

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 992



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"So, you're aiming to one-up Grandpa Charles," Arabella smirked, calling it as she saw it.

Charles was the dean of Summerfield College, and he and Grandpa Beck were always in some sort of competition. Now that Bella had chosen to attend Grandpa Beck's Westerly College instead of Charles' Summerfield, Beck Barton was looking for a chance to rub it in his rival's face.

"I'll leave that opportunity to others." Arabella showed no interest in the college competitions. "I've got an important experiment to focus on."

Before she could finish her sentence, Grandpa Beck eagerly asked, "What sort of experiment? Let's do it together. I love a good challenge."

"I don't want to give you a heart attack," she replied.

Unwilling to back down, Grandpa Beck retorted, "I'd like to see what kind of experiment could possibly stump me!"

He was confident that, with Bella's help, there wasn't an experiment in the world they couldn't crack.

"Alright, I'll have someone send you the blood samples later." Arabella thought having an extra hand wouldn't hurt. The sooner they could detoxify Carol's body, the better. She couldn't afford to waste more time.

"As for the college competition, you should at least come and lead a team.

It's settled with you, the top scorer, boosting their morale."

Then he quickly ended the call to prevent Arabella from declining and switched off his phone.

Arabella was speechless.

Two days later.

Grandpa Beck was in the lab, fuming and glaring at the data. "I'll crack this, you'll see!"

Arabella walked in to see him with bags under his eyes, still wrestling with the data. She couldn't help but smile, "I told you, I don't want to give you a heart attack."

"Bella, how much are you earning from this project?"

It must be a substantial amount.

For her to invest so much effort, the reward for this project must be at least ten million dollars, right?

Considering the case's complexity, shouldn't she charge a few million more?

"It's pro bono; Arabella replied.

"What?"

It took a moment for Grandpa Beck to process her answer. "Free of charge?"

When did his Bella become so generous? Offering medical consultation for free?

For such a complicated case, for free?

"It's for my future sister-in-law."

Grandpa Beck: So that's how it was!

"So, who did Carol offend to get poisoned like this?"

He was puzzled. "I've been working on this for two whole days, and I still can't figure it out. Who came up with this poison?"

Was there a better pharmacist out there than him and Bella?

Arabella handed him a new blood sample. "I suspect that the toxins in her body were triggered by the blood of these Chesters."

The Chesters had been injected with all sorts of strange poisons since their childhood. Their blood was highly toxic, and normal people couldn't resist it.

If it weren't for Carol's strong physical condition and her ability to fight poison with poison, she would have been long gone.

"That's Chester's blood sample?" Grandpa Beck's eyes lit up!

With this blood sample, his research would be smoother.