

Arabella 1971

Chapter 1971

As the buzz around him intensified, fans unearthed a trending topic that had set the internet ablaze not so long ago.

There was a time when #DavidChangesProfilePic hit the top of the trending charts.

The new profile picture featured David standing on a picturesque balcony, gazing out into the night.

Although he appeared to be alone, some eagle-eyed fans spotted a girl's shadow in the photo!

It was clear that this girl must have been taking the picture for him, her silhouette stretched long across the ground by the light. You could only see a bit of it, but that was enough to not escape the sharp eyes of his fans.

Subsequently, the topic #DavidMightBeInLove soared to the second spot on the trending list.

Now, upon closer inspection, fans have pieced together that the girl in the photo was none other than

David's own sister, Arabella!

Back then, Arabella's identity wasn't meant to be public knowledge, so David didn't directly address the matter.

As long as David was still single, the fans clung to the hope of him being available!

Consequently, they showered Summer, his darling sister, with even more affection!

A deluge of fans flooded Summer's social media, complimenting her on her beauty and sweet voice.

Meanwhile.

After exchanging pleasantries with Erlinda, Arabella heeded her advice and returned to her own table

to dine.

Seeing Erlinda momentarily alone, reporters flocked to her, eager to interview the renowned iron lady of

the business world, a rare opportunity indeed.

"Are you here as a friend of the Collins family for this homecoming feast?" one reporter asked.

"What is your relationship with Arabella?" inquired another.

"You two seemed quite close earlier, did you know each other before, or did you meet through the

Collins family connection?"

Erlinda, exuding an aura of female empowerment, faced the throng of reporters with ease and said,

"I'm primarily here as Arabella's family."

"Family??" All the reporters were taken aback. What sort of familial connection was this?

"I've known Arabella since before she returned to the Collins family. She's a smart and spirited girl, very lovable. I often pestered her to consider me her godmother, but she's not one to just acknowledge anyone as family. In the end, after much nagging from my part, she gave in and called me 'Aunt Erlinda' once."

It all made sense now!

Everyone was enlightened!

Erlinda was still unmarried, without siblings, so she doted on Arabella as if she were her own niece.

"Do you plan on bringing Arabella into your corporation in the future?" the journalists pressed.

"It's up to Arabella herself. I'd be more than happy to hand over the reins of my enterprise to her when I retire. But as you've seen earlier, there are many esteemed gentlemen vying to name her their heir. I guess as her aunt, I might not make the cut."

The crowd was astounded once again.

What kind of celestial treasure was this girl. So young, yet so popular.

With so many influential figures eager to leave their fortunes to her.

[I'm tired of using the word 'envy.]

[If Arabella can't manage it all, she could consider me! I'd settle for just 1% of the shares!]

[Aunt Erlinda, it's me, your long-lost niece!]

Chapter 1972

"Don't worry, kiddo, take your time eating. I've got your back," Sampson said, his eyes twinkling with the indulgent affection of an elder for a younger family member.

Meanwhile, in her personal live stream, a user named "CreamPuff" spilled the beans. [I knew it was them! I saw Sampson and that girl at Lidaria a while back. They went shopping at QY together. There was this bombshell who came up to Sampson, saying she had learned his language just for him and wanted his contact info. Who would've thought Louisa would shoo her away.]

"CreamPuff" continued, [Back then, everyone thought Sampson was dating Arabella since he was carrying loads of shopping bags. People online were slandering her, accusing her of maxing out Sampson's credit cards on luxury goods. But now it seems likely that those QY bags Sampson was holding were gifts from Arabella for her beloved uncle, right?]

This speculation won a lot of people over.

Reporters rushed to verify the story with Sampson, who confirmed, "Yeah, those gifts were indeed from Bella to me. I didn't spend a dime."

The live stream audience was stunned. Previously, the incident had caused Arabella to be viciously attacked online internationally. If it weren't for Sampson stepping in to cool things down, she might have

been blasted from abroad all the way back home.

Now, many realized they had misunderstood this filial young woman, who was merely buying gifts for her uncle, and never expected to stir up such a backlash. Some netizens even started to apologize to Arabella online.

"All the suits, the cufflinks, it's all from Bella," Sampson said, casting another warm glance at his niece.

People began to notice that Arabella wasn't just generous. She had impeccable taste. The clothes and accessories she chose for Sampson made him look even more dashing and youthful.

[At last, I can speak up! I was the jewelry store clerk who served Mr. Sampson and Ms. Bella. She showered him with gifts, and he was so touched that he brought her back to our store to pick out jewelry for herself. Whenever Sampson heard about something that would complement Bella's style,

he'd have it wrapped up.]

[Bella was reluctant to let him pay, but Sampson boldly declared that if she didn't let him buy the gifts,

he'd just buy the entire brand and put it in her name.]

[He really treats Bella so well!]

[Their relationship isn't for show, it's genuine care. I think being Bella's uncle or Sampson's niece must

be such a joy.]

[And just to let you know, Mr. Sampson bought a ton of jewelry for his niece. He truly dotes on her!]

Many netizens were green with envy.

Elsewhere.

A reporter saw Sean alone and thought it was an opportunity to get a scoop, so he scurried over for an

interview.

"May I ask, Mr. Collins, do you still consider Serena Collins your sister?"

Sean's gaze lifted and narrowed ever so slightly, the dangerous aura around him sending shivers down

the reporter's spine.

Had she stepped on a landmine?

The reporter was taken aback.

The image was all shaky!

The cameraman was not just scared; his body was betraying him!

Everyone was shocked.

Chapter 1973

Someone approached Sean, looking to share a couple of drinks, but he casually remarked, "Now, I've got my little sis watching over me. I'll stick to water, thanks."

Water? At a gathering like this?

The once jovial Sean, a man never seen without a wine in hand, was sipping on water?

The guests were flabbergasted.

They watched in disbelief as Sean actually raised his glass of water for a toast. Panicked, they hurriedly lowered their own glasses a touch to show deference. After clinking glasses with him, they saw Sean nearly finished his drink and quickly downed theirs as well.

Tears brimmed in Serena's eyes, a mix of shame and anger boiling within her.

Was this really necessary?

Did Sean truly need to humiliate her so publicly at such a grand affair?

So what if she wasn't his biological sister? So what if she didn't carry the Collins family blood or had

once been cruel to Arabella? Did that warrant such harsh treatment?

Was all his past kindness just an act?

"Serena, don't cry." Dora, although aware of Serena's past mistakes, knew that now Serena was her

charge, her mistress. In that moment, all she could do was offer a tissue and a comforting word.

Watching the reporters flock to her brothers, Serena felt even worse.

Hans, the eldest, declared, "From the moment Serena tried to harm Bella, she is no longer my sister."

Chasel added, "We have only one sister, and that's Arabella."

Clark expressed, "We're deeply disappointed in Serena. Whatever happens to her now has nothing to

do with us."

Even David could not conceal his feelings, "After what she did to Bella, forgiveness isn't an option. Not

just as a sister, but even as an acquaintance. I hope she stops riding on Bella's coattails."

Hearing even David, who had always adored her, speak thus, Serena was utterly devastated.

Her tears, which had started in silence, grew into trembling sobs, and finally erupted into a heart-

wrenching cry.

The higher her brothers had lifted her in the past, the more painful her fall seemed now.

Her weeping echoed in the air, leaving the servants at a loss for how to help her.

In stark contrast to her downfall, Arabella's situation couldn't have been more glorious.

"Can you be more specific? What kind of things have they given you? Anything particularly memorable?"

"They're all quite memorable."

But the reporters were relentless, "Such as?"

Millions?

Chapter 1974

Viewers and reporters alike gaped at their screens, questioning their own ears.

What kind of family was this, casually tossing around millions.

"Clothes, shoes, bags, mobile transfers, jewelry - that's just their everyday," Arabella said, once again

leaving her audience in utter disbelief. "If you want something that really made an impression, my dad

gifted me a private island, and my mom got me the world's largest castle-themed amusement park,

does that count?"

The reporters nodded vigorously. Arabella continued, "My grandfather gave me a set of natural wild pearls, my grandmother a gemstone, my uncle a casino, Hans a private yacht, Chasel a private jet, Clark a luxury sailboat, Sean an island, David a fleet of cars."

Everyone's expressions were beyond shock.

After listening to her list off each family member's extravagant gifts, the reporters were speechless for a moment before finally asking, "So, on top of transferring money, giving you bank cards, clothes, shoes, bags, and jewelry, they also gave you all these?"

Arabella nodded calmly, her face as serene as still water, even taking a sip of her lemon water before asking nonchalantly, "Any more questions?"

The reporters were again left dumbfounded.

They thought, "I mean, you're getting all these gifts and you're not even surprised? Or have you already had your fill of surprises?"

Seeing no further questions from them, Arabella nodded, stood up, and followed her parents to greet other guests.

The envy in the live chat was palpable.

[I'm dying of envy, I wish I was a lost heiress too. One day, a wealthy father will come to pick me up in his limo.]

[Why is there such a huge gap between people?]

[My lady, wait! Look at your poor servant here, you forgot to take me with you.]

[Do you need an assistant? I can carry your bags!]

[There are so many rich people, what's one more gonna do!]

[I hate you, rich folks!]

[This livestream is bad for my eyes, easy to catch a case of the green-eyed monster.]

Tears of envy streamed down the faces of many in the live audience.

Kenneth and Louisa introduced Arabella to their friends and relatives.

"Bella, this is your aunt, Shirley," Louisa said with a warm smile. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

"Hello, Aunt Shirley," Arabella greeted politely.

Chapter 1975

"Thanks for the compliment, Aunt Shirley, it's okay. I'm just thrilled you could make it today."

"Your welcome gift is already with your folks, check it out after the party," Shirley said warmly, beckoning her family over to greet Arabella.

Arabella exchanged pleasantries with each of them, chatting for a bit, when Louisa exclaimed,

"Frederica, you made it? Bella, let me introduce you. This is Alma's sister and your cousin, Frederica."

Frederica was different from Alma. She had a serene beauty about her, her emotions never on display.

Facing Arabella, she offered a faint smile, "Hi, Bella."

"Frederica has been abroad and just got back today." Louisa added.

"Hello."

"Ma'am, it's time for the raffle," someone at the party reminded. "Shall we have Ms. Bella come up and start the draw? Let's pick 99 lucky guests to sponsor children with illnesses in the name of our attendees."

Louisa nearly forgot about this part of the evening and nodded eagerly, "Oh, yes, it's time. Bella, get ready. You'll be picking our lucky guests tonight."

"Sure thing."

Frederica glanced at Arabella a few times before turning away, her thoughts a mystery.

As Arabella took the stage, she was unaware that netizens were digging into her past.

[Ladies! The Collins family is serving us drama after drama. Are you all full? If not, I've got more juicy gossip for you!]

[Just earlier, I bumped into Romeo and Clark shopping with a young girl. This girl got Clark to happily open his wallet and buy six shopping carts full of stuff for her! Six carts, ladies. From what I saw, there were strawberry hair clips and scented lamps worth dozens of dollars each, starry straws, and more.

Romeo picked out quite a few things too.]

[At the time, I had no idea who she was to them, but boy, was I envious. To have two handsome guys at her side, willing to spoil her like that.]

[Now, you must've guessed who she is, right?]

[And if you're not yet full from that tidbit, this next piece of gossip will surely do the trick!]

[Did you notice, at David's inaugural concert of his world tour, there was a proposal segment? A couple went up—take a good look at who they were!]

The livestreamer played the video, circling the couple in question.

In the video, Romeo took Arabella's hand on stage. Even though they stood towards the back, their height and presence drew attention.

Later, some netizens used AI to reveal the face beneath Arabella's mask.

While the result wasn't as stunning as the real deal, it was a close match.

Romeo's heartfelt proposal melted many viewers. How could there be a man so handsome, so wealthy, and yet so devoted and passionate?

That gossip was a real feast for the fans.

Chapter 1976

"We pledge, in the name of our esteemed guests, to sponsor medical treatment for 99 sick children.

We'll start today, with a dedicated team on it, and we'll keep everyone posted to avoid any skepticism."

The moment Arabella's voice trailed off, the room erupted into thunderous applause.

"As for the 99 lucky followers online, bring your winning certificates to our corporate headquarters.

We've got 99 cars ready and waiting for you to drive home."

The internet buzzed with excitement once again.

"This concludes our homecoming celebration for today. Thank you again to all our guests from near

and far. If there's been any lack in our hospitality, we ask for your understanding. Thank you." Arabella

said, bowing graciously to the audience below.

The applause surged like a relentless tide.

"Family portrait! Family portrait! Family portrait!" It started with one voice in the crowd and soon, the chant for the Collins family photo grew louder.

Kenneth, with a beaming smile, stepped onto the stage, supporting Louisa at the waist. He nodded and waved at the guests below, his hands pressed together in gratitude for their warmth.

Arabella's five dashing brothers joined her by her side, and the photographer, with top-notch equipment, captured the Collins family and the guests seated at two hundred tables behind them in one grand shot.

The room was filled with joyous expressions and enthusiastic poses, and the lively atmosphere even reached through screens to touch viewers at home.

After the family photo, the photographer hurriedly invited Kenneth and Louisa's parents on stage. Once that was done, Arabella's aunts, uncles, and extended family followed.

Serena's eyes were red from crying. The more radiant Arabella looked on stage, the more beloved by

everyone, the more wretched and pitiful Serena felt.

She watched Arabella being given the place of honor, with everyone's eyes seemingly fixed on her, showering her with adoration.

A reporter tiptoed, microphone in hand, and asked, "Mr. and Mrs. Collins, do you plan to divide the Collins family estate among your children, including Arabella?"

Other journalists, sensing a juicy story, pressed forward to interview Arabella's brothers, asking similar questions about whether they would bring Arabella into the business and share their resources with her.

Kenneth replied, "If Bella's interested, whatever she wants, we'll provide."

Louisa added, "Everything in this family belongs to Bella as well. We don't differentiate just because she's our daughter."

Hans chimed in, "Bella's already taken the helm of our fashion business. Those who've followed it know she's revived the whole company. She's a rare business prodigy in my eyes. If she's up for it, she's welcome to get involved in any part of our enterprise. If she wanted the whole group, I'd hand it over with a bow."

Chasel said, "My line of work is hectic. I'd rather she does what she loves. Of course, I'd share my resources with her."

Sean declared, "What's mine is hers. Whatever she wants, I'll give."

The room burst into applause once more.

Then, a bold journalist asked the audience, "Would you like to see a photo of Arabella with Romeo?"

The suggestion was met with an eager uproar: "Yes!"

"Romeo! Romeo! Romeo."

Chapter 1977

Today marked the grand homecoming soirée for his fiancée, and Romeo made it a point to give her all the limelight. Romeo lingered in the background, not wanting to steal her thunder. Romeo wanted the spotlight to shine solely on her, the true heiress of the Collins family returning to her rightful place.

Arabella stood alone on stage, her beauty so captivating it seemed as if she were a masterpiece come to life.

Romeo took his time ascending the stage, aware that not only the guests but also the viewers on the live stream were buzzing with excitement.

"Good evening, everyone. I'm Arabella's fiancé, Romeo," Romeo announced.

The room erupted with applause, and the online crowd couldn't help but gush over the sweet moment.

Romeo's gaze settled on Arabella with tenderness and adoration that could not be mistaken.

The journalists were spellbound, their questions momentarily forgotten in the wake of such a display of affection.

But it didn't take long for one eager reporter to stand on tiptoes and seize the opportunity to ask, "Mr.

McMillian, I bet a lot of people are curious—when are you two planning to tie the knot?"

The question sent another wave of applause through the room, everyone eager for Romeo's reply.

"Bella's still in school, but as soon as she gives the word, we're ready," Romeo paused, his eyes

twinkling as he looked at Arabella, "Personally, I'd like it to be sooner rather than later. I'm quite smitten

with her and I long to wake up every morning with her by my side."

The cheers were deafening, and the live stream comments went wild.

A CEO's public declaration of love—could it be any more perfect?

Arabella was the envy of everyone, bathed in such sweet words.

"So, does this mean the wedding plans are underway?" the reporter pressed on.

"The venue is set, and we've custom ordered everything we need," Romeo replied, "but the location is our little secret for now."

The microphone was then extended towards Arabella, "And what do you think would be the perfect time for the wedding?"

All eyes in the room landed on her.

"It depends," Arabella answered, maintaining her usual composure, but Romeo could see a hint of a blush creeping onto her cheeks. Was she showing a touch of shyness?

"You won't have to wait too long," she said, her words seeming to be directed personally at Romeo.

Not just Romeo, but the guests and online viewers alike were smitten with this sweet exchange.

The photographers went into a frenzy.

Any questions about Arabella were answered with enthusiasm.

Chapter 1978

The reporter was visibly shocked, "We all knew Arabella as Summer, with that angelic voice, but who would've guessed she could compose."

"She's got another identity as Melody."

Those words hit like a bombshell.

Arabella was none other than the world-renowned pianist and composer, Melody.

It didn't take long for the internet sleuths to uncover that a while back, David had released two hit singles, both crafted by Melody, her notes and lyrics keeping him on top of the charts.

Turned out, Arabella had been writing for her brother all along.

"I knew it was her! I saw her at a piano awards ceremony once. Someone tried to rip off her piece and she set the record straight on stage!" a netizen spilled the beans.

"And this emerald bracelet," Shirley said, flaunting the piece of jewelry on her wrist to the reporters,

"Bella gave it to me."

Connoisseurs in the crowd could tell that bracelet wasn't dime-a-dozen; it was worth a fortune, probably around ten million.

The online buzz kept growing.

[I work at Collins Fashion, and Arabella took over the family business the first month she was back,

breathing new life into it. We all adore her. Even when she went back to school, she kept things running

smooth as silk.]

[It's no coincidence that Arabella and Hans had meetings together. She's got the same air about her.

Totally from the same family.]

[I remember when Serena and Arabella visited the Collins Group. Some thought they were sisters

separated at birth—one raised in the spotlight and the other groomed in secret to take over. Turns out,

they got it all mixed up!]

[No wonder Arabella was never a name dropped in high society. She was only recognized as part of

the family six months ago.]

[Even though Arabella was switched at birth, a couple of guardian angels took her under their wing,

teaching her the ropes. She probably got houses and rare antiques. That's why she was so nonchalant

about all those lavish gifts when she came home—she was used to it.]

[Hasn't anyone realized she's the founder of Ar-BI-Clear Skincare? When the brand took a hit from

some scandal, she stepped up as the founder to clear the air!]

[And when Romeo took Arabella out to McMillian Corporation for dinner, we thought he was cheating
on

Serena. Then Romeo's mother showed up, and we thought she was there to catch a home-wrecker, but she sat with Arabella. Looking back, it all makes sense.]

Meanwhile.

A swarm of reporters and photographers watched as the McMillian family and the Collins family got into their cars, cameras flashing non-stop.

Serena's phone was blowing up with messages.

"So you were the one switched at birth? You're not the Collins heiress."

"So your last name is Lott, not Collins? Should I change your contact to Serena Lott?"

"Kicked out of a billionaire's home. Does that make you poor now? No wonder you haven't been flaunting on Facebook lately."

"You're heartless, stealing another girl's place in a wealthy family!"

"Disgusting!"

Chapter 1979

Serena's eyes nearly popped out of her skull when she saw those messages. She was absolutely livid!

Her college roommate couldn't help but roast her, "You didn't dine with the McMillians on steak. Why'd you lie to me! Now I'm getting dragged online because of you!"

She had been bragging about her close ties with the Collins heir and had boasted that Serena was sharing a New Year's steak dinner with the McMillians. It had given her a nice little bump in popularity.

But her moment of glory was short-lived, as the trolls came out in full force to berate her!

Now, her comment section was flooded with over 500 insults!

[Could you be any more vain?]

Her roommate's words had Serena fuming. She slammed her palm down on her phone and held down the voice message button, unleashing a tirade.

"You have the nerve to call me out? You asked what I had for dinner, and yeah, I had steak. But I never said it was with the McMillians. And what gives you the right to post our private conversation online without my permission? Are you nuts?"

Serena sent the message with a huff, only to find out she'd already been blocked!

She was ready to explode with rage. This damn roommate better hope they don't cross paths after the holidays!

Just then, another trending topic hit the web.

#SerenaGetsDragged#

Clicking through, Serena discovered her personal account had been invaded and she was getting ripped apart by online commenters.

Someone had even posted in her comments section: [Guys, I got Serena's — sorry, 'the drama queen's' — WhatsApp and phone number. Add her, blast her, I can't stand her anymore.]

Because Serena had previously set her account to automatically accept friend requests, a legion of strangers had added her on WhatsApp and were spamming her relentlessly.

She scrambled to change her settings to require verification for new contacts, a simple task made nearly impossible as her phone rang off the hook. It took an agonizingly long time to regain control.

A barrage of hateful messages flooded in, with unread notifications topping 1000.

She'd never seen anything like this before, and in a panic, she shut off her phone, turning to Dora,

"When is Martin getting back? Tell him I need a new number, stat!"

"I'll message him right away," Dora said, pulling out her own phone to contact Martin.

She felt like her heart was about to burst.

"Right away."

She instructed the staff to open the door, gazing at the remnants of her past life with the Collins: a bed she'd slept in, the mattress. Everything was still there, yet everything had changed.

Serena closed her eyes, tears spilling over as she held back sobs before finally saying, "Take it all out and burn it."

"Burn it?" Dora was taken aback. These were items Martin had taken special care to have shipped back. And now they were to be burned?

Chapter 1980

"Serena, honey, you're still fuming. Maybe sleep on it before you make any decisions." Dora couldn't help but plead, worried about the regret that might come with hasty actions.

"Did I stutter when I said burn it? Or are you too now looking down on me, not even listening to what I say?"

Dora immediately bent forward in a bow, "No, of course not."

Seeing Serena so livid, Dora had no choice but to beckon the security guys to help move the items to an open space on the estate and douse them with gasoline.

As Serena watched the flames consume her past, even the trophies she once took pride in turned to

ash, disappearing before her very eyes.

"Serena??"

Martin rushed back to a scene of towering flames and the remnants of Serena's past fading into

nothing, a bad feeling sinking in his gut. "What happened? What's gotten into her?"

Serena, sitting in her wheelchair at a distance, watched numbly.

"What's going on??"

"Mr. Martin. Thank God you're back. Serena ordered us to burn these things. She... she's been crying

today," Dora explained the day's events.

Martin crouched in front of her wheelchair, his heart aching, "Serena."

"It's okay." Her eyes, cold and detached, reflected the raging fire, "I just wanted to say goodbye to the

past."

"You've come to terms with it? Let go?" Martin knew how much those things meant to her.

"From now on, I am just Serena Lott." She stared into the flames, her voice hollow, "The past is ash,

and I'm starting anew."

"Alright." Martin's hand gently rested on her leg, "I'll be with you on this fresh start."

That evening.

Arabella's five brothers caused a stir on social media by posting a new family portrait and snaps with

Arabella.

People flocked to their comments section, leaving messages and sharing the love.

David, in particular, was a hit.

His post got tens of thousands of comments and millions of likes and shares within minutes.

Most of the comments praised his sister, and David was thrilled. Scrolling through, he noticed a

trending hashtag: #SerenaFriendSpillsTheBeans#

He clicked it to discover Serena's former BFFs and close friends were now airing her dirty laundry.

For instance, six months ago, Serena knew she wasn't a true Collins, yet she flaunted the Collins name

in high society, recklessly spending the Collins' fortune.

There were seven or eight friends coming forward, and Serena was livid.

These backstabbers had once sweet-talked her for favors, and now they were kicking her while she

was down!

Using a new number Martin had given her, Serena registered a burner account and lashed out in the comments.

[How can you trash your old friends like that? Got any class?]

[Who'd wanna be friends with you now?]

Fuming with rage, Serena shut off her phone.