

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) #Chapter 2161 - Read The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) Chapter 2161

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Cathy hit the nail on the head with her statement and then added, “If it were up to me, I’d hand the company over to the most capable kid to make it thrive. So | don’t think what Grandma and Grandpa did back then was wrong. On the contrary, | think Dad needs to adjust himself—the business belongs to the whole family; it shouldn’t matter who it goes to. If Dad are discontent, he should have talked it out with them instead of brewing so much resentment.”

“You’re a good kid.” Shirley patted her head, feeling a lump in her throat, surprised that even a child could be more understanding than some adults.

“| share Cathy’s view,” Jeffery added in.

This was indeed his parents’ fault.

“| agree with Cathy too,” Luna declared.

Shirley felt even more emotional and reached out to hug Jeffery and Luna. “You all are such good children.” “You can’t even measure up to these three kids.” Phillip scolded.

Tomas and Donna hung their heads in shame.

Back then, Donna had thought that as long as Jennifer perished in that fire, her husband would finally let go and focus on their little family.

But what she didn’t realize was that, even if Jennifer were gone, there would always be a place in Tomas’ heart that no one else could fill, a place reserved solely for Jennifer.

After the clinic explosion years ago, Tomas’ company grew larger. Being a member of the McMillian family, he was able to access to high society. He continued to make influential connections to strengthen his position, secretly building his own power base and collaborating with like-minded individuals and organizations, including Doom.

On the surface, he appeared at peace as the head of the household, but in reality, his power was growing wildly, and had long since grown from a sapling into a towering tree.

At that moment, Shirley, with tears in her eyes, turned to Donna.

“Tomas didn’t fulfill his responsibilities and obligations as a husband—he is indeed wrong. As his mother, | failed to raise him properly, and as your mother-in-law, | didn’t notice your distress in time, allowing you to endure such hardship. For that, | owe you an apology.”

Shirley suddenly bowed to Donna in a serious gesture of apology, which made Donna feel even more remorseful.

“Mom.” Donna rushed to support her, “It’s not your fault.” Over the years, Shirley had been very kind to her!

Not just Shirley, but Phillip had cherished her t enasé se hefohis omy datighter! Please read the original content at .

The reason she hadn't held a grudge over the uneven distrib tion efcthel | Faris waprecisaly because oftheir kindness to her. Please read the original content at .

Shirley looked at Donna with a mix of

heartache and regret, “i Lhad knaivh Ae) wereiesorntubh bain, | would

h SC Siasand a divorce even more.” Please read the original content at .

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Donna astounded, unexpected that her mother-in-law would say such words.

“After the divorce, you'll still be the daughter-in-law in my heart. | will still treat you as my own family. | support you in chasing your own happiness, to be frank, | hope you do well.”

When she learned how Donna had been giving so much all these years without getting a response from her son, Shirley, as a woman herself, could truly empathize with the pain her daughter-in-law had endured.

“But you’ve hated the wrong person, honey.” Shirley corrected with tears in her eyes, “From beginning to end, Jennifer had no clue how much Tomas adored her, let alone the fact that the brothers had fought over her, and she was completely in the dark about the long suffering you endured. The one you ought to hate is him.”

With that, she turned her gaze to her eldest son.

“After you have been heartbroken again and again, what you have to do is to leave him, cut your losses, instead of wasting your time on him and misdirecting your anger towards Jennifer. You're wrong in this, is Jennifer not innocent? She has been hated with no reason by you for so many years and has been hurt for so many years.”

Hearing Shirley speak that, Donna's tears fell.

After that fateful explosion at the clinic, Tomas indeed did many things to hurt and stumble his younger brother. And Donna hadn't been idle either. She secretly shoot “arrows in the dark” at Jennifer.

But George and Jennifer had always trusted them and never suspected a thing.

“The worst thing is, because of love and hate and family business, you've dragged so many innocents into this mess.” Shirley closed her eyes in despair, tears trailing down her cheeks.

“Mom.” Donna just wanted to say something.

Suddenly, a cup of coffee was splashed on Tomas' face.

Jennifer, holding the cup, said furiously, “You actually tried to kill George.”

She slapped Tomas hard.

The force left a vivid red imprint on his cheek.

“Jennifer.” Tomas didn't expect Jennifer to suddenly hit him, and he was stunned.

“Don't call me like that; | find it disgusting.” Jennifer's eyes bore disgust and anger, “Even if something had happened to George back then, | would never have fallen for you, much less ended up with you!”

Tomas felt as if he'd been pierced by a thousand arrows, staring at Jennifer in disbelief. “You only care about yourself! You live too selfishly!”

Jennifer's accusation left Tomas frozen.

“Hello? Is this 911? | need to report a crime.”

Cathy, somehow having already dialed the emergency number, choked out to the operator, Mom name is athyytemiliah Tomas Nonitt n's youngest daughter. I'm reporting Tomas and Donna for involvement in multiple homicides. Please come to Reflections Villa immediately and take them in for questioning.” Please read the original content at .

Perhaps never expecting their own daughter to report them personally, Tomas and Donna paused, the light in their eyes dimmed, and they didn't say a word as if they had accepted their fate.

After a while, Phillip's phone rang.

"Phillip. Sorry to bother you, but we just received a call from your granddaughter alleging serious accusations. Is this some kind of child's play?"

Phillip seemed to age several years in an instant, yet his voice maintain

its authority, "My senen& CO dayigitertiw are indeed implicated in multiple homicides. Please come over, the location is Reflections Villa." Please read the original content at .

Truth be told, even if Cathy hadn't made that call, he would have.

His son and daughter-in-law hadn't just made a small mistake; eat been committing heitols acts or vedi an Net quest for power and the family fortune, entangling and sacrificing countless innocents. Please read the original content at .

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The voice on the phone faltered. Was this really happening? After a short while, a slew of officers arrived at Reflections Villa. Tomas and Donna looked at their three children with a swirl of emotions.

"Remember to listen to Grandma and Grandpa, and your Aunt and Uncle." Donna's voice cracked as tears rolled down her cheeks. She couldn't help but look at the three kids before her with a mix of pride and sorrow. They had really grown up, become so sensible, with a strong sense of right and wrong. Her mother-in-law was right—they were such good kids.

Tomas' eyes were filled with shame and regret as he faced them. "Mom and Dad haven't set the best example, and we've let you down. We're so sorry."

He bowed to the three children. At that gesture, Jeffery's emotions suddenly broke through, tears streaming down his face. Luna's eyes went red.

Cathy had been trying hard to hold back, trying not to make a sound, but her trembling body betrayed her. She was just a teenager, even younger than Arabella. No one knew how much courage it took her to dial 911 and report her own parents.

Tomas then turned to his brother and sister-in-law, his eyes filled with remorse for the first time. He bowed solemnly, "Sorry."

George's shoulders trembled. He wanted to scold his brother for his foolishness, to tell him that he never coveted taking over the family business, that he had taken on the burden just to ease his brother's load.

But before he could voice these thoughts, a burning sensation in his throat stopped him, and tears fell. He turned away, not wanting his brother to see him like this.

How could Tomas not know his brother's thoughts at this moment? But it was too late to say anything now.

Tomas looked at his parents, feeling ashamed of his actions for the first time. "Dad, Mom," he called out, then bowed deeply, apologizing, "Sorry."

Philip and Shirley still carried themselves with the dignity of the family's elders, keeping their emotions in check; but Tomas knew that inside, they must be feeling a turmoil of emotions. Rising from his bow, he faced Kenneth, Louisa, and Arabella, bowing earnestly, "Sorry." His decisions had torn their family apart.

And Donna also bowed to everyone and apologized, "I'm sorry." Her sincere attitude and humble stance once again triggered tears of the others. Cathy watched as her parents were taken away by the police, finally allowing herself to cry out loud.

Shirley, who had held back her tears for so long, now let them fall, as she gently embraced Cathy, comforting her tenderly, "Sweetie, don't be afraid. you still have Grandma and Grandpa. We'll take good care of you."

Luna, who had always been strong, leaned into her brother's embrace. Silently. From today on, they were without parents. Please read the original content at .

There would be no more family gatherings with Mom and Dad.

Kenneth and Louisa felt a pang of sorrow; they could remember the years ago was like this. Please read the original content at .

At that moment, Philip, the family's pillar, suddenly crumbled down. "Grandpa." Romeo rushed forward to support him.

Philip looked as if he had taken a blow, his voice weathered, "Please read the original content at ."

content at .

He gazed at his eldest grandson, his focus returning, "Let's go home."

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"Alright," Romeo glanced back at Arabella, a silent gesture that he would take Grandpa home first. Arabella nodded in understanding.

"Bella," at that moment, Cathy's eyes were red and brimming with tears, her voice quivering as she clutched Arabella's hand. "My parents almost got you and your parents killed. I'm so sorry."

"They've already apologized," Arabella said, comforting the young girl with warmth in her voice. "You didn't know anything about it, Cathy. It's not your fault."

"But they." "That is the grudge of their generation. It has nothing to do with us. Our bond will not change." Arabella's words made Cathy burst into tears again. "I'll come visit you again in a few days."

"That would be lovely," Arabella's warm and kind smile made Cathy unable to resist hugging her and crying out, "You're so good, sis. My parents hurt you, kept you away from your own family for years, yet you forgive them so easily. If only I had a time machine, I'd be the first to go back and stop them."

But there were no time machines in real life, and her parents' mistakes couldn't be undone.

"You go on and take Grandma and Grandpa home," Arabella said, patting her back. "Everything will get better."

Cathy cried even harder.

"We'll come see you again soon, sis," Luna added, her eyes also red.

Arabella wiped away Luna's tears, then turned to Jeffery and handed him a tissue from the table. "Next time, come with smiles." The three of them managed to laugh through their tears, nodding and looking back repeatedly as they left.

Meanwhile.

Serena was taken to the police station, where a mountain of evidence against her had been amassed.

One night, while locked up, she dreamed that she had been wronged by Arabella's and just then received a message from Martin. She casually replied with a sad emoji, which worried Martin greatly. He sent her several messages in a row, and when she didn't reply, he called her several times. Seeing she didn't answer, he directly sent her a bunch of smiley face balloons.

As the balloons rose and entered her sight, Serena's tears began to fall. As the tears flowed, she realized it was just a dream.

She remembered, long ago, Martin had indeed sent her smiley face balloons, but at that time, she hadn't cared about his feelings. Instead, she captured the spectacular scene, intending to post it on Facebook someday.

She wanted to wait until Martin's stock increased—until she felt it was worth boasting, then she would share it with a post.

But she never imagined that she'd never get the chance again.

Her tears seemed endless. Although she tried to control her Steele's ue trembling body arwike Sos brodkin he silence of the night occasionally disturbed the peace. Please read the original content at .

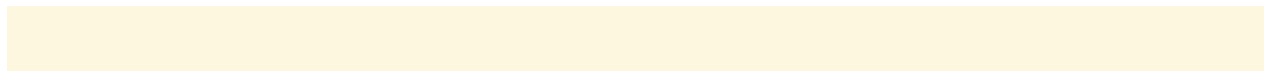
Finally, someone in the cell was woken by the noise and threw something at her impatiently.

“Damn it, will you ever stop? Mourning or what!”

Startled, Serena clapped her hands over her mouth, letting tears fall silently, not daring to make another sound. Days later, Arabella went to visit Beverly.

“Auntie, the outside world and the poems are just as you said — full of surprises,” Arabella ses\er "Rbmeo! angit thouubt ii Mas important for both our families to read it too. But as you know, even the most beautiful scenery eventually becomes part of the past.” Please read the original content at .

Beverly's tears welled up as she listened; finally, ith becom (Re | past finalharolrtcte days of living in fear. Please read the original content at .



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“Thank you.” Beverly’s shoulders shuddered uncontrollably as her hands covered her face, tears streaming down her cheeks. She didn’t know how to express her gratitude to her niece.

Thank heavens, it was because of her niece that her two daughters could live safely under the sun. And as a mother, she didn’t have to live in fear anymore.

Regret flooded her as she thought about all she had done to her niece.

“I’m so sorry.” Beverly knew that her niece’s family no longer needed her flimsy apology, but at that moment, she felt truly sorry towards her niece, her brother, and sister-in-law.

But it was all too late. Some mistakes, once made, are made. Every time her niece visited and called her “Auntie,” she felt a pang of discomfort and shame.

Arabella knew that although her uncle and aunt hadn’t explicitly asked Tomas to help with arson and murder, they had indeed done many things that hurt her parents over the years, including causing accidents while her parents were on vacation and sabotaging their work.

Since they did those things, they deserved to be punished.

“Take care of yourself in there, Auntie. I’ll come to visit when | can.” Beverly looked at her, touched, “Okay, okay.”

Two years later.

Frederica and Alma came to visit their mother.

“Mom, I’ve graduated from college.”

Frederica’s words immediately brought tears to Beverly’s eyes, “My girl has finally grown up and is about to step into the real world.”

Time had flown by so quickly; two years went by in a blink of an eye.

Frederica smiled, “I’m planning to come back and start my career here. | was sending out resumes everywhere when one day, Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Louisa came to me. They had divided all the companies you once owned equally between Alma and me. They even arranged for someone to teach us how to manage everything. | closed my first business deal yesterday.”

Frederica's news surprised Beverly, and tears started to flow again.

She had never imagined that Kenneth and Louisa would be so generous to her children, even dividing the family business among them.

"Uncle Kenneth said that he and Aunt Louisa were just taking care of the companies and assets for a cen two years. Nowrttst a Gra uated floth &b lege and Alma has finished her studies ahead of time, the companies rightfully should be returned to us. They also said that from now on, we have to forge our own paths." Please read the original content at .

Beverly couldn't stop crying, overwhelmed by Kenneth and Louisa's magnanimity, regretting her own pettiness and narrow- mindedness.

"Yesterday, after | made my first deal, Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Louisa were so happy. Aunt even opened the garage and told me to pick any car as a reward."

Frederica continued, "You know what? That garage is full of the cats you once returngété them. fay reyeréduced them for these two years, never claiming them as their own, but have kept them for us sisters." Please read the original content at .

Beverly's tears fell once more, a mix of guilt, emotion, and apology intertwining, which made her wish she could go back and change the past.

"| chose the least expensive one, but Aunt wouldn't have it. She insi

pick one | truly loved alte end, | Beacons because in my memory, that was the year our family was very happy." Please read the original content at .

Beverly wept profusely, her emotions surging like the tide, overwhelming and fierce.

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Alma, who was standing by, also spoke up, "Uncle Kenneth and Aunt Louisa said that as long as the company performs well, they'll reward us with the things one by one from your past. But they also reassured us that it's okay even if we don't make it big right away. They understand that everything has a tough beginning. And if business just isn't our thing, they'll make sure we get those items as our dowry when we get married."

Alma's words utterly broke through Beverly's defenses. She had never imagined that Kenneth and Louisa would be so generous to her kids.

"Mom, Uncle and Aunt are really good to us, and so are Grandma and Grandpa. Their kindness isn't just for show, nor is it for outsiders. It's the real deal. And Bella, she's been very good to us too."

Alma's revelation prompted Beverly to quickly wipe away her tears and ask with concern, "How's she been doing lately?"

"Bella has been quite amazing; QY is booming and has been winning favor from many royals and nobles. Her order book is so full it's bursting at the seams. On top of that, she penned a song that skyrocketed to the top of the charts and her calligraphy and artwork have brought honor to our nation. Artists and calligraphers from all over have been flocking just to meet her, to talk to her, and to plead to be taken on as apprentices. The line at her door is so long, it might as well stretch to the Eiffel Tower!"

Hearing Alma speak like this, Beverly's eyes filled with tears. She hadn't expected that her niece had never stopped striving to be better.

"Oh, and there's more," Alma continued, "she's been working on a medicine that helps Alzheimer's patients. Just one shot can help them recall the events of the last seven or eight years. It prevents them from quickly degenerating into a state where they remember nothing at all and also eases symptoms such as aphasia and agnosia. However, this miracle medicine isn't on the market yet. Several international pharmaceutical giants have already offered big bucks for it, but Bella insists it was developed for our people, and she won't just cash in on national goodwill."

Beverly couldn't help but be moved by her niece's broad-mindedness.

Her heart was as vast as the heavens, her ambition boundless. Compared to her, Beverly felt small despite her age—a mere twenty-one-year-old girl had outshone her.

She hadn't realized her niece was already twenty-one.

Beverly reminisced about when she returned to the Collins family at eighteen, celebrated with a grand party at nineteen, and just like that, two years had passed, and her niece was already twenty-one.

The last time she saw Bella, there was an even greater air of elegance and spirit about her. One could sense that she had a broad perspective even during conversations.

"Oh, there's something else you should know. In a couple of days, it's Bella's birthday, and she's getting married to her fiancé on the same day. And guess what? Her five brothers are having a joint wedding ceremony too!"

Beverly was taken aback that her niece and nephews would all be celebrating their nuptials on the same day. She was overjoyed for them.

“We'll both be there to offer our sincerest blessings,” Alma added, turning to look at her mother through the bars that separated them. Although her mother was physically close, she felt worlds apart, as if they were in completely different realms.

“We'll also send Dad's and your blessings,” Alma promised.

“That's good.” Beverly's eyes welled up again, “Such a good wedding will surely be a valuable part of the media. I get to see it on TV.” Please read the original content at .

The visiting time was up, and Frederica and Alma reluctantly stood up.

“Mom, take care of yourself in here.” Alma couldn't help saying, “Eat well,

sleep well, and don't worry about us. We have Grandma

and Grandpa, Uncle and Aunt looking after us, accompanying us, and of course, there's also Bella. She's been so good to us.” Please read the original content at .

“That's good.” Beverly reached up to wipe her tears, “And you also need to be good to her.” “We will, definitely. We're off to see Dad now, to share all this good news with him.”

Their parents were sentenced to life imprisonment, and they were behind bars. Please read the original content at .

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Even though they had lost their freedom, the mere chance to see them occasionally was enough to fill the two sisters with contentment.

On the other side.

Donna never thought she'd see her three children again in this lifetime.

Clutching the cold metal bars, she tried to get a clearer look on her children's faces, but her vision was blurred by tears.

For two whole years, they had not come to see them even once; it was clear that they had been utterly disappointed by them. But something unknown had brought them there today.

Donna couldn't stop the tears, her body trembling. She wanted to call out to her children, but her throat was so raw, she couldn't utter a single word.

“If it weren't for Bella insisting, we wouldn't have bothered coming,” Cathy said, her arms folded across her chest, clearly still holding a grudge.

Donna was momentarily taken aback, then more tears cascaded down her cheeks.

“Cathy's a household name now, a real A-list celebrity,” Jeffery chimed in, “And Luna's art is famous far and wide. Two years ago, Romeo transferred all of your companies and properties to my care, and I also received half the shares of McMillian Corporation.”

Though he had refused, his brother had insisted that as siblings, they should share the properties. His brother wanted to devote more time to his wife and not be so busy that he couldn't even have a meal with her.

“But I don't have his business acumen. I haven't managed the previous properties as well as he did.”

Two years had passed since their parents' incarceration, and by default, everything had been transferred to Romeo, who had promptly passed it on to him.

Despite two years of effort, he had only managed to advance these businesses a little. Unlike his brother, who had developed the businesses in his hands to a whole new level.

“The reason you were able to make a little progress is because Romeo and Bella helped bridge connections,” Cathy said bluntly. “Don't you dare be stingy when it comes to picking out the wedding gift.”

“Wedding gift?” Donna perked up, surprised, “Romeo and Bella are getting married?”

“In two days. The Collins and five brothers are all set for their wedding.”

As the wedding date neared, Donna would be told soon by Jeffery. Please read the original content at .

“That wedding. must be grand.” Donna couldn't help but smile at her son. After two days, Serteséry had grown more composed, his demeanor now more dashing and debonair. Please read the original content at .

Seeing all three of her children standing before her, well and good, her tears came anew, once again blurring her vision.

“Let's go, we still have one more person to visit, and let's we

pick out a gift for her? Sathy said, Hep forte Slightly impatient, but Donna could feel that her daughter actually missed them too. Please read the original content at .

“Send them my blessings,” Donna said through the bars, weeping. “I hope they grow old together, more and more in love with each passing day.”

“Will do,” Jeffery looked at his mother, and eventually, he and his two sisters left together to visit their father.

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Throughout the morning, Arabella, as the successor of Luna Capital, delivered a speech to over a thousand of the largest international investors and family representatives.

In the afternoon, she took a plane back home and, and at the top floor of a glass and steel skyscraper in Summerfield, a place where every inch of land is valuable, she announced the official establishment of Luna Capital’s headquarters, which spans 300,000 square meters.

Luna Capital was her legacy from Grandpa Alberto. To manage it more closely, she had moved the headquarters to Summerfield and lured the core team with high salaries.

After the ribbon-cutting ceremony, she convened a senior management meeting to review Luna Capital's financial status and business performance for the quarter.

“Our real estate investments have been strategic and profitable. We've taken over six poorly managed but well-located office buildings and invested in four high-quality properties with stable cash flow. In addition, we've acquired 60% of the shares in Jersey Industrial Park, 65% in Sweet Home, and an 80% stake in Melody Music.”

“Our total profits for this quarter have increased by 15% from the last and are up by 45% compared to the same period last year. We are the most trusted and one of the largest investment groups worldwide, second only to McMillian Corporation.”

As soon as the financial officer finished speaking, applause and praise showered Arabella, who sat at the head of the table.

After the clapping subsided, Arabella spoke, “In the past two years, our group has diversified into various industries, including healthcare, education, technology, and energy. Next on our

radar is an independent consumer review group seeking public funding, and the automotive brand Ike requires capital for their new plant in Summerfield. | plan to invest in them to officially enter the automotive and e-commerce markets.”

The room burst into enthusiastic applause again.

“We have full faith in Mr. Collins's vision; it can't be wrong.”

“Luna Capital has thrived under your leadership. If Mr. Rollins were looking down on us, he'd surely be proud.” To mention Alberto Rollins.

Ashadow flickered across Arabella's eyes, but she quickly regained her composure.

“Additionally, there's a video platform I'm very optimistic about; | have already sent someone to negotiate. If all goes well, we'll acquire a majority stake.”

The crowd praised her in unison again until someone chimed in, “Ms. Collins, the day after tomorrow is your big day! You shouldn't be overworking yourself with Luna Capital matters.”

“Yeah, you're spinning like a top every day. Don't forget your own wedding in all this hustle.”

“If Mr. McMillian can't walk down the aisle with his bride, none of us will get off easy!” The room shared a laugh at the playful warning.

Arabella hadn't realized her wedding to Romeo was the day after tomorrow.

Lately, she had been so busy that she didn't realize how fast time had passed.

“Ms. Collins, if there's nothing els

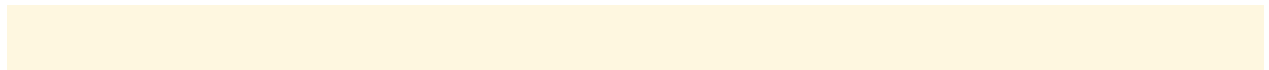
let's adjourn. Y betel Bealtidme apaiistalt preparing,” Please read the original content at .

“Don't worry about the company; we've got it handled. Besidegrgs' | ve. hundredstoF topnotch investment experts here.” Please read the original content at .

“You should go try on your wedding dress.” “Here's to hoping Ms. Collins will be blessed with a couple of kids within three years.”

“To Ms. Collins and Mr. McMillian: may you have a ifetinne of haporeds, avant \oyrul bliss.” Please read the original content at .

With a thankful smile for everyone's good wishes, Arabella declared the meeting adjourned.



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“Ms. Collins.”

At that moment, a woman director approached her with a warm smile. “I'd like to wish you an early congratulations on your upcoming wedding. May your union with Mr. McMillian age like fine wine, growing more delightful as the years pass.”

“Thank you,” Arabella replied, looking at Andrea in front of her. She recalled the early days of taking over Luna Capital, when her absence due to lack of time had irked Andrea quite a bit.

After Tomas and Donna were taken into custody, Arabella had flown abroad for the first board meeting. Andrea, seeing Arabella's youth, assumed she was a mere nepotism hire and openly questioned her capabilities more than once, even slamming down a resignation letter and walking out.

It was only after Arabella had proven herself and personally invited Andrea back that they began to work together again.

“I used to think your Grandpa Alberto was a genius in the investment world, never missing a shot. But it turns out, your vision is even sharper than his. Luna Capital is lucky to be in your hands.”

Her words had barely settled when an elderly director stepped forward, chuckling. “I can't believe in the blink of an eye, our Ms. Collins is getting married. I wish you and Mr. McMillian a harmonious and lifelong partnership.”

“Thank you, Kim,” Arabella said, her eyes softening.

This Kim, who knew about her running Allbara Investment and feared she might eventually integrate Mr. Rollins's hard work— Luna Capital—into Allbara Investment, thus he initially disapproved of her, even demanding that she step aside for the greater good.

Fortunately, Arabella's competence had eventually won him over.

“Bella, congratulations! We've all been looking forward to this day.” Heloise stepped forward, looking at Arabella with the fondness of an aunt for a beloved niece. “If your Grandpa Alberto knew about this from beyond, he would certainly be overjoyed.”

Arabella smiled. “Thank you, Heloise.”

Previously, Heloise had been concerned that Arabella, as the founder of Allbara Investment, might favor her own group's projects over Luna Capital's

well-being, and disregard the livelihoods of its people. and thus had opposed her leadership.

Then there was Vito, an old shareholder, who came walking over, and everyone respectfully made way for him. Vito was a highly esteemed and formidable figure within the group and represented the biggest obstacle to Arabella's takeover.

The opposition led by him had caused Arabella no small amount of trouble. However, Arabella quickly displayed her remarkable talent for investment, especially in real estate.

She first acquired 11 office properties overseas for \$300 million, renovated them, and eotethéavtor a rear edt Gt \$50 million, marking just one of her successes in the commercial real estate market. Please read the original content at .

Later, she formally partnered with Martin's logistics group, taking a stake in his company, and helping him outmaneuver other family competitors while making a tidy sum for both of them.

Following that, she set her sights on the logistics sector under Light Group, ON pailtion oF" 705K stake, And 8 quiring a renowned domestic port area storage facility, adding 300,000 square meters of modern warehousing into her portfolio. Please read the original content at .

By then, the old shareholders like Vito were starting to be surprised.

Then, she launched scholarship programs at Summerfield College and Westerly College, raisin

million, in luding SWE mAlion out of Hep bwH pocket. Since the project's inception, nearly 300 outstanding graduates from both schools had joined Luna Capital and were making significant contributions. Please read the original content at .

Finally, the old shareholders, including Vito, were thoroughly impressed, respecting her with utmost reverence from then on.

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At that moment, the senior shareholder stepped forward. "Your wedding is the day after tomorrow, and I'll be there on time with my family. I wish you and Romeo all the harmony of a perfect duet, and a lifetime of happiness."

“Thank you,” Arabella said, knowing full well that his heartfelt blessing was not easily earned. “About the things before.” Before the old shareholder could finish, Arabella cut in with a laugh, “I’ve long since forgotten about it.”

“Ha-ha-ha-ha.” The old man hadn’t expected this young woman to be not only magnanimous but also quite sharp. He thought to himself that Alberto had made the right choice after all.

“Then you better head home and get ready; you are not allowed to come to the corporation in the next two days,” the old shareholder declared with authority. “If you dare show up, I’ll personally block you at the door.”

Arabella knew he meant every word. “Thanks,” Arabella said with a smile. “then I’ll leave these two days in your hands.” After leaving the corporate headquarters, Romeo’s car was already waiting outside.

No sooner had Arabella got into the car than he pulled her onto his lap, showering her with kisses. She wrapped her arms around his neck, laughing and looking at him, “Are you that eager?”

“You just look so enticing right now,” Romeo said, eyes fixed on the girl in front of him. “You’ve changed a lot in the past two years.”

“Have I?”

“Yes.” He found the sparkle in her eyes especially enchanting, her allure growing by the day, and he leaned in for another deep kiss.

Just then, her phone rang.

Romeo, craving her like a hungry wolf, simply refused to stop no matter what.

Carl, sitting in the front, couldn’t bear to look, wondering what sins he had committed to endure such torment every day. By the time Arabella managed to push Romeo away, the phone had stopped ringing.

Romeo attempted to continue, but Arabella pushed against his chest with one hand, keeping him at bay, while she grabbed her phone with the other. It was Molly calling.

“Bella must still be busy. Take a photo for me; I’ll send it to her.” At that moment, Molly held her judge’s badge in hand with a radiant smile.

“Let’s take one together,” Hans suggested, pulling her close. Both of them were judges at the international design competition this year.

Molly looked beamingly at the camera, while Hans’ eyes shone with a tender light.

After sending the photo, Hans slid his arm around her waist, "Let's head home." "Mr. Collins!" Many fellow judges and staff came over, extending their congratulations on the couple's upcoming nuptials. Molly responded with a smile, "Thank you, everyone. Make sure you come to our wedding!"

Hans' gaze never left her. She had become more outgoing, always smiling. In crowded places, he was protective, ensuring no one jostled her.

This gesture was captured and spread online.

Once in the car, Molly kept looking at the photo on her phone. When she competed in design contest: he | vejustnerstbre girl. She never imagined that one day she'd be taking over her family's business and becoming a judge alongside Hans, and soon, marrying him. Please read the original content at .

Hans leaned over to buckle her seatbelt, "Sit tight, little one."

"Oh, by the way, on the judges' bench today, you kept whispering in my ear and offering me side orders. I heard you mentioning, "Doing that, people will focus on us instead of the truly talented contestants on stage!" Please read the original content at .

"I was afraid you were hungry," Hans said, looking at the girl beside him. "You not only BEGAN bites of your lunch and three sips of soup." Please read the original content at .