

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1311

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"Excuse me, miss,' Guti approached Arabella with a courteous tone, "this dress has already been spoken for.

Perhaps you'd be interested in another style?"

Arabella hadn't been particularly taken with the dress in the first place. She was merely intrigued by a few creative touches in its design. Seeing the clerk moving to take it away, she handed it over without a moment's hesitation.

"Thank you." Guti gratefully accepted the dress and delivered it to Serena.

Serena, looking like the cat that got the cream, cast a victorious glance Arabella's way. Noticing Arabella had picked up a champagne-colored evening gown, a smug smirk played across her lips.

"I'll take that one as well."

Upon hearing Serena's command, Guti approached Arabella again.

This time Arabella sensed something strange and looked up, "And who might the other customer be?" "That lady over there. She's one of our top-tier VIPs!" Guti explained apologetically, "I'm really sorry, but you might want to check out our other selections."

Arabella's gaze followed to where Serena lounged on a sofa, being pampered by two clerks massaging her shoulders and calves.

When did she start coming to Dawnstar?

She looked quite at ease.

"Does she want every single thing I'm interested in?" Arabella smirked, finding Serena's childish antics laughable.

"My apologies for any offense; Guti said as she swiftly took the champagne gown from Arabella to present it to Serena.

Meanwhile, upstairs, Eunice, who was browsing the racks, overheard the exchange between her beloved niece and the clerk.

Seeing the clerk's actions, she peered down to catch her niece's gaze fixed in a certain direction and quickly surmised what was happening.

It seemed some spoiled young lady was trying to one-up her beautiful niece.

From her vantage point, Eunice couldn't see who the other woman was, but she knew her niece was being wronged.

As she casually sifted through a rack of dresses, her tone was leisurely yet icy, "My niece is having trouble over a dress, and you're not intervening?"

The store manager, upon hearing this, rushed downstairs. She didn't know who Serena was, as she had never seen her with Eunice in the store before.

But the manager knew full well that Eunice was Bard's wife, and Bard's clout in all of Dawnstar meant no one dared to cross him.

One moment Serena was basking in service, the next she was being informed by the clerks that she was now on the store's blacklist. She was given an ultimatum: leave with her purchases immediately or get a refund.

"What's the meaning of this?" Serena was baffled by their sudden change of attitude. Just moments ago, they treated her like royalty, and now they were giving her the cold shoulder.

Was it because she had claimed the two dresses Arabella wanted?

Had Arabella orchestrated this?  
Did Arabella really have that much pull?  
"Sorry, but we can't sell these dresses to you after all!" Guti hastily reclaimed the champagne evening gown and the stylish day dress from Serena. She had been scolded by the manager and was now bowing her head, fearing for her job.

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Serena's laugh was laced with fury, "Do you all have any idea? My spending alone is a hundred, maybe even a thousand times what your average customer shells out."

"Yes, we have considered this. Please leave as soon as possible,' came the unwavering reply.

The sales associates neatly arranged her thirty-some shopping bags at the entrance, a silent signal that her patronage was no longer desired.

Fuming and humiliated, Serena snapped, "Fetch your manager! Is this how a top-tier brand treats its VIP clients?"

"I'm sorry, but you've been blacklisted by our store. And yes, this comes straight from the manager.' the salesperson said.

"What did you say?" Serena's face turned a shade of thunder.

"This way, please,' the sales team said in unison, bowing slightly with a gesture that suggested she exit the premises.

Enraged beyond belief, Serena could barely contain herself. "It seems your brand doesn't value its VIPs.

Fine, I'll take my

complaint to your superiors and see if they also turn away from good business!"

"Even a complaint to our headquarters won't change a thing. Please, leave."

With that, Serena stormed out, her heels clicking sharply against the floor.

Once she was gone, the manager turned to Guti.

"You too, get out!"

"Manager: "If you don't stop your blabbering and upset Mrs. Griffith further, we'll all suffer the consequences! Now go!"

Tears in her eyes, Guti cast a longing look towards the second floor, wishing Mrs. Griffith would show mercy.

She had no idea the plainly dressed girl downstairs was Mrs. Griffith's own niece.

If she had known, she wouldn't have dared to cross her, not for all the money in the world.

As Guti left in tears, the manager sternly warned the rest, "Keep your eyes open from now on. Don't cross someone without

knowing who they are! If this happens again, the fallout will be much worse!"

"Yes, Manager, they chorused.

The manager, having scolded staff, hurried upstairs to find Eunice and explain.

"My apologies for disturbing your shopping, ladies.

The ignorant lady from before has been escorted out. She's on our blacklist

and will never set foot here again. Also, the sales associate—Guti—who offended Miss Bella has been dismissed. The two

dresses that caught your eye, please consider them a gift from our store. I hope you and the young miss can forgive the unpleasantness caused by those uncouth individuals."

Eunice, still browsing the racks, asked languidly without glancing up, "Does the Griffith family need these two dresses?"

"Of course not, ma'am. The whole world knows of your family's wealth. The dresses are a token of our sincerest apologies for the discomfort you've experienced in our establishment. As the manager, the quilt weighs heavily on me. "It seems our discomfort isn't a grave concern in your eyes."

The manager, taken aback and troubled by the implication, hastily offered, "Furthermore, from now on, when you or the young miss shop here, you will receive an additional 20% discount on top of the membership price!"

It was practically selling at cost.

They had no choice. Offending someone of such stature had already cost them dearly.

"What was she wearing?" Eunice asked casually, picking out a particularly stylish dress from the display. "What did she look like?"

The manager, realizing whom Eunice referred to, described promptly, "She was in a pink CNL suit with a white beret, and had long, wavy brown hair."

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Eunice gracefully fished her phone out of her purse and dialed Gordon with a languid air of casual indifference.

"Put the word out, if anyone on Style Plaza dares to sell anything to a person in a pink CNL suit, sporting a white beret and



brown, wavy locks, they can kiss their spot in this zip code goodbye."

The store manager's eyes widened in alarm, frantically signaling the sales associates downstairs with a flurry of gestures to shut the shop immediately! The last thing they needed was another clueless customer inciting Eunice's ire. After finishing her call and having her selected outfits brought to her, Eunice descended the staircase with an air of unrivaled elegance. She had the kind of presence that always turned heads, dressed to the nines in a way that only a lady of her stature and wealth could pull off.

A sales associate led the way, clearing a path for her.

Approaching Arabella, Eunice smiled warmly. "Bella, these are the pieces I picked out for you. Do you like them?"

The manager, eager to please, pushed the chosen outfits toward Arabella and said respectfully, "Miss, everything's here. Your aunt really spoils you, picking out so many lovely items in one go."

Arabella hadn't expected her aunt's taste to be so impeccable. Every garment was exactly to her liking and had a unique flair.

Her lips curled up in delight. "They're all gorgeous. I love them"

"That's great. Why don't you try them on? I bet they'll look even better on you,' Eunice beamed before turning to the store

manager. "Remember, if your brand does well, don't forget my niece's part in it."

After all, her darling niece was like a walking billboard, offering free promotion wherever she went.

"Of course, we'll never forget Miss Bella's contribution" the manager replied with a deferential smile.

Just then, sales associate Lucy approached, carrying several shopping bags. "Ma'am, these are the items Miss Bella chose, all

paid for. She said they're a gift for you: Eunice was touched that her beloved niece had spent time downstairs picking out clothes

for her. Her smile grew even more radiant.

"I'll try them on as well." Her eyes softened with affection as she looked at Arabella.

The surrounding sales staff were stunned. They had never seen the usually commanding and aristocratic lady show such

tenderness.

Meanwhile.

Serena had called Martin's guys to load her thirty-some shopping bags into the car. After recomposing herself, she resumed her shopping spree, planning to settle scores with Arabella later!

But when she reached the entrance of a top-tier designer boutique, the sales associate was about to close the door.

"Why are you closing now?" Serena asked, perplexed, as she stepped forward, eager to browse. The boutique was known for its luxury handbags, and there was a new model released that day she had her eye on for ages. If she didn't buy it now, it would be gone!

"Apologies, we're expecting a VIP shortly' the sales associate explained politely.

At the mention of "VIP' Serena scoffed in derision.

'What level of spender qualifies as a VIP in your books? I might have more clout than your so-called VIP. able to bring in more sales and profit for your store."

Who the VIP was remained to be seen!

The sales associate let out a small chuckle. "Miss, this VIP's status is such that even if she doesn't buy a single thing, she's still a VIP in our store, always!"

Serena's expression soured. "Are you talking about Arabella?"

The sales associate seemed not to recognize the name. "I'm sorry, I don't know whom you're referring to."

"Then who else could this VIP be?" Serena questioned, still puzzled.

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"Excuse me, but I can't disclose the identity of our VIP client. Please step aside; the sales associate said, about to close the door.

Serena stood her ground, arms crossed over her chest, and asked with a hint of pride, 'Do you have any idea how much I spent at the previous store?'"

The sales associate, seeing this self-important woman before her, remembered the manager mentioning that a certain rich girl, clad in a pink suit, had managed to offend Bard's wife. The word on the street was that Bard's wife had sent a clear warning:

anyone who dared to do business with that rich girl was looking for trouble.

It wasn't just Bard's wife one should be wary of.

Even the sales associate, struggling to suppress the urge to roll her eyes at the haughty display, was annoyed.

If it weren't for the fact that she represented a top-tier brand, and that rolling her eyes would tarnish its image, she would have

loved to serve this girl a hefty dose of disdain!

"Miss, regardless of how much you've spent elsewhere or the 'victories' you've had, this store has its policies.

Please move aside, we wouldn't want you to get hurt," she said with forced politeness.

"I want to see for myself what this 'VIP' looks like.

Probably some nouveau riche brat or a mistress too ashamed to show her

face."

When Serena remained stubbornly in the doorway, the sales associate had no choice but to call security.

As two burly security guards approached with determination, Serena, not wanting to make a scene, shot the sales associate a glare. "Crazy, refusing free money and turning away a customer. You're just a sales clerk, don't get ahead of yourself. Low-life."

The sales associate was taken aback by the insult, feeling both angry and hurt.

Serena, finding some cathartic release in her outburst, felt her mood lift and she headed toward the next boutique.

The sales associate there, forewarned, saw her coming and stepped forward to block her. "I'm sorry, but you can't come in."

Confused, Serena asked, "Why not?"

"This store doesn't welcome you."

Serena wondered if Arabella was behind this. But then she thought that woman couldn't possibly have the clout, she must be leveraging Romed's influence!

Damn it all!

"You don't have to listen to her. I have more clout. I've just spent a fortune at another store, Serena said, trying to assert her

status.

The sales associate replied expressionlessly, "Even if you were to buy out our entire inventory today, showing such financial strength, we still wouldn't allow you to take a step forward. Please consider shopping elsewhere."

"Are you siding with her against me?"

The sales associate wondered if the girl was delusional. In Dawnstar, who dared to cross Bard's wife?

She had offended someone so untouchable and still had the audacity to say such things. Was she out of her mind?

"Please leave" the sales associate said, gesturing towards the exit.

Fuming, Serena refused to believe this was happening. She tried the store next door, only to be stopped again before entering.

It had to be Arabella's doing!

Unable to contain her anger, she blurted out, "Don't you know who I am? Have you ever heard of the Collins family?"

Who? What on earth was that?

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"Sorry, but could you please not make this hard for us?" A line of sales associates stood in unison, firmly blocking her entrance.

Passersby were strolling along, and some luxury car owners sat smugly in their vehicles, watching her with amusement.

Out in the open, Serena felt the sting of embarrassment, "You don't recognize the Collins name? Kenneth Collins ring any bells??° "Apologies, but if you don't leave now, we'll have to call security."

It didn't matter if one was a tycoon, here in Dawnstar, in the presence of Bard, one had to step aside!



Serena couldn't believe these salespeople were so clueless that they hadn't even heard of her father. As the crowd around her grew, she stomped her foot in frustration and left. "Just you wait, Arabella. You'll get what's coming to you if our paths cross again!"

Meanwhile.

The store manager personally packaged all the items, applied the membership discount, took another 20% off, and even threw in two extra dresses for Arabella.

Watching Eunice and Arabella rush to foot the bill, the manager couldn't help but compliment them,

"The affection between you two is truly heartwarming, just like mother and daughter. Although, in my years in this position, I've never seen such a youthful mother or a daughter so considerate and caring."

"Bella, this is my treat; I insist on paying!" Eunice was determined, "Besides, you've already bought so many clothes for me.

Don't snatch the bill from me again, or I'll feel disappointed!"

"You should let your aunt pay" the manager chimed in, a bit awkwardly. "We wouldn't dare take your money, young lady"

How could they accept money from the young miss when her aunt wanted to pay?

Seeing Eunice's domineering but caring attitude left no room for debate, Arabella couldn't help but smile, "Okay, your treat"

"That's my good girl" Eunice beamed. "I've accepted all the clothes you bought for me earlier, and now you have to accept everything I bought for you!"

With that, Eunice's eyes caught a glimpse of a chic backpack in the corner. She walked over, picked it up, and said, "Bella, look at this—it's as if it was made for you. It's lovely. You'll look great with it. Let's add this to our purchase."

Touched by her aunt's affection, Arabella grinned, "Then dinner's on me."

"When you're in Dawnstar, you don't need to spend a dime! Don't be formal with your aunt!"

Once everything was packed, Arabella moved to pick up the bags, but Eunice linked arms with her and said, "Someone will carry those for us. Come on, I'll take you out to eat, you must be starving."

They had spent quite some time in just that one store.

Suddenly feeling her aunt's arm linked with hers brought a warmth that spread from her heart.

Ever since she had found her family, Arabella realized time and again that being pampered and adored by relatives was a true blessing.

She instinctively held onto Eunice, her lips curling into a smile like Alma's.

"Bella, what would you like to eat? Just name it," Eunice said with a mix of assertiveness and doting affection.

"If you're too shy to say, I'll call Louisa."

Arabella chuckled, "I'm not picky, really. I'm fine with all kinds of cuisine, whatever you think is best."

"Where do you get this considerate nature? Did that family who raised you mistreat you?" Eunice pondered. She figured Arabella

was one of those cool on the outside, kind-hearted on the inside types, probably because her previous family was indifferent, or unkind, or she was simply born with a generous spirit.

"I'll have to ask Louisa about you, get to know you better' Eunice mused, then a restaurant came to mind. "I know just the place you'll love. Let's go, I will treat you."

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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Sky Restaurant.

The moment Eunice linked arms with Arabella and made an entrance, heads turned.

Her beauty alone was enough to draw the eye, but her status as "Mrs. Griffith" made her shine like a star among the crowd.

The restaurant manager, spotting her arrival, hurried over. "Mrs. Griffith, it's been too long! We've been on pins and needles

since your last visit, wracking our brains over what we might've done wrong. Seeing you here today is such a joy. You've finally come back!"

"Oh, Mr. Morrison, you're still the king of sweet talk" Eunice said with a chuckle, well accustomed to his flattery.

Mr. Morrison laughed, "Mrs. Griffith, we genuinely value your dining experience. It's such a rare pleasure to host you. I'll have the place cleared and redecorated in a jiffy. If you and this young lady could kindly wait a moment..."

"No need for all that fuss. We're here to eat, not to cause a scene. Just find us a table with a view," Eunice replied with sensible grace.

"But wouldn't that be a disservice to you and the young lady here?" Mr. Morrison seemed troubled.

"What, you can't arrange that?" Eunice's tone suddenly took on an authoritative edge.

"No, no, not at all! We can arrange it right away.

Mrs. Griffith, this way please, Mr. Morrison stammered, almost intimidated by her commanding presence, and promptly led the way.

Eunice turned to Arabella with a softer look and smile, "A window seat offers just as lovely a view of the city's nightscape."

"I agree; Arabella said, seeing no need for a private area.

Appreciation and approval flickered in Eunice's eyes as she regarded her niece.

Mr. Morrison pulled out chairs for them, standing by respectfully, "Mrs. Griffith, will have the usual, or would you like to try some of the new dishes our chefs have been raving about?"

"Let my niece decide, Eunice tilted her chin up slightly, exuding cool elegance.

Upon hearing this, Mr. Morrison realized the girl's identity—she was Bard and Eunice's niece?

Oh dear.

What an oversight!

"I had no idea we were hosting your niece, this table arrangement is far too casual. I see the neighboring tables are almost done.

Perhaps I could clear this area and install a glass partition for more privacy, so you and your niece can chat freely without any concern."

"That won't be necessary; Eunice and Arabella said in unison, clearly not interested in disturbing the other diners.

Mr. Morrison didn't expect them to be so alike in speech and temperament. He quickly added, "Then I must insist on sending over a few extra dishes later. We've truly neglected your needs today!"

"Bella, see anything you fancy?" Eunice's gaze fell on Bella across from her.

Her fresh, unpretentious beauty stood out, her face radiantly delicate, while a lotus-like elegance seemed to emanate from her.

Many a well-heeled gentleman in the vicinity couldn't help but steal glances.

Indeed, she was a Collins, flawless in looks and grace.

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“Just these dishes” Arabella said, tapping away on the tablet to place their order. Once finished, she handed the tablet back to Mr. Morrison.

“Mrs. Griffith, what would you like to have?” the manager asked.

“Oh, there's no need. My niece has ordered for both of us,’ Eunice replied, shifting her attention to Arabella to engage in light conversation.

Meanwhile.

In the most expensive suite of the Dawnstar Hotel, a composed and handsome young man named Martin was confronted by his incessantly talking sister. He poured a glass of water and handed it to her, “Diana, wet your whistle before you rant.”

“Martin, I'm dead serious about this!” Diana exclaimed, her anger palpable. “You've always had my support in everything you do,

even when our parents disapproved, but today! If I hadn't been shopping with my girlfriends on Style Plaza, I wouldn't have known that the girl you've taken a fancy to is such a nightmare in private!"

At her last words, Martin's brow furrowed slightly.

"Diana, stick to the point and cut the personal attacks."

"How am I attacking her personally? She's the heiress to the Collins family, for heaven's sake, raised by Kenneth and Louisa!

And yet she commanded the sales assistant to snatch a dress from another girl's hands, not once but twice! And when she finally met her match and got kicked out of the store."

"Diana, Martin interjected, unable to hide his irritation, "if she saw something she liked and wanted to buy it, that's not a crime.

The sales assistant was just misguided in taking it from another customer."

"Martin! Are you even listening to me? Serena did it on purpose. She told the sales assistant to take it away from that girl"

Diana was so infuriated she could barely speak, "And the trouble she's stirred up is no small affair. Now all shops on Style Plaza

won't sell to her. So what does she do? Stands outside the shop, hurling insults at the staff, calling them lowly scum!"

Diana's upbringing made it difficult for her to repeat such vulgar words. She had witnessed Serena's tirade against the sales assistant and the smug look of satisfaction that followed.

"My friends say she's nothing but trouble—pushy and rude! Going on about 'Do you know who I am? Do you know how much I spend in your competitors' stores? Do you know who Kenneth is?"

It was a disgraceful scene, not fit for public viewing! Martin thought to himself that he really needed to work harder to prevent Serena from such indignities in the future.

"You're the only son of our family, and eventually, you'll run the family business. Our parents want a daughter-in-law who is virtuous and capable, not someone like Serena!"

"Diana, I get your point," Martin checked the time and spoke calmly, "Go home. Let's leave it at that." Diana was shocked, "What, you're still going to see her? I heard you had important business back home this week, but you

dropped everything just because she wanted to come to Dawnstar. And now she's left you hanging. What are you thinking?"

"She wanted some time to shop on her own, and I respect that. I have things to take care of here in Dawnstar too."

"Who are you kidding? Your business here is running smoothly. At best, you come to check in, what urgent matters could you possibly have? Don't think I don't know you!"

Seeing that her words were having no effect, Diana crossed her arms and said angrily, "If our parents knew about this, they'd never approve of you two together"

"If you don't tell, and I don't tell, how will they know?"

Martin looked up at his sister with a steady gaze.

Diana was at a loss for words. Her brother, a model student and a paragon of virtue, brilliant and handsome, was acting so stubborn over Serena!

What was so special about Serena, anyway?

"Don't expect me to cover for you. If our parents find out and ask for my opinion, I won't support you this time!"

Diana glared at him before storming out, her frustration with her brother reaching its peak.

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"Fitch, would you mind walking my sister out?"

Fitch, who had been sitting silently on the side, too terrified to make a peep, now found himself reluctantly chasing after Diana.

"Sis."

"Who's your sister?" Diana snapped, spinning around to glare at him. "All you do is hang out with my brother, acting like best buddies. But when it matters, you don't even try to stop him from jumping into a pit of fire?"

Fitch felt he was being unjustly blamed. He had only heard that his best pal had hit up Dawnstar and was looking forward to catching up over dinner, but Diana had beaten him to it.

Caught in the sibling squabble, what could he, an outsider, do other than sip his water and fade into the background? He thought they'd just argue and be done with it.

But then Diana turned her wrath on him.

"Come on, Diana! You didn't see me trying to reason with him till I was blue in the face! He wouldn't listen to me!

What on earth does he see in that Serena, I can't figure it out!"

Diana was speechless.

"You know well enough that Martin's been after her for six long years. He's obsessed. My words don't mean squat compared to yours, and even you couldn't sway him!"

Diana stood in front of the elevator, suddenly at a loss for words.

"Diana, just head back home and relax, leave this to me. I might not convince him right away, but I'm sure if I keep at it, he'll

come around. Besides, Serena's such a drama queen. Sooner or later, she's going to cross a line, and Martin will have had



enough."

That made sense.

Diana felt slightly reassured.

Serena might play the gracious hostess, but that act couldn't last forever.

Sooner or later, her brother would see Serena's true colors.

Why should she force a breakup now?

"If you push them to split now, they'll only cling harder to each other. Better to just let time do its work."

Just then, the elevator dinged open. Fitch quickly blocked the door for Diana to enter.

"Diana, you can go home, eat something nice, get some good rest. Don't worry about Martin. He's young and foolish. I've got this covered, I'll sort it out perfectly!"

Diana gave him a mock glare, surprised at how smooth he could be.

"Take care, Diana." Fitch watched the elevator doors close before returning to the presidential suite, "Man, did you not see how pissed your sister was? And you throw me under the bus? Lucky for you I'm quick on my feet, or I'd have been the one getting a beatdown!"

"You're fine, aren't you?" Martin glanced up briefly, then texted Serena on WhatsApp to see if she had dinner yet and if she'd like to join.

"You're still messaging her? Did you seriously not listen to a word your sister said?" Fitch couldn't help but blurt out, "Dude, I'm not on your side this time. Don't you think Serena's gone too far?"

Right then, Martin's phone buzzed. It was a reply from Serena.

She wanted to dine alone.

Martin's gaze dimmed as he looked at Fitch, "You never said why you came here."

Fitch was momentarily speechless, "I heard you were in Dawnstar, and I just wanted to catch up over dinner. If I knew you were only interested in women, I wouldn't have bothered!"

Martin stood up, "Let's go."

Fitch was stunned, then excitedly said, "Are you choosing your bro over a girl?"

"It's more like the girl didn't choose me, so I ended up with you."

Fitch was speechless.

The backup plan!

In Martin's world, he was nothing but the backup plan!

They headed to Sky Restaurant.

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Chapter 1319

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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Chapter 1319

Eunice polished off her steak with refined grace and took a delicate sip of her red wine. "Bella, darling, I'm just going to freshen up."

"Sure thing."

Arabella eyed the feast still sprawled across the table. Mr. Morrison had been overly generous, bringing them seven or eight dishes in quick succession. There was no way the two of them could finish it all.

Just then, Serena strode into the restaurant and immediately spotted Arabella by the window. The humiliation she had endured earlier on Style Plaza was burning inside her, propelling her on her stilettos straight toward Arabella.

But before she could get far, a polite interruption came from the staff.

"Excuse me, miss, do you have a reservation?" the waiter inquired with a courteous tone.

"I know her; Serena said haughtily, nodding toward the woman sitting by the window.

The waiter recognized the guest as Ms. Bella, Mrs. Griffith's niece. Did this girl know her? Seeing they were of a similar age, perhaps they were friends.

"Would you like me to bring another chair?"

"No need, I just have a word with her and then I'll leave"

As Serena approached Arabella, she took note of the surroundings. Arabella's seat was conveniently obscured from the nearest surveillance camera by a structural column, and the cameras in the distance didn't seem to cover this angle either.

The other tables were far enough not to eavesdrop, and the waiters, busy clearing the remnants of a sumptuous meal, paid them

no mind.

It was a quiet hour with only a few patrons from Dawnstar scattered around, none of whom seemed to recognize her.

It felt like fate was conspiring in her favor. Spotting a half-finished glass of champagne on a recently vacated table, Serena

snagged it and stormed towards Arabella.

Arabella, absorbed in the night view beyond the massive glass wall, caught sight of an angry figure reflected in the pane. The

figure hurled the contents of a glass her way. With lightning reflexes, Arabella snatched a napkin to shield herself and dodged,

retaliating by splashing her glass of red wine at the aggressor.

Serena hadn't anticipated that her champagne assault would barely splash Arabella, nor that Arabella would douse her in red wine.

The wine cascaded down her beret, stained her face, and trickled into her dress.

Her CNL pink ensemble was ruined, and just as she let out a shriek, Arabella had her pinned against the table.

Serena's left cheek now made an intimate acquaintance with the remains of a beef dish.

By the time Mr. Morrison and the waitstaff arrived, Arabella declared, "I've got this."

They were all taken aback by the audacity of the girl who dared to drench Arabella in champagne in full view of everyone.

And today of all days, with Mrs. Griffith present! Clearly, this person was unhinged, a complete lunatic, to offend Mrs. Griffith's niece.

"What are you doing? Let me go!" Serena had intended to make a splash and dash, thinking Arabella would be too preoccupied with cleaning herself up to bother with the culprit. But Arabella's swift reaction caught her off guard, and what was infuriating was that only a few drops of champagne had hit Arabella.

"Have I been too kind to you lately?" Arabella held her tight, visibly annoyed. She had previously dismissed Serena as a mere jester, unworthy of attention, but now her brazenness was escalating.

"So fond of splashing drinks, are you?" Arabella glanced at the wine on the table. "What a shame this is a 1945 Romanée-Conti.

I can't bear to waste it. Manager, what's the cheapest swill you've got?"

Mr. Morrison quickly chimed in, "Ms. Bella, we have a 1951 Chivas Estate red wine."

"Bring me two bottles."

"Arabella, what are you planning to do?" Serena, unable to break free, resorted to threats. "You wouldn't dare, right?"

"You've got the gall to do it in front of everyone. Why shouldn't I?"

Arabella had the wine uncorked, pressed Serena down onto the plate, and poured both bottles over her head.

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Chapter 1320

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# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1320

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Chapter 1320

"Ah." Serena's scream was cut short as the red wine poured into her mouth.

Even with her eyes tightly shut, some of the wine managed to seep into her eyes, stinging them painfully.

And her ears—since she was being held face down against the plate, one ear was filled with the unwelcome flow of the wine.

Arabella clutched Serena's hair with force, dumping two whole bottles over her head, her expression unmoved.

Serena's hands flailed behind her, desperately trying to hit Arabella, only to be restrained by two waiters who stepped forward.

Drenched in wine, even the warmth of the restaurant's heating couldn't stop Serena from shivering as the liquid soaked through her clothes.

That damn Arabella, how dare she?

How dare she humiliate her in front of all these people?

After emptying the bottles, Arabella released her grip, casually tossing Serena aside.

Serena lost her balance and toppled to the floor, her head hitting a nearby chair.

Mr. Morrison and several waiters quickly surrounded Arabella, asking anxiously, "Ms. Bella, are you alright?"



One handed Arabella a sanitizing wet wipe to clean her hands, another delicately dabbed at the wine stains on her dress, while four others swiftly cleaned up the chaotic table and replaced it with a fresh tablecloth. One knelt to wipe the wine from Arabella's shoes, and another hurried to mop the floor. Meanwhile, Serena was left in her misery, ignored by all.

Serena couldn't understand. Arabella wasn't some local big shot, so why were these servants giving her such attention?

Could it be that the wretch had spent a hefty sum, becoming a VIP customer of this establishment?

"Ms. Bella, I am so sorry you were startled. It's truly regrettable that your dining experience was marred.

I will have her removed

at once!" Mr. Morrison hurriedly called for security, not forgetting to add, "And should that lunatic show up again, she's banned from entering!"

"What lunatic? Let go of me, let go." Serena was dragged out.

Eunice, after finishing up in the restroom, received a call. It was one of her subordinates reporting on a job, and after listening to

his long-winded explanation for about twenty minutes, which also made her darling niece wait, she lost her patience, "Meet me at the Sky Restaurant, 69th floor, and talk there."

After hanging up, Eunice, a tad irritated, clicked her heels out of the restroom and into the restaurant. Mr. Morrison quickly caught up to her, carefully explaining everything that had occurred.

Eunice noticed the restaurant had cleared out, and her table was reset, with a line of waiters standing at attention, seemingly bracing for a scolding.

"The spot where Ms. Bella was seated is a blind spot for the cameras. They only caught the table legs and below her waist.

There's no vital footage, Mr. Morrison said, trembling as he handed Eunice the iPad.

Eunice's face was a mask of frost, her naturally commanding presence sharpening to a deadly edge with her temper flared.

Indeed, the surveillance only showed below the waist of the perpetrator, just a pink skirt, a pair of snow boots, and the spilled wine on the floor.

"What is this mess!" Eunice lost her patience, tossing the iPad back at Mr. Morrison, "I step away for a moment to the restroom,

and my niece suffers such an insult. What if I had gone home for something? Would I even find her well when I returned?"

Mr. Morrison had never seen Eunice so furious. Her last words, especially, raised in volume, sent a shiver through everyone present, heads bowed in fear.

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