

Arabella 1871

Chapter 1871

Sean recalled the moment when he had held Ophelia in his arms before getting into the car, she

murmured in hazy sleep, "Flowers in the car."

It was only later that he found two potted plants in her car.

In his urgent flurry to carry her inside earlier, he hadn't managed to grab the potted plants. Now, as he

brought them in, Sean was perplexed. Was his Ophelia a secret gardening enthusiast?

Even on the brink of exhaustion, she was thinking about the plants in the car?

What kind of plants were these, which possessed such allure that Ophelia remembered them in her last

moments of consciousness?

They looked somewhat familiar.

The soil was half-spilled—could they die? How should he revive them?

Pondering this, Sean called upon the most experienced gardener in the household to see if the plants

could be transferred to the garden or if they required special soil.

The gardener looked at the pots in his hands with a hint of surprise. "Aren't those the plants that Miss

Bella dug up from the garden for Miss Almond to take home? I clearly placed them in Miss Almond's

car. How did they end up with you? Did Miss Almond leave without them?"

"Our family's plants??" Sean was taken aback.

"Yes, those are from our garden. Miss Bella herself asked me to fetch these pots. I watched her fill them with soil from the garden and transplant the plants."

It dawned on Sean that it wasn't the plants that mattered to Ophelia, but the deep bond she shared with Bella.

"You may go now."

"Yes, Sean," said the gardener, confused by the inquiry.

Once alone, Sean went out to the garden, where he dug up some fresh soil and carefully repotted the bedraggled yet significant plants.

Meanwhile, Arabella sent him a message, assuring him that Ophelia was fine apart from a minor cut on her forehead. Everything else was in good order.

Sean's heart, which had been heavy with worry, finally settled. "I've had the kitchen prepare some late-night snacks. Come down and eat something; you've had a long day too."

"I still have things to attend to. You go ahead," she replied.

Arabella descended the stairs while messaging Sean, and joined Clark for a trip to the basement.

The dimly lit basement were filled with the stench of blood, with over a dozen battered assassins giving off an apocalyptic vibe.

Arabella approached them with an icy voice, "Ready to talk now?"

"We've told you everything we know." One assassin, barely clinging to life, weakly pleaded, "What else do you want us to say?"

"Where did the mysterious scent on your bodies come from?" Arabella demanded coldly. "Erik doesn't have the smarts to concoct something like that."

Understanding pharmaceuticals was one thing, but creating a drug so potent was another.

Another assassin confessed, "It's one of our boss's treasured secrets. We've only used it once before under special circumstances. We don't know where it comes from."

They only knew it was a prized possession of Erik's, and was rare in quantity.

"Do you have an antidote?"

"Yes, but we used it all up tonight."

"We were resolved to rescue our boss at all costs."

"We just didn't expect a total defeat."

Arabella was about to probe further when a weak and exhausted cough faintly broke the silence.

The assassins thought they had misheard.

Then the feeble and weary cough echoed again, and to their shock, they recognized it as their boss's voice.

Their boss wasn't dead?

He was still alive?!

Chapter 1872

At that moment, a bodyguard hurried over to Arabella and whispered a few words in her ear.

A spark lit up in Arabella's eyes as she turned to Clark and said, "Clark, keep an eye on them; I'll be right back."

Clark nodded in understanding.

A dozen hitmen held their breath, secretly wondering if it was their boss who had come into consciousness, prompting Arabella to check on him.

Word had it that Arabella was one hell of a doc.

If their boss wasn't dead, then there was hope for them yet.

As long as they could save their boss from the confinement, with his cunning and resourcefulness, he was sure to navigate them all out of this mess.

They had been in dire straits before. It was their boss who had carved a path to survival for them!

With that in mind, they exchanged knowing glances.

After a while, Arabella returned.

Clark asked in a low voice, "How's it looking?"

"He's out again."

The hitmen overheard and were certain it was their boss. Thank goodness he was unconscious.

Otherwise, with Arabella using his life as leverage, the moment the boss spilled the beans about who was calling the shots, they'd all become expendable.

"Why grill these guys when we can just wait for him to come to and ask him properly?" Though Clark's voice was subdued, some of the hitmen overheard him.

"Just afraid he won't talk," Arabella said, her eyes reflecting a mix of helplessness and gravity.

Clark's gaze fell on the hitmen, "With so many lives at stake, he'll talk."

Hearing this, the hitmen realized that the strategy was to use their lives to coerce their boss into revealing the puppet master's identity.

No, they couldn't just sit around waiting to die.

They had to save their boss and get out!

Even if they couldn't save him, they had to make a break for it first, and then figure out a way to call in reinforcements!

"Keep them in line," Clark said. Losing interest in questioning them, he left these words behind as he and Arabella walked away.

The hitmen exchanged covert glances and had seemingly made a decision.

Once out of the basement.

Arabella smirked, "They fell for it."

"Always the smart one, sis," Clark knew that even though the hitmen were quick on their feet, they weren't the brightest bulbs, "and your audio extraction was spot-on, no background noise, sounded just

like Erik coughing up a storm."

"I've already had the head of security beef up the watch on Erik's room. Those hitmen won't be able to get him out, they'll have to retreat."

The hitmen who escaped would surely be interrogated by the mastermind behind all this. As long as they insisted that their boss was still alive, the mastermind would have to believe it to some extent...

This would increase the chances of the mastermind showing up...

"You're brilliant, Bella."

Clark patted Arabella's head just as Sean came back from the garden and saw them.

"Where have you two been?" Sean couldn't help but ask when he saw their closeness.

"Sean, you're still up?" Arabella was surprised, thinking that with Ophelia's condition stable, Sean would relax and get some rest.

"I noticed your friend's flowerpot was tipped over, so I topped it off with soil and picked up some toiletries for her."

Sean's comment drew a sly grin from Clark, "Since when you start shopping, and gardening? Guess the saying 'love turns one into a superhero' is true."

"That was your line, wasn't it? Only you would say something that dumb," Sean's gaze returned to his sister, which was filled with concern, "Where have you been so late at night?"

"Just couldn't fall sleep, and went for a walk with sis to clear our heads," Clark boasted slightly.

"A walk, you two??"

"Is there a problem??" Clark couldn't help but show off, "When you weren't around, sis and I used to walk all the time. Not just walks, we'd go shopping, eat out, and travel abroad."

Having not realized that they'd done so much together, Sean sounded a bit miffed, "Well, I guess it's my turn now."

"Don't you have Ophelia?" Arabella countered playfully.

Chapter 1873

"Isn't that gross?"

Arabella couldn't help but laugh, "Alright, knock it off, you two. Clark, Sean, you should get some rest.

I'm heading upstairs."

As he watched her sister's retreating figure, Clark couldn't help saying, "See? The moment you show up, sis bails!"

Sean: ??? How is that my fault???

The next morning.

Ophelia woke to find herself in a beautiful bed, and the surrounding was unfamiliar yet cozy.

She sat up abruptly. Where was she? How did she end up here??

And her clothes had been changed into pajamas.

She glanced down and, to her horror, realized she was bra-less under the pajamas.

Oh no, what had happened last night? She didn't let someone take advantage of her, did she?!

She remembered the group from last night, and the footsteps that got closer and closer. Had she really been compromised??

Because she hadn't seen all of the Collins family guest rooms, she wasn't sure where she was. She

feared she had been kidnapped by those people from the night before and they had done something to her.

With that thought, she intended to get out of bed and leave.

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a cellphone on the nightstand. It was her own!

She grabbed it hastily, intending to call for help.

But as the screen unlocked, she saw a message from Bella.

[Morning, you're at my place. Come down for breakfast when you're up.]

This was Bella's house??

She looked around the room again. It was indeed welcoming and stylish.

Even the pajamas she wore seemed like something Bella might design.

She walked to the window and sure enough, she could see the Collins family's garden below, with the staff already bustling about.

Realizing she was safe, Ophelia let out a sigh of relief and felt her tension finally easing.

She made her way to the bathroom and found that Bella had gotten everything set for her; the toothpaste and toothbrush were prepared, and even the cut on her forehead had been carefully treated.

But why was she at Bella's in the first place??

She recalled last night when she was under the bridge, being chased by several cars and accidentally crashing into a pillar, then being shot at. After sending a message to Bella, everything became a blur.

It seemed like someone had carried her out of the car.

The face she remembered was Sean's.

But how could Sean have saved her?

It would be surprising enough if Sean didn't give her a hard time or block her projects, let alone save her life.

If it wasn't Sean, then how did she end up at the Collins family's place??

Could it have been Bella who came to her rescue last night.

Maybe she was just hallucinating, mistaking Sean for someone else.

It had to be Bella!

Only Bella would care for her so deeply, even tending to her wounds with such care.

After freshening up, Ophelia went downstairs.

Arabella had been sitting at the dining table and waiting. She knew exactly when Ophelia would wake up and finish washing up, so she had been there in advance, just waiting for her.

Sure enough, as the servant led Ophelia to her, Arabella smiled warmly and said, "Good morning."

"Bella!"

Chapter 1874

Ophelia's smile widened as she saw her friend, and she pulled up a chair to sit beside her. "Did you change my clothes last night?"

"Who else would have done that?"

"Thanks a bunch!" Ophelia playfully tapped her friend's cheek, her voice bubbling with gratitude. "And you even got that adorable towel and toothbrush set."

"That was Sean's doing."

At the mention of Arabella's words, Ophelia's hand, which was holding a bite-sized piece of a sandwich, froze in mid-air.

"They are a bit childish." Arabella said with a smile. "Sean thought all girls would like cute patterns."

Ophelia hadn't expected it to be him.

"Crap!" Suddenly, something occurred to Ophelia, and she hurriedly fished out her phone. "I forgot to check in with my folks."

She hadn't been home all night, and her parents must have been worried sick!

"Don't sweat it. I've already called your mom. Calm down." Arabella poured her a glass of milk and set

it before her, then began recounting the events of the previous night.

"You're always on top of things, Bella. So reliable." Ophelia took a sip of the milk and sighed contentedly. "This milk is so creamy~"

After another bite of her sandwich, she felt curiosity getting the better of her. "But really, what's the deal

with those guys from last night?"

Why were they after her?

Could it be that her enemies from abroad had followed her here?

"It's a long story." Arabella thought about how to keep it short and sweet as she gave an overview of the past events, and then continued, "So, Erik's guys split into two groups. One broke in to rescue him, and the other went after you, in case the first group failed. They were planning to use you as a bargaining chip to exchange for their boss."

"So that's it. I thought it was weird they suddenly started tailing me and were so persistent." Ophelia chuckled. "For a moment, I thought my overseas enemies had tracked me down here. So, you're saying you came to my rescue last night??"

"The one who saved you was Sean."

Arabella's revelation caused Ophelia's smile to freeze on her face.

Really him?

How could that be?

"When the first group barged in, me and a few of the guys were dealing with them. Then it hit me that you might be in danger, so I sent Sean to check on you. Sean said when he got there, about a dozen hitmen were shooting at your car, and turning it into swiss cheese."

Arabella loaded Ophelia's plate with a lavish breakfast spread and continued, "Under such circumstances, you were still sending me voice messages, and worrying about whether the flowers will survive and whether the soil had spilled. In the message, you cared about my issues with Romeo, but did not mention a word about your own safety."

The night before, Ophelia had not revealed to Arabella how dire her situation had been, as well as how alone and vulnerable she felt.

She hadn't told Arabella that she feared she might never see her parents again.

Worried that she might die at the hands of those men, she had asked Arabella to visit her parents if she had the chance. After all, she was their only daughter.

Knowing Arabella's character, she was clear that if Arabella found out her death was due to an assassination, she would stop at nothing to seek vengeance.

Ophelia didn't want Arabella to take such risks; she only wished for Arabella to live a happy and peaceful life with the one she loved. That would be enough for her!

That's why she had been so insistent the night before.

"Sweetheart." Arabella added more to her breakfast. "Next time you're in trouble, just send me your location. No matter what, no matter where you are, I'll find a way to save you."

"I don't need your saving!"

She would rather face danger herself than have her best friend risk everything.

"Thank goodness Sean got there in time." Otherwise, Arabella would never forgive herself.

The thought of Sean triggered a flood of memories in Ophelia's mind, especially the moment of his confession.

"I'm Sean, I like you, and you damn well better not die."

What was going on?

Could it be that she misremembered it??

How could Sean possibly like her??

But the memory of last night felt too real.

The words Sean said to her, and the way he scolded those men were all etched in her mind.

Chapter 1875

"What's on your mind?" Arabella caught Ophelia's faint blush and couldn't help but think she was

picturing Sean holding her in his arms.

Ophelia's cheeks flushed even hotter upon hearing the question.

Arabella watched her with a knowing smile. "I've told you that Sean has a soft spot for you."

That statement gave Ophelia a more concrete answer to her suspicions.

Could it be that Sean really liked her?

She vaguely remembered from the night before how Sean had seemed anxious and concerned. Was it

all real?

And Bella knew about it too?

At the thought, Ophelia suddenly choked on her food and coughed uncontrollably.

"Take it easy," Arabella said, passing her a glass of milk.

Ophelia took a few hurried sips, feeling her mind racing. If Sean truly liked her, why would he put a hold on her project?

Was it just to get her attention?

But with so many other ways to catch someone's attention, why would he choose one so infuriating?

Seeming to have read her thoughts, Arabella spoke softly, "If the project had gone smoothly, you would have been back in your home country a month ago."

So, Sean was trying to delay her departure, and to keep her in Belloria.

What about the car race?

How did that fit into all this?

"As to that race, if you hadn't gotten hurt, your competitor would have been Sean." Arabella's guess brought a mischievous smile to her lips. "The prize for that race was quite substantial."

After all, owning the whole Kowloon Bay track was a dream for many.

If Sean intended to let Ophelia win the track, it meant she held a special place in his heart.

Ophelia was even more stunned.

So, Sean knew she wanted the Kowloon Bay track, and he found a way to give it to her indirectly?

If Sean really liked her, that would explain why he didn't want her to call him by his first name as Bella

did the night before.

Because Sean didn't want him to be like a brother to her!

Bella knew about Sean's feelings, which was why she kept speaking for him last night.

Everything made sense.

Ophelia's heartbeat quickened; could it really be that Sean liked her?

When did it start?

And why?

A while later, when Sean joined them for breakfast, he coolly nodded at Ophelia, "Morning."

"Morning." Ophelia replied, suddenly feeling uneasy. The thought of Sean possibly liking her sent her

heart into overdrive, and made it thumping harder than usual.

"Thanks for last night."

Sean was about to dismiss the thanks when he heard her continue, "Bella, I'm full. You take your time.

If there's nothing else, I better head back... You've got your trip coming up."

Sean thought of her drowsy question before he lifted her into the car the night before, 'Why are you holding back my project?'

He had wanted to explain then, but the next second, she had passed out!

Watching her leave now, Sean thought the project issue might have upset her, which was why she seemed in such a rush to get away from him.

He felt a pang of urgency to follow her, yet unsure of how to explain himself.

"The ointment on the coffee table is for her," Arabella mentioned nonchalantly.

Grateful for his sister's thoughtfulness, Sean hurried after Ophelia.

Chapter 1876

Just as Ophelia stepped out of the main building, Sean caught up with her. "Wait up."

Why did he follow her out??

She felt even more uncomfortable now.

"About the project thing. It was a fault made by my team. It's sorted now, and no one will block your projects again," he said.

Ophelia hadn't expected him to come out and talk about this. She nodded, "Thanks."

"Don't mention it," Sean replied. Seeing her about to leave, he couldn't help but try to keep her a little longer, "Maybe stay a while?"

"Bella's leaving for a trip abroad. I don't want to delay her schedule."

She intended to let Bella finish her work early, then go back and rest at home.

Seeing that Sean was still standing in front of her and not planning to move, Ophelia asked in a cool voice, "Is there anything else?"

Sean suddenly remembered something and handed her a tube of ointment, "Bella wanted me to give this to you. You should take care of that cut on your forehead. Don't get it wet. And if it hurts, you can tell me."

Ophelia was puzzled. Why should she tell him?

"I can ask Bella to see if she has a solution to the pain," Sean said, worried that his ulterior motive would be revealed, "Last night, Bella said your wound was from a glass shard, and it was kind of deep.

You'll need to apply this ointment for a couple of weeks to prevent scarring."

Bella hadn't mentioned any ointment last night, but today she had asked him to pick up the tube from the coffee table, probably this very one.

"Alright." Ophelia took the ointment, and they fell into an awkward silence.

Then, as Sean saw some flowers in the dirt beside them, it occurred to him , "Oh, right."

He picked up the potted plants, "These are your flowers; don't forget them."

Ophelia didn't expect Bella to be so thoughtful to have even refreshed the soil, and just as she was about to take them.

Sean held onto them, "Bella asked me to carry them to your car."

Huh??

Though surprised, Ophelia accepted Bella's gesture and walked with Sean towards the gate.

"I haven't lived with Bella for long, so I don't know her usual likes and dislikes. Since she's traveling, I'm worried I won't cater to her tastes well enough. Can you tell me?" Sean started a conversation.

Hearing that it was about Bella, Ophelia felt her tense nerves relaxed a bit, and she began to chat away.

"What about you, what do you like?"

Ophelia paused, blushing slightly. So, after all this roundabout talking, he wanted to know her favorite foods??

"It's nothing, just making conversation," Sean said, again trying to cover his tracks.

"I like strawberries, mangoes. Not a fan of pineapple, but if Bella's around, I can handle anything."

Sean looked into her eyes and said, "You're really good to her."

"It's her who's good to me. She's protective of me heart and soul. I'm blessed to have such a friend in this life."

Not to mention friends like Kelly.

Ophelia could not help but feel she must have saved the world in her past life to deserve such fiercely loyal friends in this life.

"I'll call a cab."

Chapter 1877

Ophelia was about to hail a ride when Sean unexpectedly handed her a set of car keys.

They looked just like the set she had the night before, but these appeared brand new, unlike her slightly chipped and worn ones.

"Is this fixed?" Ophelia was surprised. That was so fast.

"Your old ride was riddled with bullets, interior shot to bits. The mechanic said it would take a month to fix." Sean pushed the keys toward her again. "This one's brand new. I got your old plate transferred to it, everything's been cleared with the DMV. It's road-ready."

Ophelia was stunned that Sean would buy her an identical car and even take care of the license plate.

"Look, the whole mess started because of the Collins family. Those goons wanted to use you as leverage." Sean maintained his key-offering stance. "Drive this home and your folks won't suspect a thing. If your car suddenly disappeared, and they found out it was shot up, imagine the worry."

"But..."

She knew he was going out of his way to gift her this car, she understood his intentions, but the gift was too lavish to accept.

"Last night, you were almost a casualty because of the Collins family. If you don't accept this, we'll all feel terrible. Consider it a small compensation from us." Seeing her hesitation, Sean extended the keys closer. "If you don't take them, I'll have to drive you home myself."

"Fine." Eventually, Ophelia thanked him and took the keys, driving off in the new car.

As she drove home, she noticed the upgraded system, including the interiors and seats. It was

definitely a deluxe version of her former car!

How on earth did Sean manage to find such a rare, high-end model on such short notice.

Watching Ophelia drive away, Sean finally revealed a satisfied smile.

Great, she'd accepted his gift!

"Nice wheels."

Clark's sudden remark made Sean whirl around to see Hans, Chasel, and Clark standing behind him.

They'd been watching for who knows how long.

Chasel teased, "You're so generous, giving away a gift worth millions."

Hans chimed in, "I've never even received a decent gift from you all these years."

Clark added with a sly grin, "Ophelia's car is exactly the model I've had my eye on recently. Wonder if

she'd give me a lift."

"Back off."

Hearing Clark, Sean warned, "If you so much as touch Ophelia's car, I'll break your legs."

"Whoa, you want to break your brother's legs?" Clark smirked provocatively. "Come on, let's see you try."

Then, noticing Bella approaching, Clark suddenly played the victim, "Bella! Waaah, Sean wants to break my legs."

Sean couldn't believe the theatrics of the man. He retorted, "Ignore him, he's full of it."

Arabella's gaze shifted to Hans and Chasel, who with a grave nod seemed to confirm Clark's tale.

"You guys." Sean was shocked that both would conspire against him. Chasel, maybe, but Hans as well?

"I didn't, really." Sean feared his sister's misunderstanding. "Are you ready? I'm taking you abroad."

"Bella, don't leave me. I'm afraid he really will break my legs." Clark continued his melodrama.

Sean's fists clenched a little tighter.

Chapter 1878

"Alright, everyone, cut it out," Arabella said with a tone that was half amusement and half exasperation,

her gaze sweeping over her brothers before settling on Sean. "We can't leave just yet. The Velvet

Royale hasn't been sorted, and we're still one outfit short from completion."

It dawned on Sean then: How could he have forgotten about the Velvet Royale! He wondered if the

staff downstairs had found it.

"What's this Velvet Royale?" Hans and Chasel asked in unison.

Was their little sister in trouble?

Why hadn't she told them?

Just then, Sean's phone rang, and his voice brightened with a hint of joy, "Found it? Has it been delivered to QY? Good, well done."

After hanging up, he turned to Arabella and said, "The Velvet Royale's been located, I've had it sent to QY already."

"Thanks, Sean," Arabella replied promptly, "I'm going to check on it."

"I'll come with you!"

As Sean dutifully followed Arabella, Hans, Chasel, and Clark exchanged puzzled looks. There seemed to be something going on between those two that the rest of them weren't privy to.

When did Sean and Arabella get so close, sharing secrets that even they, her older brothers, didn't know about?

Sean accompanied Arabella to QY, and that's when he really understood the magnitude of the empire his sister had built. More importantly, she was incredibly well-liked; wherever she went, respect and affection were readily offered.

This kind of respect and affection wasn't the fearful and timid kind from subordinates to a boss, it felt more like the warmth between friends.

"President Arabella, long time no see!"

"President Arabella, so glad you could make it! You've gotten even more beautiful!"

"Hello, President Arabella, and who is this gentleman?"

Arabella introduced Sean with ease, and when they reached the production floor, Jaime, upon seeing

Arabella overseeing the operations, quickly approached, "President Arabella."

He stopped mid-sentence when he noticed Mr. Sean trailing behind her.

The legendary tough Mr. Sean seemed so well-behaved behind his sister.

It was as if he had become another person.

"Hello, Mr. Sean?" Jaime greeted him with a smile.

"Don't mind me, carry on with your work," Sean said, taking a tour around QY. The place was massive,

spanning ten floors, each specializing in different products. For instance, one floor was dedicated to hat-making, another to shoes.

The floor where Arabella stood was reserved for top-tier VIPs only, and the awaited Velvet Royale had just arrived.

Watching Arabella attend to every detail with such dedication, Sean swore not for the first time to himself that he would make sure his sister suffered less, worked less hard in the future.

"Mr. Sean, your coffee has gone cold, allow me to get you a fresh cup," Jaime offered, bringing him a new tea and some snacks.

"Help my sister instead, I'm fine here, no need to fuss over me," Sean said, handing the tea Jaime brought for him to Arabella, "Bella, have a drink, you've been at it for so long without a break."

After sipping the tea, Arabella said, "I'll go check the finished garments in the inspection room for any issues. Wait here for me."

Even after three quality checks, since these were garments for a princess, Arabella wanted to personally ensure everything was perfect.

While waiting, Sean took out his phone and texted Ophelia.

[When Bella's busy like this, how can I help her?]

Soon after, Ophelia replied, [Don't disturb her. That's the best help you can give.]

[Oh.] Sean texted back, a little deflated, before adding, [Did you get home alright?]

Chapter 1879

[I've made it to the headquarters, didn't head back home.]

[You and Bella are such career-oriented women, so young and already working yourselves to the bone,] Sean's text carried a hint of concern.

Ophelia replied with a light-hearted touch, [Work keeps us fulfilled, LOL.]

Seeing her in good spirits, Sean wrote, [You should rest if you're tired, especially after last night's scare, and diving back into work this morning. You still have that bruise on your forehead. The holidays are coming up, and a client sent me two crates of lychees and mangoes. I don't have time to eat them all, I'll have someone drop them off for you.]

Ophelia was about to type a refusal.

But then Sean added, [I'm heading abroad soon, no clue when I'll be back. The house is overflowing with fruit, and I can't possibly finish it. That's the plan for now, I've got to drop Bella off.]

Before Ophelia could organize her thoughts and send a response, she saw Sean's message and

simply replied, [Okay.]

Sean was thrilled, so much so that he didn't notice Arabella's return from the quality inspection.

Arabella glimpsed Sean's chat, noting the name change to Ophelia with a hint of surprise.

"Sean and Ophelia are moving that quickly? He even changed the nickname?"

Seeing his sister back, Sean quickly pocketed his phone, "Don't tell her. I just changed it on a whim,

wasn't sure what to call her. I remembered you usually call her Ophelia, so..."

Arabella couldn't help but laugh at his embarrassment, "Let's go, we can head to the airport now."

"That soon?" Sean stood up in a hurry, "You've worked hard, Bella. On the plane, I can give you a

shoulder massage."

"Your massages? I'll pass."

"It was all a misunderstanding before." Sean quickly followed her, trying to explain.

But in the next moment, Arabella handed him a bag, "For you."

Sean was taken aback, having not expected his sister to find the time for a gift during her inspection

stint.

Opening the bag, he found the coats she'd designed, the ones she had promised to stuff with down feathers.

"The fabric was cut a while ago, just needed the filling, now they're finally ready," Arabella said with a soft smile.

Sean admired the coats, even better than they looked in the designs.

His heart warmed instantly, he slipped off his current coat and donned one of the new long ones, checking his reflection in the elevator mirror. It looked good, and he felt dashing.

"They haven't been washed yet."

Arabella's concern didn't make him take it off, but rather he replied with gratitude, "They're fresh, cleaner than what I've got on. They're warm, light, and comfortable, thanks Bella."

"As long as you like it, Sean."

Seeing his sister's warm smile, Sean felt touched all over again. What kind of angelic sister was she?

Her smile so lovely, her gestures so heartwarming, so endearing.

She outshone that Serena by miles!

After a twelve-hour flight, they landed on the private helipad of Sean's villa.

Descending the stairs, Arabella saw that Sean had even prepared a cargo truck!

In the distance, six different colored trucks stood, their transparent containers a departure from the norm.

Since each of the princess's dresses couldn't be folded, they were meticulously placed in huge wooden crates, and because these were garments for a princess, the insides of the truck cabins were decorated with countless beautiful balloons, creating a romantic, cozy atmosphere.

This was also the reason behind the trucks' varying hues.

This time, Arabella had brought six dresses, each occupying its own truck, while she rode with Sean to the castle.

Chapter 1880

On the road, Arabella received a call that pulled her out of her thoughts. It was from the head of security at Reflections Estate.

"Ms. Bella, just as you predicted, two hitmen have slipped away." the voice crackled over the line.

A sly smile played on Arabella's lips, "Keep an eye on their next move."

If they contacted the person behind the curtains or if that person sent someone after them, they could trace it back and find the puppet master's location.

"Understood," the security captain responded with utmost respect.

After ending the call, Arabella relayed the information to Sean, who grinned devilishly, "Who do they think they're messing with, trying to cross my sis? When we get our hands on the mastermind, I'm going to give them a taste of the hell you've been through."

Arabella lifted the corners of her mouth, "If it hadn't been for the mix-up at birth, I might have been just an ordinary girl, without all these skills."

"You've got that wrong," Sean retorted as he drove. "If you had grown up in your real home, our parents would have hired the best tutors for you – piano, chess, literature, art. With your talent, you'd still have reached the pinnacle, just without the trials of the triangular zone, without the nights of blood and tears you shouldered alone. Instead, you'd have had a life filled with the doting of family."

Arabella's gaze shifted to Sean, the sight of him confidently maneuvering the car warming her heart.

"Someone's going to pay dearly for this conspiracy," Sean vowed, his grip on the steering wheel tightening with resolve.

Soon, Sean's sports car, leading a convoy of six delivery trucks, made a grand entrance at the castle gates.

The castle was a majestic sight, unlike any ordinary villa or mansion, truly exuding the nobility of royalty.

The castle had a grand entrance with four additional side gates.

Trucks delivering goods, like these, were only allowed through the far-left side gate.

As Sean's car approached the main gates with the convoy in tow, the guards on duty tensed up, readying their weapons, eyes locked on the approaching vehicles, fingers poised near the triggers.

A wall of guards formed at the gates, and the captain shouted with stern authority, "Halt—"

He would not allow the vehicles any closer to the main entrance.

Sean's car screeched to a halt before the gates, and the six delivery trucks followed suit.

The captain knew that a shipment of clothes was due today, but for the safety of the castle's residents, he remained vigilant.

"Everyone, please step out for inspection!"

Sean scoffed at the command, his pride tickled. How dare they ask Sean to step out for an inspection?

At previous high-profile meetings, the lords of the castle had courteously invited him, seeking his counsel.

How dare a mere security captain block his path?

"Sean," Arabella interjected, respecting protocol, "let's get out."

"Alright." Sean was always amenable to his sister's requests. At her suggestion, he unbuckled his seatbelt and swung open the car door.

Seeing Sean exit, the drivers of the trucks followed suit, filing out behind him.

"Who are all of you?"

The captain only knew that a female designer was due to deliver clothes today, but these men looked far from ordinary. Each one seemed capable and not your average truck driver.

Especially the man who drove the sports car – he appeared arrogant, and upon closer inspection, it seemed he was the infamous Sheen.

In these parts, Sheen was as feared as the devil himself.

Why was he here?

What were they planning?

"We're together," Arabella spoke up, "Could you please report that we've arrived and let us in?"

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original site to support the author and the translation team continuing the story!

Although Arabella had already scheduled the visit with the castle's owner, given their lofty status, it was

unlikely they would be greeted personally. Everything within this prestigious family followed a complex

and tedious protocol.