

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 2



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Speaking of this, Olga gave Arabella a disdainful look. “We’ve done our best to raise you all these years! This necklace is a gift for Yoli, don’t even think you can snatch it! You better scram before I call the cops!”

“Mom!” Yolanda chimed in nervously, “Arabella’s biological parents are jobless. She’s got five brothers who need to get hitched, and a sick grandmother to take care of... Selling this necklace could bring in some bucks. She needs it more than I do...”

The maids were all moved by Yolanda’s kindness, thinking what a considerate and kind-hearted girl she was.

“Mom, since you’ve given me this necklace, then I have the right to do whatever with it!” Yolanda firmly took back the necklace from Olga’s hand, presenting it to Arabella as if it were a treasure, “Bella, take it, I won’t blame you for stealing. It was meant to be yours anyway...”

Arabella lifted her gaze, her deep brown eyes under her long, dark lashes curiously studying Yolanda. She thought to herself, Was it necessary to emphasize that she “stole” the necklace? This kind of framing was quite low-level. Was there no smarter way to go about it?

“Sis, I’ll hold off mom... you better get moving!”

Arabella smiled, her captivating eyes seemingly penetrating everything. Yolanda was a bit scared of this side of her, that nonchalant attitude, as if she was in control of everything, like a high queen, making people uneasy and a bit guilty.

Arabella took the necklace and smiled slightly. Such a cheap ruby, she really couldn’t care less... Whether it was the color of the necklace, the clarity, or the craftsmanship....

What kind of small workshop could produce such a thing?

Ten thousand dollars? In her eyes, this necklace was worthless.

Just when everyone thought Arabella would take the necklace... the next second, Arabella threw the necklace straight into the trash bin. Her actions were decisive and swift, not a second wasted.

Everyone was dumbstruck, even Olga was shocked for a good while, exclaiming, “Arabella, what the hell are you doing!!! This is your sister’s most treasured necklace, she gave it to you, and you just threw it away like that!!!”

“What? Yolanda gave me the necklace, so I can do whatever I want with it, isn’t that what your darling daughter just said?” Arabella mocked with a cold laugh. “All these years, I didn’t take away anything you guys gave me.”

How could she have cared about a measly necklace?

“All the clothes I’m wearing and the stuff in my backpack, I bought them myself.”

Arabella’s words made one of the maids scoff. “You say you bought these yourself? That’s hilarious. Your money... isn’t it your parents who gave it to you?!”

“Do I need to report where my money comes from to a maid?”

“You...”

“You’re just a maid that we hired. Focus on your own job.”

The maid was angry but couldn’t do anything about it.

“Alright-” Attlee sighed, hoping to calm the situation, “Bella, it’s about time, let me walk you out.”

“No need, Mr. Murphy.”

She used the address “Mr. Murphy,” obviously putting distance between herself and the Murphy family.

“Sir, don’t we need to check her bag? She’s carrying a lot of stuff...” The nosy maid was still trying to remind Attlee.

“It’s fine-” Attlee was, after all, the richest man in Tranquil City. Even if this kid really took something valuable from his house, he wouldn’t make it public. Besides, checking bags was something he felt was unethical, and he would never do it!

Arabella walked out the front door with her backpack and saw a black sedan parked there.

What was different was that this sedan obviously had signs of having been in a collision, not only was the boot bumped up, but the body was also dented. Even the windshield was somewhat shattered.

The driver got out of the car a bit awkwardly, his glasses crooked, obviously broken. But when he saw Arabella, he froze for

1/2

16:18

a moment.

The girl in front of him had neat eyebrows and bright eyes, a tall nose; she was a walking beauty, just like madam when she was younger!

But, this girl seemed more confident and attractive than madam when she was young.

“Miss, I’m sorry.” The driver quickly approached Arabella and apologized sincerely, “My car was rear-ended by a truck earlier, I couldn’t dodge in time and hit the guardrail, I was afraid of delaying and keeping you waiting, so I didn’t go home to change cars... But I’ve checked, the car is fine, it just doesn’t look particularly good...”

The driver’s words revealed a lot of information. Could it be that her home wasn’t as poor as the rumors said, could they even afford a car? If she wasn’t mistaken, this car was a custom-made Rolls-Royce, one of a kind in the world, worth hundreds of millions of dollars.

Arabella smiled and asked, “You call me ‘Miss’?”

“Yes, you are the sixth child in the family, you have five older brothers!” When the driver said this, he quickly added, “I’m sorry, I forgot to introduce myself, I’m your family’s driver, you can call me Aiden.”

So she had a dedicated driver? It seemed her biological family wasn’t as bad as the Murphy family made it out to be.

“Miss, where’s your luggage?” Aiden saw that she only had a backpack and couldn’t help but ask, “Is it inside? I can go in and help you get it.”

“No need, my luggage is right here.” Arabella didn’t plan to bring a lot of stuff, so she lazily responded.

The driver nodded, “Then you wait for me in the car, I’ll go in and give the gift that the old lady asked me to give to your foster parents, to express our gratitude, and we’ll leave right away.”

Aiden pulled open the back door of the car, hoping to invite Arabella to get in. But unexpectedly, the next second, the car door wobbled and fell off!

This was all because that truck hit it so hard, it busted the car door.

The Murphy family, who just stepped out, saw this whole scene.

Yolanda was totally gobsmacked! She thought to herself, “What piece of junk is this? Are the doors made out of paper or something? How could the driver have the nerve to roll in this junk and make a fool out of himself? Just how broke is this family?”

Olga couldn’t believe that Arabella’s biological family could be this disastrous. How could her folks let their driver show up in this clunker to pick her up? Did they have zero dignity?

Wait a sec, her home was in a remote mountain area, they probably didn’t even own a car! Maybe this man borrowed this ride from a friend, just not to look bad?

But maybe his lousy driving skills got the better of him and he wrecked the car? If that was the case, things just got interesting, because they were gonna have to cough up cash when they returned this mess!

Attlee looked at the man in front of him, all dirty and grimy. There were obvious oil stains on his suit, was he a mechanic? Judging by his looks, he didn’t seem like Arabella’s brother, could he be Arabella’s father?

Maybe he just rushed here from the auto repair shop, showing off by driving someone else’s car?

If that was true, this guy was just too vain. He really didn’t need to put on this show in front of the wealthiest man in Tranquil City.

Even though there was a Rolls-Royce logo on the hood, there was no way Attlee, a man of stature, couldn’t tell that this car didn’t look like any model sold by Rolls-Royce. In all his years, he had never seen a Rolls-Royce like this.

That logo must have been fake!