

## **The Princess and the Paupers Chapter 91 - 100**

### **Chapter 91**

“Mr. Collins is in the loop and he’s cool with you staying over.” The butler added.

Arabella was puzzled. Her dad agreed, just like that?!

No way!!

“Here’s a voice message from your dad.” Phillip opened his phone and played it for her.

“I’m definitely more at ease with Arabella staying at your place, so I guess I won’t wait up for her tonight.” Kenneth’s voice came out.

After all, she was bound to become a McMillian sooner or later. Plus, Phillip promised there’d be no room-sharing with Romeo. He just fancied his future daughter-in-law and wanted her to stay a night at Fairfield Manor. With dozens of servants around the manor, there was no way anything could happen under their watch.

At this point, Kenneth couldn’t really object and had to let it slide.

Arabella did not expect her dad to agree so casually.

“Romeo, take Arabella to the room on the south side of the third floor. I’ve had it cleaned.” After Phillip finished, he turned to the butler, “Get Arabella a lantern, and also find out when the power would be back on. It has been a while!”

“Right away.” The butler promptly brought a lantern with a Zen vibe to Arabella.

“I got it.” Romeo reached out to take it, leading Arabella upstairs with his other hand.

Although everything was dark, the warm light from the lantern and the warmth from his hand gave Arabella a sense of security.

“Are you afraid of the dark?” Romeo turned to ask the little lady following behind.

Before Arabella could answer, Romeo put his arm around her shoulders, “If you are, just stay close to me.”

Arabella wasn't even afraid of ghosts, let alone darkness. It was nothing compared to what she had been through. When they arrived at the room, Arabella realized that the lantern was kind of unnecessary. The room was so large that the dim light did little to brighten it up. Overall, it was still dark.

In the dim light, Romeo looked at the girl in front of him. Her sparkling eyes were like stars in the night sky, radiating a captivating glow. Her casual aura was like a charming queen.

"I'll stay with you until the power's back." He couldn't resist touching her face.

Only then did he realize how soft, tender, and smooth her face was. It was a bit small, and his hand could easily cover it.

Arabella turned her face away, "You go do your thing."

"I've got nothing to do." Romeo said.

"Then go keep your grandpa company." Arabella said.

"Grandpa's had a long day. He's going to bed." Romeo said.

Arabella looked at the clingy guy in front of her, somewhat helpless, "Then you go to your own room."

"I want to stay here with you." Romeo could feel his breathing becoming more rapid. The girl's elegant scent made him want to get closer and closer. Just then, his phone rang. After answering, he told the girl in his arms, "There's a power outage due to equipment failure. No electricity tonight." Arabella didn't reply.

"I'm going to check if there are any clothes that need washing." If he didn't leave now, he was afraid he wouldn't be able to control himself. Walking into the walk-in closet in the room, Romeo found it empty.

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"Hang tight for a bit, I'll go grab you some clothes." Romeo said.

He quickly left and soon returned, “These outfits were prepped in advance by gramps, Not sure if they’ll fit.”

Arabella was speechless. Did Phillip foresee that she would stay?

Arabella picked up the clothes and examined them under the dim light. The wardrobe was filled with sexy camis and lace sheer dresses. Not a single one was appropriate.

Romeo obviously noticed this too and he smiled as he saw the twinkle in the young girl’s eyes.

“I’ll get my own clothes.” Romeo said.

Romeo left again and returned with his own shirts and pajamas for her to choose from. As the pajamas were too big, Arabella picked up his shirt and chose a relatively conservative bra from the pile of overly sexy clothes, then grabbed a lamp and prepared to go into the bathroom.

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew the bedroom door shut, and Romeo couldn’t open it again.

Philip, you’re too cunning, thinking up this way for them to bond!” Brodie was holding back laughter as he looked at the tightly shut door, “I bet the young master will call me for a key any minute now.”

Sure enough, Romeo immediately called Brodie.

Suppressing his laughter, Brodie picked up and seriously explained, “Sir, that room was prepared temporarily for the young lady, and there’s no spare key. Can you stay there for the night?”

“This is outrageous.” Romeo’s cool voice came through the phone. Clearly, he had figured it out.

“What do you mean? Sir, I can’t hear you. My signal is bad, hello? Sir, hello??” Brodie quickly hung up and turned off his phone.

Romeo looked at the girl before him in the dark, his voice enchanting, “Looks like you’re stuck with me tonight.”

Phillip sure was crafty!

“Whatever.” Arabella didn’t care. At this point, his grandpa wasn’t going to hand over the key. The door wasn’t a smart lock, so there’s no hacking its system. Unless they had tools to pick the lock. But if Phillip thought of this, he definitely wouldn’t leave any tools in the room.

Arabella went into the bathroom with the lamp. Soon, her vague yet seductive silhouette was reflected on the frosted glass door. The bathroom door had clearly been replaced, and it was much more transparent than before. Romeo hadn’t expected his grandpa to go to such lengths to help them bond. The silhouette on the glass was faint but tantalizing. Romeo’s breaths became heavier, and he could feel himself stirring, instinctively looking away and trying to focus on the view outside. The sound of water outside and the scent of the bath pulled his gaze back.

Arabella’s shadow was slender and beautiful. Even through the bathroom door, he could imagine her sultry charm.

Romeo got up and walked over to the window, hoping the breeze could cool his burning desire.

When Arabella finished her bath and came out, she saw his tall figure by the window and casually said, “I’m done with my bath.”

Romeo turned around, and the desire he had managed to suppress came rushing back. The steam from the bathroom filled the room, like some mysterious smoke spreading from her.

Arabella was wearing his white shirt, and her face fresh from the bath was even more delicate and tender. When the corner of her eyes slightly lifted, she was seductive and mesmerizing. The beautiful collarbone exposed by the wide collar was like a butterfly ready to take flight. And those long, smooth, slender legs quickened his heartbeat and made his breath hitch.

“I’m going to take a shower.” Romeo picked up the pajamas she chose, stepped into the bathroom. He feared that if he lingered a moment longer, his emotions would overwhelm his rationality.

Her post-bath scent was still lingering in the air; it seemed like he would have to take a cold shower to cool off tonight.

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The sound of the shower echoed from the bathroom, a tall figure reflected on the glass door.

Arabella was none the wiser, engrossed in her phone dealing with private matters. Only when she heard the bathroom door open did she look up. Romeo, all wet-haired and clad in a white robe, gave off a strong masculine vibe.

Just then, her phone rang. It was an unusually long number, not like the typical mobile number. She shifted her attention back to her phone, answering it calmly, “Spill it.”

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Whatever the person on the other end said, Arabella moved to the balcony, responding with a nonchalant “So?”

Before long, she felt arms wrap around her from behind. Romeo’s breath lightly caressed her ear, making her a bit jittery.

He nuzzled her ear affectionately, like a clingy cat. Arabella could feel his body heat. She told the person on the phone, “Gotcha, I’m hanging up now.” “Was that a dude?” Romeo caught a hint of a male voice on the other end, which ruffled his feathers.

She’d just been checking him out when he came out of the shower. But as soon as the phone rang, she didn’t even give him a second glance, just went straight to the balcony.

“Just a friend.” Arabella didn’t know why she felt the need to explain. Her voice hinted at resignation, “Let go.”

“What kind of friend?” Romeo dipped his head, inhaling the scent on her neck, which was seductive to him.

“Just a regular friend or a special friend?” His voice was soft and tender, his actions unchanging.

“Not just a regular friend.” Arabella said.

After all, they had been through life and death together, their bond was pretty deep.

“So, he’s pretty important?” His dissatisfaction was evident as he gazed at her pretty profile, “More important than me?”

“Romeo.” Arabella tried to wriggle out of his grip, but he held her tight. She sounded helpless, “We’ve only known each other for a few days, haven’t we?” “To me, it feels like we’ve known each other for years.” Romeo said.

His masculine aura combined with his tender voice towards her made him all the more charming, almost overwhelming her.

“I’m thirsty.” Arabella pushed him away, went inside to pour a glass of water, her face inexplicably flushed.

“Where am I sleeping tonight?” Romeo followed her in, his lust not yet extinguished, but rather more fired up.

“Bed or floor, take your pick.” Arabella said.

“Bed.” Romeo looked at her, proposing, “So, we sleep together?”

“In your dreams!” Arabella put down her glass. Noticing there was only one pillow and a small blanket on the bed, and no couch in the spacious room, she finally caught on.

“Then I’ll take the floor.” Romeo plopped down, leaving the only blanket and pillow to her, “I’m not sleepy, you go ahead.”

The antique lantern casting a Zen-like glow went out, plunging the bedroom into darkness.

Arabella lay down under the blanket, his soft breaths still audible to her.

Romeo sat by the bed, gently stroking her hair, “Goodnight.”

He held her hand as she drifted off to sleep.

Next morning, the sound of someone in the bathroom woke Arabella up. Daylight was streaming in through the curtains, creating a slightly dreamy ambiance. Soon, the sounds in the bathroom ceased, and a figure emerged, “You awake?”

She was sitting on the bed, her silky hair cascading down her shoulders, looking dazed and adorable. This scene had him smile affectionately.

“Why didn’t you sleep in?” He was still in his white robe from the night before, looking so gentle. The merging of his inherent elegance and aloofness made him even more enchanting.

Seeing him approach, Arabella hopped off the bed, casually saying, “I’ve got work in a bit.”



She had barely taken a step when her foot hit something. It was the men's sleepwear from last night, rolled up by Romeo as a makeshift pillow. Did he really spend the night on the hard floor?

Arabella felt a cocktail of emotions, not sure if it was guilt or unease.

At the breakfast table.

Phillip watched the two early birds, thinking they were perfect for each other. He cheerfully asked, "Why didn't you sleep in?"

"The floor's too hard, couldn't sleep." Romeo replied.

Phillip and the butler were taken aback. They thought last night was a great opportunity to bring the two closer. But Romeo chose to sleep on the floor.

"Why didn't you sleep in the bed?" Phillip asked, puzzled.

"He let me have the bed." Arabella answered. Then she asked, "Was the door fixed this morning?"

Phillip felt a bit guilty as he replied, "Yes." In fact, he had someone unlock it with a key at dawn, and he didn't know if Arabella had figured it out.

"Oh, I didn't hear anything." She said, settling down to a casual breakfast, not asking further.

Phillip asked with concern, “Bella, did the blackout scare you last night? I have no idea why the power supply malfunctioned. I can guarantee this won’t happen again the next time you come.”

“It’s okay.” She replied. She’d figured out his plan long ago but didn’t expose him.

Phillip looked at the understanding girl, then at Romeo, feeling a bit annoyed.

After breakfast, Romeo escorted Arabella to work.

The butler watched them leave, then quietly took out a lady’s backpack, “Mr. Phillip, the young lady forgot her bag.”

He could’ve reminded them, but he chose to keep quiet so Romeo would have an excuse to see Arabella again. He only mentioned it after they left. “Excellent!” Phillip was pleased that the butler was so astute, “Have Romeo deliver it to her, another chance to meet.”

The butler chuckled, “You’ve really gone all out for the his marriage.”

“You too, huh.” Phillip watched them leave, “After last night, I’m not sure if Bella even wants to see me. Do you think she’ll figure out I’m up to something?” “Last night was probably just a coincidence. The girl’s innocent, and she probably won’t suspect a thing.” Brodie said.

“I sure hope so!” Phillip thought to himself. If his beloved Arabella stopped visiting, he’d have to play sick. Man, the things he’d do to set his grandson up with her!

In the car.

Romeo glanced at the girl next to him, recalling how she looked last night in his oversized shirt. That beautiful face, sexy collarbone, and those slender, gorgeous legs.

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“You looked really hot in that shirt last night, Romeo said.

Arabella arched an eyebrow, “Aren’t I always?”

“You always are.” Romeo moved closer to her cute ear, his voice both teasing and filled with desire, “but last night, you were especially captivating”

His eyes were filled with affection, and his lips curved up slightly, “You were very good last night.”

She looked pure and innocent in her sleep. Her serene and elegant face was like a goddess isolated from the mundane world.

Arabella had no idea what happened after she fell asleep. Seeing the car approaching the company’s front door, she reminded, “Carl, pull over and let me out.”

“Sure thing, Ms. Bella!” Carl said.

Romeo stroked her face gently, “I’ll pick you up at noon.”

“Mm.” Arabella said.

As soon as Arabella entered the company, she heard a ridicule voice, “Well, if it isn’t Ms. Bennett! Did you come to work in a luxury car? That must’ve cost a pretty penny.”

The one who spoke was Oscar, the big boss of the company before Arabella's arrival. Although he didn't see the license plate just now, the limo model and the Rolls-Royce logo on the hood were enough to prove its worth.

"You're so young, Ms. Bennett, yet you can afford such a luxury car. I'm impressed." Oscar said, even making a bow.

A hint of indifference curled up at the corner of Arabella's mouth, "Quite free, aren't you? Shouldn't you be at your post instead of loafing around here?"

"I am waiting for a client and just happened to see you, Ms. Bennett!" Oscar said cheerfully, "Is that your car? Or your boyfriend's? Or maybe your sugar daddy's?"

"What's it to you?" Arabella walked towards the elevator, "Just do your job."

Oscar watched her slim and beautiful figure, feeling contemptuous. He thought she got her position just because of her young and beautiful face. Arabella took the elevator to the twentieth floor and saw her assistant Dean and designer Molly waiting for her from afar.

"Ms. Bennett, Molly has been waiting for you." Dean said.

"What's up?" Arabella pushed open the door to her office, sat in her office chair, and looked up at the girl in front of her.

"Ms. Bennett, here are my recent designs. I was wondering if I could get your feedback?" Molly handed over the designs, her heart thumping, unsure of Arabella's response.

Seeing Arabella's confusion, Molly hurriedly explained, "At the last company meeting you held, our department head went and showed you my design. After your revision, my design has greatly improved."

She admired Arabella's talents and almost took her as an idol.

"What kind of design do you want to create?" Arabella picked up her design and began to look at it.

"Of course, fresh and beautiful, that's my design style." Molly said.

Molly's eyes sparkled, excitedly, "I hope to design the most beautiful clothes in the world, just like my idol – Queen Abby. Ms. Bennett, do *you* know Queen Abby?"

Arabella paused briefly and smiled slightly, "I know."

"She is an extremely talented designer! You can see her unique aesthetics and deep skills from her works. Every piece of clothing, every bag she designs, is perfect beyond criticism!" Molly said.

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"You might think she's maxed out her design game. But every time she drops something new, you'll be gobsmacked by her talent all over again! Her creativity seems endless, every new release shows she's always leveling up! She's really smashing!" Molly said.

Arabella gave a slight smile as she listened to the girl in front of her who couldn't stop singing praises, "Is she really all that?"

"Absolutely!" Molly's voice was filled with admiration, "Every piece she designs, as soon as it's out, designers are falling over themselves to copy! Even top brand designers are hunting for inspiration in her work. Her work gives me endless inspiration. And she's shown me not to blindly follow trends, but to design my own style. As long as you're good enough, you can carve out your own space in the design world!"

Watching Molly's hopes and dreams for the future, Arabella picked up her pen and began calmly guiding, "You can tweak this part like this."

In no time, under Arabella's guidance, over a dozen drafts had turned into brilliant designs. Molly was stunned. That was ridiculously impressive! In such a short time, Arabella had spotted all the weaknesses and modified them. The once mundane clothing designs had turned into unique luxury items thanks to her touch.

Just then, Dean's voice came from outside the door, "Mr. Oscar, you can't go in."

"A mere clerk dares to stop me?" Oscar looked at Dean with contempt from outside the door, "Who do you think you are, a power-hungry weasel?" The office door was suddenly flung open.

Dean was extremely apologetic, “I’m sorry Ms. Bennett, I couldn’t stop him.”

Oscar strode in, obviously not giving anyone a second thought. He walked straight up to Arabella, “I have urgent matters to deal with. It’s abrupt but I know you’ll understand, Ms. Bennett.”

Arabella looked up at the self-important intruder, gave a cold laugh, and cut him off before he could finish, “You just barge in without knocking?” “It’s urgent. It’s about the company’s future.” Oscar said.

Arabella didn’t have the patience to listen to him finish, and she ordered coldly, “Please leave.”

“Ms. Bennett, what I have to say is not only about the company’s future, but also...” Oscar said.

“I don’t want to repeat myself.” Arabella was not interested in his topic, “I’m sure you wouldn’t want to be escorted out by security, would you?” Molly was startled by the scene, what was going on? This Oscar guy was so cocky! And Ms. Bennett didn’t seem scared at all.

So cool!

“Mr. Oscar, please leave!” Dean gestured towards the door.

Oscar glared at him, swallowing his anger and closed the door. He started knocking impatiently from outside. There was no response from the office. After knocking for quite some time, Oscar’s anger was taken out on Dean, “Are you mute? If your boss doesn’t want to see people, shouldn’t you at least let me know? Is the company paying you to stand around?”

All Dean could do was whisper from outside, “Ms. Bennett, Mr. Oscar wants to see you.”

“No.” A brief and clear answer came from the office.

Oscar couldn’t control his anger anymore, he pushed the door open directly, “Then why did you let me knock?”

“Did I ever say if you knocked I’d let you in?” Arabella said.

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“What the hell do you mean?” Oscar asked with irritation.

“Seriously, you’re a vice president but you don’t even know basic manners! Are you here for some kind of soap opera? If you’re that good, why don’t you just take my position at the head office? If not, just chill out and do your job! Is it helpful to come here and whine when you can’t solve your own problems?” Arabella said.

“You!” Oscar was speechless, pissed off. He didn’t expect this kid to be such a tough cookie.

“Only when you learn what respect and manners are, you have a right to knock on my door! Now, scram!” Arabella said.

Oscar was speechless, pissed off. He turned around and left.

Molly was stunned, glancing at the direction Oscar left, then at the woman in front of her. What a badass!

Arabella’s eyes went back to the papers, “We were discussing this. The sleeves you designed. And this hemline, change it to this.”

Molly was too distracted to listen. Feeling the girl’s dominating aura, she swallowed, wishing she could be as cool.

“Got it?” Arabella looked up at her.

“Yes.” Molly snapped out of it, “I’ll go make the changes right away.”

After Molly left with her drawings, Dean came to Arabella with a thumbs up, “Ms. Bennett, you’re absolutely brilliant! I’ve been working here for a year, and I’ve never seen Mr. Oscar like this!” Dean was thrilled, “He finally met his match!”

“I’m his match?” Arabella asked.

“No.” Dean hurriedly corrected himself, “But Mr. Oscar holds grudges, and he might give you a hard time. Be careful, Ms. Bennett!”

“So, I should just let him mess with me? Do I look like a doormat to you?” Arabella said.

Dean looked at her in awe. How could someone so young be so cool?

“From now on, don’t let any small fry in here. They spoil the mood.” Arabella said.

“Roger that!” Dean said.

After Dean left, Arabella leaned back in her chair, checking previous company reports. Her phone vibrated a few times. Messages from Romeo and her parents, before she could reply, there was a knock on the door.

“Ms. Bennett, Director Linda from HR wants to see you.” Dean’s voice came from outside, sounding a bit concerned.

“Let her in.” Arabella said.

Arabella put down her phone, looked up at the woman standing in front of her. She looked no older than her twenties, but she radiated authority, “Ms. Bennett, playing the tough boss on your first day, huh?”

Linda stormed over to Arabella, slamming her fist on the desk, “I was sent here by the head office when the company was founded, now you just want to fire me? So, you think you own the place? Do you even care about the head office’s decision?”

She said this, glaring angrily at Arabella, clearly unhappy with Arabella’s decisions.

The sneaky employees peeking from outside were startled, they thought, “Is Ms. Bennett’s desk something she can just bang on? How dare she make eye contact with Ms. Bennett!”

Arabella knew the office door was wide open, and many pairs of eyes were watching her. Dean wanted to shoo them away, but they loved a good drama, eager to see what would happen next. So none of them would leave.

Arabella’s gaze landed on the woman in front of her. She said calmly, “The one who doesn’t care about the head office’s decision is you, Director Linda. I’ve seen your attendance record. Do you have anything to say for yourself?”

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“So, Ms. Bennett, you’ve already checked my attendance record. You should know I’ve been working my butt off all year round, never been late nor left early! I’m always the first one in and the last one out every day! My hard work is all reflected in that record! However, you fired me for no good reason! You better believe I’ll raise hell about this, make a complaint to headquarters, and make things hard for you here!” Linda said.

People outside the office were flabbergasted. Director Linda sure had a big mouth, daring to talk to Ms. Bennett like that. She was just bullying Ms. Bennett cause she was young!

They wonder if Ms. Bennett got scared.

Arabella looked at her casually, and slowly said, “Do you really believe what you just said?”

“You!” Linda immediately felt pissed, “What do you mean by that!”

“Why not ask those people outside, how many days were you actually at the company this past year?” Arabella said.

“What, Ms. Bennett, are you trying to gang up with them to set me up?” Linda sneered, “I’ll report everything that happened today to the head office. I’ll let you know what it costs to fire people randomly! You want me out? Ha, you’d better think about how to keep your own job!”

Just as Linda was about to leave after throwing out those harsh words, Arabella’s voice emerged, “Hold on.”

Arabella looked at her back with interest, like a high and mighty queen, “This matter indeed needs to be reported to the head office. Otherwise, they wouldn’t know how much resources you, the termite, have wasted in the company for the past year.”

“You, what do you mean?” Linda turned back, glaring at her angrily, “Don’t make things up!”

“I checked the attendance system and found records that had been altered.” Arabella said.

Arabella turned the computer screen towards her, tapping a few keys with her slender fingers.

“You’re the head of HR, so you have the right to log into the attendance system to make alterations. Even though you tried to erase the alteration records, they can be restored quickly with special formulas and a series of program codes.” Arabella said.

Arabella restored the attendance record for the whole year, smiling, “Here’s your real attendance. Out of 365 days, you only worked for 78 days.” Everyone outside was shocked! Although they had noticed Linda missing work many times, they didn’t expect her attendance to be so low! Only 78 days! “You’ve taken a whole year’s salary and perfect attendance rewards, plus year–end bonuses, adding up to over half a million. This could constitute a criminal offense.” Arabella said.

“You’re slandering me.” Linda went pale, couldn’t believe this girl could restore her actual attendance! But regardless, that was all in the past. As long as she firmly denied it, what could the company do? Could this girl’s restored attendance record prove anything? She was good at coding, maybe she manipulated the attendance record herself! Her aim was just to smear us old staff.

“Oh, by the way, I’ve extracted all the surveillance videos related to you over the past year. The number of days you showed up at the company is exactly 78 days. Whether you’re the one slandering us, the police will figure it out when we get to the police station.” Arabella said.

“You, what are you trying to do,” Linda said.

“Of course, turn these pieces of evidence over to the police. Arguing about right and wrong here is pointless, the police will sort it out soon enough.” Arabella said.

“You!” Linda yelled.

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Arabella shot a casual glance at Dean and said, “Dean, call the cops.”

Hearing this, Linda immediately went as pale as a sheet. She was all high and mighty just now. But in front of Arabella, she was helpless, clutching the table and begging for mercy.

‘No, please.’ Linda’s voice was shaking, “Ms. Bennett, we can sit down and talk this out.”

“I was originally planning to let you off the hook, but you just had to pick a fight with me.” Arabella said.

Arabella raised an eyebrow, looking somewhat helpless, “I wasn’t planning on making you pay for the company’s loss, or making you go to jail. But you insisted on reporting this to the headquarters, blowing things out of proportion.”

Linda was so regretful she could kick herself, “Ms. Bennett, it’s all my fault! I shouldn’t have tampered with the attendance record, scamming my monthly salary and perfect attendance! I shouldn’t have gone against my conscience to accept the company’s annual reward. I was wrong! I really was wrong! Can I apologize to you?”

“Is this the only thing you did wrong?” Arabella’s gaze fell on her, filled with intensity.

“Wha what else...” Linda’s tears were welling up in her eyes. And in her panic, she couldn’t think of anything else that gave Ms. Bennett leverage.

Linda seemed to realize something, but she wasn’t sure. She asked timidly, “What is it?”

“It’s the complaint letters from the people who left the company this past year! There are a total of sixty-three letters complaining about you.” Arabella said.

Linda was stunned, so were the colleagues outside. That many?

Clearly, Linda had been bullying quite a few people.

“You abused your power, covered for your colleagues who did wrong with you. And those upright people who refused to cooperate with you were all forced out by you! The company can’t retain talents, and it’s all because of you!” Arabella said.

“Ms. Bennett, let me explain, those people didn’t follow the company’s rules.” Linda said.

Before Linda could finish, Arabella’s gaze turned colder, “At this point, you still want to frame them?”

She really wouldn’t repent until her deathbed!

“Ms. Bennett, I’m sorry! Please give me another chance!” Linda begged, “Those people that I forced out, I’ll personally go and apologize to each of them!” Seeing that Arabella wasn’t responding, Linda added in a choked voice, “The twelve months of salary and bonus that the company gave me, I’ll return it all within three days! Please don’t call the police! If you do, I’m finished! My life will be ruined!”

Arabella looked her in the eye, and said word for word, “When you forced them out, did you ever consider that their lives might also be ruined by you?” “Ms. Bennett.” Linda said.

“When you slandered them, did you ever consider their feelings?” Arabella said.

Arabella stared coldly at the woman in front of her, “I also saw in the complaint letters that you threatened your colleagues with their personal matters, and some of them even transferred money to you to settle the matter. The amount wasn’t small. If you’re charged with all of these, you’ll at least serve two years in prison.”

“Ms. Bennett.” Linda was terrified, tears streaming down her face, “I made a mistake! I’m sorry.”

“It’s too late for regrets now.” Arabella said.

Dean had already called the police, and a few officers had arrived. They asked about the situation and were ready to take Linda away.

“Ms. Bennett, please have mercy, say something.” Linda didn’t want to be arrested, and she pinned all her hopes on Arabella, crying out without any sense of self-respect,

“Please give me another chance. I promise I’ll mend my ways, start afresh!”

“I already gave you a chance, but you didn’t cherish it.” Arabella said.

“Ms. Bennett.” Linda said.

As Linda was led away by the police, the people outside were all whispering about it.

“I can’t believe Director Linda is like this.”

“She’s even accepting bribes on the side.”

People are just so unpredictable.”

## Chapter 99

“Had enough fun watching?” Arabella’s voice suddenly broke the silence.

People outside scattered at once, apparently not daring to linger. Clearly, this new CEO was not one to be trifucked with.

Seeing that the crowd had dispersed, Dean couldn’t help but approach, offering a cup of coffee, “Ms. Bennett, if Linda doesn’t come to you on her own, were you just gonna let her slide?”

Arabella took a sip of her coffee, as Dean muttered to himself, “She’s done so much crap, if you just let her off the hook like this, wouldn’t that be letting her off too easy?”

“Of course not.” Confidence sparkled in Arabella’s eyes, “She’ll definitely come to me.”

How do you know?” Dean asked.

I’ve seen the previous complaint letters, she dared to stand up to Mr. Oscar over petty things, which means she’s got a short fuse and can’t tolerate any dissatisfaction. I fired her, she’ll feel humiliated, and she’ll definitely come knocking.” Arabella said.

“So, you anticipated this, set a trap and let her walk right into it. Either way, you were gonna call the cops!” Dean said.

“Of course.” How could Arabella possibly let her go? Such a pest in a large company, how much loss had she caused over the past year?

After a few sips of coffee, Arabella added casually, “There are always some rubbernecks in the company. They’ll definitely show up when they hear she’s coming.”

Dean looked at Arabella as if he’d seen a goddess, “So, the people who were peeping just now were also within your calculations?”

He had been praying that these people would leave quickly. Turned out, it was all Ms. Bennett’s doing, she did it to set an example for others?

The company has been too lax this past year. Many people, and many things need to be put back in order.” Arabella responded calmly, “You can go now.” “Yes.” Dean was still marveling as he left. Ms. Bennett was truly a mastermind. Everything was within her control.

Elsewhere.

Romeo stared at the message he had sent. One hour and forty-two minutes had passed and still no reply.

The girl would just forget about her fiancé when she got busy!

He couldn’t resist clicking on Arabella’s avatar, a shadow projected on a wall. Even though the shadow was black, the elegant outline and shape were unmistakably hers. Even her shadow was beautiful.

Romeo stared at her avatar for a while, imagining what the weather was like when she took the photo, what she was wearing that day, how she was feeling...

Thinking of her beautiful face, Romeo's gaze unconsciously softened. He saved her avatar and then returned to the chat screen, still no reply from her. What was she busy with? Not even a second to check her phone.

Arabella was about to reply when *her* phone started vibrating, it was a call from her father. She answered the phone, just about to say "Dad" when Kenneth cheerfully said, "Bella, you're at the office early again?"

That was dedication!

"I heard about Linda from the folks at the company! I can't believe she had the audacity to deceive everyone. You're doing great, just a few days at the company and you've already uncovered such a big issue." Kenneth said.

## Chapter 100

"I was wondering why the hell our company's employee turnover rate is so high. Turns out she's been stirring up trouble behind the scenes!" Kenneth said.

"She did screw up quite a bit." Arabella said.

Besides what Arabella just mentioned, there was more, seriously breaching the law. They had handed the evidence over to the police. What awaits Linda would be a hefty smackdown from the law.

"With so many businesses under the Collins family name, it's impossible for the group's higher-ups to keep tabs on every little thing happening in each subsidiary, especially smaller scale ones." Kenneth said.

He thought sending in experienced, competent staff to manage would at least cut down some of the hassle, but boy, was he wrong. "Bella, you have a knack for business. With you back in the family, your brother's burden can be lightened. Once you've settled into this company, Dad will give you bigger, more numerous ones. In the future, you and your brother can expand the Collins family." Kenneth said.

“Don’t...” Arabella said.

This company was already keeping her hands full. Even though it was all minor stuff, it was still taking up a lot of her time. She didn’t even have time for her own affairs.

“Everyone can see your capabilities.” Kenneth said.

When Kenneth handed over the company to her, he didn’t expect her to do well, just wanted to give her a shot. He was even prepared for bankruptcy. But to his surprise, in just a few days, she had got the company running like a well-oiled machine, firing and hiring when needed.

“Bella, did you sleep well at Phillipn’s last night?” What Kenneth really wanted to ask was if Phillip treated her well, and what exactly happened last night. But Arabella simply replied, “It was all good.”

Meanwhile.

Romeo had been staring at the chat window for a while, finally unable to resist dialing her number. Arabella was talking to Kenneth when her phone suddenly vibrated. Seeing it was Romeo, she said, “Dad, I’ve got a call coming in.”

“Alright, go ahead. I’ll hang up now. Be home early tonight!” Kenneth said.

Kenneth wanted to reward her with a sumptuous late-night snack. God knew if she had enough to eat at Phillip’s last night.

“Okay.” After ending the call with Kenneth, Arabella picked up Romeo’s call, “What’s up?”

“What are you up to?” Romeo asked.



“Just finished up with some company stuff, barely got a few words in with my dad before you called.” Arabella said.

Hearing it was her dad, Romeo felt a bit better, “You didn’t reply, so I was wondering if you needed help?” “No need.” Arabella said.

“What do you feel like eating for lunch?” Romeo asked.

Arabella thought for a moment before saying, “Anything’s fine.”

They chatted for a bit until Dean brought in the company’s procurement list, and Arabella ended the call. Over at Reflections Villa.

Serena just got back from outside, carrying a big bag of food, “Dad, Mom, I got your favorite food.” No one responded.

Upon seeing Kenneth finish his call, Louisa immediately asked, “Is Bella alright?”

Her mind was all about Arabella.