

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1141

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Chapter 1141

No, she had to figure out a way to get her grandma's attention back on her.

Just then, she received a WhatsApp message.

[What're you up to?] It was from Martin.

Serena had no intention of responding to him, but she thought about it, and apart from Martha, she had no one else to confide in!

So she replied with an unhappy emoji.

Martin called her, wanting to find out what happened, but nobody answered, so he messaged her on WhatsApp again.

[What's wrong?] [Who upset you?] [Do you feel aggrieved?] After a while, seeing no response from Serena, Martin called her again.

On the other end, nobody picked up. Martin stared at his phone, a worry evident in his eyes.

"Martin, how many times have I called you! I've practically knocked the door down, what on earth are you doing?"

A young heir pushed the door of the Presidential Suite wide open, only to find Martin sitting on the couch, engrossed in his phone.

"You're just sitting here, and you didn't even open the door for me. Never mind, it's Christmas today, how about we go out and have some fun?"

"Can that make someone happy?" Martin seemed to be asking, but also seemed to have found an answer.

"Of course, isn't it better than sitting here like a log?"

"Then I'm leaving." Martin grabbed his jacket and brushed past him.

As Martin entered the elevator, the young heir tried to follow him in, but was warned off by his gaze and could only stop in his tracks.

"You, you're not actually going to find her, are you?" Before he could finish his sentence, the elevator doors closed.

Serena stood on the balcony of her bedroom, watching as Arabella wheeled her grandma around the garden.

She so wanted to be close to Grandma.

Her phone lit up again and again. When she checked it, she saw 4 missed calls and 7 unread messages.

[Serena, do you want to go out and have some fun?]

[Or would you prefer to go shopping?] [No matter what you want to do, I'll

be there with you.] [Don't be upset.] Serena let out a cold laugh. She had said she was not happy, but in half an hour, this guy

had only made 4 calls and sent 7 messages, clearly he didn't take her seriously!

Serena continued to ignore him, but after a while, she suddenly saw a bunch of smiley face balloons being released into the sky.

Each balloon had a huge smiley face.

There were so many of them, it was quite a sight to behold.

She was a little surprised, then she looked at her phone. It was a surprise Martin had prepared for her.

[Serena, do you see the balloons?] [Do you feel better?] [I hope you can smile like these faces every day. You look the best

when you smile.] [Don't be upset.] [No matter what happens, if you don't want me to know, I'll just be there for you. If you want

my help, I'll definitely see it through.] The usually reticent Martin even sent her a rare hug emoji.

Serena finally felt a little better, [Not bad, you know how to be romantic.] [Do you like it?] Martin asked gently, [Next time, we'll do it again.]

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Serena shot off a cheerful emoji.

Seeing her happiness, Martin's eyes softened and a faint smile played on his lips.

[Feel like stepping out?] Martin asked gently, [I'm just outside.] [No.] Serena wanted to stay home, hoping for a chance to get closer to her grandmother.

[Well, you rest up, and when you're ready, just let me know. I'll come and get you.] [Mmhm.] After replying, Serena stopped engaging him and pulled out her phone, capturing this grand spectacle for a future Facebook post. Martin's status as her boyfriend was not yet suitable for public disclosure. She'd wait until his net worth increased a bit more before deciding.

In the garden.

Belinda genuinely wanted to speak with Arabella, but before she could broach the subject, she was taken aback by the sight of the sky filled with smiling-faced balloons. The scene was especially stunning against the snowy backdrop.

"Who arranged this?" Belinda admired the view with a laugh, "It's quite lovely"

"Does grandma like it?" Arabella asked with a smile, "I'll take a picture for you."

"Why don't we take one together?"

Belinda called over a servant to help them take a few pictures.

The white snowy world and the sky full of pink balloons formed their backdrop. Arabella crouched down, parallel to the wheelchair, and both of them laughed at the camera. With the balloons, all bearing cheerful faces, as their backdrop, the photos turned out exceptionally joyful and appealing.

The servant snapped a series of pictures for them. Suddenly, she exclaimed, "It's snowing, Mrs. Belinda, Ms.

Bella, shall I take a few more pictures for you?"

The falling snowflakes lent a more dreamy and beautiful touch to the entire scene.

From afar, Serena spotted her grandmother and Arabella using her surprise balloons as a backdrop for their photo shoot!

Martin had finally gotten his act together and prepared such a grand surprise for her, only for it to be stolen as a backdrop for someone else's photos!

She was somewhat upset. Following this, her parents, uncle, and David ran into the garden, each vying to take pictures with them.

The scene was quite lively.

Feeling left out, Serena quickened her pace towards the garden.

"Great, just perfect, this pose is excellent, hold it"
The servant snapped a few more pictures, each one capturing their radiant smiles, "Shall we change poses?"

"It's my turn!" David firmly clung to Arabella's arm, refusing to let go, "You've all had your turn next to Bella, now it's my turn!"

"You kid, you have no manners." Louisa was irritated, softly scolding her son, "You can at least let your uncle have a turn, and you won't even let your own mother have a shot! Have you forgotten who brought you into this world through all the pain and hardship?"

"Mom, who was the one who wanted a daughter instead of a son? Who was the one who cried when her son was born?" David clung even tighter to his sister's arm, "Anyway, I want to take a few pictures with my sister. You can negotiate with grandma."

"Mom, look at your grandson, he's so infuriating!" Louisa was somewhat helpless, looking pleadingly at her mother.

"Ah, indeed, this kid really has no manners. You won't be like him, will you? You, Kenneth, and Sampson, all of you go stand in the back!"

Louisa was momentarily speechless.

The snow was coming down harder. Once they managed to snap the last picture, the butler hurriedly came over with umbrellas for them.

"It's too cold, Grandma. Let me take you back inside."

Arabella was worried that the freezing weather might give her grandmother a cold.

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“Alright, alright, alright.’ Belinda was overjoyed today.

A servant hurried over, bringing a scarf and woolen hat, which Arabella quickly put on her grandmother. Belinda watched her considerate granddaughter, feeling a warmth spreading in her heart.

When Serena arrived, Arabella was pushing her grandmother back home, their happy chatter filling the air, as if they had just finished a family photo shoot.

Serena's steps awkwardly halted as she watched them in the snowy landscape. She suddenly felt like the ultimate outsider.

"Serena, what are you doing out here? It's freezing, come inside," Kenneth called out to her, not understanding why she was standing at the door.

"I came to pick up Grandma." Serena tried to hide her emotions, forcing a smile, "Arabella, let me push her.

You've been looking after her for so long."

The implication was clear: It was her turn now!

"I'm tired, I need to rest, Belinda said, a hint of fatigue in her voice, signaling that she didn't want to engage in idle chatter anymore.

However, a thought crossed her mind. There was still something she wanted to discuss with Arabella.

"Bella, take me to my room, I have something to talk to you about."

Serena was taken aback, feeling as awkward as a cat on a hot tin roof. She couldn't understand why her grandmother seemed so close to Arabella since she woke up, even though they were not blood-related.

And even if her grandmother liked Arabella, why was she being ignored? Left feeling awkward?

"Serena, you should go get some rest too,"

Sampson, sensing her discomfort, tried to smooth things over.

Serena felt humiliated. She refused to believe that her grandmother had so much to talk about with Arabella.

Was this just a way to get rid of her, the granddaughter without any blood ties?

All the excuses about being tired and needing rest were just that - excuses!

Her grandmother merely wanted to talk to Arabella alone, that was it!

Serena, feeling a sour grape, glanced at Arabella. She wondered what tricks Arabella had up her sleeve to have everyone wrapped around her little finger.

Arabella, sensing her displeasure and jealousy, moved forward, pushing her grandmother to her room.

Meanwhile, Louisa was looking at the photos they had taken earlier. Kenneth suggested she take a nap, and the two of them went upstairs.

"Serena,' Sampson, noticing her mood, tried to comfort her.

"It's okay, Uncle Sampson. I'm going to take a nap," she responded, managing to put on a brave face.

"Don't take it to heart."

"IL know, don't worry, Uncle Sampson."

In the bedroom.

Arabella and the servant helped her grandmother lay down, and then tucked her in.

"Bella, there's something grandma needs to talk to you about."

Belinda held her granddaughter's hand, taking a moment to gather her thoughts before speaking, "I don't know if your mother told you about your grandfather's illness. You're so skilled in medicine, you even managed to handle my difficult situation. I was hoping you could take a look at him, so we don't have to live apart."

Arabella understood, it was about this matter.

She knew that her grandfather wasn't well, but she didn't know the specifics.

“The thing is, I have a daughter, and two sons. The elder son is Bard, and the younger is Sampson. Bard took your grandfather to another country for treatment, while Sampson stayed with me in Lidaria”

Although it was Christmas Day and it might not be the best time to ask.

There was probably no more skilled doctor in the world than her own granddaughter.

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After a lengthy explanation, Arabella finally nodded in understanding. "Got it, I'll take a look at it in a couple of days."

She planned to return to her home country after Christmas, to work on Carol's antidote with Grandpa Beck.

The poison in Carol's body was acting up more frequently now.

Each occurrence was a bone-chilling torment.

She didn't have much time left to wait.

As for Grandpa's situation, there was still some leeway.

Once Serena returned to her room, she couldn't shake off the thought that her grandmother had started to favor Arabella since the robot explosion incident.

If such a dangerous event could happen again.

If given the chance, she would definitely impress her grandma!

An hour later.

The maid pulled back the curtains in Belinda's bedroom. Serena had already prepared a bowl of oatmeal porridge in the kitchen.

She brought it to her grandmother, grinning from ear to ear. "Grandma, let me feed you some breakfast."

"Serena, haven't you taken your midday nap?"

Belinda was a bit surprised to see her.

"I'm not sleepy." Serena replied with a sweet smile.

"I just learned how to make this online, not sure if it'll taste good."

"You went and cooked yourself." Belinda chuckled.

"You could have asked the maid."

"I wanted to do it myself." Serena insisted, grinning playfully. "Finally, I can serve my grandma. I can't pass up such a rare opportunity."

Belinda laughed at her antics.

"Grandma, you don't know how happy I was when I saw you wake up."

"Seeing you makes me happy too, dear."

"Why don't you give it a taste?" Serena spooned a bit of the porridge to Belinda's mouth.

Being pampered by her granddaughter, who had grown up and matured, Belinda was moved. She nodded approvingly.

"Delicious, so flavorful."

"Getting praised by you really makes all the effort worth it"

"Did you spend the whole afternoon in the kitchen?"

Belinda felt a pang of guilt. "You should rest more when you have time off."

"Lmisspoke, it wasn't the whole afternoon, just a short while. Because I was so excited about the end result, the process felt especially meaningful and brief."

Serena fed her another spoonful, smiling. "If Grandma likes it, I'll make more. Not just oatmeal porridge, anything you want to eat, I can learn how to make."

Belinda laughed heartily. "You've become quite the sweet talker."

"That's because I haven't seen or talked to you in so long, so I might be a little cheesy"

After feeding her a bowl of porridge, Serena snuggled up to her grandmother.

"Grandma, promise me you won't get sick anymore. I wish you could be healthy, just like when you used to take me out for walks."

Belinda gently patted her back. "Alright, I promise I won't get sick anymore."

Serena beamed and extended her little pinky. "Pinky promise?"

Belinda laughed again. "You really never grow up, do you?"

After the pinky promise, Serena hugged her grandma again, looking content. "Grandma, can I take you out for a walk?"

The maid couldn't help but suggest, “Madam just woke up, maybe it's better to wait until later.”

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Outside, a blanket of snow covered the land, making it difficult for anyone, especially the elderly and the sick, to venture out without catching a cold.

Serena couldn't help but feel slightly annoyed. She thought, "Why can't she just mind her own business?"

But she still cajoled her grandmother, "The view outside is so beautiful, Grandma. If we wait any longer, the sun will set and we won't be able to see this stunning winter wonderland.'

Belinda and Serena's mother had a habit of indulging her requests—a habit she had been nurturing for eighteen years. This time was no different.

"Alright, alright. Let's go outside."

Serena was overjoyed. As she tried to help her grandmother onto the wheelchair, she found that her grandmother was heavier than she expected.

Despite her best efforts, she couldn't lift her.

"You're not even half as strong as Bella." Belinda chuckled. "Despite her petite frame, Bella's quite strong."

Serena quickly turned to the maid, "Why aren't you helping me?"

"You're sweating, Serena." Belinda noticed beads of sweat forming on Serena's forehead and chuckled again.

"Don't rush, it's okay."

Finally, with the maid's help, Serena managed to move her grandmother onto the wheelchair.

“Madam, Serena, I'll join you two,’ the maid volunteered.

“No need. I can take care of Grandma,’ Serena insisted.

Before the maid could respond, Serena continued, “Why can't I take Grandma out alone? Are you afraid that I

won't take care of her as well as my sister, or that you can't trust me?”

“Serena, that's not what I meant at all!” The maid was taken aback by Serena's sudden outburst.

Serena pushed her grandmother outside, ignoring the maid. Belinda understood Serena's intentions and

reassured her, “Nata meant no harm, Serena. You know how sick I am. She's just worried about me.”

“I won't let anything dangerous happen to you. If something does happen, it'll be to me first.”

“Don't say such things, it's bad luck.” Belinda chuckled, changing the topic.

“Look, Grandma! That blossom tree is blooming. It's so beautiful! Let me take you closer” Serena perked up.

The pink blossoms were a sight for sore eyes.

“Let me pick some for you to admire indoors,”

Serena suggested, reaching for a low hanging branch. But even

with her tip-toes, she couldn't reach.

Watching Serena, Belinda was reminded of Serena's childhood. "I remember when you were little and you tried to pick fruits from the tree. You'd bounce around just like this."

Before she could finish her sentence, Serena landed heavily, bumping into the wheelchair. The icy ground was slippery, causing the wheelchair to slide forward. And just ahead was a downward slope.

"Grandma!"

Serena rushed forward in panic.

Belinda, too, was frightened. She tried to hold onto the wheel to stop it from spinning, but the wheel moved too quickly. It scraped against her hand, causing a painful burn.

Although Serena managed to grip the handle of the wheelchair, the ground was too slippery and the wheelchair too heavy. Unable to resist, Serena was dragged along with the wheelchair down the slope.

"Ouch"

Due to inertia, Belinda's body slammed against a decorative rock nearby. A cut opened on her forehead.

Serena was not spared either. She rolled down the slope, further away from Belinda, until she hit a tree. Her entire body ached from the collision.

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The housemaid in the distance saw it happening and, scared half to death, ran to help while shouting for others.

Arabella was in the middle of a video conference on her phone, when she heard a frantic knocking at her door.

May was pounding on the door, "Ms. Bella, Old Mrs. Griffith fell, she's bleeding! Ms. Bella!!"

Arabella immediately ended her meeting, opened the door, and as she walked with May, she asked, "What happened?"

"Serena was pushing her around the garden, but it's icy out there, too slippery, and the wheelchair skidded."

Arabella instantly quickened her pace.

The household staff helped Belinda change out of her wet clothes, while Belinda whimpered in pain.

The caregiver rushed to get the first-aid kit, wanting to disinfect and treat Old Mrs. Griffith's wounds.

As soon as Arabella walked in, she heard Serena sobbing.

"I'm sorry, it's my fault, I didn't take good care of Grandma, I caused her to get hurt. I'm terrible!"

Louisa saw Serena's clothes soaked with snow and before she could say anything, Arabella arrived.

"Bella, quickly check on your grandma, May should have told you the details." Louisa anxiously asked.

Arabella calmly replied, "May wasn't there, she wouldn't know as much as the people directly involved"

What she meant was, she would have Serena herself “describe” what happened.

Serena's tears welled up in her eyes, and after a few seconds, she cried again, "Arabella, let me explain, I really didn't mean to."

"Stop crying, Bella is treating her." Sampson patted Serena on the shoulder, "Go change your clothes first."

"I'm okay, it doesn't matter, what's important is Grandma." Serena's tears still hung on her face, looking pitiful.

Her clothes were cold, her hair was wet, and her body was trembling from the chill.

Arabella checked the wound on her grandmother's forehead. Fortunately, it was not severe, no stitches were needed. She simply disinfected the wound and applied medicine, then checked her grandmother's bones, asking whether this hurt or that hurt.

"How is it, Bella?" Kenneth was somewhat anxious, "Nothing serious, right?"

"No broken bones." Arabella then asked the maid, "Did you notice any other wounds when changing her clothes?"

"There were quite a few." The maid timidly glanced at Serena, then continued, "The old lady fell face first to the ground and rolled over twice, hitting a decorative rock. So her knees, calves, hands, and other areas are all injured. Here, here, and this spot are also bruised." Although these were minor injuries, for an elderly person, it was enough to cause pain for several days.

It was fortunate that the slope where she fell was not very long, or the consequences would've been unimaginable.

"Grandma, does it hurt here?" Arabella gently touched her waist.

"It hurts, it hurts so much." Belinda's tears involuntarily flowed out.

Everyone's hearts were once again hanging in the balance, fearing that the fall might have caused some

serious damage to her waist. They nervously watched Arabella and the old lady.

"Does it hurt here?" Arabella touched the left side of her waist.

"It hurts so much." Belinda's face contorted in pain.

"And what about here?" Arabella touched her right side.

"It's unbearable." Belinda, blinking back tears, seemed to be in terrible pain.

"I'll help you turn over, gently, to have a look."

Belinda was in so much pain she couldn't move. The caregiver stepped forward to help, but Serena quickly

stood up, "Let me do it! Let me do something for Grandma.'

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“Your hands are so cold, and you don't have the medical knowledge like them. If you hurt Grandma again, it wouldn't be good.”

Louisa meant no harm with her words, but to Serena, it sounded like a scolding from her mother. Her heart was filled with guilt and sorrow.

Arabella and the nurse gently turned Grandma on her side, "Gentlemen, please turn around."

Kenneth, Sampson, and David immediately turned their backs.

Arabella gently lifted Grandma's nightgown, revealing a severely bruised and swollen waist.

“Bella, is this situation really serious?” Louisa couldn't help but worry.

“It's a soft tissue injury Arabella said, applying an anti-inflammatory and pain-relieving cream to Grandma's

waist. "This cream can reduce inflammation and promote healing. Because Grandma is in severe pain, we will

give her an oral painkiller to accelerate circulation and promote the absorption of inflammatory metabolites. It should be

alleviated in about 7 to 10 days."

“That long? Isn't there a quicker way?” Serena hadn't expected the recovery time to be so long.

Arabella calmly replied, "You should be grateful she didn't break any bones, otherwise it wouldn't be measured in days."

Serena wanted to explain that she didn't do it on purpose, but a look from David silenced her. She swallowed her words.

After Arabella had disinfected all of Grandma's wounds, applied the medicine, and fed her crushed painkillers, she whispered, "Grandma, rest for a while."

"Bella, stay with me." Belinda whimpered, the pain unbearable.

"I'm here, rest easy. The medicine will start working soon, and you'll feel better." Arabella, knowing that the touch

of her palm against the wheels caused some discomfort, didn't hold Grandma's hand, but leaned in and spoke

softly, "If you feel uncomfortable, tell me at any time."

"It hurts so much." The pain was real for Belinda. At her age, her body was nowhere near as resilient as it had been in her youth.

"You fell, of course it hurts. But fortunately, there are no broken bones, just soft tissue injuries.' Arabella paused,

then turned to Sampson, "It would be best to have someone come and take an X-ray, just to be safe."

"If you say it's fine, it must be fine." Sampson trusted her medical judgement.

"Let's check anyway, for everyone's peace of mind.' Arabella reassured, then turned back to the lady on the bed,

"You rest now. I'll be right here."

"You better not leave."

"Lwont."

Drowsy from the pain, Belinda soon fell asleep.

Arabella's gaze then fell on Serena, making her feel a bit uneasy.

"I just."

"Lower your voice. Arabella reminded her, "Grandma isn't fully asleep yet.'

Serena went on to explain in a softer voice, "I saw how beautiful the snow outside was, and I wanted to take

Grandma out to see it.'

"Don't you know that people who have just woken up should avoid the wind? Especially since Grandma hasn't

fully recovered yet.'

As Arabella finished, a servant timidly spoke up, "I warned Serena, but she insisted. Her grandma also indulged her."

"Why didn't you go with them?" Sampson asked.

"Serena didn't want me to. She said she wanted to take care of her grandma alone, like Ms. Bella."

All eyes turned to Serena again.

"I just wanted to have a moment alone with Grandma like my sister. If I had known something like this would happen, I would never have let Grandma leave the house."

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Serena, her voice choked with sobs, struggled to speak. Her tears fell like pearls from a snapped string, rolling down her cheeks one after another.

"I didn't mean to. Seeing Granny hurt like this, I blame myself. I wish I could take on all the pain myself."

The crowd watched her weep, her hair disheveled, and her clothes damp with tears.

"Why did the wheelchair slip?" Arabella asked.

"The flowers in the garden was in full bloom, and it was so beautiful. I wanted to take Grandma there to see it and pick some flowers to put in her room. But the branch was too high, and I accidentally bumped into the wheelchair when I jumped down."

Perhaps realizing that she was at fault, Serena cried even harder, hugging Louisa tightly.

"Mom, I didn't mean to. Grandma has been so good to me for eighteen years, I would never want to hurt her. I was just trying to pick some flowers for her, she loves flowers so much."

Louisa patted her back, "Crying won't help now. Just be more careful next time. Your grandma hasn't recovered yet, and this fall will only make her suffer more."

"Lunderstand, Mom. I won't act on my own anymore. I'll ask for your approval before I do anything. I won't let Grandma get hurt again."

Serena's crying was heart-wrenching.

A maid, unable to bear the sight, stood up to testify.

"IL saw the wheelchair roll away from a distance.

Serena tried to save Old Mrs. Griffith right away, but the wheelchair was too

heavy, and it was moving too fast. Serena was dragged along and fell even farther than Old Mrs. Griffith."

"Let Serena change her clothes first,' Sampson suggested, then turned to the caretaker. "Bella will stay with Old Mrs. Griffith. You go check if Serena is hurt and give her some medication"

"Yes, sir' the maid replied, approaching Serena.

Serena was still weeping, "Uncle Sampson, I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to."

At that moment, Arabella noticed Old Mrs. Griffith on the bed open her eyes slightly, and heard a weak voice.

"Bella."

"Grandma, I'm here." Arabella leaned in closer immediately. "Are you feeling okay? Do you feel unwell anywhere?"

"My stomach. I feel nauseous. I think I'm going to be sick." The expression on Belinda's face was one of great discomfort.

"Take it easy. I'll help you up." As Arabella was about to lift her up, a maid brought a trash can, and Belinda vomited violently.

"Snow fungus soup?" Arabella recognized it immediately. "Who fed Grandma snow fungus soup?"

The maid glanced nervously at Serena.

Serena looked puzzled and explained, "I did some research online and found that snow fungus soup is good for nourishing the lungs and stomach. So I made some for Grandma since she used to enjoy it. Is there a problem?"

Another maid brought a cup for Belinda to rinse her mouth.

Yet another maid brought a warm towel to wipe Belinda's face.

A third maid handed Belinda a cup of warm water to soothe her throat.

Arabella helped Belinda to lie down slowly after turning on the air purifier. "Grandma has poor digestion. The snow fungus and

sticky rice in the soup would burden her stomach and cause bloating."

"I didn't know." Serena was flustered. It was only a bowl of snow fungus soup, how could it cause bloating?

"Serena, in the future, if you want to feed Grandma anything, ask the caretaker or Bella first.' Louisa didn't expect this to happen, causing her mother to suffer unnecessarily.

"She meant well. She just didn't know." Kenneth tried to pacify the situation. "Let's take Serena to change her clothes first."

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They've been sitting here for quite a while now. Serena might catch a chill. People might think they were punishing the child this way.

"Dad, Mom, Uncle Sampson, David, Arabella. I really didn't know that the soup would give Grandma bloating."

Serena's tears fell once again. "All I remembered was that granny loved it, so I made it for her to please her. I just wanted to get closer to Grandma."

"Go ahead" Sampson didn't scold her. If it had been a servant who was so careless, he would have fired them long ago.

"Bella." Belinda on the bed spoke weakly, "My stomach hurts."

"I'll give you a little massage." Arabella had a knack for massaging the stomach area.

Before leaving the bedroom, Serena saw Arabella carefully sitting by the bedside, looking after Grandma.

All she heard was Arabella softly asking, "Does that feel a bit better?"

Belinda on the bed replied, "Yes, much better."

Their conversation made Serena's tears well up once again.

Why, why did she try her hardest to save Grandma, only to have Arabella steal the limelight?

She was the one who had fallen and nearly broken her bones.

She just wanted to be closer to Grandma.

Why was it so difficult?

"Do you believe me when I say it was an accident?"

After leaving Granny's bedroom, Serena, full of grievances with no one to confide in, could only ask the caregiver beside her.

The caregiver kindly said, "Serena, it must have been an accident. Don't worry, your family doesn't blame you, and neither does

David. Bella only asked about what happened to better care for granny. You shouldn't feel too bad."

Serena was even more upset after hearing this, and began to cry harder.

After a while, the caregiver returned to attend to Belinda. Sampson asked quietly, "Are Serena's injuries serious?"

"Some are bleeding, some are bruised and swollen. She has quite a few injuries, even more than Old Mrs.

Griffith. She cried while we were treating her wounds, out of guilt."

Everyone around felt uneasy.

After Belinda's fall, Arabella stayed for an extra day until Clark called to say that Carol couldn't hold on anymore, and was even coughing up blood.

Only then did Arabella bid farewell to Belinda.

"Why don't you stay a few more days?" Belinda was so fond of her, Bella had been so meticulous in her care these past few days that Belinda felt she would miss her.

"Bella has classes to attend and work to take care of Sampson gently said, "Once you feel better, I'll bring you to visit her."

Arabella also softly said, "I'll come and visit whenever I can."

"Promise me you will." Belinda held the girl's hand and couldn't let go, "As soon as I can get out of bed, I'll come and visit you."

"Okay, it's a deal."

"Take this with you. Open it when you get home."

Belinda handed a finely crafted small wooden box to Arabella, "This is my gift for you. You must accept it."

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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"No need, Grandma."

"Take it."

With Serena right beside them, Belinda didn't say much and forcefully stuffed the little wooden box into Arabella's hands.

"Check it out when you get home."

"Thanks, Grandma."

Arabella then turned to Louisa and the rest, "Shall we get going?"

"Mom, take care of yourself, we'll visit whenever we can." Louisa's voice wavered with emotion as she bid her mother goodbye.

Kenneth reminded her of a few things, his eyes welling up with tears.

David couldn't help but tease, "Come on, it's not like we're saying goodbye forever. If you miss us, fly over to visit, or we'll fly over to see you. It's just a twelve-hour journey."

"You little rascal." Louisa chuckled at his antics.

"Grandma, I'm leaving now. Don't forget to watch my concert online!" David laughed.

"Alright, alright, I'll watch it on the surveillance camera; Belinda, unable to get out of bed, could only watch them leave via surveillance cameras.

The private jet sat on the grass just outside the villa. Sampson personally escorted them to the aircraft stairs, reminding Arabella before she boarded, "Don't hesitate to visit, and I'll find time to visit you too. Call or text us when you're free."

"Sure, Uncle Sampson. Goodbye."

"Goodbye."

Arabella paused at the top of the aircraft stairs, waved towards the camera, and gave her grandmother a parting smile.

Belinda, who was watching the surveillance feed, felt her eyes moisten at this heartwarming gesture.

Arabella held the wooden box as she entered the private jet's lounge and sat down on a single-seater sofa.

Serena couldn't help but steal glances in her direction.

She was curious about what grandma had given Arabella and why she couldn't open it in front of everyone.

Was it something of great value, afraid that she, an "outsider", would see?

Arabella sensed her gaze and simply put the wooden box into her backpack, closing her eyes to rest.

Twelve hours later.

The jet landed on the landing strip at Reflections Villa. As soon as Arabella disembarked and her phone was turned on, she was greeted with over a dozen missed calls and more than twenty unread messages.

All saying the same thing.

Logan and Taylor had been in an accident and were currently in critical condition.

Crystal, in an attempt to save them, had been tarnished and was severely injured, hanging on by a thread.

"Bella, hurry over," Clark's voice message to Arabella was choked with emotion. "Hope Hospital, third floor. "

"Hurry"

"Dad, Mom, I'll be back shortly." Arabella immediately ran towards the garage.

"Where are you going?" Before Louisa could react, her daughter was already far away.

In the blink of an eye, a red sports car sped out of the garage, its speed astonishing.

"What's going on?" Kenneth looked puzzled, watching Arabella's disappearing car. "What's the rush? It's late and she's driving so fast. It's not safe."

"Honey, I have a bad feeling.' Louisa instinctively grasped Kenneth's hand, asking worriedly, "Do you remember when Grannie Grace had a heart attack, Bella drove just as fast. Could something have happened to someone we know? Is that why Bella is in such a hurry?"

"Don't scare yourself," Kenneth reassured her, though he also felt somewhat worried. "We'll ask her when she gets back."

Serena stood by, slightly displeased. Even if Arabella had some business to attend to, it didn't warrant rushing off immediately after landing.

Who was she trying to impress by acting so busy?

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