

Arabella 691

Chapter 691

Arabella pulled up the surveillance footage of that Toyota car, saw it linger in a deserted factory for a bit, and then zoomed out.

After a while, a Porsche rolled out of the same deserted factory.

She guessed whoever was in the Toyota might have switched to the Porsche.

After some sleuthing, Arabella found the Porsche parked somewhere.

The place was called "Eternal Summer Villa."

Romeo's expression turned serious, "That's the Winters family's villa."

"So, the person who wanted to harm Arabella was from the Winters family?" Carl, who was driving, was shocked into silence. He didn't expect that Ms. Bella would find out the puppet master in less than ten minutes.

But how could a member of the Winters family be the puppet master?

The Winters and McMillian families were on good terms, and they knew Ms. Bella was Romeo's fiancée. They wouldn't dare harm Ms. Bella even if they had the guts.

Arabella continued her investigation and found that last night, Enid Winters did come home late at night and Noreen was with her.

Now the evidence was solid, Arabella looked at Romeo, "What do we do now?"

After all, the Winters family once saved Romeo's father.

If it wasn't for their timely discovery, Romeo's father might have drowned in the pool long ago, there wouldn't be a wife and son later, and there wouldn't be Romeo.

It could be said that this favor was beyond words.

Romeo's gaze became complex, and he stayed silent for a while before saying, "Let's drop it."

"Okay."

Since he wanted to drop it, Arabella wouldn't do anything further to them.

Romeo, "There's no way we're dropping it."

Dared to lay a finger on his sweetheart?

"You handle this and I'll take care of the aftermath," Romeo said gently.

"Alright." Arabella packaged the evidence and sent it to the police station. Soon, police cars were blaring their sirens in the streets, heading directly to the Winters family to make arrests.

When the parents of the Winters family heard their daughter was suspected of murder, they couldn't believe it. They watched in shock as Enid was taken away. They panicked, and quickly called Mr. Winters for help.

Upon hearing that this had something to do with Arabella and not having Arabella's number, Mr. Winters could only call Romeo.

Romeo deliberately ignored him, forcing him to find Phillip in person. As soon as he entered the room, Mr. Winters was frantic and he was almost choking.

"Phillip, could Arabella have misunderstood something? How could Noreen and Enid possibly murder her? They couldn't even bear to step on a bug when they were kids, and there's no way this was their doing."

Mr. Winters was truly desperate. He disregarded his dignity and clutched Phillip's hand, pleading,

"Please call Arabella and tell her to release them. Noreen and Enid can't stand this kind of suffering!"

Wasn't this destroying the relationship between our two families?"

Even though Phillip had not been fond of the Winters family since the last incident with the game of Go, when he heard that someone had hired a hitman, he couldn't help but ask, "What on earth was going on?"

Mr. Winters told Phillip the whole story, but Phillip was indifferent. He withdrew his hand, "There's no way Bella could be wrong. If she said your granddaughters, Noreen and Enid, hired someone to commit murder, then that meant they must have done something unspeakable!"

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Mr. Winters was taken aback, "Phillip, how can you jump to conclusions so quickly when things haven't been clarified? My two granddaughters had a bit of a tiff with Arabella, but it's not like it's escalated to hiring a hitman. There must be someone trying to drive a wedge between our families."

"You're saying Arabella is framing you?" Phillip looked very unhappy. If there were a table near him, it would definitely be flipped.

"No. What I'm saying is, shouldn't we release Enid and Noreen before everything is clarified."

"You said it yourself, and this was Bella's call. I can't override her." Phillip waved his hand, ready to leave the living room and head upstairs.

"Phillip, she's your grandson's wife. Doesn't she listen to you?"

"Well, you've got it all wrong." Phillip turned his head back, correcting him word by word, "Exactly because she is the McMillian family's granddaughter-in-law. I fully support whatever she does, and not only that, if anyone dares to bully her, I'll hold them accountable! You'd better pray that your granddaughters haven't done anything unforgivable or I won't let it slide!"

"Phillip!!" Mr. Winters was furious, seeing that Phillip wouldn't intervene, "Don't forget, I was the one who saved your son! Otherwise, where would you get your grandson and granddaughter?"

Phillip stopped and looked at him, his eyes unreadable.

"Put it nicely, the McMillian family owed me a favor. Put it bluntly, the McMillian family owed me two lives!"

If he hadn't saved Romeo's father back then, Romeo wouldn't have been born.

One could say he saved two members of the McMillian family at once.

"So, you're here to cash in on your lifesaving favor?" There was a hint of contempt in Phillip's eyes.

"Absolutely!" Mr. Winters was so angry that he didn't care about the relationship between the two families, "Even if Noreen and Enid did something wrong, I saved your son and grandson so you should let them go, and we're even!"

"Are your two granddaughters together worth half my son's life? If the Winters family really tried to murder Bella, don't expect me to let you off the hook!"

"Phillip, one must not forget kindness. I saved your son, gave you a grandson, and now your grandson is so outstanding all because of me." Mr. Winters put the pressure on, "If you feel awkward talking to Arabella, let me do it. Call her now, and I'll talk to her."

"You want to make things difficult for Arabella? I'm not dead yet! It's not your place."

Before Phillip could finish his sentence, his phone rang. He checked and it was from Arabella.

Mr. Winters noticed the change in his expression. Needless to say, the caller must be Arabella!

He was about to snatch Phillip's phone, but Phillip picked up first.

He answered because he couldn't bear to hang up on Arabella and didn't want to pretend he didn't see.

"Hello? Bella." Phillip's tone when talking to Arabella was soft and gentle, a stark contrast to his earlier demeanor.

But Arabella still detected a hint of fatigue in his voice.

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Before Arabella could speak, Phillip spoke up, "I know what you're planning to do, and I'm all for it. Go for it. Let's see who dared to stop you."

His last sentence was meant for Mr. Winters.

Mr. Winters was so angry that his face turned red, ready to snatch the phone away.

"Grandpa." Arabella's voice came from the other end of the phone. "I called you today to ask if Mr. Winters came to see you. Is he there with you?"

"Why are you asking this?"

"Turn on the speakerphone, and I have something to say."

Although Phillip didn't want the two of them to talk directly, he had no choice but to reluctantly press the speaker button since Arabella requested it.

"Here's the thing. Romeo's dad was pushed into the swimming pool by Mr. Winters back then, and I've found an eyewitness."

Upon hearing this, Phillip's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at Mr. Winters.

Mr. Winters looked taken aback, "You're talking nonsense. First you framed Noreen and Enid. Now you want to frame me."

Arabella, "At the time, Mr. Winters didn't immediately save him. Instead, it was his driver who noticed and quickly jumped in to save Romeo's dad."

Arabella, "There were no cameras near the pool. No one saw it. The driver probably wanted to protect the child, so he told Mr. Winters, pretending to be the 'life-saving benefactor' to take advantage of the McMillian family. There was no need to harm such a small child. After the driver left through a side door, only Mr. Winters and Romeo's dad were left by the pool. By then, Romeo's dad had passed out. After some consideration, Mr. Winters called for help, attracting a crowd. So, everyone thought he saved Romeo's dad, but that wasn't the case."

Mr. Winters' face was getting increasingly sullen. He said agitatedly, "You're so young, spinning tales as if you saw it all yourself! Is it that the McMillian family doesn't want to repay my life-saving favor, so you helped them make up such a cunning excuse? You said there were no cameras near the pool."

"Elsie, yes, that's right, there was a servant named Elsie back then." Phillip suddenly remembered. His eyes were red, and he looked at Mr. Winters angrily and trembling, "So, the one who really pushed my son into the pool was you."

Mr. Winters was a bit flustered, "Your son said himself that he slipped and fell into the pool. What does that have to do with me?"

Phillip, "He was only four years old at the time! He fell into the water, choked on water, fainted, and then had a fever for three days. Of course, he has no memory of how he fell! How would he know someone pushed him!"

Phillip moved forward step by step, saying angrily, "You actually did something like this to a four-year-old kid. Over the years, you've taken advantage of the McMillian family, under the guise of being a life-saving benefactor! You're worse than a beast!"

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"How could you believe her?" Mr. Winters quickly looked at his phone, questioning Arabella in it, "You're saying that maid caught the whole thing on camera? Alright, then, let's see the footage." "No problem." Arabella immediately sent the video to Phillip's phone, adding a friendly reminder, "Grandpa, take care of yourself."

She was worried that Phillip would get overly upset after watching the video, causing his old illness to flare up.

Phillip, "Don't worry. I'll keep it cool to deal with some ungrateful fools!"

After hanging up, Phillip opened the video. Back then, the phone's video quality was pretty crappy, but they could still make out a little boy running towards the pool, laughing and looking back to see if his friends were chasing him. Mr. Winters had just ended a phone call and exited the garden. Seeing the passing boy, he didn't hesitate a second and pushed the kid right into the pool.

The little boy was so shocked that he fell into the water before he could react.

The sight probably scared the daylights out of Elsie. Her phone even shook a bit. Then, someone rushed over and jumped into the water to save the boy.

What happened next was precisely as Arabella described.

To make people believe he was the hero, Mr. Winters even jumped into the water himself to get completely soaked. Then he came out, pretending to be all freaked out and calling over all the guests. When the guests rushed over, all their attention was on the boy. Phillip and Shirley immediately called for a doctor.

Nobody doubted the authenticity of the event.

Arabella sent over a second video, with someone asking Elsie why she didn't speak up at the time.

Elsie said it was because she was too scared then. Plus, Phillip quickly decided that Mr. Winters was their savior, showing gratitude all over the place. She didn't dare to speak up.

It was her first high-paying job, and she had only been there for a few days. If she lost it, her family's debts would be insurmountable, and her grandma in the hospital was about to have surgery.

Back then, Mr. Winters dared to lay hands on the McMillian kid, pushing him into the pool, so Elsie was also afraid that if she told the truth, the Winters would give her trouble, get back at her.

If the McMillians found out it was Mr. Winters who pushed their kid into the water, they would be livid. Then, the Winters might face legal punishment. If the Winters couldn't handle the McMillians, could they handle a commoner like her?

She didn't want any danger. She wanted to earn more money to help her family get out of their tough spot.

But as Phillip and Shirley got nicer and nicer to her, her guilt grew stronger and stronger. Eventually, she couldn't stand it anymore and left the McMillian family after half a year. When she left, Shirley even gave her a big gift card worth five times her monthly salary.

She wanted to tell Shirley the truth then but thought better of it. It had been half a year since the incident, and telling her then might disappoint Shirley.

So, she didn't say anything in the end. After leaving the McMillian family, she would still occasionally check up on the McMillians and the Winters in the news. Whenever she saw the two families doing charity work together or doing business, she felt unbearable pain.

Elsie, "Mr. McMillian, I'm really sorry."

In the video, Elsie was crying, her face full of regret, "I was too scared then, didn't want to cause trouble. I'm really sorry, I'm really sorry to all of you!"

Phillip closed his eyes. It took him a while to muster up the strength to throw a punch at Mr. Winters. Mr. Winters was caught off guard and fell to the ground. His whole body felt like it was falling apart. The pain nearly made it impossible for him to breathe.

"Got anything to say now?" Phillip angrily kicked him again.

Mr. Winters couldn't believe Arabella managed to uncover the truth in such a short time. Now, with clear evidence, if he continued to deny it, his family would face severe consequences.

So, he had to say, "Phillip, listen to me."

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"You shameless jerk!"

Phillip had someone bring a metal rod again and ruthlessly struck Mr. Winters, not wanting to hear his nonsense.

"Phillip, listen to me." Mr. Winters, disoriented from the beating and in unbearable pain, instinctively tried to grab Phillip's trouser leg.

Phillip swung down brutally. The crisp sound of a breaking bone echoed in the air, sending chills.

"Ah." Mr. Winters was trembling in pain, and his face turned several shades paler.

Beep, beep.

His phone rang once more. After picking it up, Phillip saw it was the third video from Bella.

The criminal actions of Enid and Noreen were clearly recorded in the video.

"Presented with such clear evidence, I'd like to see how you're going to explain this!"

Phillip tossed the phone in front of him. Mr. Winters struggled to crawl over and saw that his granddaughters truly had committed crimes.

He was shaking in fear.

Before, he could use the favor he did to save his life, but now.

"Phillip, listen to me. They were confused so they made a mistake. I'll go home and discipline them, severely discipline them, and then bring them here to apologize to you, your wife, and Arabella."

"You won't get the chance to go home." Phillip dropped the iron rod. The heavy sound of the rod hitting the ground sent a chill down Mr. Winters' spine.

No chance to go home. what did that mean?

"You attempted murder years ago." Phillip took a disinfectant wipe from the butler, cleaned his fingers, and threw the wipe onto Mr. Winters. "Turning yourself into the police is the only way out for you now." Mr. Winters' mind went blank. He had never considered turning himself in.

If he appeared at the police station, it would be a nationwide sensation, and the stock price of the Winters family's enterprise would plummet.

"Without the McMillian family, you wouldn't have been able to enter high society." Phillip gave him a cold look. "You're ungrateful."

Phillip can't kill Mr. Winters, but once Mr. Winters turned himself in, there were ways to make him wish he were dead.

Mr. Winters, "Fortunately, my driver at the time jumped down to save people and credited me with the rescue. Phillip. this is my fault. Enid and Noreen hired a hitman, but they were deceived. They also made a mistake, but I beg you to spare them for the sake of our many years of friendship. I'll go to hell."

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Phillip didn't look back, just heard the noise behind him. He didn't even bother to glance at Mr. Winters before ordering the people around him, "Show the guest out."

Mr. Winters froze. He was like a fish out of water. He realized the worst possible outcome, Phillip wasn't planning on letting him off the hook, nor was he going to give his granddaughters, Noreen and Enid Winters, a chance to turn over a new leaf. The rest of the Winters clan would also be in the crossfire.

The Winters were toast!

Half an hour later.

News of Mr. Winters turning himself in to the police became the hot gossip.

Everyone was in disbelief. This well-known philanthropist, who'd rubbed elbows with the McMillians for years, had done something wicked, almost offing Romeo's father.

And Noreen's parents, who had been waiting for good news at home, were taken aback by Mr. Winters' sudden surrender. Apparently, Romeo's father hadn't fallen into the pool by accident years ago but was pushed by Mr. Winters.

Patrick was sweating bullets. Before he could gather his wits, the butler hurriedly reported that the police were at the door to investigate a cold case.

Patrick and Belinda Winters immediately thought of the little girl they accidentally hit and killed while driving on a mountain road years ago.

The girl came down the mountain with her grandmother after picking herbs. They were tired and were resting under a tree. The girl was about to fetch water from a nearby stream when Patrick, in a hurry to get home, was driving too fast and couldn't stop in time.

They wanted to settle the matter privately with the grandmother, but the grief-stricken woman refused any financial compensation, demanding that the driver pay with his life.

Learning that the woman and her granddaughter had been living on their own for years, Patrick and Belinda decided to run her over, too, and dumped their bodies off a cliff.

They thought they had gotten away with it, but now the cops were at their door.

"Could it be Romeo?" Patrick shivered.

Only Romeo had that kind of power. Anything he set his sights on, he got.

Now, the Winters were his prey. Once he had them on his radar, they were screwed!

Belinda nervously said, "Could it be Arabella? I heard from our daughter that she's not a pushover."

Whoever it was, the Winters were in deeper trouble than they thought.

Before the cops hauled them off, Patrick got a call from the company about a tax evasion investigation.

The stock price was plummeting, and people were jittery.

Soon, news of Patrick and Belinda's hit-and-run and tax evasion became the talk of the town.

They were even rumored to be involved in illegal activities.

Shortly after, Noreen and Enid hiring a hitman also became hot news.

Online public opinion was overwhelmingly against the Winters, condemning them for their inhumanity and outrageous actions.

And all of the Winters' distant and close relatives, whether in politics or business, were under police investigation.

"Bella, good job!" On the phone, Kelly couldn't help but praise when she saw this news. She had no doubt that this was Arabella's doing.

Arabella, "They brought it on themselves."

They were the daughters of the Winters family, but they personally got involved in this, even trying to get away with it would be hard.

Kelly, "Maybe they didn't trust anyone else with this, but they didn't consider the consequences if things went south."

In short, they were just plain stupid.

These two trouble-making sisters, the worst in history, had dragged their entire family into the abyss.

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If their ancestors could see this from heaven, they'd probably roll over in their graves and come back to life just to smack them.

"Alright, enough about that, I got a call coming in." Arabella glanced at the caller ID. It was from Grandpa Phillip. After hanging up with Kelly, she quickly picked up Phillip's call. Her voice softened as she answered, "Grandpa Phillip."

"Bella, thank God for you." Phillip's voice sounded old and tired, but there was still a tone of doting and affection for Arabella.

"I heard from Romeo, you're the one who found out all this. You're really something way beyond your peers. I'm so glad that Romeo has a fiancée like you."

Arabella smiled, her eyes warmed, "You're too kind, Grandpa Phillip."

Phillip, "Would you be interested in helping out at McMillian Corporation? I firmly believe that you and Romeo would be unstoppable."

Arabella didn't expect Phillip to ask her this personally. Plus, she had too much on her plate already and couldn't manage such a big corporation.

She replied, "Grandpa Phillip, I'm still in school."

Phillip, "McMillian Corporation will be yours and Romeo's eventually. It would be easier for you to manage it if you get used to it now."

Arabella didn't want to refuse outright but couldn't accept either, so she simply said, "We'll discuss this later. Remember to take the medicine I gave you last time, the one in the white bottle. You need to take one today."

"Alright, don't worry. My heart has been fine today. I've been taking the medication you gave me on time, and my health has improved a lot."

Phillip was rambling on the phone.

"If it weren't for you, I'd still be fooled by that old bastard! He dared to lie to me and claim to be my son's savior."

Phillip got angry every time he thought about this.

Arabella couldn't help but chuckle. She didn't expect Grandpa Phillip to be so adorable in private.

In front of her, Grandpa Phillip was always genuine, speaking his mind and not hiding his emotions.

Phillip, "I just didn't expect those two girls from the Winters family to do such things behind our backs. Don't worry, I've already made it clear to them, and they'll have a hard time from now on!"

He wanted them to regret so much that they wouldn't dare to be human in their next lives. That was what Phillip wanted.

"Thank you." Arabella knew that Grandpa Phillip cared for his family, but she didn't expect him to go to such lengths.

"Have you returned to school yet?" Phillip asked with concern.

"Yes, I'm in the dorm now."

Phillip, "The long holiday is coming. Do you have any plans? I can take you anywhere you want!"

Arabella smiled, "I have a competition to participate in."

Phillip, "A competition? What kind? Can I come and watch?"

No matter what competition it was, he and his wife would support her with all their might!!

"What kind of competition is it?" Phillip asked.

Arabella, "It's a fashion design competition."

Phillip, "Oh, right, you're really good in that area. So, what's your contestant number? My wife and I will come to the site and vote for you."

Arabella's smile deepened, "I'm a judge."

Upon hearing this, Phillip was stunned. It took him a moment to recover.

Judge?

Bella wasn't a contestant but a judge.

As far as he knew, there was indeed a major international fashion design competition coming up. If Bella was attending such a grand event as a judge.

That meant Bella's professional level surpassed so many people.

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Phillip, "Man, I was so short-sighted."

He didn't expect Bella to be one of the judges, and he was over the moon, "Alright, we'll find a time to hang out after you're done."

"Okay," Arabella said gently, "Don't forget to take your medicine."

Phillip, "Got it, no problem, I'm about to take it right now."

A few days later, the International Fashion Design Competition was held in Dawnstar.

As soon as Molly stepped into the art gallery, she was jostled hard on the shoulder.

"Molly? The top of Solterra?"

The one who bumped into her was a blonde foreign girl, looking young and full of energy. She looked at Molly with contempt, even flipping her thumb down, saying in Solterra's language, "Trash."

Molly was speechless, "Who are you calling trash?"

The girl, "You and your country are all trash."

Hearing this provocative statement, Molly was about to flare up when a girl's voice sounded coldly, "Is this the kind of disgrace M Country's education system churns out? Is this the quality of your people?"

Molly turned around and saw, oh, Arabella had arrived!

She was so excited that tears almost welled up in her eyes, "Bella!"

Her voice was choked with emotion.

God knew how nervous she's been lately, especially after arriving in Dawnstar on a plane yesterday. She was alone, unfamiliar with Dawnstar, and even suffered from insomnia due to anxiety.

She told Bella about her stress over the phone last night because going abroad meant she was carrying a responsibility, not to glorify her country, but at least not to disgrace it.

She wasn't afraid of losing, and she feared that people would have a bad impression of Solterra, thinking that the design level of Solterra was just so so.

Bella had comforted and enlightened her last night, but today, Bella showed up at the competition!

This was Dawnstar!

Dawnstar!!

Bella must have taken a red-eye flight to Dawnstar to give her courage!

"You Solterrans are not qualified to comment on us," Isabella looked at Arabella contemptuously, intending to leave.

"Funny thing is, I do qualify to comment on you today. Not only am I qualified, but I can also decide your fate."

Arabella's words made Isabella turn back and laugh scornfully, "Based on what, you?"

She didn't know who this Solterra girl was, but if she could be here, she must be representing Solterra in the competition.

Molly was competing for the first place, so who was this girl? Second place? Third place?

What right did she have to talk to her, the champion of M Country?

And she had the audacity to say she could decide her fate.

What a joke.

"I'd like to see how you're going to decide my fate," Isabella didn't leave, folding her arms across her chest as if wanting to see Arabella make a fool of herself.

Arabella took out her phone and called, "Sabrina, come over here, at the main entrance."

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Isabella's eyes popped out when she heard the name Sabrina. How in the world did this girl know Sabrina? She even had Sabrina's contact info.

After all, the contestants from M Country were led by Sabrina, the president of the Garment Association of M Country. They were attending the International Fashion Design competition today.

Was this girl threatening her by dropping Sabrina's name because she knew about this beforehand?

Before Isabella could say anything, Sabrina rushed over. On seeing Arabella, she immediately cracked a warm smile, shaking hands with her amiably. She even addressed Arabella as a 'teacher', showing extreme respect.

Isabella didn't know who this girl was, but anyone who could make the usually arrogant Sabrina call them 'teacher' had to be something special.

"Teacher, what happened here?" Sabrina asked in fluent Solterranean. Spotting Isabella, she turned and scolded her harshly in M Country's language for offending the teacher, her tone filled with accusation and dissatisfaction.

Arabella said, "It's fine for contestants to compete, but if it escalates to an international incident, isn't that neglecting the friendship between our two nations?"

Hearing this, Sabrina immediately grasped the gravity of the situation.

Arabella continued, "Today's participants are all top three from their countries. They represent not just the design skills but also the image of their nations. But I'm sorry to say, I don't see the manners and discipline that your country stands for in this contestant. I even think she's unfit to be here."

"Sorry, I'm really sorry." Sabrina seemed to understand the situation. She turned to Isabella, demanding her to apologize immediately in a stern voice.

Isabella apologized in M Country's language. She didn't expect this girl to be so high-profiled, even enough to make Sabrina nervous.

Arabella raised an eyebrow at her, "Weren't you cursing quite fluently in Solterranean just now?"

Isabella got the hint and apologized in Solterran, "I'm sorry, I was rude to you earlier."

"You indeed were," Arabella looked at her seriously, "And you forgot someone else."

Isabella had to turn to Molly and apologize again, "I'm sorry."

"Isabella, right?" Molly glared at her, her fists clenched, vowing silently, "I'll show you who the real trash is."

Isabella held back her anger for now to avoid more trouble, but she'd remember this grudge.

Watching them walk away, Molly clung to Arabella, "Bella, I'm so glad you're here! I feel much better with you around. But isn't it Friday today? Did you take a leave from school?"

Arabella answered frankly, "No."

Molly, "Oh right, you have the privilege of school. They wouldn't say anything even if you skip the whole semester."

That's awesome!

Only those with perfect scores got this kind of treatment.

"Go assemble, and the competition is about to start." Arabella added, "Don't be nervous. Just treat it like any other day. Oh, and there's a surprise later, don't freak out."

"Huh? A surprise? What could it be?" Molly was curious about the surprise Arabella mentioned. Could it be a secret weapon for the competition?

"Just go assemble." Arabella chuckled without giving anything away.

"Okay, I promise I won't freak out! I've been in big situations before, and I can handle anything."

Molly left full of confidence and excitement to assemble, little did she know that she'd soon break her promise.

Backstage.

A woman in her thirties from Y Country approached Molly, "You're Molly, the champion of Solterra. I'm Penny, and I hope you remember my name."

Molly felt the hostility but still asked politely, "Can I help you?"

Penny said haughtily, "I got the video of your competition through connections. Honestly, I think your assistant is more capable than you."

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"Right? I also think she's pretty capable. Solterra has a lot of talented people, not like you guys; your ability level is as clear as day."

Penny was obviously provoked, just about to blow up, but then she started laughing, "Today's competition is broadcast worldwide. If you lose, don't cry, don't embarrass your country."

"Don't worry, the one crying definitely won't be me. But you, did you bring enough tissues?"

Penny, "You!"

Molly, "I've seen the three matches you participated in Y Country. To be honest, the only way to describe your performance is— a total disaster. I really don't understand why you have the nerve to talk to me like this. Talk is cheap. The competition is what matters most. It's much more important than your empty words, right?"

The second and third-place winners from Solterra couldn't help but applaud.

"So you're Molly? You're really awesome! Look, you pissed her off."

"These people are so arrogant. She wouldn't stop talking in front of me just now, but out of politeness, I

didn't confront her directly. Molly, you're amazing! I came in second in the last competition, my name is Lilian, nice to meet you!"

"I came in third, and my name is Odelia. You said you watched Penny's competition videos. Where did you watch them? I couldn't find them online."

"Me neither. I looked for a long time but couldn't find them."

"Well. I was just trying to scare her." Molly mischievously smiled and didn't reveal the truth.

In fact, not only Penny's competition videos, but she watched all the videos of all the competitors who participated today, all found by Arabella!

This was what they call being fully prepared!

But Arabella just told her there would be a surprise later. What would the surprise be?

Judges' bench.

Arabella obediently greeted the person next to her, "Hans."

"Have you had breakfast?" Hans' voice sounded very gentle because his sister was acting as a judge, so he reluctantly agreed to today's invitation, wanting to spend more time with his sister.

Even he sent a picture to his brothers, waiting for their reply in a good mood.

Soon, all his brothers replied: [Get lost.]

Arabella obediently answered, "I've had breakfast."

Everyone around was stunned. They didn't expect the usually cold Hans to have such a gentle side.

Did he seem to dote on that girl a lot?

"Romeo dropped you off last night?"

"Yes, he's now at the Dawnstar branch handling some business."

"After the competition ends later, I'll take you to visit our company here."

Arabella, "Okay."

Soon, the first round of competition began.

Molly was not nervous when she went on stage, but when she saw Arabella sitting on the judge's bench, she was completely stunned.

The key point was that in front of Arabella's seat, there was a card with the judge's name on it. It read, Queen Abby.