

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1051

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"What a cheeky question! It's okay to gossip about it in private, but now the person in question heard it"

"I was just gossiping aimlessly." Joyce was at a loss for words.

"Me too. Don't take what I said seriously." Mavis was worried that Romeo would think less of her and not let her be friends with Arabella anymore.

"No worries, it's just a friendly joke among classmates. To be honest, Joyce, I think your suggestion is quite thoughtful. Maybe Bella could consider it"

Romeo looked at Arabella with an indulgent smile. Mavis was stunned. Could it be that Romeo agreed with her suggestion?

Did that mean he actually hoped to be engaged to Bella?

That would mean he really liked Bella, wouldn't it?  
Oh my God, why did this feel so sweet?

"It's always been me taking the initiative between Bella and I." Romeo turned to Joyce, satisfying her gossip-loving heart.

Joyce was taken aback. She didn't expect Romeo to answer such a question.

She was both surprised and thrilled. Oh my God.

"You go ahead first.' Arabella stepped forward, "We three are injured, and we need to walk slowly."

"Do you want me to carry you?"

"Keep your distance."

Arabella thought he was doing it on purpose, letting her classmates know how close they were.

"Well, I'll go downstairs first." Romeo looked at her with a smile, tousled her hair, and turned to the two girls behind Arabella. "I'll leave Bella in your care."

"No problem; Joyce replied subconsciously.

After Romeo left, Mavis couldn't help but exclaim,

"Oh my God! I'm still in a daze, Bella. Romeo is so good to you. He listens to you, and does whatever you ask him to do!"

"And the way he was just now, answering our questions. He's so obedient."

Joyce too couldn't hold in her excitement.

The two of them gossiped all the way to the restaurant downstairs which was completely reserved.

There was an array of delicious dishes on the table. Joyce and Mavis were stunned. Wasn't this a bit too extravagant?

"Bella, we can't eat all this." Mavis felt it was such a waste. There were at least twenty dishes, right?

"with Romeo here, even if he doesn't order this much, the resort manager would definitely prepare this much,' Arabella explained.

Romeo's status was evident, and this resort belonged to him. Who would dare to serve his guests with only a few dishes?

"But where is Romeo? Isn't he eating?"

Just as Joyce was wondering, the manager stepped forward to explain, "Mr.

McMillian is dining elsewhere. He thought his presence would make you uncomfortable."

"Oh my God, he's so considerate"

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Romeo wasn't around, so Joyce and Mavis could eat to their heart's content.

"Mmm, this is delicious. Is it coated with salted egg yolk? It smells so good."

Mavis always shared the tastiest bites with Arabella. When Joyce came across something scrumptious, she'd share it with Arabella too. "Such a pity, If only Nydia was here, she's such a foodie."

"No problem, we can pack some for her."

"Bella, you're the best! But won't we embarrass you? Won't the manager think we're like starving ghosts reincarnated, acting as if we've never seen good food before?"

Not only were they feasting like kings, they were also planning on taking some home.

“Sharing good food with friends is nothing to be ashamed of.” Arabella didn't see a problem and even showed her support, “If there's anything else you like, I can have it packed for you.”

“Bella, you're too kind”

In the end, they left with full bellies, and the manager had the kitchen prepare some extra dishes for them to take away.

A helicopter ride back to school would have been too conspicuous, so Romeo arranged for a car to wait for them at the resort's entrance.

Knowing that Arabella was taking her classmates home, Romeo gently cradled her face and said, “Let me know once you're done with school stuff, and I'll come pick you up.”

“Okay”

“Doom's gang will likely make a move soon, so stay cautious.” Romeo looked into her bright eyes, warning her, “If there's danger, find a way to contact me like you did today.”

“I got it”

“Try not to get hurt.” Romeo continued, still holding her face, “Take care of your wounds, don't let them get wet, and change the bandages later.”

Arabella couldn't help but laugh at his fussing.

Romeo caught on to her amusement and chuckled, "Am I nagging too much?"

"No"

Romeo leaned down to give her a quick peck on the lips, his eyes filled with reluctance, "Alright, you should go now."

Arabella finally got in the car.

Romeo personally closed the car door for her, reminding her to message or call him once she arrived.

"Alright"

Arabella knew he had to deal with the guys they caught today, so she motioned for him to get back to work.

"So, Mr. McMillian, shall I depart now?" The driver was eager to start the car, but wasn't sure if Romeo was done with his instructions.

"Make sure you get them safely back to school"

Romeo advised, "Drive slowly on the way."

"Okay, Mr. McMillian"

Arabella waved at him, and it wasn't until Romeo's figure had shrunk to a dot in the distance that Joyce and Mavis began to tease her.

"Bella, Romeo really cares for you, he's giving so many instructions for such a short journey."

"I feel like even our driver, Hans, is feeling the pressure, I can tell he really cares about you."

"You better call him once we get back."

Half an hour later.

As soon as Arabella got back to school, she received a call from Grandpa Beck.

"Hey, Arabella, where are you? We've made some progress on Carol's antidote. I've had a major breakthrough"

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The voice of him echoed through the phone, "Huh, kid, you thought you could stump me so easily?" Arabella couldn't help but chuckle, "I'll be there in a bit"

She had barely hung up the phone when she saw Barry, Adair, and Mya racing towards them.

"Bella." Barry and Adair greeted Arabella in unison, both panting, as if they had just heard some news and had hurried over to meet them.

Arabella nodded in acknowledgment.

Barry's gaze immediately fell on Joyce's face, "What happened to your face?"

Who hit you?"

"I tripped and hurt myself."

"Liar. That clearly looks like a punch. Who was the lunatic who laid hands on you?" Barry barely touched Joyce's injury when she winced in pain and let out a stifled gasp.

"Who the hell did this?" Barry looked angry, as if he was both sympathetic and ready to stand up for Joyce at any moment.

Recognizing his concern, Arabella knew he must have feelings for Joyce. She softly added, "The guys who did this have already been dealt with by my men."

"Why did they attack Joyce?"



"Why do you have so many questions? It's so annoying!" Joyce stomped her foot and walked ahead.

Barry followed her, "You're injured and can't I even ask? What are you carrying? Let me hold it."

Joyce refused, but Barry snatched it from her anyway, "Even when you're hurt, you're hoarding food. You're such a foodie."

"You're the foodie! This is for Nydia."

"Have you had dinner yet?"

"We just had, Bella treated us to a feast!"

"Was it good? Can I have some?" Barry wanted a taste of the feast she was talking about.

"No, all of this is for Nydia"

As they continued to bicker, Mya covered her mouth in shock as she listened to Mavis quietly share the details of their abduction.

Only Adair stayed by Arabella, "Bella, what's going on?"

"Some people have been causing trouble for me. They couldn't find me, so they kidnapped Joyce and Mavis. Tell Barry to be careful. If possible, look after Joyce and Nydia for me: "Who dares to mess with you?" Upon hearing this, Adair rolled up his sleeves, "Bella, tell me who they are. I'll deal with them."

"They're not ordinary people." Arabella didn't elaborate further, "Just be careful. If you notice anything strange, call me."

"But Bella, what about you?"

"I can protect myself"

"Alright, Barry and I will look after Joyce and Nydia. Be careful."

"I'm heading to the lab first."

Seeing the other two still bickering and Mavis and Nydia deep in conversation, Arabella decided to head to the lab alone.

Adair didn't understand why Bella spent so much time in the lab. But he'd heard about how she led a team to a competition at

Summerfield College today. Her surgical and suturing techniques had left all the judges in awe. She must have honed these skills in the lab.

As Arabella opened the door to the lab, she heard the excited voice of Grandpa Beck, "Bella, come here and check this out. The

upgraded detox pill is interacting with the toxic blood. See, the toxins are disappearing bit by bit."

Arabella moved closer to the apparatus and watched as the two substances reacted and the toxins indeed started to fade.

"Yes! This is the result of several days of my research. When the upgraded detox pill meets this toxin, it's like a downpour

meeting a fire. Watch closely, this fire is about to be extinguished.” Grandpa Beck's excitement was palpable, and then his laughter abruptly ceased.

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“Wait a second. Why is this last bit of poison not totally cleaned out.”

Grandpa Beck bulged his eyes, looking incredulously at the stubborn spot on the screen. Despite the vigorous attack from the

upgraded detox pill, this spot remained entirely unmoved, not shrinking or disappearing.

Arabella analyzed, "It appears that even the enhanced detox pill can't entirely eradicate the poison in Carol's body. But, compared to the previous versions of antidotes, this one seems to be an improvement"

"This is not possible. I clearly removed all the toxins in this morning's experiment. Could the toxins regenerate?" Grandpa Beck went back to review the experiment process.

"It's also possible that a certain ingredient in the antidote can't entirely suppress and eliminate this kind of toxin. If the toxins can regenerate, it means we need to adjust the components of our antidote again."

Arabella had already put on her lab coat, ready to start the experiment. Her phone vibrated at this moment. Checking it, she saw a call from an old acquaintance.

"Professor Bell, I have a patient here and I was hoping you might take a look"

The caller's tone was obscure, treating Arabella with a delicacy and respect, "It's my friend's mother. I wouldn't bother you if the situation wasn't so difficult."

Without a second thought, Arabella declined, "I'm sorry, I can't make it. I'm too busy"

She had too much on her plate right now. Plus, the Doom's forces kept a close watch on her, exploiting every opportunity. If she went, she might implicate an innocent family. "I understand that you are very busy. I was moved seeing my friend cry, so I dared to ask for your help. The patient's condition is becoming increasingly difficult, and I'm out of ideas concerning medication. I would appreciate it if you could help, even a word or two would mean a lot to me and my friend." The caller seemed to eagerly await Arabella's help. There were too many people in the world who needed her help, but she was only one person and she couldn't save everyone. With the compassion of a doctor, Arabella finally said, "Send me the medical records. I'll take a look when I have time." "Thank you, Professor Bell, I'll send them to your email." The caller thanked her profusely for a while before saying, "I'm looking forward to your reply." Right after Arabella hung up, Jack called. "Boss, based on Dennis's description, we've been investigating large households with French-style architecture from a decade

ago. Through various comparisons and checks, we've narrowed it down to thirty-nine households.

Are we going to collect hair samples from all of them?"

"What do you think?"

"What if among these thirty-nine households, one is indeed Carol's biological family?"

Would she return to her roots?

Given Carol's status, could she even return to her original home?

Perhaps she might not even be allowed in the front door.

Like the boss, she might encounter a crazy bitchy sister after identifying her roots.

"That's not for us to consider.' Arabella calmly analyzed, "We're just helping Carol find her biological family. Whatever happens next is beyond our control. Whether she goes back to her original family or not is up to Carol."

"Once I have results, I'll tell you immediately."

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“Alright.”

“You sure get a lot of calls, kiddo. I might just finish this report by the time you're done.’ Grandpa Beck chuckled, pointing at the

screen as he spoke, "Look at this, the toxin is regenerating. I knew it! This morning's experiment showed the toxin eliminated.

How could it regenerate? As you suggested, something in the antidote might not suppress the toxin but instead provoke it. This could be a significant finding.”

“I suddenly remembered an old medical textbook you had me read as a child.

It mentioned an ingredient that could inhibit the growth of toxins.”

“Of course! How could I have forgotten about that?” Grandpa Beck exclaimed joyfully, “Seems like having you scribble notes as a child paid off”

Arabella smirked, "In addition to scribbling notes, I recall a few other things."

“Oh no, let's not bring up the past.” Grandpa Beck feared she'd bring up old grievances. "When you were a child, you were so adorable. I couldn't help but be fond of you. But I couldn't just let you be. I had to be a bit stern while teaching you. You wouldn't have improved otherwise."

Grandpa Beck laughed slyly.

Arabella raised an eyebrow, "Just a bit stern?"

Grandpa Beck hastily replied, "I was never like those other grumpy old men. I never physically punished you. The worst I did was make you copy medical texts or recite them upside down."

Arabella nodded with interest, “Anything else?”

“No, no. That was it. Let's not dig up the past. Your friend Carol's health is more important.” Beck sounded a bit guilty.

As he turned away to continue his work, Arabella chuckled, "Grandpa, I will always remember the kindness you and the other grandfathers showed me."



"No, no.' Grandpa Beck dropped his tools in surprise, quickly turning to explain, "Don't remember the times I was stern with you.

Remember the times I was kind."

Arabella tried to hold in a laugh, "I didn't mean to hold a grudge."

"That's good. You scared me there. You were so talented as a child. We all wished you'd succeed immediately. We worried a lot about you. Now that you're successful, you've attracted a lot of trouble. You will indeed be envied by others." Grandpa Beck couldn't help but worry.

Arabella knew he was referring to the Doom incident, "Don't worry, Grandpa.

It will be over soon."

"You're an adult now. You make your own decisions. I know I can't persuade you. But as long as I'm alive, I'll do everything I can to protect you."

Watching his back as he rambled on, Arabella felt a surge of emotion.

Without these grandfathers teaching and guiding her, she might have been just an ordinary girl.

"I don't need your protection anymore." Arabella smiled, her eyes shining with confidence, "I can protect you now: Grandpa Beck

turned around, his eyes welling up with tears. He was surprised to see Arabella being unusually mature.

He wiped the corner of his eyes and turned back to his work.

“Find out where we can get that ingredient. If you find some, bring me a few.”

Arabella was already on the phone, giving instructions.

Grandpa Beck quickly wiped away his tears and went back to his experiment.

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It was late into the night.

The lights of the Reflections Villa had dimmed, no longer as stunningly opulent as before, only leaving a few dozen passage

lanterns, emitting a warm yet faint glow.

The villa was eerily quiet, everyone had already retired for the night. Martha left her room, ensuring there was no one around,

she took a detour and arrived at another room.

Before turning the knob, she looked around cautiously.

Seeing no one was following, she quickly entered and locked the door behind her.

The man inside noticed her arrival, his voice filled with reproach, "Why are you here?"

"I've looked around, no one's following me."

Martha poured herself a glass of water. After gulping it down, she angrily crumpled the disposable cup.

"A cheap tart, thinking she's so important' The man's eyes flashed with a hint of murderous intent,

apparently extremely

dissatisfied with Alma's actions.

"Isn't that right? I can't swallow this anger!" Martha

said angrily, "She bullied Serena again and again.

She really treats Serena

like a pushover!"

"For these kinds of things, just send me a WhatsApp, no need to come all this way." The man said, reminding her.

"I just missed you." Martha suddenly came closer and embraced him, showing a hint of a girlish demeanor, "You haven't come to see me in months."

It seemed that ever since Serena's college entrance examination and summer vacation, he didn't show the same enthusiasm as before.

The man was somewhat resistant to her approach, saying coldly, "Stop it, we have important things to do"

"Yes, it's late and quiet. We should do something important.' Martha began to undo her nightgown. The man quickly fastened it back for her, "Hurry back, if someone found out."

"No one will find out.' Martha said, suddenly noticing a hint of pink fabric under the covers?

She couldn't believe it. As if realizing something, she wanted to rush over and check.

"It's time to go." The man pushed her, not letting her near the bed, "Rest early."

Martha angrily stomped on his foot. Taking advantage of his pain, she rushed over to lift the blanket.

Underneath, a completely naked panicked woman set Martha's anger ablaze.

It was the newly hired maid, Nina.

"Very good, you little tart. You even seduced my man." Martha went straight to hitting her.

"Ah, Martha, I didn't know Erik was your man." Nina covered her face in pain, quickly begging for mercy,

"If I knew, I would never have gotten into his bed: "Watch how I deal with you, you shameless little tart!" Martha hit her fiercely, choking her, "You like to play innocent. When Mr. Collins won't fall for it, you moved your wicked thoughts to Erik!"

Nina screamed in pain.

"Martha, stop it!"

This time, Erik angrily pulled Martha off the bed.

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With her hair undone and her body trembling, Martha pointed at Erik in a fit of rage. "Erik, have you no conscience? Who have I been toiling for all these years? How dare you do such a thing! Either let me vent my anger today by beating this little hussy and kicking her out, or I'll go to Mrs. Collins and tell her everything about what happened back then!"

"Martha!"

"Do you think I won't do it?"

Martha's hysterical ranting made Erik feel like a deflated balloon. In the end, he just stood there, silent, casting a blind eye on the scene.

Martha knew he had backed down. She rushed forward to confront the mistress, relentlessly pinching her and slapping her across the face.

"You little tramp, just because you're young and attractive, you think you can seduce anyone you want? I'll teach you a lesson

today!"

"Ah. stop hitting me, Erik, help me.' Nina struggled, and in the process, accidentally knocked off Martha's wig.

She froze instantly, tears welling in her eyes, "So, everything Erik said was true. You really are bald."

"You little tramp." Martha was infuriated and started hitting her even harder.

After a while, the sound of a car reached their ears. Nina, who was being beaten helplessly by the window, noticed Arabella driving back home.

In a hurry, she said, "It seems like Ms. Bella is back! Martha, let me go, Ms.

Bella is always smart, if she hears us."

Martha looked out and indeed, it was that annoying Arabella. She couldn't have chosen a worse time to come back!

She pinched Nina even harder, "Whatever you heard tonight, keep it to yourself. Find an excuse to resign tomorrow and if I find out you have any other ideas."

"No, no, I'll resign tomorrow and I won't say a word I'm not supposed to. I will leave, taking all the secrets with me!"

A murderous glint flashed in Martha's eyes. She pushed Nina away, shot a fierce glare at Erik, and then turned to leave.

Arabella parked the car in the garage and then took the elevator to the first floor.

Today, she received news from Kelly that Nightshade will be auctioned off at an underground auction in Zion City. Only their old members could enter, and they had to verify their assets before entering.

Kelly was a regular at all the big auction houses and was a VIP member, so she could bring friends along. But she had something to take care of, so after bringing Arabella in, she had to leave. Therefore, Arabella planned to make a trip to Zion City tomorrow, to attend the auction tomorrow night and bring back Nightshade.

She wanted to go home and pack some things, but as soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she saw Martha sneaking back into the living room.

"Ms. Bella, you are back."

Martha's tone seemed to carry a hint of sarcasm.

Arabella looked at her coldly. "What are you sneaking around here for in the middle of the night?"

"Ms. Bella, you are joking. What can a servant like me do so late at night?"

Instead, all the young ladies are asleep at this hour. Why are you coming home so late?"



Arabella caught the sarcasm in her words and replied coldly, "Idle people should go to bed early. There's no point in wandering around here in the middle of the night. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were sneaking around."

Martha seemed a bit annoyed. "Ms. Bella, let's talk." "Talk about what?" Arabella responded coldly. "Should we talk about why you keep wearing a wig? Or should we talk about the hidden story between you and Serena?"

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At the mention of this, a shade of unease crossed Martha's features, her hand unconsciously fluttering up to smooth down her hair.

This small gesture did not go unnoticed by Arabella, only serving to confirm her suspicions. Just as she had suspected, Martha was indeed wearing a wig.

The living room was dim, the only source of light being the faint glow filtering in from the garden lamps outside. It gave the room an eerie feel, setting one's nerves on edge.

Martha hadn't expected Arabella to have been investigating her, let alone be privy to certain information.

How could this be? How did Arabella find out about those well-guarded secrets from the past? Or was Arabella just bluffing, fishing for a reaction without actually possessing any concrete evidence?

"The one outside, come in. I know it's you," Arabella called out, her words causing the person lurking outside to hold their breath in a sudden wave of apprehension.

Martha glanced uneasily towards the door. "Miss Bella, I think you may be mistaken. There's nobody outside"

"Oh, do you think that by hiding, I wouldn't know who you are? Erik, your acting skills are subpar at best. Did you really think you could fool me in my own house?" Arabella retorted, her voice cold as ice as she gazed in their direction. "I'm not in the mood for a game of hide and seek. If Serena wants to continue living here, then she better behave herself."

After all, she would only be here for a few more years before getting married and moving out. Out of sight, out of mind.

"But if you continue with your little schemes..."

"What schemes?" Martha interjected, feeling wronged. "Miss Bella, you're making accusations without any evidence. How can you treat people like this?"

"Serena's sudden change in behavior. You're telling me that you had nothing to do with it? She was on the right path, and you led her astray. Not only that, but you involved innocent people too."

"Miss Bella, you're overthinking this. What happened in the past was just a coincidence. If you don't believe me, you can investigate it yourself."

“Listen here, my patience is wearing thin. This is your last warning.” With that, Arabella turned on her heel and headed upstairs.

Martha watched her retreating figure, a chill settling in her heart. Why did it feel like Arabella, despite her young age, seemed to know everything.

The person hiding outside didn't dare to reveal themselves, fearing they would be caught red-handed, and swiftly made their escape.

Martha clenched her fists. No more delays, she had to act now!

Meanwhile.

Louisa was having a restless night, vaguely hearing the sounds of an argument in the distance.

Soon after, a phone call jotted her awake. Seeing that it was her mother calling, she hurriedly answered.

“Mom, what brings you to call me today?” She slipped out of bed, tiptoeing to the balcony as she spoke in hushed tones.

“Louisa, darling, the sun is shining so brightly today, it reminded me of the day you were born. It was a day just like this, clear and bright. I just couldn't resist calling you. I hear that it's 12 hours ahead over there. Are you sleeping now?”

"No, Kenneth and I haven't gone to bed yet. How are you feeling lately, mom?"

Louisa asked, concern lacing her voice.

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"Yesterday, I noticed your brother's eyes were all red and puffy. Things must not be going well. But they didn't tell me.' The

elderly woman on the other end of the phone chuckled, her tone light and carefree as if she had accepted her fate. "A while

back, I saw a girl who looked just like you."

She'd had a flare-up of her illness at the time and couldn't take a good look.

By the time she woke up and asked her caregiver, she was told the girl was just a passerby who had helped her.

The girl looked exactly like Louisa when she was young.

"Mom, are you missing me? Kenneth and I were just thinking of visiting you.

Are you still in Dawnstar?" Louisa asked, concern etching her voice.

"Yeah, I moved to Lidaria this month. They say there's a brilliant doctor here who's saved a lot of lives. Maybe he can help with my condition, though I don't have much hope."

The elderly woman had grown weary from her long battle with the illness, the light in her eyes dimming.

"Mom, you can't think like that." Louisa's voice was strained, "Tomorrow I'll ask my brother. If the doctors there can't help, maybe someone from our family can"

"Our family? Do we have a doctor?" The elderly woman sounded surprised, then laughed, "Oh, you mean Clark. How's he doing? Is he busy with work?"

"Mom, Clark's a forensic scientist, I was talking about." Louisa stopped, torn between wanting to share her thoughts and fearing the impact on her mother's health. But she couldn't resist mentioning Bella, whose medical skills had saved so many people. She was sure Bella could help!

"Let's do this, tomorrow we'll head to Lidaria. We'll arrive the day after and then we can talk. Prepare yourself.

"What kind of doctor is so mysterious that you and Kenneth need to make a special trip? I might not be in Lidaria for long, I might need to move again."

"No, we haven't seen you in a long time. You've been unconscious, and my brother's been taking you around looking for treatment. Kenneth has been saying he wants to visit you. That's settled, we'll come tomorrow."

"Louisa, you really don't need to go to all this trouble."

At her words, Louisa's eyes filled with tears. She covered her mouth to keep from sobbing, struggling to keep her emotions in check.

Kenneth noticed her on the balcony, talking on the phone. He quickly grabbed a robe to drape over her.

It was December, and the wind outside was so cold it hurt.

Seeing his wife on the verge of tears, Kenneth rushed to her side, rubbing her back and guiding her inside.

"Alright Mom, we'll leave it at that for now. Have your lunch and take a nap, Kenneth and I will leave tomorrow and be there the day after. If you're not feeling better by then, I'm going to have a word with my brother!" Louisa managed to laugh at her own joke.

The elderly woman laughed along, "Alright, I'll be waiting. You kids are so thoughtful."

After hanging up, Louisa quickly messaged her brother on WhatsApp to ask about their mother's condition, and then shared the news with Kenneth.

Things didn't seem promising.

"Why don't we bring Bella with us?" Kenneth suggested.

It would be a good opportunity for them to formally meet, and Bella could also help with the diagnosis.

"We'll just have to see if Bella has the time. We'll ask her tomorrow"

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Early the next morning, Kenneth and Louisa were up and about, sitting in the living room, their eyes occasionally darting upstairs.

Seeing their attention constantly divided, Edith couldn't help but ask, "Are you waiting for Ms. Bella to wake up?"

Louisa nodded, "We thought we'd have breakfast together."

"Ms. Bella left before dawn with a backpack on her shoulders. It looked like she was planning a long journey."

"Bella's already left?" Louisa expressed surprise. It was barely past seven in the morning. Where could the young girl be heading off to with her bag packed?

"Do you think she might have gone to school? Did she pack some clothes to change into?" Kenneth offered, "Why don't you give her a call?"

If nothing was going on at school, maybe she could take some time off and join them abroad.

Louisa dialed Arabella's number, only to be met with the automated voice message: The number you have dialed is currently switched off.

"We should get going,' Louisa turned to Kenneth, "My brother mentioned last night that mom's condition isn't promising. I'm anxious about any unforeseen circumstances, so I'd like to see her as soon as possible."

"I was hoping Bella could take a look. Maybe there's a chance for improvement? Let's wait a bit longer. Bella might be in class and unable to answer her phone. Why don't you send her a message?" Kenneth held onto a glimmer of hope in his daughter's medical skills.

Louisa sent another text, waiting in silence for two hours. Arabella's phone remained off. Eventually, she stood up and said, "Let's head abroad. Once Bella replies, if she can, I'll ask her to join us there."

"Sounds good; Kenneth placed a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder, "Don't worry too much. I'll get in touch with a few more doctors and ask them to meet us abroad to help mom: Louisa looked at him appreciatively. Ever since her mother fell ill, her husband had been going out of his way to help, both financially and otherwise. There was simply nothing to fault him on.

Over the years, she had been pampered by her husband to the extent of living a carefree life.

Meanwhile, Arabella sat in the first class cabin of a plane, going through the medical records Mark had sent her. With over thirty

pages of complicated medical history, her patient's condition was indeed a tough nut to crack.

If they were aiming for full recovery, it was going to require multiple medications and a lengthy process.

As she perused the documents, she remained oblivious to the messages and calls from Louisa.

In Lidaria, a gentleman sat somberly in his own garden. Despite being in his thirties, his chiseled handsome face and distinctive aura still radiated a strong personal appeal.

"Sir, don't be too upset." a pixie-haired servant attempted to comfort him, "Mrs. Griffith will surely overcome this hurdle. She's a survivor.

"That girl you encountered last time, are you sure she's a Solterra?"

Sampson's attractive gaze fell on the servant.

She nodded in affirmation. Last time, when she and the driver were taking Old Mrs. Griffith for her check-up, their car got rearended by a bus. Old Mrs.

Griffith suffered a heart attack and it was a passing Solterra girl who came to their aid.

"She's stunningly beautiful, the kind that would easily stand out in a crowd.

She has her hair tied up in a bun and carries a rather aloof demeanor. She doesn't talk much and I've never seen her smile. But there's a genuine kindness in her voice"

The servant could still recall Arabella's distinct features. Her exquisite face and elegant demeanor were unforgettable. If only she were more skilled with her hands, she would have loved to draw a portrait of her.

“She's truly remarkable. She administered a few acupuncture treatments and Old Mrs. Griffith was able to breathe again. She even knew that Old Mrs. Griffith was fragile and advised us to be extra careful when caring for her.”

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