

Arabella 1690

Chapter 1690

But his condition didn't improve; instead, he began to struggle for breath.

It wasn't until he slammed the emergency button that the entire villa's alarm system blared to life. The servants awoke in a panic, the security team charged upstairs, and Steward arrived posthaste with the doctor in tow. The clock read 3 AM sharp.

"Sean."

Steward watched anxiously as Sean was administered oxygen and underwent a thorough examination. He had anticipated the worst, insisting the doctor stay at the villa, just in case. If he hadn't, Sean might have suffered even more.

"Did Sean eat anything unusual tonight?" The doctor turned to Steward, "He was doing fine yesterday, despite the injury. It shouldn't have led to such a severe reaction."

Steward cast a glance at Sean, who lay unconscious, eyes shut on the bed, and replied, "His diet was normal."

He had personally overseen Sean's meals. He knew every ingredient and every portion Sean had consumed that day. There was no way the home-cooked meals could be the culprit.

"He had a bit of alcohol tonight."

remembered the glass of wine Arabella had offered, of which Sean had

"That's it; nothing else."

run

quick to draw blood. Steward, accustomed to this, simply nodded, and one of the medics promptly

results came in, showing Sean's levels to be well

like he's been drugged," the doctor said, studying

did you say?"

such abnormal levels. It's clear

"Poisoned???"

in horror, signaling their innocence. Who had

isn't lethal. For now, it

raced to Arabella, but she had been holding that glass first, and

She couldn't have possibly poisoned herself. Where did the plan go awry? Sean was sharp; he would have detected any foul play.

“Sean had a bullet lodged in his heart from a previous incident; yesterday’s hurt on the chest, plus today’s abnormality, they’d only worsen his condition. If we don’t remove the bullet, he’ll continue to suffer - from the pain, the breathlessness, the weakening of his strength.”

Steward looked at her, “How confident are you in the procedure?”

“50%.” she responded with her usual candor, “Steward, you should find a top-tier doctor for Sean to end his suffering sooner rather than later. Otherwise, he’ll continue to endure this agony.”

“If even you are only 50% sure.” Where could he find a better doctor?

Months ago, several gangs had banded together to target Sean. He was en route to his villa when his convoy was ambushed. With his entourage’s protection, Sean was able to leave first. However, as he saw his men were fighting behind, obviously outnumbered, Sean retraced his way to save his men, ultimately taking a bullet.

They later discovered the bullet lodged in Sean's heart. The enemy's homemade, low-quality firearms and ammunition meant the shot was not fatal - the bullet had penetrated Sean's heart but didn't pass through, resting against the inner wall.

Ironically, it was the inferior quality of the gun and bullet that had allowed Sean a chance to survive.