

Arabella 1722

Chapter 1722

Arabella tilted her chin up at Horace with a look that said, "Relax, I've got this."

To the casual observer, she seemed to be signaling Horace not to rile up Martha. But Horace, who had spent enough time with Arabella, instantly understood the meaning behind her gaze. He got the message loud and clear.

Chuckling under his breath, he threw a defiant glare at the female killer, his posture slouched and rebellious, though noticeably less volatile than before.

"The little mutt sure knows how to obey." Martha sneered as she flicked Arabella's bun, pacing back and forth. "What to do, what to do? I don't catch you every day, and now I find myself almost reluctant to see you dead."

Arabella raised her clear eyes, her tone as calm as a gentle breeze, "I'm bound to die at your hands sooner or later, so why not let me die with some clarity? Is it because I've returned to this house, threatening your daughter's status, that you think I should die?"

Suddenly, Martha's eyes flashed with a fierce glint, scrutinizing Arabella.

you? I've been feeling something's off since the start. With your defiant spirit, you wouldn't

lips curled into a mocking smile, "So, I'm that formidable in your eyes,

snapped,

turns patting Arabella down. They tugged at her bun, finding nothing but lush hair, and the

her hoodie, and trousers were all checked—no

searched from head to toe repeatedly, and still,

off, and

Arabella suspiciously and asked, "What kind of game are you

been smashed, and my only ally is in your capture. Surrounded by over a dozen of your armed

returned, her earlier doubts subsiding, replaced by a

"If you had been this compliant from the get-go, you wouldn't be in this mess." Martha's venomous gaze fell upon Arabella, "But you just had to act all high and mighty."

It was so irritating!

"When have I ever been high and mighty? Don't those words suit your daughter more?" Arabella couldn't help but laugh, "For eighteen years, your daughter basked in luxury under my name. When I came back, I didn't make a fuss. I let her stay and continue living in opulence. Shouldn't you be grateful?"

"Grateful to you?" Martha scoffed as if she heard the most absurd thing, her laugh cold, "Had you been friendly and humble with Serena, I indeed would have spared you. But what did you do? You hurt her time and again."

Arabella was confused. When had she ever hurt Serena?

From the day she returned to the house, it was Serena who had been hurting her with backhanded comments like, "Sis, up so early? You don't have to change your habits on our account—feel free to sleep in as you did at your place."