

## Arabella 1600

### Chapter 1600

Although the apartment was rarely bustling with guests, it boasted a few washer-dryer combos and a sophisticated vacuum-mop hybrid machine. Yet, Serena hadn't the slightest clue how to operate any of them.

Her worn clothes were simply tossed into the hamper, unwashed; the floors remained unswept and unmopped. Betty, upon entering the room, noticed strands of hair littering the floor, and the trash bin brimming to the top. It was once a time when Serena's quarters were cleaned twice daily, kept spotless and orderly.

It was beyond belief that Mr. And Mrs. Collins hadn't arranged even a single maid to tidy up for Serena. Now, with Serena under the weather, her laundry was piling up - she'd have nothing to wear by tomorrow!

"Ms. Serena, let me wash these clothes for you."

Some of Serena's garments were quite expensive, and hand-washing them could be gentler than the rough tumble of the machine.

A shadow passed over Serena's eyes, but she feigned resilience, "It's okay. I'll wash them once I'm better."

you need to rest up. It's almost New Year after

dry on the balcony. To avoid disturbing Serena, she opted out of using the vacuum-mop and instead, swept the floors clean with

in winning over such a diligent maid, if only to

also meticulously wiped down every surface in the room with a cloth. It wasn't until Dr. Osmond called that she descended the stairs to receive

odd that Serena was staying in the guesthouse and even more peculiar that her parents weren't there with the ailing girl,

with a cold, Ms. Serena. I'll prescribe some medicine; you should be

"Thank you, Dr. Osmond."

take her pills. Seeing Serena in tears, she was startled, "What's wrong, Ms. Serena? Is the water too hot?

before, my mom would be so worried, her eyes red, wishing she could take my place. My dad would

out Louisa. At that moment, Louisa had just finished her evening bath and was sitting before her vanity, indulging

Impatient with Louisa's leisurely demeanor, Betty couldn't help but say, "Mrs. Collins, Dr. Osmond has seen Ms. Serena, saying she's got a cold and needs to take cold medicine for a couple of days to get better. She's in a lot of distress, crying pitifully, missing you. Could you spare a moment to visit her?"

"I'm off to bed." Louisa replied indifferently, "Everyone has their aches and pains. Bella runs the company even when she's ill, starving through surgeries that last over a dozen hours."

"But this is different, Ms. Serena's all alone. Can't you at least send her a message, show some concern?"

"How I handle things is my business."

Seeing that Louisa was unmoved, Betty bowed her head, "I've spoken out of turn. Rest well, Mrs. Collins. I'll check on Ms. Serena early tomorrow to see if she gets better. I'll take my leave now."

Once Betty had left, Louisa resumed applying her night cream.