

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1251

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She thought this would be the end of it, but to her surprise, Arabella slipped her another surveillance footage.

That's when she first learned about this thing called "Overwatch"!

According to Serena, Overwatch was no ordinary surveillance system. Each camera was no bigger than a grain of rice, but they could capture the detailed street view of the entire Summerfield, down to every license plate, every person's movement.

It was rumored that only a handful of top-level executives had the privilege to access Overwatch.

Some said it was to enhance the overall quality of life and safety in major cities, while others believed it was first being implemented in Summerfield, with

plans for nationwide expansion in the future, using this high-tech gadget to catch criminals.

Regardless of the reason behind the development of Overwatch, that cunning girl got hold of the surveillance footage, which clearly showed she was standing at the back of a truck, twisting open a bottle of cooking oil, and then pretending to trip as she entered the room.

At that time, Arabella even asked if the person in the surveillance was her, saying that if she couldn't recognize it due to her poor eyesight, they could bring it out and ask others to help identify.

Caught in the circumstances, she had no choice but to kneel down and apologize to that wretch. The latter had explicitly said that as long as she didn't use dirty pool behind her back, she wouldn't show this footage to the family. But in the end, this lying wretch showed it to Hans!

What should she do now?!

Her plans were not even half completed.

She absolutely couldn't leave the Collins family!!

With these thoughts in mind, she called Hans again.

Hans returned home at six in the evening after a busy day at the corporation. As soon as he walked in, Martha fell to her knees

before him.

"Mr. Collins, It's all my fault. Please don't fire me!" Even though Martha had just found an excuse to clear out all the servants from the living room, Edith, who had sensed that something was wrong, had called several servants to secretly hide on the second floor to watch Martha's movements.

Seeing Martha kneeling in front of Hans, crying her heart out, they suddenly felt that they were in for some juicy gossip, and their interest was piqued.

Hans looked down at the woman kneeling on the ground with a cold gaze, "You remember it now?" "I know what you are talking about." Martha pleaded through her tears, "Mr. Collins, give me another chance?

Please."

Hans' cold eyes held no warmth, his voice equally cold, "What kind of chance?"

Martha looked up with tear-streaked face, "A chance to make amends."

"Make amends for what? What mistake have you realized?"

Martha was taken aback. Could it be that Hans had no idea what she did wrong and was just trying to trick her??

But then she thought about it. Hans' expression was colder and even more serious than usual. He must know something;

otherwise, he would not be this angry.

So, Martha lowered her head again and said, "I should not have opened the cap of the cooking oil and spilled it on the floor,

almost causing Arabella to fall. I'm really sorry, Mr. Collins. I realize I was wrong. I also fell flat on my face that time, even causing

Serena to fall with me. I have apologized to Arabella, and she has already forgiven me!!"

Martha looked up, hoping to get Hans' forgiveness.

She spilled oil on the floor? She wanted to make Bella fall??

So Martha had done such a thing!!

The light in Hans' eyes turned even colder, "What else?"

"There's nothing else, nothing else." Martha shook her head as she cried, "I didn't do anything else!"

"Why did you want to hurt her?"

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Martha sobbed, "Ever since she returned home, Serena has been neglected. I just couldn't stand it."

Hans' voice grew colder, "Was Serena involved?"

"No, no, she wasn't. This was all my idea. It had nothing to do with Serena! Serena is such an innocent and kind girl. She would definitely have stopped me if she knew!" Martha cried, "Mr. Collins, you have to believe me. It's all my fault!"

"Who else knows about this?" Hans asked coldly.

"No one else, just Arabella." Martha sobbed,

"Arabella had promised me she wouldn't tell anyone."

"She didn't."

Upon hearing this, Martha quickly lifted her gaze.

"I just asked in passing." Hans said indifferently, "I didn't expect you to confess so quickly."

Martha froze in place. It took her a while to realize that Hans had tricked her!

How despicable!

"If that time, Bella had accidentally gotten hurt, you would not only have to face a huge compensation, but the Collins' family lawyers also wouldn't let you off. They would sue you till you're penniless and make sure you rot in jail."

Upon hearing this, Martha trembled in fear. She fully believed in the power of the Collins family!

"Pack your things and leave tonight. Starting from tomorrow, I don't want to see you."

"No, Mr. Collins."

Seeing Hans about to leave, Martha hurriedly knelt down and grabbed his leg, begging desperately, "Mr. Collins, please give me another chance. All these years, I've taken the Collins family as my own family. I really don't want to leave. I want to serve you all till I grow old."

"I want to see Serena get married, to see Serena carry a baby, and to see her become a mother for the first time.

Please, Mr. Collins, give me another chance."

"To give you another chance to hurt Bella?"

Edith, who was sneaking a peek from the second floor, couldn't swallow her anger when she saw this. She stormed downstairs.

"Edith? What are you doing here?" Martha was surprised to see her. She hadn't let go of Hans' leg yet, and looked somewhat embarrassed.

"You sent everyone away so they wouldn't see you make a fool of yourself, but luckily Mr. Collins saw through your plot. Since Mr. Collins is here today, I'll tell him everything I know!"

Hans was surprised to hear this, what else did he not know??

"Mr. Collins, Martha has been targeting Arabella since the day she returned. On the surface, she calls her as if they are close, but behind your back, she doesn't even address Bella as 'miss'. She never shows respect when she sees Arabella, as if she's the master of this house!"

Upon hearing this, Hans' eyes turned colder when he looked at Martha.

"If Serena and Arabella have a meal together, she only serves Serena and not only ignores Arabella, but also makes snide remarks to upset her. I treat Ms. Bella well, and she always finds ways to give me a hard time!"

“When did I ever give you a hard time?” Martha was furious, “Mr. Collins, don't believe her. She's just making up stories in front of you!”

“Who intentionally pushed me when I was going downstairs, trying to make me fall? Who intentionally dirtied the floor after I cleaned it? Who dumped garbage on my bed? Who used my toothbrush to clean other things? Who added all sorts of things to my shampoo and shower gel? You have those kinds of tricks up your sleeve!

And you even asked Serena for support to make my life miserable!”

“Do you have any proof? Without proof, it's slander! I can sue you!”

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Hans cut through the fight, his voice icy, "Enough." Martha and Edith fell silent immediately, their eyes locked in a fiery stare-off.

Hans shot Martha a stern glance, "If you hadn't done it, Edith wouldn't be able to concoct so many accusations."

"Mr. Collins, I swear I'm innocent."

Martha attempted to defend herself, but Hans cut her off.

"I can have someone look into this. If anything turns up, you'll be facing more than just being booted out of the Collins family.

Make your choice."

Either let him investigate or quietly leave the Collins family.

Martha hung her head low, realizing she was at fault, "Fine, Mr. Collins. I'm leaving."

"Bella is my sister. Before you leave this family, if you don't have her forgiveness, you won't have a place in not just the Collins family, but in Summerfield too."

The words hit Martha like a thunderbolt. She hadn't expected Hans to ban her from even staying in Summerfield.

Edith felt a surge of satisfaction. Thankfully, Hans had seen through Martha's act.

“Remember, apologize sincerely.” Hans dropped this piece of advice before leaving the room.

“Yes, understood.” Martha watched him leave, throwing a fierce glare at Edith.

Edith raised an eyebrow, as if saying: didn't expect that, did you? Arabella is the apple of the family's eye, and you dared to cross

her path. How could Hans possibly tolerate you? Half an hour later.

As Arabella arrived home, Serena rushed over, grabbing her hands and pleading through tears, “Sis, please forgive Martha. You can dock her pay or make her work overtime. Just don't kick her out of the family!!”

Martha, standing nearby, was crying rivers. She managed to croak out a single “Ms. Collins”, before her throat tightened painfully.

After packing her bags to bid Serena goodbye, Serena had learned about Hans' decision to fire her and immediately rushed to plead for mercy.

But Hans was immovable. Hearing that Arabella had returned, Serena had now come begging to her. Arabella had a rough idea of what had transpired. Hans must have suspected something and decided to punish Martha.

“Martha, come here and apologize to Arabella!”

Serena sobbed.

Martha fell to her knees in front of Arabella, “Ms. Collins, I was foolish that time. I won't make excuses. I was in the wrong! I've done something terrible, and I don't dare ask for your forgiveness now. I only hope to atone for my sins in the coming days. I can kneel here till dawn, and as many days as you wish, as long as you don't drive me away”

“Sis, please forgive Martha!” Serena also fell to her knees before Arabella, pleading through tears.

The servants surrounding them were stunned. They hadn't expected Serena to kneel before Bella, all for Martha.

Arabella was left speechless by their dramatic display. They were targeted for dismissal by Hans, not her. Why weren't they pleading with him instead? Because he didn't agree? If Hans didn't agree, why should she?

“From now on, I'll keep Martha far away from you, okay? If you two cross paths, I'll make sure Martha backs off!”

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"Martha's been with me for eighteen years. She's like family to me. I can't live without Martha, please sis, I won't let Martha get in your way. I won't let her wander around the main house"

"Ms. Collins, I can clean the next house. I can water and fertilize the flowers, I can do other chores, and I won't show myself around you."

"Sis, I will do whatever you ask me to do from now on, please."

Arabella could see that Serena was sincerely begging to keep Martha this time.

She could agree and let Serena be more obedient and listen to her in the future.

But as long as Martha was around, she would keep instigating Serena.

Even the most innocent and kind person would turn bad after being brainwashed for a long time.

So, there was no need for Martha to stay.

And there was no need for her to be merciful either.

"You're eighteen now; you don't need her anymore."

Just as Arabella was about to leave, Serena suddenly hugged her legs and cried, "It's not about age. It's about how Martha and I

have been with each other day and night. We're like family: "Why don't you move out and live with her?"

Serena lifted her teary eyes in disbelief, unable to believe that Arabella was trying to kick her out!

"You can stay, but she can't." Arabella flicked a glance at Martha and finally said.

Serena despairingly let go of her, stunned for a moment, until Martha cried and hugged her, "It's okay Serena.

Just because I'm not in this house doesn't mean I'm leaving you."

"No, there has to be a way." Serena shook her head, tears streaming down her face, "When mom and dad come back, I'll beg them."

After Arabella went in her room and packed up, she opened the door to find Martha kneeling at the doorway.

"Arabella, I'm not here to bother you. Just that I've never reflected on myself all this time, and never properly apologized to you. I was arrogant and dismissive, and I didn't respect you. I know it's too late to say anything now. I'm leaving, can you forgive me?"

Arabella leaned against the door, lazily looking at her, "Did Hans tell you, you need my forgiveness to leave?"

Martha looked up, somewhat surprised; she didn't expect this girl to know everything!

"Fine, I forgive you." Arabella walked past her, leaving without a second glance.

Martha watched her retreating figure. Sometimes she couldn't understand what this girl was thinking. Arabella was in a hurry to go abroad, so she didn't waste time on trivia like this.

She knocked on the study door, and after getting Hans' permission, she entered.

"Hans, mom and dad are still with Alger; they won't be back soon. They gave me uncle's address. I'm going there now."

Hans signaled the meeting to stop, then closed his laptop and stood up, "Bella, you've suffered so much before.

Why didn't you tell me?"

Upon hearing this, Arabella wondered if Martha had confessed everything? Impossible, this wasn't her style.

Who else could have told Hans??

Could it be Edith??

"These are just trivial matters, not worth mentioning. I merely didn't want to deal with them."

If she really wanted to confront them, could they withstand a single round??

Seeing her obedient demeanor, Hans felt guilty but also found her mature and gracious.

"Martha has been in this house for eighteen years. She truly has worked hard, and that's why mom and dad didn't notice her disrespect towards you. Did she apologize to you just now?"

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"Yes."

"Sincerely?"

"Guess so."

Just now, Martha genuinely desired to stay, hence the heartfelt tears and apologies.

However, with her temperament, it was true what they said. She couldn't change a leopard's spots.

"Hans, I've got to go," Arabella checked the time. She should leave.

"I'll have someone drive you there.

"No need. Mom and dad have arranged for our family's pilot to take me directly to Uncle's private airstrip."

"Good. That'll put my mind at ease"

The Collins family not only employed drivers, but also pilots, all with years of experience and loyal service to the family.

Arabella took out a small gift from her backpack, "Molly is away at a competition and hasn't returned yet. If all goes well, she

should be the champion. I'm not sure if I'll be able to make it back in time to celebrate with her.

This is a little gift I've prepared for her. If I can't come back that day, could you give it to her for me?"

"Sure," Hans hadn't expected his sister to think so far ahead, even preparing a gift.

Speaking of which, he hadn't started preparing.

"Molly would probably look forward more to a gift from you, so you should think about what to give her." After reminding him,

Arabella waved casually and closed the study door behind her.

Thanks to his sister's reminder, Hans sat in front of the computer, pondering. He opened the search bar and typed: What's a good gift for a girlfriend?

On the other side.

By the time Kenneth and Louisa returned, it was already 11 at night.

Serena, with her eyes swollen from crying, explained what had happened. Louisa was shocked.

That was a long time ago.

She was admiring her newly purchased flowers when a servant told her that Serena and Martha had a fall.

When she rushed to the living room, Serena had a bruise on her back, and Martha was covered in bruises.

At that time, Lina was still in the house. She insisted that Bella had walked over the spot and hadn't slipped, but Serena did, suspecting Bella knew about the oil spill and avoided it. She accused Bella of trying to harm Serena! At the time, there was a servant named Holly who also added fuel to the fire.

Later, Bella restored the surveillance footage, proving her innocence, and she expelled Lina and Holly from the house.

But she never expected that Martha was also involved!

If she hadn't deliberately unscrewed the cap and spilled the oil on the floor, she wouldn't have implicated herself and Serena.

"So it was you." Louisa was even more furious, "You've tried to make my precious daughter fall, and now you have the audacity to beg to stay in this house?"

Kenneth, after hearing the entire story, was also furious, "Martha, what were you thinking! It's not easy for Bella to return to this

family. We as her parents, should love her more, give her what she needs. What's there for you to be jealous of?"

This was their home!!

This was the Collins family!

Martha, on the side, continued to cry and apologize, while Serena remained kneeling in front of their

parents, "Mom, Dad, Martha

was not thinking straight that time. She has apologized to Bella and received her forgiveness.

Please let Martha stay, she has

taken care of me for eighteen years, if not for merits, at least for her hard work!"

"Serena, there's no need to say anything" Louisa seemed to have made up her mind, no longer wavering.

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“Dad; Serena pleaded while gazing at her father, her eyes filled with tears.

Since she was a little girl, her father had always been easy to negotiate with, always ready to fulfill her wishes.

Kenneth sighed, “Serena, I can't agree to your request this time. Martha didn't trip over the doorstep by accident.

She did it deliberately to hurt Bella. That's a crime.”

“Dad, it's not as serious as you make it out to be. Martha was only trying to stand up for me because she saw I was being treated unfairly. She just went about it the wrong way.”

Serena knelt in front of her father, imploring desperately, "Dad, I'm begging you. I haven't asked for you about anything since young" Martha meant the world to Serena.

“Serena, we take you as our own. But if you can't see the seriousness of this situation and you think Martha is better than us,

then make your choice!" Louisa averted her face, still obviously angry.

Serena widened her eyes in astonishment. She couldn't believe that her mother who had been gentle and kind to her would utter such remarks!!

"Mom, are you going to abandon me?" Serena's tears instantly spilled over, making her look exceptionally pitiful, "You want Martha to take me?"

"Serena, Kenneth felt distressed, "What we mean is, Martha can't stay in this house anymore."

"Mr. and Mrs. Collins, I know I've done wrong and I have no reason to stay. Serena, don't push them. What they did is right. You must listen to your parents from now on. They're always right."

Tears streaming down, Martha gazed at Serena, reluctant to leave, "I've already felt satisfied for keeping you company since you were a kid, really"

Serena shook her head in tears, frustrated at how incompetent she was not to be able to keep even a servant around her!

Then what was it good to be the daughter of this family!

“Mr. and Mrs. Collins, you haven't let me hold the responsibility for it and just ask me to leave. I've already felt grateful. Thank you for your care and tolerance. I'm really happy to live here for eighteen years.”

After that, Martha bowed down to them respectfully, stood up and was about to leave.

“Martha.” Tears welling up, Serena tried to stop her. However, she didn't do anything and only gazed at Martha as recalling her mother's warning.

“Serena, your smile is so beautiful. You need to do that a lot.” Martha said farewell, then slowly walked out of Serena's sight.

Serena sobbed uncontrollably. She still remembered Hans dropped the plan of letting her manage the jewelry company, and now this came as a terrible blow to her.

Louisa suddenly remembered that incident. That time she questioned why the cap wasn't firmly closed, and why no one was cleaning the ground since the oil had been spilled.

Before watching the surveillance footage, Martha never stood up for Bella when she was being wrongly accused by Holly and Lina. Nor did she confess that it was she who spilled it.

It was only when they checked the surveillance footage that Martha confessed, saying that the fall caused too much pain and blaming her forgetfulness on old age.

There were full of flaws and yet she couldn't detect them, leaving her daughter suffer from grievance. At that time, Martha feigned to accuse Lina, shifting all the blame to her.

Turned out this servant who had diligently worked for them for eighteen years was this vile.

She just audaciously used dirty pools in this family, but Louisa couldn't notice that.

Edith suddenly understood Bella's intentions from last time.

She asked Bella why she showed the video of Martha opening the oil bottle to Mr. and Mrs. Collins.

Bella replied that it was just an evidence of Martha's doing, However, as long as Martha insisted she acted alone, that it had nothing to do with Serena. If

Serena took advantage of the family affection, or cry in front of the elders and the brothers, Martha would probably not be driven away.

Serena wouldn't be asked to leave the house either. It seemed Bella's prediction was right on point.

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Because Overwatch only captured Martha undoing the cap and pretending to spill oil on the ground.

So, Martha took all the blame upon herself, leaving Serena completely in the clear.

Edith pondered, if she stepped forward now and claimed that Serena was also involved, but could not provide the evidence.

Would she be accused of stirring up trouble?

Moreover, after the incident, Serena would definitely find ways to give her hard time.

Only now did Edith understand, Bella's far-sightedness was right. It wasn't about letting Martha off the hook out of pretentious nobility; it was because picking on Martha's mistakes was pointless, the real target should be Serena's. Seeing Serena still sobbing, Louisa rose and went upstairs, somewhat distraught.

Kenneth quickly followed her, "Honey, calm down." Betty, standing nearby, reached out to help Serena up.

"Serena, don't cry. Even though Martha can't stay, you can still stay in touch."

Serena looked up with teary eyes at the maid in front of her, suddenly realizing that this was the woman who had stood up for her last time - Betty.

"Betty." Serena just hugged her and started crying loudly.

In this house, she was already isolated and helpless. Having a maid by her side wasn't too bad.

Betty didn't know how to console her, so she just patted her back, "Serena, I'm here. I will take good care of you from now on."

On the other side.

Arabella was sitting on a plane. A maid served her a glass of lemonade and some snacks.

"Ms. Collins, have something."

Arabella looked up from her laptop, and said blandly, "You don't need to be here. Go rest."

Unexpectedly, her mother had arranged a maid, Marcia, to take care of her all the way.

"Ms. Collins, I'm not tired. I want to be by your side.'

Marcia remained standing, looking respectful, "You do your thing. Call me when you need anything."

"Take a seat. Don't just stand there."

"Well." Marcia hesitated for a while, but still dared not, she whispered, "This is against the rules."

"In my presence, you can do as what I said, sit down."

Marcia didnt expect Bella to be so domineering. After sitting down, she secretly appraised Bella, who was really cool, with a cold demeanor that was countless times better than Serena.

"Ms. Collins, can I..."

Before Marcia could finish her sentence, the pilot's voice came from the system, full of pain and agony.

"Ms. Collins."

Her voice was weak and feeble.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm not feeling well." The pilot could no longer control the plane.

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The plane was jostling in the clouds, resembling a tiny boat swaying in a storm.

Marcia was thrown around with the turbulence, items scattered all over the cabin.

Arabella immediately rushed to the cockpit, finding the pilot unconscious and the plane plummeting due to the lack of control.

“Ah.” A terrified scream came from Marcia in the cabin.

Arabella quickly moved the pilot to the co-pilot's seat and grabbed the control stick.

She had flown planes before. Her Grandpa Alberto alone had collected a number of private jets, and she had even flown his private jet to take him to the destinations of the business trips.

However, this latest model was different from those she had flown.

This was her first time handling it.

With the current situation, she needed to get the plane back to its original altitude quickly, maintain balance, and land safely on her uncle's airstrip following the trajectory.

Due to the rapid descent of the plane just now, they were now at a very low altitude. Arabella could see clusters of houses outside the cockpit. To avoid hitting these houses and injuring innocent people, Arabella operated the control stick again to ascend.

The town's inhabitants watched in horror as a massive plane plummeted from the sky, then quickly ascended.

They were petrified, unable to believe the scene they just witnessed was real.

If the plane had crashed, their little town would have been wiped out!

Marcia was screaming in terror, covering her ears and hiding in a corner until the plane stopped shaking violently and white clouds appeared outside the window. She couldn't believe what she was seeing, staring blankly for a while, then looking at the things on the floor, which remained relatively stable.

She realized then that she was safe!!

Was it Ms. Collins??

Ms. Collins can fly a plane?!

God, Ms. Collins could do anything!

"Marcia"

Arabella's voice came through the intercom, as calm as usual.

Hearing Arabella's voice, Marcia who was still suffering from the panic, immediately burst into tears, her legs giving out from fear.

She crawled to the door, close to the intercom, and said, "Ms. Collins, I'm here. I'm okay."

"The pilot needs you, come over here."

Marcia heard that Susan was in trouble and hurriedly leaned on the couch, struggling to stand up, but her legs gave out and she fell to her knees.

"Ms. Collins, I'm useless. I can't stand up." Marcia's voice was tearful and she said somewhat shamefully, "My legs are weak."

“There's a way that can help, listen carefully.’
Arabella sat in the pilot's seat, pressing a few buttons, instructing her where to
massage while keeping an eye on the flight path on the screen to ensure the plane was on the correct trajectory.

Marcia followed Arabella's instructions and was quickly able to stand up. Once again, she marveled at Arabella's capabilities.

“Bring my backpack.”

“Yes.” Marcia took Arabella’s backpack and in no time she appeared in the cockpit. Seeing Bella sitting in the pilot's seat, calmly operating the buttons, she was so frightened that her legs gave out and she instinctively held onto the chair.

Seeing Ms. Collins fly the plane with her own eyes was too shocking.

“Ms. Collins, I brought the stuff.” she said, her voice trembling.

“Give me her hand.”

Marcia reacted and only then noticed Susan in the co-pilot's seat. She quickly extended Susan's hand to Arabella.

Arabella's delicate fingers touched Susan's wrist, her gaze fixed ahead, “Sudden had a heart attack. Open my backpack, there's

a small white bottle inside, take out one pill, crush it, mix it with water, and feed it to her."

"Oh, okay." Marcia quickly complied.

She couldn't believe it, Ms. Bella was flying a plane and saving a life at the same time.

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Who on earth was this extraordinary person?

She's truly an extraordinary girl!

After Marcia administered the medicine, Arabella gently reminded her, "The plane is about to land, you might want to find a seat."

"What about Susan?"

"Help her with her seat belt."

"Okay: Marcia immediately obeyed, and after securing herself in a seat, the plane began to descend, preparing to touch down at a flashy private mansion.

Below was an endless expanse of green grass, with a long runway on the side.

An elderly butler looked up to the sky, and after a while, he finally spotted a plane heading this way.

He quickly instructed the others on his walkie-talkie, "It must be Ms. Collins' plane. Is the runway clear? All other planes must move aside; make sure

there's enough space for Ms. Collins' plane!"

The plane roared past, descending in a beautiful arc and finally sliding onto the runway.

Marcia's heart was pounding in fear. She hadn't expected Ms. Collins to handle the plane landing so smoothly, so effortlessly.

Ms. Collins was truly amazing!

The butler carefully observed the plane. It was indeed the Collins family's private jet!!

He was overjoyed and immediately called Bard, "Mr. Griffith, Ms. Bella's plane has arrived."

"Lsaw it"

Bard, seated in his car, watched as the plane made a graceful landing on his family's tarmac.

The driver respectfully opened the car door, and Bard stepped out, his tall figure causing those around him to bow.

"Good day, sir."

Bard gave a slight nod, his gaze never leaving the plane. He had heard that this niece, who had been found only half a year ago,

was an outstanding doctor. Even his mother's complex illness was able to be cured.

She certainly was an impressive young lady.

However, after the plane came to a stop on the runway, the cabin door opened, and the stairs extended to the ground, but no one deplaned.

The butler had originally brought a group of people to greet them, but after waiting by the stairs for a while, there was no movement.

No one came out, and no one came down to explain the situation.

He looked at Bard, puzzled, "Mr. Griffith."

"I'll go take a look."

Bard slowly ascended the stairs, his coat billowing in the wind. His every move exuded a sense of authority and Nobility, a unique blend of poise and charisma.

As soon as he stepped into the cabin, Bard spotted a young woman kneeling on the floor, providing medical aid.

Her long hair cascaded over her shoulders, and her beautiful face radiated with confidence and brilliance.

She was providing treatment to a woman on the couch.

The woman lay still, seemingly ill.

Marcia squatted nearby, anxiously asking, "Ms. Collins, is Susan going to be okay?"

"She'll be fine." Arabella heard the noise from the cabin door. She raised her eyes, her gaze meeting that of the man at the door.

Who was he??

Uncle Bard??

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"Are you Bella?"

Bard hadn't expected the girl standing in front of him to be even more charming than the picture. Her eyes were clear and

vibrant, and her features bore a slight resemblance to his sister, Louisa, but she had a more refined air about her. Her refreshing aura was like a breath of fresh air.

"Uncle Bard?"

Bard smiled gently, "Yes, I'm your Uncle."

Arabella smiled, "Hello, Uncle Bard."

"Hello, Bard's voice was soft, as if he was talking to a young child, "I noticed no one was getting off the plane, so I came to check."

As he said this, he looked at the woman on the couch, "What happened to her?"

"Sudden heart attack, but she's okay now."

"Sir" Marcia, who had been standing nearby, rose to her feet and greeted him respectfully, "I work for the Collins family. Thank

God Ms. Collins was here; we would have had a crash otherwise!"

She briefly explained what had happened, and just by her description, one could imagine the dreadful scene.

Bard looked again at his niece, who seemed calm as if nothing had happened.

Such mental toughness, such courage, and decisiveness.

She was indeed his niece.

"Private pilots are required to have an EKG every two years. She didn't do it?" Bard asked his niece.

"She had her medical records on the plane, which showed no cardiac risk factors. She's in good health, she gets a check-up

every year, and the results are always normal."

"What caused it this time?"

"It could be pulmonary embolism, acute coronary syndrome and pericarditis, etc. Once we land, we'll do a detailed check-up to

see if her blood cells, metabolic indicators, and cTnl levels are normal. We'll also do a chest CT scan to see if it's a pulmonary

embolism and an EKG is needed too."

Bard, hearing all the medical jargon, was once again amazed by his niece.

He hadn't expected such medical expertise from her at this young age, let alone that their first meeting would be under such circumstances.

"I'll ask someone to send her to the hospital' Bard said gently.

"Okay." Seeing that it was almost time, Arabella started to pack up her medical stuff.

As Susan was being taken away, Arabella asked Marcia to accompany her, in case Susan woke up with no familiar faces around.

Seeing his niece's thoughtfulness, Bard felt warmth in his eyes again.

By the plane stairs, there were dozens of servants. The elderly butler at the front, seeing Arabella deplane, promptly raised his voice and bowed, "Ms. Collins, welcome home! I'm Mr. Elliot, it's a pleasure to meet you!"

"Ms. Collins, welcome home!"

Following Mr. Elliot, all the servants bowed in unison, creating quite a spectacle.

"Hello." Arabella greeted them warmly.

"Bella, this is a gift for you." Bard took a beautifully crafted rectangular box from Mr. Elliot and handed it to Arabella.

The box was only slightly larger and thicker than an average smartphone, but it looked exquisite and luxurious.

At the sight of the box, it was clear that whatever was inside was valuable.

Arabella also took out a gift box from her bag, "This is for Uncle Bard."

Bard hadn't expected a gift from his niece on their first meeting. When he opened it, he found a piece of paper the size of a smartphone???

He looked at his niece, puzzled.

"This is a paper for bearing wishes. Uncle, you can write whatever you want on it, and I'll make it come true as long as it's within my reach."

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