

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1281

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"Uncle Bard, you're too kind. But I'm not sure if this Wolf-head is Mr. Elliot's real identity, or if he's trying to mislead us by putting up a front," Arabella pondered.

Upon hearing this, Gordon also found it to be a reasonable doubt.

Their dealings with the Mafia Rock had always been straightforward. Everyone minding their own business. If Mr. Elliot was deliberately disguising himself to frame them, it wasn't entirely impossible.

Bard realized that his niece was quite astute. No wonder the family had nothing but praise for her.

"I'll keep an eye out. You should go rest, Bard advised.

"Alright, call me if anything comes up."

Arabella stepped out of the hospital room, Gordon gave Bard a nod before hurrying to catch up with Arabella.

In the car.

Arabella texted her subordinates. (Check if there's a food stand near the Tala Desert, run by a middle-aged woman with a sick son in the hospital, and a good-for-nothing husband] Her henchman sent back a photo with dark circles under his eyes. [Boss, aren't you sleeping yet? Look at my dark circles.]

Arabella was speechless.

[Boss. does anyone really sell food near the desert? Wouldn't customers get a mouthful of sand with each gust of wind?]

Arabella suddenly looked thoughtful. Was everything, including her grandfather's injury, all part of a premeditated plan?

Who was trying to harm her grandfather?

who had he offended?

[I need results ASAP]

[Sure thing, boss. But about that eye cream for dark circles, could you send me a couple more bottles.

Some girls called me

'uncle' today, can you believe it? At my age, she must be blind.]

Arabella didn't know what to say.

On the other side.

Jack and his crew had caught several injured men in black. He cut the tendons of one of them with a knife.

"You dare to harm our boss. I think you're tired of living."

The man in black screamed in pain, never expecting to be caught by Jack's gang.

At that point, another group of masked men came charging in under the moonlight.

"We need these men." The man in the silver mask commanded, his mask gleaming coldly in the moonlight.

"You talking to me?" Jack looked at the man disdainfully. "We caught them. If you have the guts, come and take them."

The man in the silver mask said coldly, "You should find out that in all of Dawnstar, there is no one we can't get."

"Well, today I'll teach you a lesson, and you'll learn that there's always a bigger fish," Jack retorted, quickly making his move. The man in the silver mask instantly blocked him.

The men in black were confused about what was happening.

The man in the silver mask was Bard's man, but who were these brash people and why were they trying to capture them.

They saw an opportunity to escape.

Just as the men in black were about to slip away, Jack put his knife to one of their necks, "Did I say you could leave?"

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"Don't lay a finger on them!" The silver-masked man, fearful of losing his leads, warned with an intensified tone, "These people are needed by our boss. If you don't want to end up six feet under, hand them over peacefully"

Jack sneered, "No matter who he is, he'd have to make way for my boss. Your boss is insignificant in comparison. If my boss is in a good mood, she may spare your boss's life. But if not, the only ones buried will be you."

The silver-masked man didn't expect such audacity in Dawnstar. He swallowed his anger and asked, "Who exactly is your boss?"

"Your daddy."

Jack took another swing and ordered his henchmen, "Take them away. I can handle these punks myself. Seeing those men being led away, the silver-masked man seethed with rage, "You're asking for it!"

Gordon pulled up to the mansion, "Ms. Bella, it's getting late. You should get some rest."

"Thank you for the ride."

Arabella stepped out of the car, greeted by the security guard at the main entrance, "Ms. Bella."

"Still working at this hour?"

"It's my shift tonight"

Arabella nodded, "Thank you for your hard work."

Inside the mansion.

A few maids rushed forward as Arabella walked in, "Ms. Bella, dinner is ready. Please come with us"

Arabella hadn't expected them to stay up this late for her, let alone the extravagant spread that her uncle had ordered.

"If there's anything not to your liking, Ms. Bella, please let us know.' The man in the chef's uniform smiled politely, "My name is Arthur"

"You can call me Bowen,' a plump man grinned warmly.

Arabella smiled back, "Did you two prepare this meal?"

"Yes, we did."

"Please, enjoy."

"Thank you." Arabella glanced at the clock- half past midnight, "You should go rest now."

"We're not tired."

Both chefs stood by, eager to hear Arabella's feedback.

Arabella picked up a piece of fish but paused just before taking a bite.

Both chefs tensed up.

"Is it not to your liking, Ms. Bella?"

"We can make something else."

Arabella's eyes softened, "It smells wonderful. It just reminded me of my mother."

The two chefs exhaled in relief, having feared Arabella didn't like it.

They saw Arabella eat the meat, veggies, soup, and even finish the spaghetti.

"Everything is perfect. There's nothing to improve."

Arabella wiped her lips with a napkin, grabbed her bag and said, "I'll leave the cleaning to you."

"Not a problem, Ms. Bella. Get some rest."

"Yes, goodnight."

"Goodnight"

As Arabella ascended the stairs, she suddenly steadied herself on the railing, pausing for a moment before she continued upstairs.

At 1:30 am, the light in Arabella's room went out.

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In a while, a group of men stealthily intruded into her room. Bathed in the dim moonlight, they saw the girl on the bed, sound asleep. Her long eyelashes cast shadows on her cheeks, making her look as beautiful as a porcelain doll.

She was a real beauty. What a pity she won't live to see the dawn.

They each reached into their pockets and unsheathed their knives. A murderous glint flashed in their eyes as they all lunged at her.

In the blink of an eye, Arabella threw open her eyelids, swiftly wrapped their knives in her blanket, and tossed them aside.

The lights flicked on at Arabella's touch, illuminating the entire room.

Arthur, Bowen, and the four maidservants never imagined they'd fall into a trap. Ms. Bella remained unscathed and was even leisurely watching them.

How could this be? They had used tenfold the dose of the sleeping drug.

At this time, Arabella should be in a deep slumber, motionless.

"Did you find out when you were eating the fish?"

Arthur asked incredulously.

Arabella curled her lips. The drug was child's play to her. To even think of using it against her was an insult.

"If I'm not mistaken, Mr. Elliot was the one who recruited you."

That was why Arabella did not expose them at the dinner table. She chose to play along.

If she had revealed the tampered fish then, the only suspects would have been the two cooks.

But she played their game and now, even the four maidens revealed themselves.

"Mr. Elliot exposed his identity. You knew Uncle Bard would conduct a thorough investigation, so you decided to eliminate me, the obstacle, before he could."

She had anticipated this possibility even before she returned home.

"But how did you know Mr. Elliot had accomplices?"

Arthur asked nervously.

"Uncle Bard isn't naive. If one wanted to plant someone close to him, he wouldn't just place one person. There must be someone working with Mr. Elliot, either within the house or outside. Now we know."

"Missy, being too smart isn't always a good thing."

"Neither is being overconfident"

Arabella quickly attacked. Arthur could barely fend off a few blows before getting hit in the chest.

He stared at Arabella in disbelief. How could a young girl pack such a punch? She didn't even use a weapon, yet her punch felt like a stab to his heart.

Seeing this, Bowen once again drew a small knife from his pocket. But before he could strike Arabella, she disarmed him and wounded his shoulder.

The four maidservants were clearly no match for Arabella either.

"Who are you?" Bowen held his bleeding shoulder and glared at the young girl.

Her skills obviously came from special training.

This made him recall a famous figure from years ago. However, that person was older and had long retired.

Her skills were half similar, half different.

Who was she?

She couldn't possibly be just a simple rich girl.

Just then, Gordon arrived with two teams of bodyguards, splitting up to surround the villa. The bedroom door was kicked open, revealing a team of bodyguards. The other team entered from the balcony.

All possible escape routes were cut off.

"Gordon?"

Arthur and the others didn't expect Gordon to arrive with reinforcements. Did Arabella tip him off?

"Ms. Bella said someone poisoned her food. She asked me to bring men up as soon as her room lights up. I didn't expect it to be you traitors," Gordon commanded, "Take them away."

Bowen scoffed. They had come prepared to kill! He nodded at his accomplices. They each threw a handful of white powder into the air.

The white powder cascaded down, blanketing the room like snowfall.

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"Since we're after your life, it's impossible for us to get caught in the crossfire," Arthur smirked confidently. "No matter how many of you there are, if you run into us, you're out of luck."

"We'll see who's out of luck, Arabella retorted, her eyes dancing with excitement.

Ten seconds passed.

Twenty seconds passed.

Then half a minute.

Arthur couldn't believe his eyes as he saw Arabella and Gordon untouched.

How could this be?

Weren't they supposed to be affected within five seconds?

Arabella smirked, "Didn't the one who sold you these powders tell you who made them?"

Of course, they did!

The vendor claimed they were personally made by Ms. Aria!

There was no way they could be faulty.

Could he have been sold a fake?

"Take them down!"

As soon as Gordon finished speaking, Bowen and his gang began to resist.

Arabella watched from the sidelines. Spotting someone attempting to sneak attack Gordon, she kicked a fallen tissue box at him, hitting him square in the head.

The man yelped in pain, and Gordon finally realized that Ms. Bella had saved him.

At that moment, Arabella appeared ethereal, like a divine being descended from heaven.

For a moment, he was completely awestruck.

Another man tried to escape through the window, but Arabella swiftly picked up a small knife from the floor and threw it like a dart.

The silver blade whizzed past the man's face and embedded itself into the curtain, causing him to nearly jump out of his skin.

Within less than ten minutes, all of them were apprehended. To prevent them from committing suicide, Gordon ordered their mouths to be gagged.

"Take them to the boss for disposal."

When Gordon finished speaking, Arabella interrupted, "It's too late now. Let Uncle Bard and Grandfather rest.

We'll report to them tomorrow."

"Understood." Gordon respectfully accepted the command, "First, let's lock them up."
Arthur and his gang were led away.
Bowling slightly, Gordon said, "Ms. Bella, I apologize for the disturbance."

"Do I look disturbed?"

Gordon laughed. She indeed did not.
Such a major event would have left any ordinary lady scared witless.

Yet, Ms. Bella looked as calm as ever, as though she didn't care about these people at all.

"Ms. Bella, isn't there something wrong with those white powders? My men and I inhaled quite a bit of it, but nothing happened."

It was truly miraculous.

"Before you guys arrived, I had lit some rose incense."

Arabella's statement made Gordon realize the faint scent of roses in the air.

So, it was the scent of the roses that saved them.

"How did you know they were going to sprinkle that powder? And how did you know how to counter it?"

"I guessed."

If they hadn't sprinkled the powder, the rose scent wouldn't have harmed them anyway. Even if they inhaled a lot, it wouldn't matter.

"You've had a long day too. Go back and rest."
Arabella glanced at the time. It was already past two in the morning.

Half an hour later.

When Arabella came out after her bath, she found that Gordon had cleaned the entire room.

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Gordon eyed Arabella as she emerged in her white pajamas, his gaze quickly darting away.

"Miss Bella, I'll stand guard outside tonight. You should get some rest."

"There's no need,' she dismissed, "Even if ten more showed up, they wouldn't be a match for me. Go home"

"I'll leave you to rest then, Miss Bella." Gordon closed the door, with his heart fluttering like a hummingbird.

The next morning, Arabella woke to find Gordon dozing by her bedroom door.

"Why didn't you go home?"

"Miss Bella, you're awake." Gordon straightened up immediately, "I couldn't rest until I knew you were safe. I'll go report to Mr.

Bard now.

Arabella found the boy's loyalty surprising and gave him a nod of approval.

In the absence of six men, the mansion was steeped in anxiety.

At breakfast, Arabella noticed the servants' unease, their fear palpable.

It seemed her presence had disrupted the peace of the household.

Seeing their apprehension, Arabella spoke in a calming tone, "Don't be scared. Have a seat and join me."

Her words, however, brought tears to the servants' eyes. They weren't hungry. They were scared that Arabella would label them

as traitors and have Gordon arrest them.

"Miss Bella, I hope the breakfast I made is to your liking."

After Arabella had eaten the dinner prepared by Arthur and Bowen last night, they were arrested. So, this morning, no one dared to make her breakfast.

In the end, it was Abbey who gathered the courage. Terrified that if Miss Bella found it unsatisfactory, she might be next.

"Miss Bella, are Arthur and the others really traitors?" A servant asked.

"Last night, I saw Gordon surrounding the mansion and taking away Arthur and five others. Someone said they were traitors.

"Miss Bella, are they spies planted by the enemy close to the master?"

Several pairs of eyes were fixed on Arabella. The servants were waiting her answer.

Arabella replied with a simple 'yes; and continued eating.

The servants were in disbelief.

They never would have thought that Arthur, Bowen, and the others, who seemed so loyal, harbored ill intentions.

And Mr. Elliot.

They hadn't seen Mr. Elliot since last night. Could it be that Mr. Elliot was also a traitor?

"Miss Bella, will Mr. Elliot return?" A servant asked timidly.

Mr. Elliot was their pillar.

What if he didn't return?

"He's not coming back," Arabella said.

The servants were unaware of what had happened at the hospital last night.

But from Arabella's words, they could guess something had happened, one of them muttered, "I didn't expect this from Mr. Elliot.

he risked his life to protect Mr. Bard, and Mr. Bard trusted him wholeheartedly."

"Mr. Elliot saved my uncle?" Arabella asked, raising an eyebrow.

The servant nodded, "Back then, a gang tried to attack Mr. Bard. Mr. Elliot took a knife for him. If the knife had gone just a millimeter deeper, Mr. Elliot wouldn't have survived. If it weren't for Mr. Elliot buying them time, Mr. Bard might not have escaped."

At this point, Arabella's phone vibrated. It was a call from one of her subordinates.

"Boss, half a year ago, there was indeed a food stall near the Tala desert, run by a woman. But she left after about a month.

Locals say she was an outsider, and no one knows where she went. Usually, locals don't set up stalls there because of the

sandstorms. When the woman set up her stall, some kind-hearted people warned her, but she seemed adamant about staying there."

Arabella's eyes darkened a bit. Just as she suspected, the story about the woman, her incompetent husband, and their sick child, was all a lie, a ploy to harm her grandfather. They probably retreated when her grandfather's reinforcements arrived.

"Keep investigating their whereabouts. Also, look into who knew about my grandparents' travel itinerary half a year ago."

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This guy must have known exactly where Arabella's grandparents were headed next, and had someone set up a stall there in advance.

Perhaps all the dangers her grandparents encountered on the way were artificially created. After ending the call, several servants gazed at Arabella with anticipation. It took them a while before they finally said, "Ms. Bella, only a select few knew the travel route your grandparents were taking."

"Who exactly?" Arabella was slightly surprised. She didn't expect these servants to be in the know.

"Just family members, and friends of your grandparents."

"Because of their extensive contacts, they had to deal with all sorts of obligations every time they went to a new place, which would keep them from fully enjoying their trip."

"I once heard your grandmother voicing such concerns to a few close friends, saying she didn't want to deal with too many social obligations."

"Tell me their names."

Arabella took out her phone, ready to jot down the names, when her phone vibrated again. It was a call from Jack.

"Boss, you're definitely awake at this hour. I'm here to report!"

"We caught those men in black, but they're tight-lipped, refusing to say a single word. Luckily we had the medicine you left or they would have been dead by now."

Jack gave them a good beating, and just as they were about to pass out, he hurriedly sprinkled the medicine Arabella had given him onto their wounds.

Arabella could hear Jack panting slightly as he spoke, she casually said, "You need to start working out."

"Not now, boss."

"I want results as soon as possible"

Before Jack could finish his sentence, he heard the busy tone.

He had fought single-handedly against those silver-masked men last night, barely escaped, and then interrogated them till

morning. He hadn't slept or eaten a bite. Wasn't it normal for him to be panting a bit?

But hearing what the boss said, he asked one of his subordinates, "Do I need to start working out?"

"What?" The subordinate looked at his abs, "Jack, I have no idea what you're talking about."

At the hospital.

After hearing Gordon's report, Bard couldn't believe Arabella had gone through such a thrilling experience last night. If it weren't for her quick reflexes and intelligence, any ordinary person would have lost their life.

"I will continue interrogating these men. They must know where Mr. Elliot is hiding, and who is behind all this."

Bard nodded in agreement.

"Also, our men reported that a group of people took those men in black away last night. They were extremely arrogant, completely disregarding us. They even said that whether my boss is spared or not, depends on their boss's mood. If he's not in a good mood, we would be the ones with no place to bury our bodies."

Upon hearing this, Bard was taken aback. Arrogant much?

It had been a long time since someone in Dawnstar had dared to openly challenge him.

"Sir, I will definitely find out who these arrogant men are, and get those men in black back. You can rest assured."

Seeing Gordon's loyalty, Bard said, "You've been up all night guarding Bella. Go back and rest. I'll have the others handle the rest."

"Sir"

"This is an order."

Gordon knew that Bard was concerned about his health, but he wasn't tired. He wanted to continue serving Bard.

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"There's a lot of work that needs your personal touch, so you can't just collapse here."

Upon hearing Bard's words, Gordon expressed his gratitude, "Sir, I can handle it, but."

"I'll be fine, someone will come to relieve me soon."

Only then did Gordon leave with a sense of ease.

Bard, looking at the figure lying on the hospital bed, pondered over something, with a shadow of suspicion lingering in his mind about someone.

Elsewhere.

Upon seeing the photos and videos Erik sent her, tears welled up in Serena's eyes instantly.

These were glimpses of Martha's new working environment.

Seeing the once spirited Martha, now a waitress in a restaurant, tears inevitably streamed down Serena's face.

"I'm off today and was out for lunch with a friend when I ran into Martha. I knew you'd be worried about her, so I took these without her knowing."

"None of the businesses under the Collins family's umbrella would hire her now, so she's been forced to work at this small diner. I saw the job posting outside. It said a waitress could make about \$400 a month."

Tears sprung to Serena's eyes once again. Back in the day, Martha used to bring home more than ten thousand dollars a month from the Collins family!

If it wasn't for Arabella's heartless actions, Martha could still be a part of the Collins family, not having to endure such hardships.

Just then, Erik sent another video.

Upon opening it, Serena saw a cantankerous woman angrily hitting the table, "Is this what I ordered? Are you blind or deaf? I clearly ordered meatloaf, and look at what you've served!"

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry." Martha apologized profusely, "There were just too many orders. I got confused. I'm new here. Please forgive me."

"What does your being new have to do with me? I'm a paying customer here, and I shouldn't have to put up with this! Bring me a new dish, for free!"

"Ma'am, whether it's free or not isn't up to me."

Martha explained, clearly in a bind.

"Who are you calling 'ma'am'? Look at yourself! You think I'm old?" The woman, infuriated, threw the water from her glass right at

Martha's face, "What are you waiting for, get out! Or do you want me to file a complaint?"

Martha bowed and apologized profusely, finally leaving with the incorrect dish. As soon as she disappeared into the kitchen, a man who looked like the owner questioned her and berated her harshly.

Watching this, Serena was filled with anger. All of this over a wrong order?

She immediately called Erik, urging him to get Martha out of there and to stop her working in such a place!

In the end, Serena couldn't just sit there and rushed to the restaurant, only to find out that Martha had already been let go. She was sitting in a small garden not far from the diner, her belongings at her feet. Her wet clothes had yet to dry, and she looked quite pitiful.

Upon seeing her, Erik said in a heavy tone, "Serena, you're here. Martha worked all day, had all her pay deducted because of

this incident, and was thrown out"

"This is outrageous." Serena clenched her fists,

"This is outright bullying!"

Upon hearing a familiar voice, Martha looked up and tears streamed down her face.

Serena, too, began to cry. She draped her overcoat over Martha and held her close.

Martha's body was stiff. It was only then that Serena realized something was wrong. After inquiring, she found out that Martha had strained her back washing dishes all day at her previous job, and was fired for being too slow. She had finally found this job at the diner, only to be fired again for serving the wrong dish.

"Martha, stop working. I'll take care of you."

"No, I can't let you do that. Just hearing you call me Martha is enough for me."

As the two women cried and held each other, a glint of satisfaction flashed in Erik's eyes.

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Inside the hospital.

Bard gazed at the email arrived from Janice, a hint of depth coloring his eyes.

Janice's father had successfully undergone a tumor removal while retaining all liver functions. In gratitude, Janice leaked some exclusive insider information to Bard.

The reason she had been constantly opposing him in the group was due to the influence of another senior director. A man who

was distantly related to Bard, his uncle When Bard inherited the group from his father, a number of relatives had already held

various positions within the group. Many hoped to see him step down, including his uncle Arlen.

Bard had known about Arlen's discontent with his leadership, but he had underestimated just how far Arlen was willing to go behind his back.

Janice had detailed several incidents in the email, showing that she was acting under the instructions of Arlen.

She also provided evidence to back up her claims.

Meanwhile, Janice sat anxiously beside her father's hospital bed.

Since sending Bard the email the previous night, she had received no reply from him even by 9:30 in the morning.

Knowing Bard, he was likely planning his countermove quietly, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. What she feared was being caught in the crossfire.

As for Arlen, if he found out about Janice's betrayal, he would surely make her life a living hell.

Janice was tired of being manipulated. She was prepared to die, but remembering her father's recent successful surgery, she didn't want to drag him into this mess.

Just then, Janice's phone rang, startling her. Upon seeing that it was Bard calling, she answered apprehensively.

"Mr. Bard?" Her voice trembled slightly.

"I've read your email, thank you for telling me all this," Bard's voice was calm, as though he was capable of handling any disaster. "I'm well aware of my uncle's character. I'll handle this, and you won't be implicated. Just act as if nothing has happened and continue following his orders."

"But Mr. Bard." Janice was worried that Arlen's orders would become increasingly unreasonable, putting Bard in a difficult position.

"[can handle it."

With the call ended, Janice felt a sense of relief. She had underestimated Bard's magnanimity. Despite learning of Arlen's underhanded tactics, he had not only covered for her but also offered his help.

With Bard's reassurance, she knew she would be safe. Looking at her father, her eyes held a sense of relief and joy.

At this moment, her phone buzzed with a bank notification. \$12,500 had been withdrawn from her account.

Could it be the surgical fee charged by Dr. Bell? Such a complicated surgery and it cost only that much?

She wondered if Dr. Bell had given her a friendly discount because of her connection with Mr. Bard. With this thought, she felt a surge of gratitude. Arabella transferred the money to her team for further research before calling Bard.

"Uncle Bard, I'm heading to the hospital now. You should go home and get some rest."

Bard had stayed up all night by the patient's bedside, it was time for him to rest.

"Bella, you rarely visit Dawnstar. Take some time to explore and enjoy the city. I've arranged for people to look after things here,"

Bard's voice was gentle. "Where would you like to go? I can have someone take you there."

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"I don't have a particular destination in mind, for now."

Besides, Romeo would accompany her. He had just texted her that his private jet had landed at the McMillian Corporation hotel's helipad in Dawnstar, promising to meet her as soon as he was done with work.

Just a while ago, Arabella had warned him to get some rest and come over later in the evening. Otherwise, she wouldn't meet him.

"You should rest at home and scout some tourist spots you'd like to visit. Once you've made up your mind, I will arrange for someone to escort you."

With the behind-the-scenes culprit yet to be unearthed, Bard couldn't spare time to be with his beloved niece.

"Uncle Bard, you don't need to worry about me. I'm grown up now. I can manage on my own."

Arabella chatted with Bard for a bit before hanging up the phone.

She had planned to visit the hospital to check on her grandfather. But as she just started walking, a loud crashing noise echoed from behind her.

Turning around, she saw a massive billboard had fallen, hitting a passerby.

Panic ensued among the onlookers, with screams piercing the air.

The woman hit by the billboard fell unconscious immediately.

Without wasting a second, Arabella rushed to lift the billboard, with a few passersby who had regained their senses joining her.

Glancing at the spot where the billboard was hung, Arabella noticed there was no space for a person to hide.

Could the falling billboard be an accident?

Nearby, some locals were chatting, theorizing that the billboard's fall might be related to the massive storm a few days ago.

There had been a similar incident at a nearby intersection earlier today, but luckily no one was hurt.

Once the billboard was moved aside, the injured woman lay there, bloodied. Arabella immediately provided first aid right there in the street. A few good Samaritans had already called for an ambulance. As soon as Arabella finished administering first aid, the ambulance whisked the woman away.

A few passersby, still in shock, asked Arabella if she was a doctor, and whether the woman would be okay, having lost so much blood.

Arabella, looking in the direction of the departing ambulance, informed them that they might not be able to save her leg.

After all, a billboard of that size falling directly on her lower body could lead to amputation.

People expressed their regret, lamenting how the young woman was just starting her life when she lost her legs.

Arabella looked at the billboard again. It seemed quite old. If it had been hanging for a long time without proper maintenance, coupled with the storm's impact, it could indeed fall. But what was strange was that the billboard fell just a few steps away from her. If she hadn't hastened her pace, she could have been hit.

But if someone had planned this, how would they know she would take this route, passing this particular shop?

One of the passersby, a woman, caught Arabella's hand, asking if she was a practitioner. She had heard about its effectiveness in diagnosing diseases through pulse reading and wanted Arabella to help her with her persistent skin itching.

She had taken medicines, but the itching came and went.

Arabella, feeling slightly awkward, checked the woman's pulse and advised her to stop eating cold food, especially raw fish like salmon, and instead have it cooked.

The woman watched Arabella walk away, dumbfounded. She thought back and realized that the itching did get worse whenever she ate raw fish.

She was impressed by Arabella's quick diagnosis. It seemed like she needed to adjust her diet from now on.

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Half an hour later.

Seeing his cherished niece at the hospital once again, Bard felt a pang of guilt.

"Kid, you should be out having fun or resting at home. Don't hang around here."

"I came to Dawnstar specifically for Grandpa's condition. Uncle Bard, you've taken care of Grandpa all night. I'm a member of this family. It's only natural that I should help out."

Bard looked at her with admiration. She was just a young girl but had such a sense of responsibility and courage. She was truly impressive.

He was very satisfied.

"But don't stay too long. There are bodyguards here to look after things. Do whatever you want and pursue whatever interests you-"

"Thank you, Uncle Bard"

"I'll go freshen up."

"Okay."

Arabella watched her uncle leave. There were four bodyguards left in the room, two on the terrace, and the others stationed at the door and in the hallway.

After the incident last night, and with the presence of Bard's niece today, the bodyguards were all a bit tense, barely daring to breathe.

"You don't have to be formal. Just act like I'm not here."

Arabella first checked on her grandfather's condition. Seeing no anomalies, she took out her phone and started dealing with work.

Seeing that she was easy to get along with, the bodyguards finally relaxed.

At noon, someone brought food. Arabella, like everyone else, ate a packed lunch.

The bodyguards had never seen such a down-to-earth heiress. They were all quite impressed with Arabella.

In the evening, one of her subordinates called her. "Boss, you asked me to investigate those people. It seems like they all have some connection with your family.

You don't think that the incident at the restaurant is related to them, do you?"

"No." Arabella went out to the terrace, gesturing for the two bodyguards to go inside, and then began to speak calmly. "I just want to know if my grandparents had any unpleasant dealings with these people, or if they hold a grudge. The list you have includes my grandparents' siblings and friends.

"But the first two people I checked seem to have a good relationship with your grandfather. It doesn't make sense that they would harm him."

"Not everything is as it seems. Haven't you learned that yet?"

"Yes, boss, I'll continue investigating it"

After hanging up, the subordinate continued the investigation.

The list had been given to Arabella by a servant at breakfast, saying that only these people knew about her grandparents ' trip.

After ending the call, Arabella stood on the terrace, gazing at the beautiful garden outside.

A while later, Jones called her.

"Boss, about the snack stall near the desert that you asked me to investigate, we haven't found the female owner yet, but her husband has been located. He's currently in Wach Town, not far from you, about a half-hour drive."

"Do you know the detailed address?" Arabella asked calmly.

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