

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

## Chapter 1111

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With so many clothes, shoes, and handbags, including those given by her parents and Romeo, even if she wore a different outfit every day, it would take her years to get through them all.

"Oh right, there are still more on their way. We'll hurry up with the cleaning and ironing."

"He doesn't have to do this." Arabella felt somewhat guilty, "Sorry for the trouble: All these clothes would surely require a lot of manpower to clean and iron.

"No trouble at all, it's our honor to iron clothes for you!" the maid laughed, "Mr. Griffith really spoils you. He truly cares for you."

"I know." Arabella replied with a faint smile, "I can see that, and feel it"

"Ms. Collins, you're a good person too. We're glad you're here and hope you'll visit often."

Arabella nodded, the maid bowed with a smile and returned to her tasks.

Looking up at the sky painted by the evening glow, Arabella suddenly felt how wonderful it was to have a family.

After a while, all the lights suddenly went out, plunging the entire garden into darkness, even the mansion was pitch black.

From a distance, a maid called out, "Did we use too much electricity and cause a power outage?"

Looking at the garden filled with twinkling lights: star lights, moon lights, lights of all shapes, Arabella figured it was probably an overload causing a circuit breaker to trip.

While it was not yet completely dark, she decided to stroll around the garden a little longer. Suddenly, the entire garden and the villa lit up again, casting a warm light.

Joyful music came from the rock-shaped speakers; seven Santas were dancing and singing cheekily, carrying red gift bags and walking towards Arabella.

"We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas, We wish you a merry Christmas, and happy new years."

As surprised as Arabella was, she also felt touched, a smile spreading across her face.

The seven Santas sang and held hands, circling around her.

Outside the circle of Santas was a group of maids dressed as elves, also holding hands and singing.

After finishing the first song, they switched to another.

"Jingle bells, Jingle bells, Jingle all the way, Oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh."

They let go of each other's hands, dancing joyfully in front of Arabella.

Arabella was amused by their performance. She recognized the seven Santas as her father, mother, uncle, Hans, Chasel, Clark, and David.

How did they find the time to stand before her and surprise her like this.

Arabella's eyes started to well up.

When the music stopped, everyone shouted in unison, "Bella, Merry Christmas Eve, Merry Christmas! Are you surprised? Are you happy?"

Before Arabella could respond, she was lifted and tossed into the air by her four brothers.

Their hands formed a safety net, catching Arabella as she fell, and then tossing her up again.

“Okay, stop tossing her so high, you're going to scare her! Put her down!” Louisa, fearing Arabella might be frightened, hurriedly commanded.

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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The brothers set Arabella down.

Arabella couldn't help but giggle at their costumes, particularly the white beards.

Snowflakes were cascading down, making the scene even more magical, as if straight out of a fairytale.

Hans gazed at his sister with affection, "When David came up with this idea, I thought it was boring, and I kind of rejected it when

he forced me to wear this white beard,. But now, seeing you laugh, I think I might keep it on just to see you smile more."

"Shoo, stop being so cheesy!" David playfully pushed Hans away, then grinned at Arabella, "So sis, what do you think of my idea?"

"It's pretty silly." Arabella chuckled, "But it's a nice surprise. I love it. Thanks, Hans, Chasel, Clark, David, and mom and dad, and uncle Sampson."

When Arabella wasn't being aloof, she had the most beautiful smile.

The brothers made a mental note to make her laugh more often.

Her laughter was therapeutic, infecting everyone around her with joy.

"Sweetie, no need to thank us." Chasel affectionately ruffled Arabella's hair, instigating protests from the other brothers.

"Stop messing up Bella's hair! Bella, let David help you."

"Hands off, did you wash your hands? Bella, my hands are the cleanest. I'm a forensic scientist, always disinfecting"

"Who's the cleanest of us all? Don't you know that?"  
Hans attempted to keep fixing Arabella's hair.

"Where's Sean?" Louisa suddenly asked, "Where did he go? He never answers his phone or replies to messages.

Bella's been back for half a year, and he hasn't even shown his face or called!"

"Mom, Sean's busy, Hans quickly covered, "I'll talk to him later."

"Isn't it better with one less person accompanying Bella?" Chasel took the opportunity to smooth out a lock of Arabella's hair with his hand, only to be swatted away by Clark.

"I've just created a group chat and purposely didn't add Sean Collins. Let him regret it."

David was smirking when Louisa asked, puzzled, "What group chat? Why wasn't I added?"

Kenneth also checked his phone, "I'm not in it either?"

"David, that's not right. We're all family, and you're creating separate groups,' Sampson took on the authoritative tone of an uncle, "Add me in."

“It's a chat for us siblings. It wouldn't be appropriate with you all in it) David chuckled, "With all the grown-ups around, Bella wouldn't dare to joke around. It'll make her uncomfortable"

Hearing this, Hans seemed to have caught on, “Did you add Serena as well?”

"No." David hastily replied, "The vibe would be different with her around. Do you think it's necessary, Hans? If you think Serena should be in the group, I can create another one and add the rest of us."

At that time, he could always remain silent in the group.

He would stay active in Bella's group chat. Serena had been overthinking things recently anyway.

If they were all in the same group and they joked around with Bella, Serena might get upset.

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Plus they were quite fond of posting pictures with Bella.

If Serena saw those, she'd definitely think they were doing it on purpose.

"No need, I don't have that much time to chat.

Serena has a lot of exams coming up, don't disturb her.

With Hans' words, everyone immediately understood what he meant.

"Did you invite Serena today?" Sampson suddenly asked.

David became confounded, "Uncle Sampson, how could we ask her to come and surprise Bella? That would be like stabbing her in the heart, right? Girls tend to overthink. If she thinks we're all revolving around Bella and neglecting her..."



"If she thinks we play favorites, then no matter what we do, she'll think that way. I just hope that she's an adult now, she should be able to understand some things on her own' Hans declared.

Louisa looked a bit helpless, "Actually, all of this was just a coincidence. Bella was called by a friend to help with a medical issue, and we didn't expect her to run into her grandma and uncle Sampson here. And your dad and I also didn't expect to run into her."

Since they had run into each other, as an uncle, naturally, he would want to take his niece around to see the sights.

Adding Christmas Eve and Christmas Day coming up.

There was no reason for everyone to go back home and spend it with Serena alone.

"Alright, enough of that. Didn't you prepare gifts to give to Bella? Who's going first?" Sampson led the inquiry.

Hans always had his own air about him. He suggested, "By seniority"

First, the parents, then the uncle, and lastly the brothers.

Louisa took out a gift box from a red gift bag, as Arabella looked, even the wrapping paper was embedded with crystals.

Actually, this kind of wrapping paper was quite common in the upper ten, usually composed of ten thousand crystal-clear crystals, but this gift was quite large, probably using no fewer than twenty thousand.

"Why don't you open it and see if you like it?" Louisa looked at Arabella expectantly.

The Christmas-themed planners standing by had long since arranged for a few well-known photographers to capture this scene.

They planned to make it into a video for them to keep as a souvenir later.

"Here's dad's too!" Kenneth also pulled out a large gift box from the gift bag.

Arabella opened it. Kenneth had gifted her a deed to a private island, and Louisa gifted her the largest castle-themed

amusement park in the world, which covered areas like a fairytale hotel, fairytale restaurant, dream wheel, etc.

It's fair to say it was priceless.

"Thank you, mom and dad," Arabella said, moved, "I love them."

"This is a little something from me," Sampson took out a luxurious gift box from the gift bag.

Inside was a property deed and a key.

This house was located in the most expensive area of Zion City, covering more than six thousand square meters, a place that could be ranked among the world's luxury villas. According to the current market price, it was already worth over a hundred million dollars.

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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“Bella, this is my gift to you: a private yacht.

The yacht boasted a gigantic helicopter pad, hundreds of rooms, a movie theater capable of accommodating hundreds of guests, two swimming pools, an oversized garage, and the list went on.

The interior decoration was luxurious and beautiful, with a total value of 20 million dollars.

"Thank you, Hans." Arabella accepted the gift but felt overwhelmed by its extravagance.

"Bella, this is a small token from me and Myrna."

Chasel stepped forward, handed Arabella a gift box, his gaze filled with adoration and warmth.

Inside the box was the deed to a private jet, bearing Arabella's name.

"All the paperwork, including the registration, airworthiness certificate, radio station license, and insurance, have all been taken care of. Chasel's gaze was affectionate as he gently explained, "The interior of the plane was decorated by Myrna. You should love it"

"Thank you, Chasel and Myrna."

"L originally wanted to get you a yacht, but thought it might be too oversized. So, I went for a custom yacht instead. It comes with

a missile defense system, armored protection, a laser system to prevent paparazzi from taking unauthorized photos, and all guest rooms are fitted with bulletproof glass. It's very safe."

Given his sister's status, Clark specifically customized this yacht for her safety.

Don't be fooled by the smaller size of the yacht compared to the cruise ship; its worth a fortune, and the operating cost was jawdropping.

He leaned in to whisper in Arabella's ear, "It's also from Carol."

"Thank you."

Since Carol hasn't been introduced to the family, Arabella hadn't thanked Carol in person.

"Bella, my gift might seem a bit mundane to you."

David handed over a gift box, "But these are my treasures."

Inside the box were keys to three sports cars, along with their documentation.

One was a Hennessey Venom GT, one of only ten in the world, worth seven million dollars.

The second was an SSC Tuatara, worth five million dollars.

The third was a custom Aston Martin, also worth five million dollars.

"These three cars are my favorites. I haven't driven them even once since buying them."

He treasured them greatly.

But now he was handing them over to his sister because he believed she would look cooler driving them than he ever could.

"Thank you, David."

"As long as you like them, I will get you more in the future."

David had just put his arm over his sister's shoulder when the other brothers swatted his hand away,

"Back off!"

Suddenly, the night sky lit up with dazzling fireworks.

"Bella, look!"

These fireworks were specially customized for her by her brothers, bearing various messages.

"Welcome home."

"Merry Christmas Eve."

"Merry Christmas."

"Bella, be happy."

"Stay healthy and safe."

Although these were common blessings, they held special meaning for Arabella.

Because Arabella loved marigolds, many of the fireworks burst into the pattern of these flowers.

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1115

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There was a young woman standing amidst a field of sunflowers.

Gazing at the spectacular fireworks, many of the maids were taken aback. "Ms. Collins is truly blessed to have such a loving family around her."

In the grand finale of the firework display, scenes of five brothers and a sister were depicted: one brother holding an umbrella for the sister, another bending down to tie her shoelaces, one making her laugh, another presenting her with a bouquet, and the last one wielding a sword, seemingly protecting her.

The images vanished quickly with the smoke in the night sky, but Arabella's heart was deeply touched. "Thank you, Hans, Chasel, Clark, David" Arabella added, "and Sean:"

"Why thank him? We just included him to make up the numbers," said David, causing Arabella to burst into laughter.

"Alright, let's not stand around here. Let's go eat, Sampson suggested with a smile. "Tonight's wine is personally selected by Bella."

"Really? Then I'll drink it all, none of you can fight me for it," declared David.

"Do you think you can handle it?" Hans chuckled.

"Don't frighten Bella by getting drunk."

"Hans, how could you belittle me in front of Bella? Last time it was the vodka that made me...you know!"

As everyone walked towards the house, joking and laughing, Arabella quietly retreated to Clark's side, queried in a low voice

"Clark, you are here. What about Carol?"

"I've left a few trusted people to watch over her. If something happens, they'll call me. After dinner, I'll go back"

"But there's a 12-hour time difference delay from here."



By the time he returned, Christmas Eve would be over.

"Before I came here, I spent the evening with her," Clark said, affectionately ruffling his sister's hair.

"Thanks to the time difference, when I return, I'll just be in time to celebrate Christmas with her."

There would be nothing to miss in this way.

"I'm worried about you taking these non-stop trips like this."

"I'm more than happy to spend time with both you and Carol. I don't mind the travel at all" Clark reassured her, seemingly

knowing what she was thinking. "What about Romeo? Hasn't he come to see you?"

"I was wondering where Bella has been," said David, suddenly appearing between them and deliberately separating them. "What were you two talking about?"

"Nothing," Clark and Arabella said in unison. David looked surprised, as if they had prearranged their answer.

Even the dessert, including the tarts, was shaped like reindeer, with ruby noses. Each one cost 100,000.

After-dinner fruits were also Christmas-themed. Everyone sat down to eat, making toasts. The atmosphere was warm and happy.

Not far from the villa, Romeo parked his car. surrounded by snow-covered trees. He stood among the snow, the spotless white contributed to a picturesque scene.

Concerned, his driver, opened an umbrella over Romeo's head. Unaware of the situation, he wondered who Mr.

McMillian was waiting for.

Romeo had just watched a grand fireworks display and knew that Bella was happy, surrounded by her family, so he didn't text her. Instead, he quietly waited.

"Mr. McMillian, did you make an appointment with a business partner? Why don't we wait in the car?" It was too cold outside.

The driver was shivering despite his warm suit.

Romeo, looking at the brightly lit villa in the distance, replied softly, "No, it's okay. Get back in without me."

He wanted to look a little longer, wait a little more. Bella had promised to spend time with him today, even if it was just a bit while.

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