

Arabella 2021

Chapter 2021

At that moment, Serena watched as Dora approached with two steaming cups of coffee, while June followed close behind with a platter of pastries.

She flashed a warm, polite smile, "Mrs. Cooper, Ms. Cooper, please have some coffee and snacks to start."

Dora had just set the coffee in front of Florence when, in a fit of rage, Florence slapped the cup away.

The scalding liquid flew toward Serena, soaking her clothes. Dora was petrified with fear.

"Serena," she rushed over, frantically dabbing away the stains with napkins.

"It's fine, just go on, both of you."

It was the dead of winter, and Serena was bundled up in thick clothing that easily shrugged off the coffee's heat, leaving her with nothing more than a wet garment.

Yet, she feigned a look of helpless pain, as if scalded, sending the maids away in a grand gesture of protecting the innocent. Alone, she would face the wrath.

Bowing, the maids had no choice but to retreat.

"Stop with the theatrics." Florence snapped, seeing right through her, "With all those layers, you think

you're burned? Just tell me how much money you want. Pack up and leave today, cut ties with my son, and name your price."

"Mrs. Cooper, my relationship with Martin isn't about money." Serena's eyes filled with crystalline tears as she spotted the maids secretly recording the scene, "I truly love him. I want to be with him, to never part."

"Spare me your pathetic act. I feel sick just looking at you! You talk of love with that mouth? Don't tarnish such a sacred word! You're with Martin to further your own selfish ends, a selfish, conscienceless, ungrateful liar! We've made it clear we don't like you, and yet you have the audacity to stay? Are you trying to ruin my son before you're satisfied?"

Tears fell down Serena's cheeks, her expression the very picture of innocence and sorrow.

"Mrs. Cooper, how could I ever harm him? I don't have time to do anything but love him. If it were before, I could have walked away from Martin, but in these past months, I've fallen for him. No amount of money, not a hundred million, two hundred million, not even a billion dollars could outweigh a single hair on his head."

"Can't you stop being so revolting? Martin's not here, who are you performing for?" Diana couldn't bear it any longer, "Just leave today, and consider this mansion bought anew by us. Fifty million should suffice, right?"

"Ms. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, please don't force me. Even in death, my love for Martin wouldn't wane, not even a bit. In my next life, and the life after that, I still want to be with him."

Diana and Florence were beside themselves with fury. This bitch wouldn't let go of Martin, not just in this life, but she was claiming the next and the one after that, too.

"Mrs. Cooper, have some coffee."

Again, Florence swatted the cup, spilling the coffee over Serena's clothes.

Internally, Serena was jubilant; this was her plan all along, to goad Florence into dousing her with coffee.