

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 17



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*Swiftly find yourself a girlfriend as well, so certain individuals can witness the blissful life of having a partner!" Phillip hinted with a purpose.

Romeo opened the breakfast he brought and placed it before him, saying, "If Carl had a girlfriend, would you take over his work?"

"I would!" unexpectedly, Phillip readily agreed, and Carl was moved.

"I would, not! But, Carl, if you have a girlfriend, I'll make sure this lad gives you some time off. At the very least, you won't need to work overtime on weekends anymore! I'll also prepare numerous wedding gifts for you! Furthermore, I'll have him hire a few more people to share your workload!"

Upon hearing this, Carl was deeply touched.

"Especially regarding your salary, it must be increased!"

"Yes, yes, exactly! Look at Carl's understanding and sensibility! Unlike you, never listening!" Phillip praised others while simultaneously complaining about his own grandson.

Carl basked in the compliments...

"Carl, there's a project in Antarctica that needs some hands."

Upon hearing Romeo's words, Carl became flustered, "Mr. McMillian, what I meant was..."

"You pack your things, and you'll leave tomorrow."

"Mr. McMillian!" Carl immediately sought help with a pleading look toward Phillip.

As wise as ever, Phillip skillfully defused the situation, "Carl, I need you to come to me every day after work, just to chat with me. I'm terribly bored!"

"Mr. McMillian, please consider... When you say it like that... Carl tried to use Phillip's words to his advantage.

Just then, the doorknob turned, and someone surreptitiously pushed the door open.

"It's me, Mr. Phillip," a disheveled Susana entered the room, noticing others were present, she hastily composed herself, "Mr. McMillian, Carl, you're up so early as well?"

It was not yet eight in the morning, and visiting hours should have been prohibited for patients....

Susana must have used her old work badge to get in, took the fire escape, and avoided the cameras to sneak in...

"Who let you in?" Romeo didn't make it hard for her yesterday out of respect for the hospital director.

But she had the audacity to come in without anyone's permission.

"Mr. Phillip, Mr. McMillian, give me another chance!" Susana suddenly knelt down, "I really don't want to leave this profession, please let me work at this hospital again... Phillip, for the sake of me providing advice for your condition, for the sake of me being your doctor..."

She was desperate!

"Was she kicked out of the medical profession?" Phillip asked Carl.

"Yes, she didn't take any measures when your condition worsened yesterday. Instead, she tried to end your life prematurely. She had a bad intention. Miss Arabella who treated you yesterday said she doesn't deserve to be a doctor! Dr. Pierce kicked her out of this profession after hearing about her actions." Carl looked at this venomous woman, giving her a cold look.

"It's that bitch who had a grudge against me, tarnishing my reputation in front of the hospital director! Phillip, I was wronged, I have always been dedicated to your condition, you should remember..."

Before Susana could finish her sentence, Romeo's face darkened, giving off an unhappy aura.

Carl couldn't believe that even at this stage, this woman still wanted to distort the truth? To slander Miss Arabella?

Did she think they were blind yesterday? Did she still hope that they hadn't seen the truth?

"Ms. Susana, I advise you to think carefully before you speak or act!" Carl furrowed his brows and harshly reminded her.

Yesterday, she advocated for the use of sedatives and heart soothers!

And now, the one slandering others is her!

Miss Arabella is Phillip's lifesaver, yet she called her a bitch...

"All members of your family are not allowed to step into Summerfield from now on." Phillip on the bed suddenly spoke, "Kick her out."

Susana originally came to plead, but she didn't expect to involve her family, "Mr. Phillip, what did I do wrong to upset you? Just because of yesterday's misunderstanding?"

She clung to the bed leg, refusing to leave, "Mr. Phillip, let me explain..."

"Hmph!" Phillip was so angry that his face turned red, "You're not qualified to talk to me!"

"Mr. Phillip, if you don't forgive me today, I can only die here!"

"Then go die Phillip didn't care about her life or death, "Carl, give her the knife."

Carl picked up the fruit knife from the table and threw it in front of her. The knife landed on the ground with a crisp sound, startling Susana. She had only intended to scare Phillip and never actually intended to end her life.

"Sir..." Seeing that Phillip still refused to forgive her, and her pleas and suicide threats were ineffective, Susana could only cry, sobbing as she spoke, "My family is poor, and I am the only daughter Since I was young, I have been the hope of my entire family. My dream is to become a doctor who saves

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lives

"A doctor? What qualifications do you have to be a doctor?" Phillip was infuriated, "Don't think I couldn't hear your conversation yesterday when I was lying in bed! It was you who advocated for the use of the calming potion and the soothing elixir. The young girl explicitly said that taking them would be fatal, but you still insisted! This woman who was unworthy of being a doctor just wouldn't stop!

1,1..." Susana was shocked that the old man could hear yesterday's conversation, leaving her speechless for a few seconds, unsure of how to explain. "That young girl said that the calming potion and soothing elixir would only provide half an hour of clarity before irreversible consequences. If I hadn't been lucky enough to encounter that girl passing by and treating me, I would have been dead by now! You want a chance to plead with me?!"

Tm sparing you by driving you out of this profession and out of Summerfield. This is already on account of Dr. Pierce's face. Don't test my patience, or you'll face even more severe punishment!"

"That young girl was right. Calling you a mediocre doctor would be praising you too much! You can't even compare to a teenage girl!"

Susana's face turned pale, twisted into an unpleasant expression, "Mr. Phillip..."

"Carl, the medical staff who advocated using the calming potion and soothing elixir yesterday, I remember there was also a doctor who tried to shift blame onto that young girl. All of these people will be dismissed! They are not fit to be doctors!"

As Phillip said this, he glanced at the woman beside the bed, "Aren't you leaving? Do I have to get someone to escort you out?"

"My lord, your health hasn't recovered, don't get angry... Ms. Susana, can't you understand plain English?" Carl said coldly.

Susana knew there was no hope left in this matter, after whispering an apology, she left in a hurry.