

Arabella 251

Chapter 251

Maybe it's because they found her annoying, a bunch of troublemakers, clutching their sticks, started walking towards her.

"Stay back." The street vendor waved her hands in panic, her body shaking with terror.

Arabella tackled these hooligans and kicked a stick on the ground, sending it flying towards one of their heads.

The other guys who were looking for trouble with the vendor were struck in the stomach or head by several plates that Arabella had kicked their way.

This only made them angrier, and they directed all their fury at Arabella.

"Ms. Bennett, do you know who these guys are?" Molly was dragged around by Arabella, one moment she saw

several sticks falling at the same time, the next moment she saw countless fists and feet flying their way. Molly was so scared that she lost colour in her face. What should they do?

These guys didn't say anything they just started beating them.

Arabella put Molly behind the stall and brought the vendor there too.

She stood alone in front of the stall, facing the two dozen troublemakers with a cold aura. "Who sent you guys?"

of immature kids came to provoke her?

they have a death

didn't answer; they concentrated their strength to deal with her first.

could catch one of them,

The vendor peeked out from behind the stall, seeing that they had started fighting again. She was scared and

peeked at the situation outside the stall; more than twenty people were ganging up on Ms.

the

the police."

their phones, their hands shaking, and were

the cops?

cart. The cart pinned them down, and they saw stars in the pain. Several troublemakers deliberately stepped on the cart, applying more pressure. Molly and the vendor were half buried under the cart, and

strength to crawl out, one of them lifted his stick and swung it at Molly. Molly blocked it with her hands. Oh,

okay, miss?" The vendor was worried.

about to hit her; his raised stick was about to

they were in danger. She quickly dealt with

was pulling out a knife, aiming for

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Arabella quickly helped the shop owner to her feet and gave her a once-over. Luckily, it was only a flesh wound.

"Get out of here, I bet they're going to bring more goons." The shop owner tried to stand a few times, but she was too weak and dizzy. Arabella pulled out a wad of cash from her bag. "This should cover tonight's damage.

"No, no, I can't take this " The shop owner could tell they were the Innocent ones, not the troublemakers.

"Just take it Arabella shoved the money into her pocket, hailed a cab, and only after she had left did she pick up her bunny purse.

The purse was dirty, and so was everything inside it.

A flicker of displeasure crossed her eyes, she was going to find out who was behind it. And they wouldn't get off easily!

"Ms. Bennett, shall we get you to the hospital?" Molly was nearly in tears, blaming herself. If she hadn't suggested going for a barbeque, they wouldn't have been attacked The place was desolate, with few passersby and no surveillance.

"It's just a scratch, no big deal." Arabella checked her hand and other places, "Do you have the medicine I mentioned at home?"

"Yes, yes Molly quickly wiped her tears.

some on when we

was broken.

Molly to

who were those people? And

okay, it'll be fine tomorrow."

for who they were, Arabella had no clue. She only knew

shop owner was dragged into this mess.

“Ms. Bennett.”

rest tonight.” Arabella comforted her a few times, watched her enter the community, and then hailed a cab. back to Reflections Villa.

as usual, had turned in for the night on time.

it on her wounds, and

right wrist and skillfully wrapped it

out her phone, she issued a command in a cold voice, “Find those twenty–something jerks who caused trouble

off?” Jack on the other end of the phone picked up on Arabella’s displeasure. “Whoa, who dared to cross

even more irked, “I want to know who’s pulling

it!” Jack immediately set

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Summerfield Exhibition Centre.

This was where the annual Solterra Cup Garment Design Contest took place.

Arabella parked her car in the lot outside the centre and headed for the front entrance to find Molly.

The centre was decked out with contest flags and banners, inside and out. It had the whole contest vibe going on.

There were a lot of contestants on that day, a bunch of journalists were waiting by the door, ready to snap a pic as soon as they spot a famous designer.

Molly was standing alone in a corner. As soon as she saw Arabella, she waved, “Ms. Bennett, over here!”

Arabella walked over light–footed, exuding a cool aura, “Just call me Arabella, I’m your assistant today.”

“Okay.” Molly nodded quickly. “Have you had breakfast?”

“Had it ”

bandaged your hand?” Molly saw the bruise on her right wrist and quickly rummaged through her backpack, “Let me bandage that for

“No need.”

were cameras all over the contest venue on

to be the center of attention.

that Arabella didn’t intend to bandage her hand, Molly put away the gauze, revealing her own swollen hands.

enough medicine last

her to notice at a glance. She quickly

lot of effort to squeeze some

new ones on the way, so if your hand hurts, you can tell

“Okay.”

main hall, Molly showed her successful registration text and got two contest

was designer number 16.

was assistant number

the main venue smoothly with

a place like that, “So many people and it’s so pretty.”

at the sign, “This way.”

in rest

that point, there were only a few designers and assistants in area A. As soon as Molly walked in, she heard someone calling her

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“Not everyone is as hardworking and striving as you. What you’re desperate for, is what I merely toss away casually.”

“Why are you even here then?” Molly retorted.

“Recovered from your last injury yet?” Arabella coldly reminded from the side. “No more pain?”

“You two!” Myra glared at them angrily, turned around and stormed off in a huff.

Several designers around were stunned What injury? What did they mean? Was Myra hurt by them last time?

Was it Molly and her assistant?

Oh my God

That’s some hot gossip!

Seeing Myra storm back to her seat, Designer

One quickly made her a cup of coffee. “Miss, here’s your coffee.”

sip and then splashed the coffee on the designer’s clothes. “Are you trying to burn

apologized. “I forgot to warn you, it was made with boiling

quickly offered her some sweets. “Miss, would you like to have a bite? I heard you trying to make me nauseous or fat first thing in the morning? So, you can hook up with my and quickly apologized. “Miss, me, some cheap street food?” Myra glanced at the brand of the give you a shoulder massage?” Designer Three approached sensible!” Myra let her massage for a bit, then grew irritated increased suddenly pushed balance and crashed into the wall, screaming in to kill me? You did that on purpose to make fan. “Miss, cool down a bit, it’s a bit hot here. Let we don’t make it to the top ten this time, or beat Molly, pack up and leave. The company doesn’t feed useless people!” four designers, although fuming inside, this competition is for individual designers, many companies would require their

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Yolanda was quite angry but burst into laughter the moment she saw a tag hanging around Arabella’s neck, which read “Assistant No.16”.

“My dad gave you six million, what happened? You spent it all? Now you have to work as an assistant in some small company? Where’s your self-respect?”

Designer No.9 quickly chimed in, “Yoli, she’s working for a subsidiary of the Collins family.”

“Wait, you mean the filthy rich Collins family?”

“Exactly.”

A flush of embarrassment crept across Yolanda’s face, but she quickly shrugged it off, “Even in a billionaire’s company, she’s still an assistant, doing all the grunt work. Life’s tough for her.”

Arabella remained silent.

“Without the Murphy family, you’d be scraping by. If I were you, I’d go home and get down on my knees and apologize to my parents. Maybe they’d be so happy **that** they’d give me some pocket money.”

a puppet, but I’m

the tag around Yolanda’s neck,

had tagged along with the designer game. I thought you were a designer." Arabella didn't have time for her and was about "I'm wearing this tag to gain some experience, not to slave away like you. We're not the "I'm the only daughter in my family, and I'll inherit the family business. I'm just here to get a feel of the industry, what's wrong with that?" Arabella found this quite hilarious and gave had a sinking feeling, "What do is going bankrupt." like you, a girl from a poor family who has to work. see about that." Arabella headed straight Yolanda was fuming! is she?" Designer away, "Just a nobody. You don't need to know here today as an assistant to broaden her horizons, and maybe show off a her value and possibly catch the attention of the Panter

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Molly was fuming. "What the hell are you saying? Arabella, shameless? Are you blind or just plain stupid? Apologize now!"

The rich girl glanced at Molly, clearly not taking this poor girl seriously. Instead, she looked at Arabella with a haughty air.

"Who do you think you are? Just a little assistant, trying to steal someone's fiancée? Do you even know your place? You're so shameless, I feel embarrassed for you!"

Arabella was furious.

"Why do you have to meddle in other's affairs? It's only because my friend is so forgiving! If it were me,"

Before the rich girl could finish her sentence, Arabella grabbed her by the neck and slammed her against the wall.

Everyone around was dumbstruck.

The rich girl was in disbelief, her back and neck throbbing with pain, "What are you doing?"

"If you're sick, go to the hospital. Don't come here acting crazy, do you want me to cure you?"

by her strong aura

make it clear, you won't be leaving here today."

beat up a bunch of

not.” The rich girl couldn’t even finish her sentence as Arabella choked her until her face was red, “Let wearing thin. You have thirty seconds.”

bad mood today, and

rich girl was gasping for air, “Just as I thought, people like you have no shame, you won’t even admit calm Arabella, “Arabella, don’t be

her grip.

she was about to be choked to death and used

pretty good

collapsed, and a few designers rushed over to

is all red, someone get

the hell is wrong with

Miss of the Reed family, if anything happens to her, you won’t

this gets to the Reed family, not only you

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Arabella didn’t say another word. She just whipped out her phone, dialed Serena’s number, and put it on speaker.

She had gotten this number when she first returned to the Collins family. Serena had insisted that she keep it in front of their parents, saying that they could make plans to go to the spa or grab coffee together.

Arabella didn’t want to play the part of the close sister with her, but to avoid making her parents uncomfortable, she saved the number, though she never called.

In no time at all, the call went through.

“Sis?”

A sweet voice came from the other end of the line. Serena’s address of “sis” threw Brooklyn for a loop.

What’s going on here?

Why was Serena calling this girl ‘sis’?

they actually related?

Arabella’s voice sounded a

was a bit puzzled. She was at home, in front of her parents, playing the part of the good girl, “Sis, weren’t you supposed to be in a competition today? Anything you need my help with?”

Serena to put Arabella on speaker, to continue asking her if she had forgotten any necessary registration documents, her ID, or if there

put the call on speaker, hoping to look good in front of

asking you, who is Romeo engaged

sudden question took Serena by surprise. She didn’t understand why Arabella would suddenly call her to ask

What’s going on?

Louisa were also confused. Why would Arabella bring this up

“Hm?”

simple grunt brought Serena back to reality.

though she didn’t know what Arabella’s real intention was, in front of her parents, Serena still put on a show of being

it’s you.”

“Beep beep beep.”

then looked at Brooklyn, as if to say, “you don’t

was completely stunned by Serena’s words.

call this girl

she say that Romeo

was

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Hearing the announcement, the people in Rest Area A waited nervously.

The male host in a suit walked onto the spacious stage.

“Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, contestants, and judges, welcome to the annual Solterra Cup Garment Design Contest.”

“Over the past few years, this competition has produced many excellent designers. They have spread our culture to several countries through their designs.”

“Today, we’re lucky enough to have some big names in the industry. We have Flora, president of the Fashion Designers Association of Solterra, Sherry, editor-in-chief of a fashion magazine, Tess, president of the Women’s Wear Association, Maylin, president of Fashion Times, and Hans, CEO of Collins Corporation. Let’s give them a **round** of applause”

The audience broke into fervent applause.

“Also, among the two hundred spectators below, we have the cream of the crop in the industry. Famous designers, seasoned fashion scholars, fashion experts, fashion gurus, etc. They will be voting on site to ensure the fairness and impartiality of the competition.”

“Arabella, I’m kind of nervous,” Molly said, looking at the stage from the back of the crowd, her body slightly trembling.

“You’re not scared when you’re live streaming in front of so many people, but now with only two hundred spectators, you’re nervous?” Arabella said, while still engrossed in her mobile game.

some nerves.”

mood to play

them looked pale

do? Does being nervous help?”

shook her head..

affects your performance, why not

to have an epiphany upon hearing Arabella’s words. It made sense.

so young, but her thinking

designers participating in the competition. Now, I will announce the rules for the first round. Every 20 designers will form a group and

caused a stir

contestants felt the

to the second round. That’s three–quarters eliminated at once!”

“That’s horrifying!”

even started, and

that some well–known grassroots designers are participating today. I wonder what kind of

Molly, who does live streaming,

love her. What’s

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Under a set of luscious lashes, her eyes were bright, her nose delicate, and her lips were like scarlet petals.

Though she beared a resemblance to her mother, her innate elegance and nobility made her stand out from the crowd without even trying.

Her beauty was otherworldly.

Was that his sister, Arabella?

She's a stunner alright and seemed well-behaved.

But why would she participate in the contest as an assistant?

Was there something fishy going on here?

Hans was stumped.

The stage was semi-circular, with a hundred and twenty designers and assistant's up on stage, facing the audience, separated by a screen in the middle.

magnified every movement they

using the fabrics and accessories provided by us.

attendants lined up to distribute the materials

the competition begin!

stage,

was given the same white gauze and identical accessories – pearls, rhinestones, sequins, and

good quality." Molly touched the fabric on the tray, "Arabella, what do you want to

you have any ideas?"

Molly has a

"I guess a lot of designers will use pearls, sequins, and rhinestones to make their dresses look elegant.

with rose embroidery. You can cut the dress, and I'll embroider roses on it with red thread and

Molly was immediately excited and picked up a ruler and scissors to start cutting the

sister must have given the designer some ideas, providing her

was busy embroidering the bodice of the dress with red

on his suit collar, "Zoom in on assistant number 16."

immediately magnified the image

but everyone now noticed the bruise on Arabella's right

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Arabella took the dress and embroidered a big patch of roses directly onto it. With the roses covering it, the hole in the dress completely disappeared, and the 3D roses looked as if they were alive.

"Arabella, you're so awesome."

After embroidering dozens of roses on the bust and hem of the dress, the whole dress looked like a fairy had descended from heaven, dignified and grand.

Not only did the judges notice their work, but the audience was also captivated.

Unlike the other glittering gowns, their dress undoubtedly became the focus on stage, easily catching everyone's eye.

They worked seamlessly together, finishing the dress quickly, all eyes were on their work and people started to comment.

At that point, Arabella whispered something to Molly, who immediately made a beautiful train with more white tulle. Arabella also sewed roses onto the train, making the whole dress look even more dignified, grand, and attractive.

company is she from? The design

followed up, "I think the assistant is really creative, her embroidery skills

on one of the roses didn't look pretty enough, so she tweaked it a

thought they were seeing

she using her

using her right hand just now, I didn't expect her left

did she do

People were amazed!

embroider such beautiful roses with both

sister was like a mysterious treasure,

organizers have decided that we want the designers or assistants to wear their own designs, come out in

stunned when

"What? Wear our own designs?"

because they had made their dresses very tight in pursuit of the effect of their designs, and some had hastily sewn on a lot of pearls and sequins to save time, which

me." Molly pleaded softly with her hands clasped together, "This dress is so grand, it'll look