

## Arabella 1687

### Chapter 1687

Arabella switched her wine glass with his and downed the contents in one swift gulp, "40 million - my final offer, hoping you'll sell me Els Island."

To Arabella, Els Island was a haven of herbs; to Steward, a wasteland of weeds; to Sean, one of many forgotten islets until now.

Sean watched her with an amused smile, the wine untouched in his hand, "Give me one good reason why I should sell it to you," his voice was as light as the breeze.

"You're injured. Last night, I intentionally hit where it hurts. Did you see a doctor for that wound? Did they tell you it's serious - that you need surgery?"

Sean's gaze landed on her - she had guessed right. Steward was taken aback. Did this girl have medical knowledge? How could she possibly know what the doctor said?

"Did the doc tell you that it's bad? That if you keep putting it off, you'll get symptoms like excruciating pain, dizziness, shortness of breath, to the point where you can't even walk?"

Sean's eyes narrowed, and with a cold chuckle, he sipped his wine, "This is why I must sell to you?"

It was too flimsy a reason.

for you. What your doctors won't

dare?" Sean raised an eyebrow,

you'd have had it by now. Clearly, they lack the skills, and the risk is too

Even Steward was stunned. Had this girl researched Sean's condition beforehand? But those doctors would never have the nerve to disclose

he asked, "Aren't you a bit too

utter confidence in her medical abilities, as if fully believing in her

you should consider it a win." Horace blurted out, unable to contain himself, "If

your tone," Steward always thought Horace, like this

you cough up blood last

on the young woman before him, shocked that once again she was spot-on. Did she really

she had known Sam was beyond saving and didn't bother intervening. Now,

Sean had coughed up

half-smile, "I

Just who was this girl that appeared out of nowhere?

"You don't have to sell the island to me today." Arabella said with a smile, "Tonight at midnight, you'll cough up blood again. At two in the morning, you'll feel breathless, and by three, it'll worsen. You'll call your world-class doctors. Then you'll know if I'm telling the truth."

Before Horace could process her words, Arabella announced, "Let's go."

Horace was dumbfounded. They were leaving just like that? As he rose to follow his boss, a voice from the couch stopped them, "Did I say you could leave?"

Steward and his men blocked their exit.

"Sean, you might want to consider if this deal is worth it. I said I could save you, and I'm a hundred percent certain. If all symptoms align with my prediction tonight, maybe you'll think about cooperating with me."

"And if you're wrong?"

"You can catch me then." Arabella coolly replied, adding, "Since you know what we look like. In this country, is there anyone you can't catch?"