always couture.

villa as Kenneth and

Sarah suddenly felt like she

learn, in time,"

Just then, Kenneth approached his daughter Arabella, holding a tablet. "Bella, Designer Rory drafted some suits for me. Take a look and tell me what you think." He passed the tablet to her.

"And about our family outfits, would that be too childish?" Louisa chimed in, handing over another tablet, "Designer Eudora has also created a few just for me. Do you think they'd suit me?"

"Let me see, Dad." Arabella took the tablet, expertly navigating the design software, swiftly tweaking the suits to an even more impressive level.

Rory watched, his eyes widening in disbelief. Arabella had effortlessly improved upon his designs, elevating them to a whole new level.

Was she studying design? She seemed college-age—maybe a freshman? Yet, she was so proficient with design software.

With her talent for design, Rory wondered if she would consider joining BT.