

Arabella 1961

Chapter 1961

The fifth picture showed Romeo pulling off an epic confession to Arabella using a fleet of drones.

In the sixth snapshot, there was Romeo orchestrating a romantic light show on top of all the

skyscrapers owned by McMillian Corporation in Lidaria.

Social media was buzzing with envy, people going sour as lemons.

That's when a netizen named "RunningDaisy" dropped a bombshell.

[I've gotta come clean about this! I work for McMillian Corporation. I won't spill which department, for

fear of being outed, but let me tell you what I've seen. Mr. McMillian, he's head over heels for his

darling wife! Would you believe it? That two-meter tall cabinet in his office isn't filled with top-secret

files, it's stocked with his wife's snacks and sodas! And get this, she's actually allowed to munch on

potato chips on Mr. McMillian's priceless couch.]

Everyone knew Romeo was a clean freak.

If even a crumb from those chips fell on Romeo's expensive carpet, an ordinary person wouldn't stand

a chance.

But there she was, snacking away on his couch, not just once, but time and again.

[f that isn't love, I don't know what is!]

Comment sections were now jealous.

[Can Arabella share which saint she prayed to for such a catch? I'm tired of saying 'jealous'.]

[I'm so shocked by their love story.]

On stage, elegantly dressed Louisa exuded grace and nobility. With a smile, she announced, "To celebrate our beloved daughter's return, my husband and I have decided to donate \$10 million in her honor to help children in impoverished mountain regions with their schooling and meals."

The announcement was met with thunderous applause from the guests.

"Additionally, we'll pick 99 lucky guests tonight, and in each guest's name, we will sponsor a sick child until they are well."

The room erupted once more with applause, the guests clearly impressed and supportive of their generosity.

At this, the internet went wild!

This philanthropic gesture from the lady of wealth was nothing short of astonishingly generous!

Chapter 1962

It was high noon, and the stomachs of the guests at the grand banquet were beginning to grumble. As the waitstaff brought out dish after dish of delectable fare, not only did those seated at the tables salivate, but even the folks watching through their screens were drooling.

[Man, this spread is even fancier than what I had at my own wedding yesterday.]

[The crazy part is, they've already served eleven courses, and the waiters are still bringing more. There are only eight people at a table, how many more dishes are there to come?]

[I'm shedding tears of poverty here.]

Arabella was seated with her parents, along with her grandparents and maternal grandparents.

Her brothers and sister-in-laws had their own table.

Her uncles and aunts were grouped together.

And then there were the various close and distant relatives who had all turned up.

All the journalists and photographers wished they could eat faster, eager to make time to interview other distinguished guests.

Today's guest list surpassed a thousand, and not a single one was an ordinary person. To be seated here today meant you were a figure of significant influence!

There was a story about a real estate tycoon who had a birthday bash and sent out invitations, but only half the guests showed up, the other heavy-hitters had excuses.

But now, with the Collins family's darling Arabella making her return, it was like a bombshell that lured out all these high-profile figures.

They were all itching to eat quickly, to grab the chance for interviews.

Online, a popular social media personality was recounting a past event in her livestream.

[Ladies, a few months ago I saw George and Jennifer with a young girl shopping!]

[How do I put it, that girl was so stunning, and now I can finally tell all the people out there, it was

Arabella! George and Jennifer had been taking her shopping for a long time, and they seemed to dote on her a lot!]

The story caused another sensation, crashing the system once again!

Chapter 1963

A plump and playful sales associate named Becky chimed in, [I can vouch for every word my colleague said! Jennifer treats her like royalty. She handpicks outfits for her, never glancing at the price tags when she shops!]

Then, a user going by the handle "Pearl" dropped a bombshell online, [Her? I've seen her! George

threw punches for her!]

This revelation sent the gossip-hungry netizens into a frenzy, bombarding Pearl with questions. It was hard to believe that George, her future father-in-law and a man of his social standing, would ever get into a brawl over his future daughter-in-law.

[Too many DMs, can't reply to all,] Pearl wrote in a follow-up post. [I'll just spill the beans here. If the McMillians feel like I'm invading their privacy, they can contact me to take this down, thanks.]

[I was shopping at the mall when I saw a closed boutique suddenly open up. George stepped out, arms loaded with dozens of shopping bags. Being a high-profile figure, he caught my eye. Inside the boutique, Jennifer and that girl, they were laughing and picking out clothes.]

[George probably wanted to drop those shopping bags off at his car, so he walked ahead. But then he seemed to have some trouble with his back. The girl, Arabella, saw this and went out to help him with the bags. That's when a young couple accused her of being a sugar baby.]

[I was speechless. Clearly, they had no idea who Jennifer was inside the store, or George's identity.

They were really hostile towards Arabella. That girl, the star of today's drama—Arabella!]

[She tried to ignore them, but the guy in the couple was nasty, insulting Arabella, calling her all sorts of names. George couldn't stand it. He rushed forward and gave the guy a beating. The mall manager and security came running, and Jennifer joined, holding Arabella's hand and watching the show from the sidelines. By the way, the girl in that couple was Yolanda.]

With that, the heat was back on Yolanda, and her social media got flooded with backlash.

Back to the homecoming banquet scene.

One eager reporter, seeing George and Jennifer raising their glasses for toasts with other guests, rushed over with a microphone.

"Mrs. McMillian, pardon my intrusion, but could we ask about something you mentioned earlier? You said Arabella is quite the generous gift-giver, handing out a whole set of QY limited-edition jewelry and even QY gift cards. The online crowd is dying to know, how does she have so much money?"

Jennifer, a bit tipsy, oozed charm as she glanced at the camera behind the reporter and said nonchalantly, "Well, she's the founder of QY. What do you think?"

The founder of QY??

Not only did this stun the reporter, but it also shocked the online community!

George, with a beaming smile, added, "She also gifted me six pieces of Labella's calligraphy, didn't cost her a dime. She is Labella! Don't believe me? Ask Nelson at the next table. He taught Bella calligraphy."

The reporter was speechless.

Wait, what?

She's Mirabelle too?

Chapter 1964

The buzz on social media finally made sense when the Collins and the McMillian families showed up at the gala, each member donning QY's latest line of gowns and suits.

It turned out to be Arabella's brainchild!

Wearing QY became the epitome of high-society taste; it was like a price hike for the brand, a form of indirect advertising that sent a message loud and clear: QY had a special place in their hearts.

It was a triple win.

"So, Nelson, will you be passing on your legacy to Ms. Bella in the future?" a reporter followed up.

Nelson grinned from ear to ear, "Well, with all these esteemed gentlemen vying to pass their legacies to

her, I hardly stand a chance. I've been pestering the young lady for ages, but she wouldn't budge. Then she went off and started her own thing. She doesn't need to inherit anyone's legacy. She's already setting her own standards. But, of course, I hope my skills and styles will live on, and she's the perfect candidate."

With a chuckle, Nelson looked at the camera, "They say the power of the internet is mighty, right? Why don't you online folks give me a hand here? Maybe there's a chance things could change?"

Everyone was shocked yet again. Arabella was so popular that even the world-renowned calligrapher and painter Nelson was repeatedly "begging" her to carry on his legacy.

"Push for what? We had a deal not to bring this up today! To all the viewers tuned into the live stream, if

you're going to push for anyone, push for me, Beck Barton. Bella is a student from our Westerly

College! If there's any legacy to be inherited, it should be mine!"

At that, many viewers realized that Arabella was the same girl who had made headlines as the top-scoring graduate!

No wonder she looked familiar when she made her entrance.

She wasn't just a Collins by chance. She was the heiress to the Collins fortune!

Beck's words made Brandy scoff, "What's this now, a bidding war for talent? Bella graduated from my institution first. If anyone's legacy is to be inherited, it should be mine!"

Not just the reporters and photographers, even the viewers watching the live stream were taken aback.

What did this mean?

Wasn't Arabella a student at Westerly College? How did Summerfield College come into the picture?

Hadn't Summerfield missed out on recruiting her?

"Mr. Charles, could you please elaborate?" The reporter was completely confused.

"Well, Bella started taking college courses while still in her first year of high school. In less than two years, she earned a degree from Summerfield College. She sat for Summerfield's final exams as a self-taught student, not through the standard admissions process. Her knowledge surpassed that of regular college students, so I granted her a diploma from Summerfield College in her senior year."

This revelation caused an uproar.

"Later on, she showed her gratitude by taking on a role at Summerfield College, becoming an honorary professor. The professors who were supposed to guide her ended up learning from her, calling her

'teacher' despite her youth and busy schedule. She only taught a couple of classes due to her

commitments, but I understood."

Now, not just the online community, but even the popcorn-munching Serena was stunned in front of her

screen.

Impossible.

How could Arabella be a special appointee at Summerfield College?

She knew full well the prestige that came with being an honorary professor at Summerfield College.

Not just anyone could claim that title!

You can't hide the truth forever!

Now, all those taunts had come back to slap Serena in the face.

Chapter 1965

Yolanda couldn't believe her eyes as she watched the live stream. Arabella was actually a

distinguished professor at Summerfield College!

But that wasn't all. She was also the founder of QY, a renowned calligrapher under the pseudonym

Labella, and a celebrated painter known as Mirabelle.

How could she be so accomplished?

So young and already laden with such high honors.

Why? Why did that little witch have so many talents, such glory, and the admiration of everyone?

While Yolanda, because of a fire years ago, was picked up and raised by a janitor, mocked and ridiculed all her life!

Just when she had finally returned to her biological parents, barely living the life of privilege as an heiress, Arabella had to go and provide evidence that led to her parents being jailed, now on death row for the new year!

The memories of her engagement party ruined, her parents arrested, being hounded by maids for back pay, her engagement ring taken away to settle debts, and her earring viciously ripped from her lobe, leaving her bleeding.

If it weren't for her janitor foster mother taking her back in, she would have been homeless!

Her life was shattered, nearly left with nothing, yet Arabella. why did she get to rise on the tears and pain of others?

Why?

Fists clenched, Yolanda's eyes shimmered with a mix of hatred and tears.

Then, a gentle knock came at her door, "Yoli, dinner's ready."

Seeing no response from Yolanda, her foster mother Yvonne entered with a plate in hand.

"I know you got used to the delicacies at the Murphy's. This beef, I got up early and went to the market just for you. Please, eat it all."

Usually, she wouldn't dream of indulging in beef, pork was a stretch.

But for her once cherished daughter, Yvonne was generous.

"Eat it while it's hot; it's not as good when it cools," Yvonne said, laying the meal on the desk without a hint of reproach, then softly closed the door behind her.

Glancing at the meal on the table, Yolanda only saw a small plate of beef stir-fried with daikon, and a bowl of greens and beef ball soup.

If not for Arabella, how did she ever fall to this lowly state?

Some netizens had counted, each table served twenty dishes!

Compared to the beef stir-fry in front of her, it was worlds apart in luxury.

Damn it all!

If not for Arabella, she would still be the heiress of the Murphy family!

The hatred in her eyes deepened, a sinister intent beginning to form.

Chapter 1966

On the other side of the campus, a reporter was interviewing Brandy, the esteemed president of

Summerfield College.

“Mr. Brandy Charles, could you enlighten our viewers as to why Arabella, after being appointed as a

professor at Summerfield College, still chose to pursue studies at Westerly College?” the reporter

inquired.

Brandy, with a nonchalant air, responded, “Well, it’s all because someone played their cards right. They

knew the girl had a passion for pharmacology, so they shelled out big bucks for the internationally

renowned, top-tier pharmaceutical research instrument, the H30.”

You see, there were only two H30 machines in the entire world—one housed in a foreign national

research institute, and the other at Beck Barton’s academy.

This H30 could catalyze a substantial leap in the quality and a massive increase in the quantity of

pharmaceutical research.

The price tag? A cool 500 million—a figure that, when converted for our viewers, would be a whopping 50 million dollars!

“Other than the H30, Mr. Beck also procured the X1, T2p, Y23, and the like, all housed in the research lab for Bella to use at her leisure. Of course, her medical skills were nurtured by him, and she's got a good heart. To repay his kindness and to join forces in the quest for more beneficial pharmaceuticals, she chose Westerly College.”

The crowd was astonished. The valedictorian's choice of Westerly College had a backstory they hadn't anticipated!

They had been shortsighted, thinking the valedictorian was merely interested in medicine.

Little did they know, she was already in a position to collaborate with none other than President Beck of Westerly College.

And then, comments started pouring in on the trending topic online. [I'm Arabella's university classmate. Though we weren't in the same class, I was there when she led our team in the intercollegiate competition. Someone challenged her, and she stepped up and dissected a cadaver

right before us! Everyone was stunned. She was so calm, so professional, I couldn't help but admire her!]

Another classmate chimed in, [Back then, professors from the Summerfield College Department of Medicine wanted to snatch her up as their student. Members from the Summerfield and Solterra Medical Research Councils all invited her! They said she was a rare medical prodigy.]

Another message read, [Many of us thought she was not only brilliant and beautiful but also down-to-earth and full of character. Students with stubborn colds or fevers would seek her out for acupuncture. She was like a young miracle worker!]

At the banquet hall.

The reporter then approached President Beck of Westerly College. "Earlier, Phillip claimed that his and his wife's ailments were cured by Arabella. What are your thoughts on that?"

Beck Barton was less than pleased. What was there to think?

"What, those minor aches and pains? As if they could trouble my star student, Dr. Bell?"

The reporter was taken aback. "You mean, Arabella is the legendary Dr. Bell who's rumored to revive

the dead? But isn't Dr. Bell supposed to be a man?"

Brandy chuckled, "That secret is out. Just look around—how many here owe their health to Bella's healing hands?"

Barton glanced around, acknowledging the truth. Many of the guests present owed their well-being to Arabella's remarkable skills.

Chapter 1967

Everyone in the room was so stunned they could hardly speak.

Arabella was both Queena and the violin virtuoso Jamie Noelle?

Who on earth was this celestial being?

"Today's Bella's homecoming feast, and you old coots just have to vie for her attention, huh? She's better off with me. My cooking skills—if I pass them on to her, she could whip up delicious meals for herself every day! Now that's what I call a serious lifestyle upgrade!"

Uriah's declaration earned an eye roll from Regan. "The stuff Bella makes is leagues tastier than your grub. Besides, you think Romeo would let her step into the kitchen? The girl's got top-notch chefs at her beck and call."

"Think a bunch of chefs can hold a candle to me?" Uriah huffed, his pride bruised. After all, he was a

maestro in the kitchen!

If Arabella were to inherit his culinary mantle, both her cooking prowess and her agility would skyrocket her standard of living!

“Enough, enough, no more squabbling. Bella’s the rightful heir to my legacy,” Thomas interjected to mediate.

“And what? Spend her days tinkering with your gadgets and racing cars? Or turn into a hacker?”

Regan’s comment ruffled Thomas’s feathers. “Racing cars is a stress-buster! It’s super cool for a girl to drive a race car. Just ask the live stream viewers. And what’s wrong with hacking? Fancy hacking any computer on a whim.”

“Zip it, will you? Some viewers are still kids, don’t lead them astray! And cool? How is it cool to put a girl in danger by racing cars? Ask the viewers if they’d want such a sweet, smart, and sensible young lady risking her neck.”

“Alright, alright, I can’t win with you guys. Bella—” Thomas called Arabella over, playing the victim,

“They’re picking on me!”

“Oh come on, you old fox, playing the sympathy card in front of Bella?”

“Bella, did you hear that? He insulted me. Ever since you returned to the Collins family, they’ve been bullying me in your absence!”

Arabella watched them nearly ready to flip the table and bicker, a playful smirk on her lips. “Are we still eating, then?”

All the old men promptly responded, “Yes.”

“This is your homecoming party, after all. We should at least have one peaceful meal.”

“Exactly, we’ll finish every dish!”

“Oh, spare me. Who was it just now clamoring for Bella to inherit his legacy? You’re passing the buck so fast.”

“Enough, all of you.”

Chapter 1968

"Come on, eat your food properly, or I won't be inviting you all next time."

With just one sentence from Arabella, seven grumpy old men instantly picked up their cutlery and started eating like well-behaved children.

"That's more like it. Isn't it nicer when everyone gets along?"

Another quip from Arabella, and the old guys began passing dishes to each other with exaggerated politeness and fake smiles.

The reporter on the sidelines couldn't believe that the spat between these venerable gentlemen had been defused so easily by a young lady.

It really took Arabella to step in; moments ago, she and the photographer were too scared to make a peep.

The live chat was going wild. Arabella had managed to get seven feisty old men to toe the line.

[Bella's incredible, I'm officially a fan now! Bella, you're my idol!!]

[These old dudes are hilarious, I could watch them bicker all day.]

[I'm so jealous of Arabella, pampered and doted on by so many grandpas. Meanwhile, I just got yanked out of bed by my mom for oversleeping.]

Seeing that they were finally eating peacefully, Arabella was about to head back to her own table when she caught sight of friends from two tables waving at her.

"Bella, over here, cheers to you!" Kelly called out, wine glass in hand, beckoning Arabella over.

Ophelia, the sleek-haired BFF Deborah, the tomboyish Fanny with her jagged bangs, the elegant Freda

with her collarbone-length hair, and the guy friends Hayes, Magee, Burgess, they all waved at Arabella with smiles on their faces.

"All here?" Arabella responded with a bright smile, walking over and taking the glass of red wine from Kelly. "I'm touched everyone could make it to my homecoming party. Here's to you all for making the time."

"Whoa, my dear lady, this formal politeness is new. I might need a moment to adjust," chuckled Hayes, his earring glinting. He remembered when Arabella and Kelly visited his newly opened club, which went into complete disarray thanks to Zachary and Yolanda .

"It's us who should be toasting to you," Ophelia said with a smile, leading the others to stand and raise their glasses. "Congratulations on your big reveal. From now on, we're all looking forward to you showing us the good life."

"Deal, no problem."

They all laughed and clinked glasses with Arabella.

After Arabella took a sip, Hayes quickly took her glass away. "That's enough, just a sip. No need to

down it all. You've hardly had anything to eat. Go on, eat up. Did those old timers start bickering again?

Came to you to mediate?"

Arabella smiled lightly, "That's just how they are. I'm used to it by now."

"Bella!" Joyce called out excitedly from another table, "Come over here."

"Bella," Barry said, after serving Joyce her food and noticing Arabella approach. He picked up his glass

and stood up, "Let's have a toast."

"When did you two get together?" Arabella asked with a teasing smile.

Chapter 1969

It was kind of unexpected how things turned out. Arabella found that her roommate Mya was dating

Adair, a local rich kid with a reputation for fast cars and faster living. But here they were, Arabella

caught Mya and Adair exchanging secret handholds beneath the dinner table.

"We've been together for just about three days. Bella, you've been swamped, so we haven't had the

chance to fill you in," Adair explained with a sheepish grin, standing up. "I'll take a penalty of three

shots for that!"

"No need, you've got to drive Mya home later."

Arabella clinked her glass—a stand-in for a shot glass—with theirs. From the corner of the room, a

chorus of voices beckoned her.

Horace, Jeff, Jack, and Tom, among others, were all there.

"Boss, we're not good with fancy words, but congrats! Damn, we've been waiting for this day forever,"

Jack blurted out, only to be chided by the others for his lack of decorum.

"Today of all days, can't you be a bit more refined?"

"Yeah, yeah, congrats, Boss. Finally, the day has come."

They kept their voices low when shouting "Boss," wary of drawing too much attention.

Everyone raised their glasses to Arabella, downing their drinks with gusto, and she encouraged them to help themselves to more food.

Over at the "staff table," there was Jaime, the head honcho of QY, along with various presidents and vice presidents from different industries, all offering their blessings.

Arabella made her rounds, acknowledging each table, until her gaze landed on one where Grannie Grace's dearest friend, Grandma Stacy, sat. The memory of Grandma Stacy crying her heart out on the floor at Grannie Grace's funeral was still vivid. Now, as Arabella's lineage was publicly acknowledged, Grandma Stacy stood, tears of joy brimming in her eyes.

Arabella had barely approached when she was enveloped in a tight embrace.

"I've lived to see this day for your grandmother," Grandma Stacy said, her voice quivering with emotion.

"Tonight, I'll tell her in my dream about your accomplishments, that your place in the world is

recognized, and you're doing wonderfully. She can rest easy now."

"Thank you, Grandma Stacy," Arabella replied, touched, gently patting her back. "I appreciate all your

care over the years, and I'm so glad you could be here today."

Someone passed a tissue to Arabella—it was Caden, alongside his grandfather, James.

She hadn't expected him to show.

He looked different—handsomer, more commanding, though noticeably leaner, not in an unhealthy

way, though.

Arabella nodded to Caden and Grandpa James in greeting and took the tissue, intending to wipe away

Grandma Stacy's tears.

"Thank you," Arabella said softly. "Grannie Grace was lucky to have a friend like you."

Chapter 1970

"Sweetheart!" KiKi wrapped her in a bear hug, "You finally came around. I'm over the moon seeing you

here. Let's toast to this moment. You stick with water instead of booze, you haven't had a proper meal, and don't drown yourself in that lemonade."

Arabella's smile beamed. She knew Ms. Kiki truly cared for her, so she clinked glasses filled with water in place of wine.

"Bella, when are you going to have a drink with me?" Erlinda called out from another table, her laughter rich with the allure of a woman who had made it big.

After excusing herself from Ms. Kiki, Arabella made her way over to Erlinda.

Once Arabella left, the journalists swarmed Ms. Kiki.

"Ms. Kiki, can we ask you a few questions? You seem very close to Arabella, are you two friends outside of work?"

"Arabella's stunning. Do you think you can make her a superstar?"

"Is Summer planning to release any new music after the holidays?"

"Are Summer and David dating?"

"Are you here for Arabella, or is it because of the McMillian family or the Collins family elders?"

Ms. Kiki offered a smile, "I'm here today on account of Summer."

"So, Summer asked you to come?"

"Why did Summer want you to be here?"

"Is it because she knows Arabella but couldn't show up herself, worried it might cause a sensation?"

After letting them finish, Ms. Kiki revealed with a soft smile, "Today is Summer's comeback party. How could I not come?"

Her words sent shockwaves through the crowd.

What?

Arabella was also Summer?

My goodness.

What kind of gem of a girl was she?

The reporters were stunned, and even after Ms. Kiki set down her glass and left, they stood frozen, struggling to process the revelation.

If Arabella was Summer, then her surprise appearance at David's concert wasn't out of friendship or business—it meant they were siblings!

The online world exploded with chatter.

[So, the mysterious superstar Summer's first guest appearance at a concert was to support her own brother?]

[At the concert, David sang a song he wrote for his sister. Was it for Arabella?]

[No wonder their voices blended perfectly in a duet. They're siblings!]

The story was too hot to handle, and the system crashed once again.

All of David's fans went wild, shocked that Summer wasn't his girlfriend but his sister!

If the brother was that doting, the fans had to step up their game.

In a matter of minutes, Summer gained twenty million followers.