

## Arabella 1720

### Chapter 1720

Everyone made way as Martha strode up to Arabella with deliberate ease.

She was no longer the former servant in the Collins family's uniform, but rather sported a sleek short haircut, wearing leather jackets and pants, giving off a bit of a bossy assassin vibe.

A chilly smile played across Martha's lips as she towered over Arabella, her gaze laced with malice. "Surprised, are you?"

In Arabella's memory, Martha was the epitome of loyalty, a servant who would cry out in pain from a mere stumble, or weep profusely, begging for forgiveness for any minor transgression.

But the woman before her bore an enormous contrast to the old servant etched in her recollection.

Horace, clueless about this enigmatic older woman's identity, could only sense an underlying vendetta between her and Arabella.

"So, are all these your guys?" Arabella rose to her feet, a nonchalant smirk curving her lips, seemingly unfazed by the looming threat, and asked casually, "Who are you working for?"

information? All you need to know is that now you're in my clutches, and I'll make you beg for mercy and crave death!" Martha's laughter

cars formed a tight circle, completely trapping Arabella and Horace

them. Any slight move from them and they'd be riddled

him, his eyes instinctively searching for Arabella. He was about to measure the situation and follow her in a desperate breakout

widened in shock. Was this

zone, amidst perilous chaos, Arabella had fought tooth and nail, refusing to surrender,

without a single shot fired, she

Had he been mistaken?

night was shattered by Martha's shrill laughter as Arabella raised

some sense," Martha said, clearly delighted by Arabella's capitulation, her laughter betraying her

"But alas,

"So you resorted to underhanded tactics, didn't you? Nora suddenly having a 'heart attack' while flying me to Dawnstar, the mysterious figure at the mountaintop restaurant, the billboard that nearly crushed me, the slander against Ar-BI-Clear Group's skincare line, the lip-syncing scandal. Did you orchestrate all that?"

"Sharp as ever," said Martha, her gaze tinged with pity and faux sympathy. "Too bad, you'll be dying by my hand soon. Hand over everything you've got—phones, weapons, the works. Otherwise, if my people find anything during their search, you'll be skinned alive."

Her laughter was both sinister and sly.

Arabella tossed her phone and a folding pocket knife onto the ground.

Seeing Arabella comply, Horace decided to empty his pockets as well, throwing everything, including his watch, at Martha's feet.

Martha signaled to her subordinates with a glance, and promptly a man and a woman stepped forward to frisk them.

After a while, they returned, having found nothing.