

## **Arabella 1841**

### Chapter 1841

There were photos taken at tourist hotspots after they'd grown up.

And there were their smiles captured from their birthdays past.

These memories played like an old movie, scene after scene flickering in Chasel's mind.

That little girl from his past, she was so pure and kind, so simple and sweet. But why did she end up

doing all those cruel, heartless things to Bella.

In the end, Chasel dumped everything related to her into the trash can.

The servant, tidying up the room, was surprised to find that Chasel had thrown away the group photos

he treasured most.

In the past, if those photos ever gathered dust, Chasel would meticulously clean them himself,

forbidding anyone else to touch them.

Serena had it all, a future bright as the stars, a life of luxury, adored by everyone. Yet she was never

satisfied, choosing instead a path that broke the Collins family's hearts. It was foolish, truly a case of

reaping what she sowed!

Arabella spent half an hour searching the room Erik once occupied but couldn't find a single clue.

On her way back to the main house, she saw two servants carrying out trash bags to the gate. One of the bags, overstuffed, let a few picture frames spill out—photos of Serena and Chasel together.

The servants stooped to pick them up, noticing Arabella and giving her a polite nod.

"Are these all-things Chasel doesn't want anymore?" Arabella asked in a soft tone.

"Yes, as well as some of Sean's," one servant said, opening the bags to show their contents filled with items related to Serena.

Arabella hadn't expected that Chasel and Sean would throw away even their photos together.

"Bella!"

At that moment, Sean, who had been pacing in front of the main house window, finally saw his sister emerge and hurried outside, carrying an umbrella.

"It's started to snow; I brought an umbrella for you," Sean opened the umbrella over her head. "You didn't get wet, did you?"

"No, Sean." Arabella gave a small, warm smile, "You're not too busy today?"

"Yes, I've been quite free lately, just staying at home keeping you company. Any luck finding clues?"

Sean angled the umbrella to shelter her more.

"No, he's been careful not to leave anything behind." Arabella held a tablet in her hand.

"Here, put your hands in your pockets and warm yourself up."

"You're not dressed warmly enough for this cold weather." Arabella noticed he was only wearing his thick loungewear, although plush, they were hardly suitable for the chilly outdoors. "I'll have someone bring over some more jackets."

Sean was elated at the offer, pretending to protest the expense, but inside he was overjoyed.

As they entered the main house, his smile froze.

For there was Chasel, also in loungewear, plush and thick, looking even more dashing.

"You're back?" Chasel greeted Arabella with a gentle smile. "Did you find anything?"

"Nothing was left behind." Arabella noticed his loungewear. "They look good on you, Chasel."

This was the first time Arabella had seen Chasel in the loungewear she had designed, as he was usually away on missions.

"They're specially designed by you, so of course, they look good," Chasel said, fondly ruffling her hair.

Specially designed?

Sean felt a sting of envy at that revelation!

Chapter 1842

Arabella could sense Sean's mood shift and chuckled as she explained, "Back then, I didn't know you were my brother, Sean, so I didn't get a chance to design clothes just for you."

It was just by chance that she passed by QY and picked out a few outfits for him, nothing specially designed.

"I'll make time to design some clothes especially for you."

"Well, you'd better make a bunch!" Sean didn't want to be outdone by Chasel. That guy was way too scheming, deliberately wearing the clothes designed by his sister to show off in front of him. Childish!

"You want to work your sister to death? She's got tons to do every day; it's good enough that you have something to wear."

"If you don't want your sister to overwork, then hand over a few of those outfits she made for you!

You're always on the go for work, and you hardly have any time to wear them at home anyway."

"As if you're always lounging around the house."

"I would take them to Belloria!"

Seeing the two men bickering, Arabella interjected, "Alright, I'll make time for both of you, no one will be

left out. But now, I really need to go upstairs and work on the audio."

"Bella." Chasel called out to her urgently, "I'm sorry for the tough times you had to endure. If I'd known

she was such a nightmare, I would've kicked her out of the Collins family back during your school

days."

Back then, Serena's friends were badmouthing Arabella behind her back, and it just so happened that

Myrna overheard them. Myrna told Chasel, and when he rushed to the school, he was deeply

disappointed by Serena's actions.

Serena had wept bitterly, and Chasel didn't tell the family ultimately, giving her a chance to turn over a

new leaf.

If he'd only known she would become so twisted and unrecognizable later, he would never have been

so lenient. He shouldn't have been swayed by the sibling bond of eighteen years!

But it was too late for regrets now; his own sister had been put in danger, even risking her life.

"Let's not dwell on it, Chasel. No one in the family could have predicted she'd turn out this way. It's

alright, I wasn't hurt."

"Who says? Your arm's still healing." Sean immediately called her out, "Have you been applying the ointment properly these past few days? If it's too much trouble for you to do it yourself."

"Don't worry, Sean, Romeo's been helping me out."

Sean felt a sting at the mention of that name.

"Did you hurt your arm, sis? When did this happen?" Chasel had only seen the surveillance footage in front of the unfinished building and the explosion aftermath. He was unaware what had happened how

Sean rescued Arabella and got her out of that building.

"Sean got hurt while saving me, suffering hits to his head and back, and I think the scar from his heart surgery might have reopened, too." Arabella said, then turned to Sean, "I'll grab you some medicine later. Apply it to your wounds; it should help them heal more quickly and effectively."

"A little scrape is nothing to me." Sean hadn't expected his sister to remember his injuries and felt even more delighted. He affectionately patted her head, "You go on with your work. Don't worry about me; I'm tough as nails! I'll be fine even if a cannon came at me!"

"Wait for me, Sean," Arabella held out her hand, "My tablet, please."

Sean immediately handed over the tablet computer he was holding.

Watching his sister walk away, Chasel couldn't help but ask, "What's going on here?"

His sister and Sean shared a life-and-death experience!

Does that mean her bond with Sean is even deeper than his?

"Tell me about the school incident first, and then I'll fill you in on what happened between Bella and me."

Sean had heard them mention the school incident and was curious, even a bit regretful that he hadn't spent more time with his sister at home, missing out on creating more memorable moments.

Chapter 1843

Arabella had barely set foot back in her room as her phone buzzed with a call from Romeo.

"What's up?" Romeo hadn't heard from his girl in ages.

She recounted the day's events as she told him, "Now, I'm working on some audio editing."

"Alright, you carry on," Romeo said, reluctant to interrupt her flow. "I'll call you back later."

"OK."

After she hung up, Romeo's gaze lingered on the screen.

His grandparents and parents had sent him numerous messages, incessantly asking if he had invited Bella over for the McMillian family's dinner, whether Bella had accepted, whether she had any other holiday plans, whether they could take Bella on a trip abroad, what to get for her gift, and what she'd been into lately.

But they hadn't received any replies from Romeo. And Phillip was the first to call.

"What on earth are you busy with?" Philip couldn't wait to see Arabella!

"I'll ask Bella once she's done," Romeo replied.

As soon as Phillip heard Bella was busy, he said, "The New Year is just around the corner, and the sweet girl is still swamped? Is it work-related? And you, as her fiancé, can't even help her out and just waited around! What about all the effort the McMillian family has put into training you over the years? You can't even take some of her workload? That's not what I'd call a competent fiancé!"

Romeo was speechless.

"It's already so late in this month! And she's so young to be carrying such heavy burdens," Phillip sighed, feeling sorry for her. "We can't just tell her to drop everything and live a life of leisure or she would find life meaningless. How can we get her to take a break, to live for herself?"

If she were willing to live it up and spend money without a care, Romeo would be thrilled.

But he knew Bella's nature; she would never stop on her own.

"She knows her limits. Once she's done, I'll talk to her."

"Just remind her not to overwork, to stay hydrated, and to have someone bring her some fruit or something. Don't let her wear herself out! The New Year is almost here."

Phillip went on with his advice and before hanging up, he sighed to his wife, "The girl's still busy,

perhaps we should encourage our contacts to place some larger orders after the holidays, let her earn a bit more, a bit faster."

Perhaps then, Bella would hit her target and take a breathe?

Even a few days' rest would be something!

Romeo was about to tell the old man not to interfere with Bella's work when the line went dead, leaving

only the dial tone.

After finishing her audio work, Arabella barely had a moment to herself before she heard an urgent

knocking at her door.

"Ms. Bella, the old master fainted from anger upon hearing about Serena's actions..."

Arabella opened the door, confused. She thought her grandfather had known about Serena's misdeeds days ago, why would he suddenly pass out now?

"It's Bernard and Cornelia, they've arrived," said the breathless servant.

Arabella had an inkling of what was happening and hastened downstairs.

The servant followed. Still panting, she added, "The old master and his wife have been here over an hour. Chasel and Sean said you were upstairs dealing with things, so we didn't call you. They wanted to wait until you were done to invite you down."

But they hadn't anticipated that the old couple would react so strongly upon hearing Serena's misdeeds

—Bernard with fainting due to anger, and Cornelia with ongoing silent tears.

Chapter 1844

In the living room.

A crowd gathered around Bernard.

"Grandpa, please, wake up." Chasel's tone was filled with concern and worry.

"With your level of mental fortitude, why bother to watch the video?" Sean hadn't expected the old man

to be so frail that he'd pass out right after the video ended.

Next to them, Cornelia closed her eyes in grief, letting her tears flow unchecked.

"Granny, don't cry over it. Let's just pretend we never had that granddaughter. Shedding tears for someone like that isn't worth it," Belinda Griffith consoled her, patting her back empathetically.

Cornelia was feeling too upset and too angry.

She had thought their granddaughter's return would add warmth and joy to the household. But she could never have imagined... never in her wildest dreams, that Serena could do such heinous things behind their backs!

Had they not seen the video today, they'd have remained unaware of the hardships Bella had endured!

At that moment, one of the sharp-eyed servants spotted Arabella, as if seeing a beacon of hope, her eyes lighting up.

"Ms. Bella's here!"

Everyone turned as Arabella made her entrance, her strides brisk yet graceful. Despite rushing, her cool and confident presence still managed to turn heads.

"Is Granny here?" Arabella smiled warmly at Cornelia. Not having time for a catch-up, she knelt beside

the couch, her delicate and fair fingers checking Grandpa Bernard's pulse, "It is caused by vascular compression from emotional stress."

Swiftly opening her medical kit, she selected a fine needle and expertly located the corresponding pressure point.

After a few pricks, and a short wait, Bernard slowly opened his eyes.

Everyone crowded around him, their faces alight with joy.

"Ms. Bella's amazing. Just a few needles and he's alright."

"Mr. Collins is awake!"

"Grandpa, you're finally up."

As Bernard's blurry vision cleared and he recognized Arabella, his emotions overwhelmed him again, and tears streamed down his face.

"My child, this family has wronged you." he grasped Arabella's hand, visibly shaken.

"Grandpa, please take deep breaths. Your health is what's most important," Arabella soothed him

gently, "This family hasn't wronged me. On the contrary, I've received so much care and warmth here I

can't even count. The ones who did wrong are Serena, Erik, and Martha. They've been fanning the flames, leading her down the wrong path. There's no need for self-blame; this isn't your fault."

"If we hadn't been so blind to people's true natures, you wouldn't have suffered here for so long, my poor granddaughter."

Bernard, ordinarily resolute, couldn't help but embrace Arabella, crying like a child, "We're so sorry, we've been fools, keeping such people close. You must be so upset, my child, I'm so sorry."

Arabella patted his back gently, "I'm not the one who should be upset. Serena is the one who should be. She had everything going for her but she squandered it. Now she must be filled with regret."

Chapter 1845

"It's freezing out—be careful not to get your tears on Bella's clothes." Sean stepped in and separated them, "What's the big deal, huh? It's just realizing we've been raising a viper all this time. Well, that viper's been dealt with, and is half-dead. If you feel like you owe Bella, just take care of her—send her checks, buy her gifts, spend some quality time with her. What is this crying for."

"You little rascal..." Bernard feigned anger and raised his hand as if to swat him, but Sean's words broke through his sorrow and coaxed a reluctant chuckle from him.

"Come on, you're too old for this waterworks show. And you, Granny, you're usually such a tough

cookie—that's out of character for you. Back in the day, if anyone dared cross one of ours, you'd be the first to grab a baseball bat and go knocking on their door."

Cornelia shot him a stern glance. That boy always spoke his mind, no filter, but her mood visibly lifted.

The tempest of grief and anger within her was finally calming down.

"Both of you, stop scaring Bella," Sean continued, patting Arabella on the head. "This poor girl was working too hard—after returning to this home, she's been running around saving people; it's almost driving her to exhaustion."

"Bella, come here next to Grandma," Cornelia finally said, wiping away her tears and gesturing for Arabella to come closer. "Sean's right. Instead of drowning in the past regrets, what we need to do now is make it up to you. There's no point in rehashing the past, but I still owe you an apology, a real heartfelt one. We thought you and Serena could get along, but we never anticipated her jealousy and resentment to reach such extremes."

"Grandma, you don't owe me anything. What I've found in this family in the last six months is far more than I ever got from the Murphys in the past eighteen years—more than a million times over. Everyone

in the Collins family has been so kind to me, and I'm just happy to be back home with all of you."

Hearing her say this, everyone's hearts softened, and their eyes welled up.

What they had given her was nothing compared to the attention they'd showered on Serena for eighteen years.

The meticulous care and concern they'd lavished on Serena couldn't be compared to what Arabella had received.

Yet this child held no grudges and was full of gratitude and contentment.

They became emotional once more, and their eyes reddened with tears.

"Esteemed Sirs and Madams, Clark is back!"

Just then, a servant rushed in with the news.

The elders quickly wiped their tears and composed themselves, not wanting to show any further signs of distress.

Clark stepped through the front door to a scene that surprised him. "What's all this commotion about?"

"Why's everyone here?"

All his grandparents were there!

He greeted everyone in the living room one by one. As he drew closer, he noticed the red-rimmed eyes, but only Arabella greeted him with a smile. "Clark, you're here?"

Clark affectionately ruffled her hair. Seeing her always washed away his fatigue, leaving him basking in a sense of joy.

"I've been slammed with work—wrapped up a few projects, designed some systems, and even built a brand-new firewall. I would've been home sooner, but there was a homicide in the neighboring city. The case was urgent, so I stayed until I finished the autopsies on a few victims."

After explaining himself, Clark asked, "So what's up? What was everyone talking about? Why the tearful eyes?"

"It's about the surveillance footage from the abandoned building project."

With Arabella's brief hint, Clark grasped the situation. He'd seen the footage from the derelict site, and his sister had updated him on everything afterward. He'd been checking in on her frequently, worrying about her well-being in their video calls.

But as it turned out, Arabella was doing just fine; the incident hadn't affected her daily life in the

slightest. She carried on as usual, but his family, on the other hand, seemed to be having a harder time shaking off their sadness and anger.

Chapter 1846

"Bella's got nerves of steel, so let's not dwell on the past. We've got the New Year coming up, and there's a lot preparations to do. This year's going to be a blast with Bella around—our family's going to be livelier and happier for sure." Clark slung an arm around his sister's shoulder with a grin.

Everyone nodded, "Clark's got a fair point."

It was a reminder that there was still so much to do.

"Hey, Chasel, don't forget to bring Myrna over for dinner, we need all the cheer we can get." Louisa suddenly remembered, then turned to Sean, "And what about you, Sean? Got a girlfriend to bring home this year?"

"Why ask me and not Clark? I'm still the baby here!" Sean, feeling a tad protective, shrugged off the hand on Arabella's shoulder. "What's with the heavy hand? You'll make her uncomfortable."

"Now you care about your sister, where were you for the first half of the year?"

Clark's smirk was enough to make Sean suspect that he was deliberately stirring trouble in front of

Bella. But then Bella spoke up, "Sean was badly hurt before. He stayed away because he didn't want

us to worry."

Sean arched an eyebrow, giving Clark a proud look: You see that? Bella's taking my side!

Who has the stronger bond with her now?

He patted Bella's head, about to shower her with praise, when Clark interrupted him, "What are you doing? Stop that, you're messing up her hair!"

Clark reached out to adjust Bella's hair, but before his fingers could touch her, Sean swatted his hand away.

"Are your hands clean, bro? Disinfected? Don't bring germs to our sister!"

"A doctor's hands are cleaner than those of a brawler like you."

"Yeah, but you're a forensic pathologist, dissecting corpses! Stay away from our sis and don't let her smell that scent on you, man!"

As the brothers squabbled, Louisa couldn't help but interject, "Sean, I'm talking to you! Why dodge the question? Got a girlfriend or not?"

"Don't tell me you haven't found a girl yet?" Kenneth's voice was a mix of disdain and sympathy. "That

grumpiness would scare off anyone."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Sean deflected again. "Why the focus on me? Clark's the older one.

Shouldn't you be pressuring him first?"

Louisa and Kenneth exchanged a look, both seeming hesitant to speak.

"Who says Clark's without a girlfriend? Right, Clark?" Arabella gave Clark a gentle look. "This year,

aside from Sean and David, Hans, Chasel, and Clark will all be bringing their girlfriends home for

dinner."

This brought Carol into the conversation as well.

Kenneth and Louisa shared another look, their hesitation growing.

"You already had a girlfriend, Clark?" Sean looked at Clark, with pure surprise. When did this happen,

and how did he miss it?

Clark hadn't expected Bella to speak up for Carol, especially with their parents previous reservations

about her, fearing Carol's connection to Doom could spell disaster for the Collins family.

"Carol and her brother have officially taken over the Brooks Group." Clark didn't finish his words, when

Hans joined in.

"The Doom crisis has been dealt with by Clark, Romeo, and me," Hans stepped down the staircase, his voice steady, "We can all live peacefully from now on."

Louisa and Kenneth exchanged yet another look, and finally said, "Well then, let's invite her over for the holidays."

After all, she was also a poor girl, just like their beloved Bella and her experiences in the triangular zone—forced by a life of hardship to develop her skills.

Chapter 1847

If given a choice, they believe Carol would not choose to live in such a harrowing condition, with endless torment.

"Dad? Mom?" Clark thought he must have misheard. Could it be true that his parents were finally relented? They agreed to let him be with Carol!

Beside him, Belinda chuckled, "Truth be told, your mom and I had a talk about Carol quite some time ago. Your mom was just worried about the safety of the whole family. Now that the crisis is over, nobody in the family would object to you two being together."

Poor Crystal, though.

But then, when they heard about Carol's association with the Temple family, it seemed like a small comfort. The thought of her taking care of Crystal's parents brought some solace to the Temples, who had lost their dear daughter.

"Hans, make sure you invite Molly over," Louisa instructed, "If her family extends an invitation, you should visit her parents first."

Visiting the girl's family first was a sign of respect and importance from the Collins family.

"And if they don't invite you, make sure to visit them before the New Year to bring some gifts and formally ask their daughter to join our family dinner. Got it, boys?"

"Sure thing," Hans and his two brothers nodded in agreement.

"Alright, your grandparents, and uncles and aunts, and I have to discuss the holiday arrangements. You kids go have fun for now."

They planned to give Bella a grand surprise and couldn't let her find out prematurely.

"What you've just said, as if you're about to blurt out 'surprise'."

Sean couldn't help but tease Louisa.

Then, Louisa gave Sean a light slap and retorted, "Now you've gone and said it."

If Bella caught wind of it, that would not be a surprise anymore!

"Bella's smart enough to guess, she's just playing along, right?" Sean looked at his sister, who simply smiled at him.

"Let's head upstairs for a chat," Clark tried to sling an arm around his sister's shoulder.

But the sharp glances from Hans, Chasel, and Sean made him halt. Weren't they overreacting?

It was just his habit.

Why he needed to gauge their expressions to get close to his sister now?

"Bella, is there anywhere you'd like to go for the holidays?" Sean quickly stepped around Clark to walk on Arabella's right side.

Seeing this, Chasel moved swiftly to her left. "If there's somewhere you want to go, just tell me. Not only me, but Myrna is free to join you as well."

Clark, feeling that he was about to be outdone, said, "Carol would love to join you too. She's in top form —hiking, rock climbing, you name it. Plus, you two could even make medicine together."

Carol's skill at medicine was something Arabella had known about for a long time. Carol had even used

her homemade Deadly Seven Step on Arabella once.

"Making medicine during the holidays? How ominous! Bella, not just me, but Myrna would love to go shopping or grab a bite to eat with you."

"Like you're the only one who eats," Sean shot back unyieldingly.

Arabella was surrounded by a constantly shifting entourage of brothers, each vying for her attention,

until Hans's voice cut through, "Molly is also available."

Chapter 1848

The brothers couldn't believe that Hans had thrown his hat into the ring for their sister's favor, their eyes

widened with surprise.

"I might not have time during the holidays," Arabella said.

Sean immediately chimed in with concern, "Do you still have work left undone? Just say the word, and

I'll take care of it for you!"

Arabella knew Sean was omnipotent in Belloria, but this was something she had to do herself to show

her respect for the princess.

"I need to make a trip to Belloria the day after tomorrow."

She had to deliver a finished dress to the princess in person.

"I'll come with you!" Sean declared.

Belloria was his turf, and while the brothers knew they couldn't compete with that, their gazes held a hint of doubt.

"You're injured, can you really protect our sister?"

"Sis, maybe you should consider me?" Chasel suggested. "You know the strength of the crew I command. Together, they're no less capable than Sean. Plus, we specialize in stealth. We won't make a move unless you're in danger, so nobody will even notice us."

"Sister, it should be Carol and me who escort you," Clark offered, "You're well aware of our skills. At the very least, we're better than an injured Sean, and we won't need Chasel to mobilize an army, which might spook the enemy."

"You could also ask that guy who helped you out the other day," Hans hinted.

Just the guy himself could be Arabella's assistant.

"Belloria is my domain. Do you really think any of you know it better than I do? Is it even possible for something to happen to sis on my watch?" Sean retorted.

But before Sean could finish, Hans coolly asked, "What about that unfinished building incident?"

"And sis hurt her arm!" Chasel added.

Clark jumped in, "Sis and I have a better rapport. We work twice as well together!"

"How long have you all been by our sister's side? Can't you give me a chance? The holidays are coming up, and she'll only be gone for a short while. Are you really going to fight me over this?" Sean argued, feeling slightly aggrieved as he turned to Arabella. "Sis, back me up here. They're bullying me because they're older!"

Older by just a year or two, maybe three—and he called that “older”? The brothers clenched their fists, holding back the urge to hit him.

"Sis, I'm only free these few days. What if I must go abroad for an emergency after the holidays? Let me spend some more time with you." Sean appealed to their sympathy. "My heart suddenly feels so painful; it must be from their teasing. What if my wound reopens while you're away? Please, let me escort you."

Arabella couldn't help but smile at the sight of the usually cool and aloof Sean showing this side of

himself, "OK."

Sean thought he'd misheard. Overjoyed, he looked at his sister, "Then I'll go get ready! You're the best!"

After saying that, he cast a triumphant glance at his brothers. See? His sister favored him the most!

Who had the most weight in her heart? Now they should know.

The brothers couldn't believe such a small matter had made him this happy. After watching him leave, they turned to Arabella.

"For other trips, you can count on Hans."

"Chasel is at your service anytime."

"Clark's available, too."

Back in his room, Sean called his men in Belloria, instructing them to be on high alert and ready for a 24-hour duty to ensure his sister's safety.

He then opened his suitcase, carefully packing all the clothes, pants, and socks his sister had gifted him, not missing a single item.

Just then, a servant knocked on the door, delivering several jackets.

## Chapter 1849

"Ms. Bella had these sent over from QY for you, to help keep you warm."

Sean was surprised his sister had acted so swiftly on her promise to send him some jackets. He hadn't expected them to arrive in the blink of an eye!

Though they weren't tailor-made for him by his sister, he was genuinely fond of them. Just looking at those jackets lifted his spirits.

"Did anyone see you bringing these in?" Sean asked the servant, who seemed a bit confused.

"Some of the security guards outside might have seen me, and people in the living room knew when I came in."

"I was talking about Hans and the others."

At that, the servant was even more puzzled. "They were coming downstairs as I arrived. I greeted them, but I'm not sure if they really noticed."

So they had seen it? Sean thought with a smirk.

The style of the clothes clearly reflected Bella's handiwork!

Ah, let them be green with envy!

It was finally Sean's turn to gloat!

"Sean, should I wash these and bring them back to you?" The servant, aware of his boss's little vanities, offered. "They will be dry in no time. You'll just have to wait for about an hour."

"Yes. Do that quickly." Sean was over the moon. He thought a moment, then unlocked his safe and pulled out a thick stack of cash.

Would Bella turn her nose up at such a small sum?

Thinking it over, he put the money back, took out his exclusive platinum credit card from his wallet, and then emptied the safe of all the quirky collectibles he had hoarded.

Soon after, he knocked on Arabella's room door.

"Come in." Arabella was busy drafting designs.

Since the family knew she was the founder of QY, she didn't bother to hide her work from them anymore.

"Sis, are you designing clothes?" Sean entered and noticed, not just on paper, but also on the computer screen, some grand and beautiful, others fashionable and elegant.

He placed the items he had brought in front of her, flipping through her sketches. "These are lovely.

May I buy a few of these for you? They'd look stunning on you."

Arabella smiled faintly, "These are already ordered by clients, some are rush orders that I need to deliver the day after tomorrow."

"So, you're personally delivering these garments? Who is that person of importance? Give me the address, let me deliver them for you, and you stay home and rest."

"This is one client I really have to deliver to personally."

Her phone vibrated just as she finished her sentence.

It was a call from one of her employees.

"What's up?" she asked as soon as she picked up, "Still out of stock? Hmm, all I need is this down jacket to complete the order. You keep looking for that; if it really doesn't work, I'll figure out something else."

After hanging up, Sean couldn't help but ask, "Out of stock? What do you need? Tell me, and I'll sort it out for you."

"It's a type of down called 'Velvet Royale'. It's plumper than regular goose down, with higher loft and

cleanliness, more resistant to cold, rarer, and more suited to the client's stature."

Bella explained, "The client will be on a sea voyage over New Year, spending a lot of time out at sea.

The biting cold wind carries moisture that can seep through the gaps in clothing, so this garment has to be especially warm and stylish, with windproof, waterproof, yet breathable qualities."

Sean hadn't realized that a jacket could involve such intricate considerations, nor had he imagined that his sister would think through every detail of a client's casual sea voyage.

Looking at the down jacket designs, fashionable, beautiful, and slimming, he wondered. Was the client a woman?

Chapter 1850

"Velvet Royale, huh? I got you covered, Bella," Sean said as he quickly figured out exactly what his sister was talking about—a specific kind of plush fabric with distinctive features. Whipping out his phone, he barked out a few orders.

"So, you're saying once we get our hands on this velvet, we can whip up a jacket and ship it out?"

Sean casually inquired after hanging up.

"There's more to it than that. Our company's staff will need to handpick the finest fibers. You see, we've

got top-of-the-line technology for water repellency, antibacterial properties, thermal retention, and mite

resistance. Once we get the right velvet, we'll select the best of it and turn it into the final product."

Sean hadn't realized how much effort and care his sister put into making a single piece of clothing. No

wonder the clothes were not only stylish but comfortable and practical too!

But it seemed like such hard work for her. He couldn't help but feel a pang of concern.

"The fabric for the jacket is derived from deep-sea minerals located in the region below the snowy mountains. It's windproof, waterproof, and wrinkle-resistant, yet lightweight and warm. We'll dye it to have a pearl-white sheen since that color suits the client."

"We've got plenty of that fabric in stock. If we get enough velvet too, I could make a couple of extra jackets for you, Sean. They'll be super comfy. Do you have a favorite color?" Arabella asked, looking at

Sean with a smile.

No matter what he liked, her team could produce any shade he desired.

Sean was touched that his sister, with access to such incredible materials, thought of him first. "Any color is fine for me, but I've already got plenty of jackets. You should have some made for yourself."

Such exquisite materials and craftsmanship—he wanted her to enjoy them for herself.

Arabella just smiled and replied, "What you don't know, Sean, is that when I first came back home,

mom and dad ordered a hundred pieces for me. Not long after, Romeo ordered another hundred.

Spring, summer, fall, winter—I've got all sorts of styles covered. And then they bought me even more.

I've got enough to last me for years."

She sketched two men's down jackets—one long and one short.

"I'll make one in black for you and another in a subtle two-tone—not flashy, like this one."

After finishing the sketches and applying some color, Arabella handed them over for Sean to see.

Sean was amazed at his sister's skill; she had created such handsome and fashionable designs in no

time.

Truly, as the founder of QY, her taste, speed, and ability stood out in the whole fashion industry!

He wanted them so badly, yet he couldn't bear the thought of his sister tiring herself out. He was torn.

"Is there anything you don't like? The style? The color?" Arabella asked softly, earnestly awaiting her

brother's feedback.

"No." Sean admired the sketches, his voice filled with appreciation and amazement. "Nothing at all.

They're beautiful. The style, the colors—they're flawless. I can hardly wait to see the finished jackets."

"We'll go with these designs then. As soon as the materials arrive, we can get them made pretty

quickly," Arabella said with a playful grin. "But don't stress yourself out. If you can't locate that Velvet

Royale, a different type of velvet will suffice."

It might not be as luxurious as Velvet Royale.

But if it can't be found, she's got to accept it.

She didn't want Sean to work too hard for that, searching for a needle in a haystack.

"I just want to refine a few details here. There are some chairs over there, Sean. Take a seat for a

while," Arabella said, her brush dancing across the paper as she worked, struck by inspiration.

Sean pulled up a chair across from her, marveling at how lucky he was to have such a wonderful sister

in his life.