

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1061

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“Moreover, she mentioned that the medicines she took aren't helping Old Mrs. Griffith's current condition. Besides, she pointed out some of the medications should be replaced with alternatives, as they might add to Old Mrs. Griffith's physical burden, causing her to feel fatigued and drowsy with a bitter taste in her mouth and chest discomfort. If she wasn't a medical expert, how could she carry an acupuncture kit with her and instantly name the medications Old Mrs. Griffith was taking, along with their side effects?”

After all, among the medications the old lady was on, the three she mentioned were present. These three were special effect drugs, yet to hit the market, but she knew just by checking the pulse.

Her medical skills must be outstanding!

"I asked her then about possible alternatives, but she just mentioned that Old Mrs. Griffith's condition can't be cured overnight.

There was a chauffeur who treated her with respect, addressing her as 'Miss; even reminding her to get into the car. I guessed

she must be the daughter of a wealthy family, probably dealing with some urgent matters. I

thought, in this country, there's nobody you can't find."

As the short-haired girl reached this point, her voice dwindled.

"But the license plate number you gave me turned out to be fake, untraceable," Sampson said in a soft voice. "She must be

someone powerful, all the surveillance footage from when she appeared has been wiped clean"

"What?" The short-haired girl seemed surprised,

"Now what?"

She had thought that finding the girl would give Old Mrs. Griffith's condition a chance to turn around.

Now, even the brilliant Dr. Mark was at a loss regarding Old Mrs. Griffith's condition.

At that moment, Dr. Mark approached them.

Sampson asked in a soft voice, "Is she asleep?"

"Yes, I gave her an injection. She finally fell asleep."

Old Mrs. Griffith's condition had deteriorated to the point where she couldn't sleep peacefully. Every time she lay down, she felt breathless and had to sit up panting heavily.

"Did the impressive doctor you mentioned respond yet?" Sampson asked again.

Seeing the dejected look on Sampson's face, Mark replied truthfully, "She's always busy. But she promised to make time to look at the medical history.

All we can do now is wait patiently."

"But we're running out of time,' Sampson said, lifting his eyes. "Please ask her again for me.

"Well" Mark hesitated, "If we rush her, it might backfire. Tonight, I will ask her again. If she still hasn't had the time to review the medical history, we can't really push her. We'll just have to wait."

"Is she really that irritable?" Sampson asked.

"It's not that she's irritable. She's just very busy. She doesn't like being disturbed. There's a lot she has to handle personally. I've known her for many years, and this is the first time I've asked her for help. I believe she will help: "It would be great if she could come here."

After all, only by seeing the patient in person can a better treatment plan be provided.

"She mentioned she's been busy lately and doesn't have time to come over, but she should be able to provide some verbal guidance."

If they could get guidance from that doctor, it would definitely be of great help to Old Mrs. Griffith's condition.

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"Let me know when you have any news tonight," Sampson said.

"Alright; Mark replied, looking at Sampson's gloomy expression. "There's another solution, though. A drug was once up for auction back home. It stirred quite a commotion. It's said to be made by a venerable pharmaceutical expert. It works wonders for heart conditions."

Sampson looked up, hope glinting in his eyes.

"HeartEase?"

"Yes, many heart patients who were given terminal prognosis showed significant improvement after taking HeartEase. But Old

Mrs. Griffith's condition isn't purely heart-related.

This drug can only do so much for her.

I'm thinking of combining HeartEase with a new drug I'm working on."

If Professor Bell didn't come up with anything, he would have to find a way to keep Old Mrs. Griffith alive.

He couldn't just stand by and watch her suffer.

"HeartEase hasn't been available back home for a long time, but it appeared twice in our local auctions recently."

"I'll make a call." Sampson took out his phone and quickly dialed a number.

After a while, Mark heard him say, "Tonight at nine, in a club in Zion City, there will be an auction for HeartEase. They have only

one pill"

"One is enough."

Mark was surprised that Sampson, who was usually efficient, had such good news so quickly.

Sampson nodded, "I'll go there tonight."

Twelve hours later.

Arabella's plane landed at a foreign airport. As soon as she turned on her phone, she received a slew of messages.

Among them, Louisa's WhatsApp messages and call were the first ones Arabella dealt with.

However, her phone indicated that Louisa's was turned off.

Arabella then opened WhatsApp, where Louisa had sent her three messages at seven-thirty in the morning.

[Bella, I heard that you left early this morning, are you at school?] [Are you in class? Can you text me when you're done?] [I need

to speak with you] Arabella quickly replied, [Mom, I'm sorry, I'm abroad. I had some things to take care of. What do you need?]

After she sent the message, before she could get a reply from Louisa, her phone vibrated. It was Kelly calling.

"Bella, have you arrived? I'm waiting for you at exit A."

Arabella, carrying her backpack, walked out. "I see you."

"Bella, over here!" Kelly jumped up and waved when she saw her.

To avoid being recognized, Arabella was dressed in black casual wear, a black baseball cap, and exuded a cool aura.

A large black mask covered most of her face, leaving only her clear and beautiful eyes visible, which were incredibly charming.

"How many hearts are you planning to steal with this look?" Kelly walked over and took her hand, "We still have some time

before the auction. Let's grab something to eat. I have some business to take care of during the auction.

You'll be alright on your own, right?"

"What could go wrong?" Arabella smiled, "What big job did you take on this time? Joyce said she hasn't seen you at school in ages"

"I barely have time for my side gigs these days. My dad said I should either take over the family business or find a boyfriend.

Obviously, I chose the former!" Kelly said without hesitation. "The former brings money, the latter wastes time and affects my

mood. I've been busy taking over some of my dad's companies, and it's been exhausting." She felt bitter thinking about her recent experiences. "You'll see the benefits of having a boyfriend once you have one; Maybe then, she wouldn't work herself to the bone.

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"Guess I won't live long enough to see you having a boyfriend then." Kelly said this and couldn't help but be confused, "Wait,

that's not right. You advocating for relationships. I can't believe this is coming from you, Romeo really changed you!"

Arabella brushed it off, "Did he?"

"Can't you see that you're completely different now? You seem to have become vulnerable, your way of doing things has also

changed. But speaking of which, where is he? Didn't he come with you?" Kelly teased.

Arabella told the truth, "I didn't want him to take time off work for me. There's no need."

"But does he want to come?"

"He actually did, but I threatened him not to."

"Ah, it would've been nice if you let him accompany you, at least I wouldn't have to worry about your safety."

Kelly was worried that this trip abroad would give miscreants an opportunity to take advantage.

"I'm just going to get the ingredient and I'll be leaving tomorrow. There won't be any problems."

Kelly unlocked the car and chivalrously opened the door for her, "Since Romeo isn't here today, I'll act as him and take good care of you."

The two chatted and laughed as they arrived at a Sky Restaurant.

The restaurant had a fantastic view and overlooked the beautiful night view of the city.

Kelly would occasionally come here to eat in the past, she knew that the people who came here were either rich or noble, it offered more privacy than normal restaurants and was less conspicuous.

"What should we eat?" Kelly opened the menu, suffering from a bit of indecisiveness.

Although she'd been here a few times, she never knew what to order.

"Order what you like."

Arabella saw that her mother still hadn't replied to her message, but she did receive a WhatsApp message from Romeo.

On the way to the restaurant, Arabella had already reported her whereabouts, now seeing Romeo sending a picture of him working in the office, Arabella urged him to go eat and not forget due to work.

"Bella, how about we order a grilled black pepper steak, seafood pasta, pan-seared shrimp, black truffle beef fried rice, and two corn chowders?"

"Sounds good."

Even though Kelly was the one picking the dishes, everything she heard was her favorite.

That's what good friends do, they think about you in every aspect, even down to the meals catering to your taste.

At this moment, it seemed like a VIP had arrived, a number of waiters immediately rushed over to welcome them.

Kelly looked up, she didn't see the VIP, but from the respectful demeanor of the seven or eight waiters, she could guess that the person was of high status.

"Mr. Sampson, this floor is a bit crowded. I'm afraid it might affect your dining experience, would you please follow me to the top

floor?" The manager bent over to lead the way.

The top floor had a few glass rooms with the best views, they were specifically reserved for VIPs.

Sampson followed the restaurant manager upstairs, leaving behind numerous sighs of admiration.

They were all praising his handsome looks, wealth, and power.

"Aren't we going to eat?" Arabella saw Kelly still looking over there and couldn't help but laugh.

"I wonder who the VIP is." Kelly said nonchalantly,

"It's 7 PM now and the auction is at 9 PM. We have time to eat, there's no rush."

On the top floor, Sampson ordered his meal and texted his sister, [I have something to do tonight and I can't pick you and your

husband up. I've already sent an assistant. You guys can rest at the hotel under my name for the night. My people will pick you up tomorrow.]
Mainly because after a twelve-hour flight, Sampson didn't want his sister and brother-in-law to endure more fatigue.

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An hour passed.

Sampson finished his meal, rose from his booth, and made his way downstairs.

"Mr. Sampson, how was your meal tonight? Any feedback regarding our service or any other aspect of the restaurant?" the manager asked, leading the way with a bow and a carefully crafted smile.

Meanwhile, a girl of remarkable poise got up from her seat.

She was wearing a baseball cap and a black mask, leaving only her cool, clear eyes visible.

At just one glance, Sampson, standing on the spiral staircase, was somewhat taken aback. This girl, in both shape and demeanor, reminded him of his sister when she was around seventeen or eighteen.

However, she seemed to have a stronger aura, more attention-grabbing than his sister had been.

"Mr. Sampson?" The manager, noticing Sampson's silence, followed his gaze with a puzzled look.

"Is that young lady a regular here?" Sampson suddenly asked.

The manager quickly recognized Kelly, who was behind him, busy arranging her purse.

"That's Ms. Kelly. She dines here occasionally."

As for Arabella who was leading the way, he hadn't noticed her.

"Kelly?" Sampson murmured the name.

The Piper Group was a top financial conglomerate, making waves domestically. He'd heard of them but had never collaborated with them.

He didn't expect their daughter to bear such a resemblance to his sister in her youth.

Even more than Serena.

This was somewhat unusual.

His phone rang at that moment. It was a call from his assistant, Danny.

"Mr. Sampson, the car is here."

"Alright: Sampson put away his phone and looked again in the direction the girl had left. She was gone. On the other side.

A luxurious yacht was docked at the shore, ablaze with lights.

It was a high-end private club, heavily guarded, offering strong privacy. Only a select few of the wealthy had the privilege to enter.

Usually, celebrities and elites of the upper echelons of society would socialize here.

Once a month, an auction would also be held here.

Those outside could only see a collection of luxury cars along the shore and the lavish, dignified individuals entering the yacht.

But they couldn't get a glimpse of what was inside, as those allowed in had to meet two criteria: they had to be members, and they had to have their assets verified.

Kelly had her face and assets verified, as did Arabella after removing her mask and having her face recorded.

They were then invited in.

Guests could choose a private room or take a seat in the public viewing area.

To avoid attracting attention, Kelly and Arabella chose a private room.

The room was on the ninth floor of the yacht, considered one of the best rooms available.

All items in the upcoming auction would be projected onto one wall of the room, providing a panoramic view.

"Ladies, please follow me," said a staff member leading the way.

"Kelly?"

Suddenly, a displeased voice rang out.

A well-dressed heiress, surrounded by a group of close friends, blocked their path.

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Arabella didn't know who the rich heiress was, but the staff greeted her courteously, "Ms. Angela."

Kelly looked at her, her brows expressing some displeasure, "Move."

"My family is one of the hosts, and you're telling me to move?" Angela looked down at Kelly, and then turned her gaze to Arabella.

"Dressed in a baseball cap and black mask at night, are you here to rob?"

At her words, her friends laughed, looking disdainfully at Arabella's outfit.

Everyone boarding the yacht was dressed to the nines, as if they wanted to wear their wealth on their sleeves.

But people like Kelly and Arabella dressed in casual wear were a first.

"Their outfits show a clear disrespect for our auction. I demand they be kicked out."

The staff was in a quandary. Who would dare to kick out Miss Piper?

Setting aside her family background, she was a top VIP member of the club.

But Angela crossed her arms over her chest, arrogantly saying, "We're abroad, not back home.

Our family helped finance this yacht. As one of the hosts, if I say they're not qualified to be here, then they're not qualified!"

"Ms. Angela. Miss Kelly is a regular of our club."

Before the staff could finish, Angela sneered, "I'm also a regular, and I have the power to fire you. I

want you to kick them out

within a minute, or you can get out of here!"

Kelly scoffed, "Whether we're qualified to be here isn't up to you! Your family may be one of the hosts, but what does that have to

do with you? Do you believe that I could call your dad and have him deal with you?"

Angela, knowing her father's temper, was instantly angered.

"Stop showing off. When you're capable enough to be a host on your own, then you can bark at me. You're still wet behind the ears and already causing a scene."

The surrounding guests were laughing, and her friends were anxiously trying to think of a comeback for her.

"You..." Angela was so angry that her face changed color.

"When Angela says you're not qualified to be here, you're not. If you're smart, you'll get out of here, or I'll have security throw you out, and you'll be the ones embarrassed!"

"Yes, that's right. Who gave you the nerve to upset Angela?"

"This isn't your home turf, the Piper family can't run wild here, get out."

"Out!"

"Is this how you treat guests behind closed doors?"

At that moment, a dignified voice reached their ears. Everyone looked in the direction of the voice, their faces changing. The staff was scared stiff and quickly stepped forward, respectfully greeting, "Mr. Sampson!"

Sampson's power in this country demanded respect from everyone.

Arabella's gaze landed on Sampson. She found him vaguely familiar, but couldn't remember where she'd seen him.

He looked young, but he exuded a mature and steady aura, with a strong personal charm that was very attractive.

"So, doesn't your club need quests anymore?"

As soon as Sampson finished speaking, Angela hurriedly explained, "Mr. Sampson, you misunderstood, she and I were."

"Angela." Sampson's meaningful gaze fell on her, "There's a limit to being willful"

Angela was at a loss for words, "I understand, Mr. Sampson."

Perhaps she hadn't expected Sampson to speak up for them. Her father always spoke highly of Sampson, saying he was a formidable character who deserved respect.

She dared not act rashly in front of her elders, and could only signal the staff.

The staff quickly apologized, "We're sorry, Miss Kelly and Miss Arabella. We've neglected you. Please come with us."

Kelly turned back and thanked Sampson. Arabella also nodded at him before leaving.

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Sampson only noticed Arabella when the two girls turned around. He hadn't realized that one of them was the girl he'd met at the diner, the one who bore a striking resemblance to his sister.

Before Sampson could say anything else, Angela quickly apologized in a hushed tone, "I'm sorry, Sampson. I just had a little falling out with Kelly. I wanted to put her in her place. I usually treat the patrons of the club with respect." Upon hearing the name Kelly, Sampson couldn't help but picture Arabella's face.

"Don't bother them anymore."

"Do you know them?" Angela was surprisingly upset. She hadn't expected Kelly, that infuriating hussy, to have so many connections, even Sampson standing up for her.

"Do you remember when you threw a tantrum and your father cut off your allowance for three months?"

"Sampson, these are my friends, why are you bringing this up?" Angela turned a bit red, clearly embarrassed.

"You're grown up now. Pick your battles wisely."

"Yes, I will heed your advice"

As Sampson made his way to the private room, Danny, his trailing assistant, couldn't help but whisper, "Mr.

Sampson, did you happen to notice that the girl we just passed looks a lot like your sister? Could it be possible that the big fire from years ago?"

"I've had my suspicions too,' Sampson admitted in a low voice. "But she's a Piper. If there was a mix-up, the Pipers wouldn't have been able to keep it a secret for all these years."

"Could it be possible the Pipers never noticed?"

"Look into it."

"Understood."

Kelly and Arabella were led to private room 9111 by the staff.

"So, what's the deal between you and Angela?" Arabella asked casually.

"We went to the same school. She always liked to compete with others, and we'd sometimes run into each other at parties our parents took us to. We've had a few unpleasant encounters."

"Seems like we've both made some enemies."

"No, she's not even qualified to be my enemy. Kelly glanced at the time and patted Arabella's shoulder,

"The auction starts in twenty minutes. I have to go."

She had some business to attend to.

"Alright, be careful out there."

"Don't worry, I've traveled far and wide. You, on the other hand, should watch out for Angela. We don't want her causing you any trouble."

"I think she's pretty scared of Mr. Sampson. I should be fine."

"Still, better safe than sorry.' With a few words of caution, Kelly left.

Arabella sat down on the couch in the room, exuding a boss-like aura. She sent Romeo a message on WhatsApp.

After a while, there was a knock at the door.

Arabella instantly became alert. "Who is it?"

"Ms. Bella, it's me. I'm sorry for the earlier inconvenience. I've brought a fruit basket and two bottles of red wine as an apology.

Arabella opened the door to find the staff member from before. She stepped aside to let him in.

The staff member pushed his cart into the room and began unloading the items onto the table. "I'm really sorry for the unpleasant

experience earlier. These are on the house. I hope you and Miss Kelly can overlook tonight's incident."

"Alright.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way." The staff member left after delivering the items.

On the table in front of Arabella were a fruit basket, two bottles of red wine, some pastries, and lemon water.

She poured herself a glass of lemon water, gave it a sniff to make sure it wasn't spiked, and took a sip.

Suddenly, there was a noise from the balcony. A person dropped onto her balcony.

As the curtains billowed in the breeze, the person stepped into the room.

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Arabella was about to make her move when she recognized the man standing before her. It was Mr. Sampson, the same man she had seen earlier.

He had managed to escape from the neighboring balcony, clutching his injured arm. His white shirt was spotted with blood, and a group of seven or eight men were trailing behind him.

Perhaps not expecting to run into Arabella here, Sampson was surprised. The girl wasn't wearing a mask. Her striking features

were exposed, and she bore a striking resemblance to his sister.

The group of men quickly lunged at Sampson. Arabella, with her swift and agile movements, stepped in to help.

The auctioneer's voice boomed excitedly from the speakers on the wall, "Nightshade for the first call at 3 million!"

Upon hearing this, Arabella turned her gaze to the auctioneer who was gripping his gavel, eager to finalize the sale.

As two men lunged at her with their knives, Arabella kicked their wrists away, swiftly knocking them to the ground.

"Nightshade for the second call at 3 million!"

Arabella's eyes darted towards the button next to the couch. Just as she was about to press it, two more men swung their knives at her.

"Nightshade for the third and final call at 3 million, sold! Let's congratulate Mr. Murray for successfully bidding on today's first rare item-- Nightshade! Let's give him a big round of applause!"

The camera focused on Mr. Murray, who was smiling and nodding under the spotlight. Arabella was speechless.

Sampson could see the frustration and disappointment in the girl's eyes. Had she come tonight intending to bid on Nightshade?

The next lot was quickly introduced.

Arabella had already taken down four or five men.

Sampson was surprised at the girl's abilities. It seemed that these men were no match for her.

The remaining three or four men, realizing they were outmatched, jumped overboard and swam away.

"Are you alright?" Sampson asked with concern.

Arabella glanced at him, "You've been poisoned."

"You mean my wound is poisoned?"

"Including your scent. You must have inhaled something. You're weak."

Given that this man had stepped in to help them on the deck earlier, Arabella placed her slender fingers on his pulse.

"As I suspected"

Sampson was intrigued. He did feel weak, which was why those low-level thugs could seize an opportunity.

At that moment, the door was kicked open revealing a wounded Danny with a dozen of his men.

"I apologize, sir. I was foolish to fall for their diversion."

Earlier, he had heard a commotion on the balcony.

When he arrived, he saw several suspicious men attempting to flee.

He immediately pursued them, leaving his boss alone in the room.

It was only later he realized he had been duped. Seeing Arabella, he was taken aback. This girl bore an uncanny resemblance to his boss's sister.

However, he didn't forget his duty and quickly apprehended the unconscious thugs on the floor.

"It's a simple hypnotic scent. It needs to be dispersed in the air two hours in advance. You should check who entered your room two hours ago."

After saying this, Arabella took out a small spray bottle from her backpack. She sprayed the antidote onto Sampson's wound.

"What are you doing?" Danny became tense.

"The wound is poisoned. This is the antidote."

After spraying the antidote, Arabella bandaged Sampson's wound with a white bandage and said, "Give me your hand."

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Sampson extended his hand.

The girl poured a tiny white pill into his palm.

"This will counteract the poison in your system. In half an hour, the weakness should dissipate."

"Are you a medic too?"

Sampson suddenly found this girl quite unique. Not only did she possess a remarkable aura and agile skills, but she also had a proficient knack for treating wounds and carried a significant amount of medicine.

"What would happen if I don't take it?" Sampson asked genuinely.

"You'd grow weaker until you die."

Danny was shocked. Could the consequences really be that severe?

"How poisonous is my wound?" Sampson questioned further.

"If not treated in time, it could be deadly."

Arabella slung her backpack over her shoulder, put on a baseball cap and mask, preparing to negotiate with Mr.

Murray to see if he'd sell her Nightshade.

"Thank you, Kelly." Sampson watched her leave, expressing his gratitude.

Arabella halted. Kelly? Was he mistaking her for Kelly?

Yet she didn't deny it. "It was nothing."

Seeing her leave, Danny couldn't help but whisper, "Sir, are we just going to let her go?"

"What else can we do?"

Arabella arrived at the auction hall. She was informed that Mr. Murray had already paid for Nightshade and left.

Nightshade was gone too.

"Do you know where he went?"

"I'm sorry, miss, we aren't privy to our clients' whereabouts.' The staff member apologized.

Arabella hacked into the surrounding CCTV cameras and spotted Mr. Murray getting into a black car, heading toward a floating casino.

A haven for the wealthy.

Dozens of glistening, golden buildings stood on the water, with boats weaving through them. Beautiful women danced enticingly

on the decks.

Inside were the playgrounds of the rich, where they could enjoy the thrill of spending fortunes.

Afterwards, there were luxurious saunas, Michelin-starred restaurants, and opulent suites waiting for them.

Arabella hailed a taxi towards the casino. As she reached the entrance, a staff member politely stopped her, "I'm sorry, miss."

Due to Arabella's youthful appearance and clothes that starkly contrasted the regular patrons, the staff member felt compelled to remind her, "This is a place for adults."

Arabella was like a kid, dressed in casual clothes, sporting a baseball cap, and carrying a backpack. She looked like a diligent student who had just left an after-school class and had wandered into the wrong place.

Arabella pulled out her phone and showed her bank balance to him. The staff member was taken aback—before he could even count the zeros, Arabella had already walked past him.

"Miss, do you have a preference for any game? Would you like us to find a companion for you?" The staff member hurriedly led the way.

Male and female companions stood in two lines, waiting for quests to choose.

The men were handsome; the women were dazzling.

Some wealthy patrons would bring several women with them as they indulged in their extravagant games.

A line of men looked at Arabella expectantly.

The usual patrons were older, with some level of status. A young and beautiful girl like Arabella was a rarity.

"No need, Arabella responded coolly. "What does Mr. Murray usually play?" "He plays everything, but he always ends up at the dice tables." The staff member led Arabella into the main hall and pointed, "He prefers the table on the left."

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A handsome, blond-haired, and blue-eyed man sat unabashedly at the table, holding a poker chip in his left hand and a lady on his right. His triumphant demeanor clearly suggested that he had just won a substantial amount.

There were quite a few patrons around him, some standing, some sitting, all of them with significant clout.

Arabella headed towards him.

The dealer rolled the dice and when they stopped, many patrons quickly placed their chips on the table. Some bet high, others bet low.

Murray had won quite a bit earlier and was on a high. Egged on by the woman, he pushed his \$3 million in chips onto the section marked "High". The crowd was stunned.

"Darn, he's got guts betting \$3 million just like that."
"And if he wins, he'll get a return in the hundreds of millions."

"Such a big spender."

Many complimented his generous bet. The woman who came with him felt quite proud and even planted a kiss on his cheek.

"You've bet wrong."

Suddenly, Arabella's voice was heard.

Murray glanced at her, and the woman beside him looked at Arabella from head to toe with a disdainful gaze.

Who was this young girl popping out of nowhere?

Was she trying to get Murray's attention by showing off?

Thinking this, the woman wrapped her arms around Murray's neck, looking provocatively at Arabella as if to say: Mr. Murray is

mine, no one else should even think about him!

Murray, on the other hand, didn't seem to take the new girl seriously. He gestured to the dealer to lift the dice cup.

The three dice, when added up, only made 5.

Murray's face suddenly turned sour, and the woman beside him couldn't believe it. \$3 million gone in an instant.

Seeing the chips being taken away, the woman turned gloomy as well.

Just now, Murray had said that he would give her 10% of the winnings.

If she had known, she wouldn't have encouraged Murray to go all in.

Now, she couldn't get a single cent. It was infuriating!

Murray, having lost, was in a bad mood. He pushed the woman away and got up to leave.

"Mr. Murray." The woman quickly caught up with him, wrapping her arms around his waist, blaming, "It's all that girl's jinx, causing you to lose."

"Mr. Murray, can we talk?" Arabella called out to him without changing her expression.

Murray stopped in his tracks, finally giving Arabella a proper look. Late at night, she was wearing a baseball cap and a face mask, and carrying a backpack.

He thought, "Where did this student not study at home but come to find him?"

"I know you're upset about losing, Mr. Murray. I can help you win it back."

Upon hearing this, the woman burst out laughing, "Just by you? Mr. Murray, I think this girl is after your money, trying to get your attention."

Having lost \$3 million, Murray didn't have much interest left.

Arabella continued, "I know you're out of chips. I can lend you \$1 million. You can pay me back after you win."

Murray, who was originally not in the mood, perked up at her words.

There was someone willing to lend him money?

Was there such a good deal in the world?

"What do you want?" Murray asked bluntly.

Arabella replied frankly, "I'll help you win three rounds, and you give me Nightshade."

So she was here for Nightshade.

Murray let out a wicked smile, two of his shirt buttons undone, making him look even more roguish and playful, "Do you know how much Nightshade costs?"

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1070

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Chapter 1070

"Did you just snag that item for three million at the auction?"

The man's grin broadened, "Alright, let's see what you're made of."

They returned to the table where the dealer was rolling the dice.

As the dice came to a stop, some bet "high", others "low".

Arabella didn't bother exchanging for chips. Instead, she opened her phone, revealing a bank account with a balance of only one million dollars, and placed her phone on the "high" side.

All eyes were on her, some even peeking at her phone screen. A million dollars? This was her first bet?

Young people, so quick to take risks.

The dealer, accustomed to high stakes, had seen people bet with house deeds and car keys before.

As long as it had value, they would accept it.

"Bets are closed." The dealer announced after everyone had placed their bets, before lifting the dice cup.

The total was 12.

All eyes shot to Arabella, surprised that she had placed the right bet on her first try, doubling her earnings.

She had initially bet a million dollars and now, she received two million dollars, the earnings and the principal combined.

She pocketed her phone and tossed out the remaining million dollars, betting 'high' once more. The dealer shook the dice, lifted the cup, and revealed a total of 13. Arabella had won again, earning another two million.

Murray and the woman by his side were stunned. They hadn't expected her to be this good.

In the third round, after the dealer had shaken the dice and everyone had placed their bets, Arabella tossed out two million dollars, betting "low". The total was 6. Arabella had won again.

Two million had turned into four million.

Everyone watched Arabella in disbelief.

She pushed the four million in chips towards Murray. Murray was stunned, as was the woman. In less than two minutes, this woman had won four million dollars.

"Help me win three more rounds!" Murray pleaded, "Just three! If you win, we can talk about anything." Arabella felt that he was being greedy, but Carol needed the ingredient, her condition couldn't wait. So, Arabella looked at the dealer, who shook the dice as Arabella said "low". Murray quickly placed all four million on "low".

Seeing this, others followed suit and bet "low".

Soon, the dealer lifted the cup and the total was 5.

Murray had won again!

This time, he had won eight million dollars including the principal!

Soon, eight million turned into sixteen million, and sixteen million turned into thirty-two million.

The dealer was unsettled because not only had Murray won so much, but other patrons had also earned a lot by following suit.

This was a significant loss for them.

Murray was ecstatic. He looked at Arabella excitedly, "How did you do that?"

Arabella didn't elaborate, instead, she looked into his blue eyes, "Time to keep your promise."

"Are you interested in joining me?" Murray extended an olive branch, "Name your price."

If Arabella could win every time, he'd be set for life.

Who needs to run a company or conduct business?

Making money this way would be so much easier!

"You're cheating."

The other patrons at the nearby tables were green with envy, "There's no way you can guess right every time"

"I demand a body search, she must be carrying some cheating device."

"Maybe she's in cahoots with the dealer.

The dealer and Arabella were both speechless.

"Do you think a cheater could walk out of here?"

Arabella didn't take the surrounding accusations seriously.

Instead, she looked at Murray, waiting for him to fulfill his promise.

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