

## Arabella 1669

### Chapter 1669

The stepsister Katherine sat on the couch, her eyes brimming with tears, looking every bit the picture of pitiable distress.

Carol remained unmoved, her voice chilly as she spoke, "It's her own fault for plagiarizing QY's designs. She made her bed; now she has to lie in it."

"It was just a coincidence!" Maureen insisted, trying to downplay the situation, "There's no need to call it plagiarism. That sounds so ugly."

"If you don't like it, then don't copy in the first place."

Katherine, standing off to the side, seemed to shrink under the weight of the accusation, as if the similarity to QY's designs was a mere accident, not a deliberate act.

"Seventeen designs with a similarity of up to 90 percent, and you call that a coincidence? If it was merely a coincidence, would they sue you?"

Carol didn't want to waste her time arguing. She had plans to deliver the hand-knitted scarves she was going to make to her aunt before the holidays. But as she tried to make her way upstairs, her stepmother Maureen blocked her path.

inspiration for a moment and went a little too far in 'referencing' QY's designs, resulting in them calling it plagiarism, their demand for a 3 million-dollar settlement is outrageous, and they won't budge on the amount. They also want us to

friends would let

and it's not a pretty sight. You

cahoots with them, trying to swindle your money and then funnel it into her own pocket. Why else would she refuse to help us with this

Carol, her loathing was palpable. She desired to lash

about how Carol's mom has been dead for ages and criticizing her for 'wasting

has two moms, her birth mom and her foster one. She asked what did I think I was, and she

position, it's

you saying? I married you; you're her dad, so naturally I am

could be inappropriate about

"Do you want to join my mom in her grave? Is that it?"

Carol's retort left Maureen fuming, "Listen to what she said, honey!" If her husband wasn't there, she would have torn this ungrateful brat's mouth right off!

"Dad, I've worked hard to build my business and never made 3 million. Now, not only do I have to compensate them, effectively nullifying years of hard work, but I'm expected to apologize publicly. It's not just my reputation on the line; people know I'm your daughter. There are many eyes on us. Who will dare to partner with our family after this. Dad, I'm thinking of you, of our family."

"Look at your daughters, one thinking of you and the other pushing you into the fire."

"The one pushing Dad into the fire is you. If you hadn't plagiarized, there'd be no need for compensation or apologies, no need for this melodramatic display. I'm done here. You all can carry on with your performance."

With that, Carol turned and headed upstairs, unwilling to engage with them any further.

"Honey, look at her! She has no regard for this family. She's grown wild and heartless out there in the world!" Maureen was livid, vowing to herself that the next time her husband wasn't home, she would deal with that wretched girl behind closed doors.