

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 9



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Susana's chuckle didn't go unnoticed by Arabella. With a casual raise of her brows, she said, "Miss Susana, isn't it time to honor your promise?"

Susana was so busy being envious that she completely forgot about the agreement she had with Arabella! Romeo was right here, and there was no way Susana would make a fool of herself. Not a chance!

She decided to play dumb instead, spreading her hands wide, "What promise? Did I say something?"

"Dr. Susana, how could you." A nurse couldn't help but chime in, "You said it yourself, if this young lady saved Phillip, you'd kneel to her, even giving up your position as Deputy Director."

"Really? Did I say that?" Susana adamantly denied, "Got any proof?"

Another doctor couldn't help but speak up, "You did say that, everyone here heard you. If you don't want to kneel, at least apologize."

After all, the way she had spoken to the young lady before was really out of line.

"Why should I apologize?" Susana gave an innocent look, acting like she couldn't care less.

Hopeless case.

Just as everyone was at their wits' end, Arabella suddenly gave a kick, sending Susana to her knees with a thump. Nobody saw how she did it, only heard the sound of a knee hitting the floor. It must have hurt.

"You, you!" Susana was in so much pain her lips were trembling and she couldn't even stand.

"As a doctor, it's your duty to save lives." Arabella's eyes were cold, her voice chilling. "Your scalpel is meant to save lives, not to be used recklessly!"

"You, you." Susana was trembling with rage, "Don't spout nonsense in front of Romeo, I didn't do anything!"

"Whether you did anything or not, and what you wanted to do, everyone knows well!" Arabella said.

Just then, the dean arrived upon hearing the news, "Mr. McMillian, is your father okay? I apologize, I just got back from an academic conference. Wait, what's going on? Dr. Susana, why are you kneeling?"

Upon seeing the director, tears welled up in Susana's eyes. She was in so much pain she couldn't even stand. Dr. Pierce had always thought highly of her, even praising her in front of all the doctors, setting her as an example.

Just as she was about to tattle, she heard the dean's surprised voice, "Arabella, you're here too? And in a sterile suit? You're not the high schooler who performed surgery on Phillip, are you? I heard about it on my way here. So, Phillip is okay?"

Everyone was shocked beyond belief upon hearing his words.

Not only did the dean know Arabella, but he also seemed to highly approve of her medical skills?

Dr. Pierce looked confused as no one answered his question, "What's going on? Miss Arabella, could you explain?"

"Dr. Pierce." Arabella greeted him, "Nothing much, just that I don't wish to encounter Susana in this field ever again." Dr. Pierce looked at Susana, then at Arabella, "Did she do something to upset you?"

"I'm not upset." Arabella had a strong presence, "This is the first time I heard of using sedatives and heart-soothing meds when a heart failure patient has endocarditis and periannular leak."

"Doing so is equivalent to forcefully treating the patient, and he would die within half an hour!" Dr. Pierce turned to Susana Instantly.

Arabella nonchalantly said, "I can only say that the hiring standards of your hospital are not strict enough."

"Susana, why didn't you perform surgery on the patient?" Dr. Pierce immediately asked.

"Dr. Pierce, Phillip's condition was extremely critical at the time. We were powerless." Susana said.

"Powerless, yet you could administer sedatives and heart-soothing meds? You knew doing so, even the best doctor in the world couldn't save him! You're a doctor, but you sentenced him to death while there was still hope for his survival! How could you do this?" Dr. Pierce said.

Before she could answer, Dr. Pierce said disappointingly, "You may leave. Hope Hospital will no longer keep you and there will be no place for you in this industry in the future"

A person who didn't value patient's lives and cared only for her career was not fit to be a doctor!

Dr. Pierce was the president of the National Medical Association, and with just one word from him, Susana would no longer be able to work in this field.

"Director, give me one more chance," Susana said.

Though Susana knew Dr. Pierce asked her to leave to prevent Romeo's anger from escalating and causing worse consequences, she really didn't want to leave.

The pay was high here, colleagues were nice to her, and her future was bright.

Now it all ended because of Arabella!

"Take her away!" After Dr. Pierce said this, he turned to apologize to Romeo, "I'm truly sorry, I allowed such a thing to happen. right under my nose, I feel extremely ashamed. Fortunately, Miss Arabella stepped in in time, preventing a bigger mistake!"

"What's your last name?" Romeo's cold gaze fell on Arabella.

"Arabella Bennett." She answered confidently.

"Give me your number." Romeo handed her his phone to input her number.

Arabella understood his meaning when she took the blank check. If anything happened to Phillip later, she would be responsible. Leaving her contact information was for future convenience.

She took his phone, her slender fingers lightly tapping the screen to enter a string of numbers. Then she looked up, her beautiful face glowing like a star, and handed the phone back to him..

"The old man's had multiple chest surgeries. So early post-op, his breastbone might be a bit loose and healing could be tough. His left leg might also swell and hurt because of the extracorporeal circulation and repeated catheterization. All of this is par for the course." Arabella said.

She didn't want them to come blaming her skills later.

Romeo studied the girl's face intently, his voice deep, "And how do we relieve the pain?"

Arabella glanced at the seven or eight cardiologists behind him, "These minor issues? They can handle them just fine., Dr. Pierce, If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

"Mm, okay." Dr. Pierce said.

After changing out of her scrubs in the locker room, Arabella put on a baseball cap, slung on her backpack and got ready to leave.

"Arabella!" Caden caught up with her in the long hospital corridor, "Is your right hand okay? I've been wanting to ask since earlier. What's wrong with your right hand? Why were you operating with your left hand today?"

Unless something was up, a righty wouldn't operate with their left hand.

"I'm fine." Arabella moved her slightly painful wrist nonchalantly, "Just punched someone a bit too hard last night."

Caden looked at her with a complicated expression, "So, you're also a fighter."

What kind of person was she, really? Able to easily get rare drugs, perform surgeries, and even throw a punch.