

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1181

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Chapter 1181

Belinda cast a lingering glance at Romeo. He was so captivating, even when he was angry.

She lifted her gaze, seemingly hesitant.

She instinctively wanted to say yes. He was not particularly handsome, but he had a lot of money.

"What if he's not ugly, but he's a lot older, a pretty wealthy old man? Would you like him?"

Belinda's eyes had a gleam of intrigue, as if to say, perhaps she would. After all, the old man was closer to the grave than the

cradle, and his fortune would inevitably be hers

"What if he's not ugly, not old, not poor, but wheelchair-bound for life, yet he has a lot of money, would you choose him?"

Belinda pondered over it, chances were, she would choose him.

"So, you're not attracted to him, you're attracted to the man in his position."

Arabella saw through her intentions in an instant.

"Whether it's an old man, an ugly man, or a disabled man, as long as they are in this position with money and power, you like them."

Belinda was taken aback, her thoughts laid bare.

She couldn't believe it. How was that possible?

"If it's a young, handsome and wealthy man like Romeo, you'd definitely be more attracted"

Carl, who was present, took a sneak peek at his boss after hearing this and sure enough, the corners of Romeo's mouth were curving upward.

"You better find someone else to fancy. He already has a girlfriend and their relationship is quite stable." Belinda's face turned abruptly red.

"Now that you're in this position, you can strive for many things on your own. Rely on yourself and you'll live more confidently, more proudly."

Belinda looked at the young girl in front of her, unable to believe how wise beyond her years she seemed to be.

"Don't underestimate Ms. Bella because of her youth. She knows a lot," Carl reminded.

Belinda suddenly understood. What Mr. McMillian liked wasn't just youth. This girl must have exceptional qualities.

And the advantages she could present were pitifully few. Even her beauty seemed to pale in comparison after meeting this girl.

So, why would Mr. McMillian fancy her?

Why would he choose her over a younger, prettier, more insightful, and more capable girlfriend?

Belinda suddenly realized her mistake.

From the moment she chose to take the risk, she was wrong!

"Is the personnel change discussed?" Arabella asked, lifting her gaze.

Belinda nodded, awkwardly replying, "It's settled."

"Please leave."

After Belinda left, Arabella was about to speak to Romeo when Carl burst into applause. That was impressive!

"Get out." Romeo found his assistant a tad annoying. He personally brewed coffee for Arabella and took out all the snacks from the pantry, placing them on the coffee table.

"Choose whichever you like. I'll open it for you."

Arabella wasn't expecting so many snacks in his office. As soon as she picked up a bag of chips, Romeo immediately opened it

for her and even fed her a piece, "It's been a while since you've been here. They're not as crispy" Arabella caught his drift, "So should I come more often?"

"Absolutely." Romeo was instantly delighted. At that moment, someone knocked on the door. Romeo said softly, "Eat slowly, there's more in the pantry. If it's not enough, I can fetch more."

After saying this, Romeo then lifted his gaze and said, "Come in."

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Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1182](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1182

• • •

Chapter 1182

The man who stepped in was the deputy manager of the corporation. He'd received word that Belinda, the head of HR, had

spoken out against him to Mr. McMillian, blaming him for the recent staff changes in the company.

He had just intended to step in and defend himself, but instead, his attention was caught by the sight of a young woman lounging

on the couch. She was engrossed in her phone with one hand, and in the other, she held a bag of potato chips, munching away

without a care in the world.

Lou froze in disbelief. Who on earth was this girl?

How could she be so bold as to eat junk food on Mr. McMillian's priceless leather couch? Everyone knew that Mr. McMillian not only kept his distance from

women but was also a bit

of a clean freak.

If even a single crumb of her chips fell onto Mr.

McMillian's expensive carpet, she wouldn't be getting away with it.

Yet there she was, eating her chips as if she didn't have a single worry in the world.

"Had your fill of watching?"

The voice came from Romeo, who had just walked in carrying an armload of drinks from the snack cabinet, his squinted eyes reflecting a hint of danger.

Lou's eyes widened in shock, wondering if his eyesight was failing him.

Only a few months ago, Mr. McMillian had put a six-foot-tall cabinet in his office. Lou had speculated multiple times about what secrets it might hold, only to find out now that it was filled with snacks and drinks.

Seeing was believing, but Lou still found it hard to believe.

"Mr. McMillian, I need to speak with you"

Lou stared in shock as Romeo placed the drinks on the coffee table in front of the couch. With a gentle tone, he addressed the

girl, "The coffee is still hot. Take a look at these, see if there's anything you'd like to drink."

There were juices, sodas, other beverages, and even bottled water.

"Go ahead with your work." The girl, Arabella, lifted her gaze from her phone and glanced at the table.

Spotting a bottle of lemonade, she reached for it.

Romeo, noticing her movement, beat her to it, twisted open the cap, and held the bottle to her lips. Arabella took a sip.

"How is it?"

"Not bad." Arabella eyed the packaging of the bottle. Was this new? Made by McMillian Corporation?

"I knew you liked it, so I set up a separate production line" Romeo replied. Upon noticing Lou's lingering gaze on Arabella, he

asked with a slight frown, "Do you find her attractive?"

"No, no, no." Lou shook his head frantically. But on second thought, he hurriedly added, "She's beautiful. Miss, you're absolutely stunning. The words 'beautiful', 'breathtaking', and 'mesmerizing' all fail to do justice to your beauty.

May I be so bold as to ask if you are Mr. McMillian's girlfriend?"

Romeo didn't respond, merely helping Arabella take another sip of her lemonade.

"She must be your fiancée!" Lou ventured a guess, "No wonder you two look so perfect together!

Congratulations are in order for you and the lovely lady. May you have a long and happy life together."

Arabella lifted her gaze to meet Lou's. She hadn't expected the people around Romeo to be so observant.

"Thank you."

Her gratitude only made Lou more certain of her identity. She must be the future Mrs. McMillian. No wonder the usually aloof and

unapproachable Romeo was personally serving her drinks.

Impressive, truly impressive.

Whoever she was, she was the first one he had ever seen who could make Romeo do her bidding.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1183](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1183

• • •

Chapter 1183

“Let's cut to the chase,’ Romeo sat next to the girl, opening another packet of snacks for her.

"Miss, please allow me to say this." Lou took a small bow, and then cried out, "Mr. McMillian, Belinda is trying to throw mud at me. How could the company's personnel changes have anything to do with me? Even if they did, I'm the one who cherishes talent, going above and beyond to attract it. How could I possibly push talent away?"

Romeo fed a piece of the snack to Arabella, observing her reaction. Seeing that she didn't seem to like it, he opened a new packet.

"In the past two months, a good number of people have handed in their resignations. As far as I know, it's got to do with Belinda's style of management. She's been admiring Mr. McMillian for a long time, and every young, attractive girl, fresh out of prestigious universities, who could potentially threaten her position, they all couldn't last three months of internship."

Lou paused here, deliberately looking at Arabella. Arabella seemed like she didn't hear, staring at her phone, her expression unchanging from start to finish.

Romeo fed Arabella another piece of snack, observing her beautiful face. Seeing that she didn't show any sign of liking or

disliking, he opened another packet of snacks, feeding her again.

Seeing that Mr. McMillian didn't respond to him, Lou had no choice but to continue explaining, "Mr. McMillian, I've been working diligently in this company for twelve years. You should know what kind of person I am. I wouldn't do anything that would harm the company."

Romeo gave Arabella a sip of lemonade, then finally asked, "What does she gain from framing you?"

"She's simply not satisfied with my decisions, wants to see me demoted, have my pay cut, and even wants to see me fired by the company!"

Lou was quick to explain when he noticed Mr. McMillian finally paying him attention, "Previously, the position of department head in our company is filled by the most capable. But some of the capable ones lack experience and can't solve problems effectively."

"I proposed that all assistant managers must have at least three years of work experience before they can be promoted to managers. My request isn't unreasonable, yet Belinda took issue with it, thinking that I was affecting her promotion.

“Until yesterday, when she was promoted, I threw a celebration party for her. Among all the newly promoted managers, she was the only one who didn't attend”

Romeo asked again nonchalantly, “Why do you think she didn't come?”

“She must be dissatisfied with me. I guess she’s taking advantage of her recent promotion to file a complaint against me, blaming all the personnel changes on me.”

Just then, Carl knocked on the door, bringing in a document.

“Mr. McMillian, this is Belinda's resignation letter. It should have been handled by the general manager, but the general manager thought it would be best if you made the final decision.”

Lou never thought that Belinda would resign. Just a moment ago, he was saying that Belinda was using her promotion to accuse him.

She struggled for five years, finally becoming a department head, but after just one day, she handed in her resignation?

Upon hearing this, Arabella found it to be quite normal. After such an incident, Belinda probably felt too embarrassed to stay in the company.

"Carl, print out the emails the company received and show them to Mr. Lou."

Upon Romeo's command, Carl immediately went to print. When seven or eight emails were handed to Lou, he trembled, looking incredulously at the words.

Each email was from a different person, all saying that ever since they started working, they often suffered from Lou's unwelcome advances.

Lou promised that they could become full-time employees after their internship if they complied, if not, they would be kicked out of the company.

Lou also bragged about his grandfather's distant relation to one of Romec's cousins.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1184](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1184

• • •

Chapter 1184

Some got scared off before they even finished their internships, some couldn't handle the constant harassment from Lou after they got hired, and decided to quit.

The remaining interns who were lucky enough to get past Lou's scrutiny were either not good-looking or had average figures.

Belinda, on the other hand, was a natural beauty. She wasn't a knockout, but she was certainly charming.

Lou had his eyes on her for quite some time.

After taking advantage of the other female interns, he thought he could do whatever he wanted with his authority as the deputy manager So he set his sights on Belinda.

To his surprise, Belinda had a tough older brother who stepped in and gave him a beating after Lou had harassed her a few times.

That's when the feud began.

He could only make things difficult for Belinda at work from time to time, but this girl was resilient. She endured until she got a promotion.

However, she handed in her resignation just a day after becoming a department manager.

Lou couldn't figure out why she'd quit. Was she just trying to drag him down with her?

"Mr. McMillian, these are all false accusations! I've never done that." Lou tried to defend himself before he even finished reading,

"I'm 42 years old and my daughter is 15. How could I possibly do such despicable things?

Where did these emails come from? Give me the sender's IP address, Mr. McMillian, I'll send them all lawyer's letters!"

"Do you want to cause trouble for them?" Romeo narrowed his eyes.

"No, no, no, I wouldn't dare. I just want to ask them why they're slandering me with things I've never done. This is complete nonsense, these are the actions of a savage beast."

"Do you realize you're a beast?"

Lou was taken aback, and just as he started to explain "It's already been sent to the police. If you've got anything to say, say it to them."

Romeo pressed a button and Carl immediately came in to escort him out.

"Mr. McMillian, please listen to my explanation, it's all false accusations by Belinda, I've done nothing. Mr.

McMillian, don't believe her. Don't believe those emails."

Carl escorted him out of the office, looking at him with contempt. He couldn't believe a man who had a 15-year-old daughter would do such vile things.

No wonder so many people quit in the past couple of months, and they were all women.

It must've been because of him.

"Belinda hasn't said anything, Mr. McMillian only received these emails yesterday.

It was likely that the girls Lou had taken advantage of decided to band together for support and expose his vile actions through a mass email.

So, the corporation's email received seven or eight real-name complaint letters all at once yesterday.

McMillian Corporation didn't beat around the bush, they called the police right away and handed Lou over to them.

"The police are almost here. You'd better figure out what you're going to say to them and to your family." Carl's words sent Lou's heart plummeting.

Back in the office.

Romeo saw that the girl was enjoying her snack, and immediately took note of the brand to buy her more later.

Thinking of the gifts she had brought him, Romeo opened the gift bag. There was food, clothing, and other items, all of which made him very happy.

"It must be delicious.' Romeo took out the food and picked up a few pieces of clothing, admiring them.

"Your clothes are getting old." Arabella glanced at his shirt. It was the same one she had given him as a gift last time.

She had only given him a few, but he kept wearing them over and over. The clothes in his wardrobe had all been neglected.

He drank coffee from the mug she gave him every day, wore the clothes she gave him to work, and with the weather getting colder, Arabella bought him a few more coats in case he'd catch a cold.

"I haven't had time to design new ones myself. Maybe I can make you some new ones when I'm less busy."

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Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1185](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1185

· · ·

Chapter 1185

Upon hearing the news, Romeo, overjoyed, swept the girl into his arms, showering her with kisses.

"What am I going to do? I'm so smitten with you. Can I wear it now?"

Receiving all these gifts at once made him as giddy as a kid on Christmas morning.

"Wash it first before wearing it."

Romeo, though a tad disappointed, couldn't help but lean in for another kiss.

Arabella found herself hoisted onto the desk, just as their lips were about to meet, a knock echoed through the office.

Seconds later, Carl swung open the office door, "Mr. McMillian.

Arabella quickly pushed Romeo away.

Romeo turned back, slightly aggrieved, "You have a knack for impeccable timing."

Carl caught sight of Arabella descending from the desk, even giving him a cheeky smile, "Carl, that's some good work."

Carl felt like he was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Feeling Mr. McMillian's gaze on him, he felt like he was about to be

flayed alive. He quickly reported, "Ms. Bella, you flatter me. It's just an emergency."

Arabella found Romeo's frustrated expression quite amusing.

"Mr. McMillian, I came to tell you Lou has been taken by the police. Many employees have seen it, and there's already a notice

on the company bulletin board as a warning to others. Also, our partners from Dawnstar are here.

They want to have a personal discussion with you. They're in the reception room."

"Let them wait."

"They only have half an hour. After that, they have to rush to the airport. They've already bought their tickets."

Romeo was even more displeased.

Carl looked towards Ms. Bella, his eyes pleading for her intervention.

"Go ahead." Arabella finally spoke up, "I'll wait here for you."

Romeo looked a bit sulky, "My tie is crooked."

Carl rubbed his eyes. Romeo's tie was perfectly knotted. Was he making things up now?

Arabella stepped forward and straightened his tie.

"You're quite skilled at this. Have you done it for someone else before?" Romeo asked casually, holding her small hand.

"Have you forgotten what I do?"

All the clothes, shoes, and bags of QY were designed by her, including ties.

How could she not know how to tie one?

"From now on, you can only do it for me:"

"Otherwise? Carl?"

Carl, standing to the side, was startled. Feeling Romeo's gaze on him, he stammered, "No, no, no. Even if I lost my hands, I wouldn't ask Ms. Bella for help. Ms. Bella was just joking."

Arabella chuckled, looking at Romeo, "Aren't you going?"

Romeo then placed his cell phone on the coffee table.

"Take it." Arabella didn't want his phone. "What if someone needs to reach you?"

“Answer it for me. If it's important, tell me. If not, ignore it”

“It's not just calls. I'm sure a lot of people will text you.”

“You can handle those as well.” Romeo caressed her head, “Wait for me.”

Seeing him actually leaving, Arabella glanced at the phone on the table but didn't touch it.

But this feeling of being trusted warmed her heart.

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Comment...

0/255

Send ·

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1186](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1186

• • •

Chapter 1186

Arabella had been waiting for a while in Romeo's office when her cell phone began buzzing.

It was Dean, reporting on the latest progress of their fashion company. He finished his report with a light-hearted question, "Ms.

Bennett, when is your winter break? There's a bunch of people at the office asking about you. They miss you, you know, and they're looking forward to your return."

Arabella had previously weeded out all the "bad apples" in the company and led it to new heights, earning the affection of many employees.

After starting college, she delegated minor issues to Dean. For major matters, she would video conference with him and give him directives.

Four months had passed in a blink. She was so busy she didn't have time to drop by the office. Many staff Members missed her and constantly asked Dean about her whereabouts. "I'll find time to return?" replied Arabella.

"That's great, they'll be thrilled to hear that, Dean sent two more voice messages, "Oh, by the way, Mr. Collins had a design team remodel your office while you were away last semester. It's all done now, and I've sent you some photos. It looks fantastic.

Arabella received a dozen photos, all designed according to her preferences. The entire floor was open-concept, spacious and bright.

"The best remodeling company did it. It took four months. The best materials were used, zero formaldehyde, pollution free."

"Also, this bedroom was specifically requested by Mr. Collins. It's right next to your office, so you can rest when you're tired from work. The bed, the mattress, all top-notch. And your walk-in closet is done too."

"Here is the living room Mr. Collins prepared for you. The sofa and everything were custom-made. The projector is over there, so you can watch movies when you're free. Mr. Collins had Julian replace all your coffee with the S series. For tea, he got you the best ones. He also got a snack cabinet and organized a bunch of snacks.

There's nuts, cookies, candy, and chips. They've been here for half a year. When are you coming back to eat them? I wouldn't mind helping out."

Dean said this with genuine envy. Ms. Bennett was lucky to have a brother who was both dominant and gentle.

"I'll let you know when I finalize my schedule."

“Okay, Dean was delighted, “Oh, and Bella Fashion's contract with us is almost up. They proposed a five-year renewal and they need you to sign it in person.”

After all, he couldn't do it for her. Only Arabella's signature and company seal would make it official. Bella Fashion was formerly VO Fashion, a first-line international brand. It was later acquired by Romeo due to financial problems and internal conflicts.

In order to have more dealings with Arabella, Romeo did not merge VO Fashion into McMillian Corporation, but let it stand alone under a new name, Bella Fashion.

He handed all production orders from Bella Fashion to QY for processing and quality inspection. Once completed, they were returned to Bella Fashion's warehouse.

In other words, he was helping QY earn a little more money in a different way.

Arabella replied with a simple ‘Okay; and tidied up the unopened drinks and snacks on the coffee table, putting them neatly in the snack cabinet. She didn't want the table to appear messy.

Suddenly, she heard the office door being pushed open, and a woman's aggressive voice rang out.

“Who are you? Why are you in Mr. McMillian's office?”

Arabella looked in the direction of the voice. It was a young woman, no more than twenty, wearing a pair of Dior high heels and a high ponytail that matched her proud and domineering personality.

She was young and beautiful, with a hint of aggression in her beauty.

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