

Arabella 2012

Chapter 2012

"We were just hoping she'd be a bit nicer to Bella, you know? But she was so full of herself, it was too much. She even threatened to leak the security footage from the stairwell. But, honestly, in that stairwell, me and my girls didn't lay a finger on her. We were just talking to her, real polite-like, asking her to consider the eighteen years of love and care the Collins family had shown her and to go easy on Bella with her sharp tongue. But she..."

Alma sounded so pitifully innocent, "She played dirty, making herself out to look like the victim and even calling the paramedics. We watched the surveillance video online, and we were speechless.

She's so wicked, playing all her followers for fools, swaying public opinion her way."

Alma sounded somewhat helpless, "As for why I didn't come forward earlier to clear things up for me and my girls, it's because we didn't want to give her any more attention."

On the other hand.

Serena saw the trending hashtags #ArabellaMiracleDocConfirmed, #AlmaDidntHitAnyone, and

#SerenaGetOffThePlanet and was fuming.

She never expected Arabella and Alma to turn the tables like this!

And she certainly didn't foresee that damned Eunice coming at her again and again, releasing three damning videos.

Meanwhile, Eunice was being her usual stunning, ice-queen self during a media interview.

"To spare my fellow onlookers any more ugliness, I only released a snippet of the video. The things Serena has done, what you've seen is just the tip of the iceberg."

Her words were like a nail in Serena's coffin, followed by a few vicious stomps for good measure.

Serena was shaking with rage. She thought, "That wretched woman! This was domestic turf, not her foreign playing field! How dare she."

"Also, I know Serena is watching this live stream, and I'd like to tell her: put away those delusions of grandeur, live your life, and stop messing around behind the scenes. I have evidence of every little thing you've done to Bella. I just don't want to continue wasting public resources, so I hope you take this opportunity to turn over a new leaf."

That left Serena grinding her teeth in anger.

Elsewhere.

Martin caught wind of the trending topics and dialed up one of his associates, Channing.

"Did you, or did you not, make a seven-minute call to the vice president of the film company four days ago?"

He had just learned that right after Channing's call to the vice president, the film exec had reached out to Esther, the head of a clothing company, and the next day, Esther had sabotaged a prize car.

"Mr. Martin." Channing sounded frightened and remorseful on the phone, "I had no choice."

"What did you talk about with the vice president?" Martin's voice was tinged with the displeasure of betrayal. He'd trusted Channing for three years, never expecting a stab in the back.

"Nothing. The mystery person just told me to make the call as a front. Even though we talked for seven minutes, we didn't exchange a word."

Martin's expression darkened, and he fell silent.

"Mr. Martin, I'm sorry. I know I work for you. After I made this call, everyone would mistakenly think that

you sent me to do bad things. But I really can't help it." Channing said this, his voice choked.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

The words hung heavily in the air, a testament to the complex web of loyalty and betrayal that had ensnared them all.