

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chaper 971



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"Be her sister-in-law for this lifetime and treat her well then." Clark tenderly stroked Carol's face and said gently. "Bella likes you very much, and she's the kind of person who is cold on the outside but warm on the inside. She doesn't say much, but she truly cares about you."

Clark paused momentarily before continuing, "Once you've gotten to know her, you'll realize that she's a wonderful person, easy to get along with."

"I've never heard you praise Serena like this before." Carol could see that Clark truly cherished his sister.

"They're different,' Clark said gently. "Bella mentioned that she and her fiance are committed to seeing this through to the end. So, let's face this as a family. No matter what, I won't let go of your hand this time."

Carol looked at him and moved, "Bella said there's about a seventy to eighty percent chance the poison in me can be cured."

"She told your brother the same thing. If she said it, she will do it' Clark said with a smile and confidence. "There's no poison she can't cure. After all, she's Dr. Bell."

Carol looked at him in surprise, "She's Dr. Bell?"

The legendary Dr. Bell? The elusive and renowned physician?

"Yes." Clark gave her an affirmative answer.

Carol was stunned. She hadn't expected the renowned physician they'd been searching so long for to be a vibrant and beautiful teenage girl, not an old man.

"So if she says there's hope, then there is,' Clark had utmost faith in his sister's medical skills.

Carol hadn't expected her luck to be this good. Not only did she reunite with Clark, but she also inadvertently found Dr. Bell to cure her poison.

It seemed her bond with Clark hadn't ended... It was still strong.

"Bella said the poison in your body is tricky but not incurable. She needs to draw some blood for research. When she does, I'll ask her to be gentle."

Carol laughed, "Having blood drawn feels like a mosquito bite to me. It's not painful."

She'd weathered great storms, and she wouldn't fear a tiny needle.

"Even so, be gentle" Clark caressed her hand, speaking softly, "We need to be prepared, though. The poison will take some time to heal."

"I've survived a year. I don't mind a few more months. I'll tell Bella to treat me without worry. I trust her."

Clark lovingly looked at her, "Let me take you upstairs to change into fresh clothes first. We're taking a flight back home shortly.

The phrase 'back home' reminded Carol abruptly of her own brother, Dennis!

Oh no!

She thought she wouldn't survive this time, so she asked her brother to check on Clark, wanting to see him one last time before she died.

"I need to make a call." Carol reached for her phone.

"Want to call your brother?" Clark asked with a soft smile. "Bella has already informed him of the situation. He's waiting for us at home and will join us tomorrow."

Carol was surprised, and her face turned red. Did that mean Clark knew her dying wish was to see him one last time?