

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 23



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Arabella held her phone close to her ear, catching the deep, magnetic voice of the man on the other end.

“My grandpa’s run into a bit of trouble. I need your help.”

Arabella was puzzled. Phillip seemed to be doing fine the day before.

What could have gone wrong?

“Where are you right now?” Romeo’s voice was as low and captivating as a cello, “I’ll come to pick you up.”

“Could you head to the Holy Cross Church in the suburbs then?”

The Holy Cross Church was not far from the mansion, and Arabella could reach in a few minutes if she took the shortcuts.

Romeo was taken aback, “Are you in the suburbs?”

“Mmm.”

The Holy Cross Church was an old building left from the 80s, with no worshippers visiting the weed-infested place. What could a girl like her be doing there?

After hanging up, Arabella told Kelly, “I need to make a trip to the Holy Cross Church, got some business to handle.”

“Alright.” Kelly knew Arabella had a lot on her plate and didn’t ask further, “I’ll send your stuff over later.”

There was a whole workflow to be done after the shoot, and Arabella, pressed for time, simply nodded, “Okay.”

At the entrance of the Holy Cross Church.

Romeo’s mind wandered, “Is Miss Arabella here for a photoshoot? She’s incredibly beautiful, and it would be a shame if she isn’t!”

Remaining silent, Romeo fixed his gaze on the distance, awaiting the appearance of a figure. Suddenly, Carl exclaimed, “It’s Miss Arabella! I knew it! She must be here for a photoshoot.”

Adorned in a white dress, Arabella looked like a stunning vision against the backdrop of the setting sun, turning the church into a picturesque scene. Her flowing dress and waving hair made her appear like a fairy emerging from a painting.

Carl found himself captivated by her beauty. After a moment, he stepped out of the car and courteously opened the door for her, saying, “Miss Arabella, please come in.”

With lively eyes and a radiant aura, Arabella glanced briefly at the man in the backseat before seating herself next to him without any pretense. “How is Phillip doing?” she inquired.

Romeo, still mesmerized by Arabella’s presence, replied, “He had some soup that someone brought, and now he’s in surgery.”

“Was it a soup from someone he knows?”

“Yes.”

Arabella recalled Phillip’s condition yesterday. Even if he drank soup, it wouldn’t warrant surgery.

So there must be something wrong with the soup.

“Miss Arabella, if you don’t mind me asking, how old are you?” Carl glanced at the rearview mirror and asked, “You’re still in school, right?”

She looked like a little girl.

“I’m eighteen.” Arabella’s tone seemed casual, “I just finished my university entrance exams.”

Eighteen?

She was still so young...

Carl exclaimed, “You’re only eighteen and already such a skilled doctor. Did your ancestors practice medicine?”

“No.”

“So, you are...” Carl didn’t finish his sentence when the car suddenly jolted.

Arabella lost her balance and fell towards Romeo.

Romeo instinctively caught her.

Arabella was wearing a sleeveless dress today, and Romeo’s hand on her shoulder made her blush slightly.

Romeo’s expression was a bit unnatural as he touched the girl’s soft, delicate skin.

The girl’s elegant scent filled his nostrils, it was a pleasant aroma.

“I’m sorry, Mr. McMillian, Miss Arabella, I...” Before Carl could explain, the car jolted a few more times.

He had been talking to Miss Arabella and hadn’t noticed the bumps in the road...

As the car jerked violently, Romeo held the girl in his arms protectively and warned Carl, “Keep your eyes on the road.”