

# THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

## Chapter 2081

### Chapter 2081

"I've got to be the one to see the guests off. You can count on me, I won't overdo it. I'll be with you as

soon as I can," Serena said, understanding his need for her presence. "I know you need me right now,

and with me by your side, things will seem a little easier."

"Serena." Martin's eyes welled up with emotion, touched by her kindness.

"Just wait for me." Serena ended the call, instructed a team of stylists to help her into a more

glamorous wedding gown and adorned herself with a fresh set of sparkling jewelry before taking the

stage to deliver her speech.

The guests had finished their meals and on their way out, each received a parting gift that was quite

the token of appreciation.

Propped up by a support chair hidden beneath her wedding dress, Serena bid farewell to each guest.

Then, she had Dora help her into something more comfortable and set off for the hospital.

Meanwhile, Joyce was sharing her latest book obsession in a group chat with her besties.

"Ladies, I'm totally hooked on this novel 'Chasing Love with Regret'! It's a must-read. If you're not into

following serials, maybe wait until February 29th – the author says it's wrapping up then."

"I'm all caught up with the latest chapter," Mya chimed in. "The mastermind still hasn't shown up. The

author mentioned that nobody in the comments has guessed it right. The real boss is going to be a total

shocker. Joyce, who do you think it could be?"

"I just hope it's not someone close to the heroine, or I'll cry my eyes out!" Joyce couldn't help but say. "I

wish the author would drop the remaining chapters all at once. Two chapters a day is such a tease."

"They probably have a rule about only releasing two chapters daily. But imagine if Bella gave it a

glance. With her smarts, she'd guess the mastermind in no time. But with over a thousand chapters, I

doubt she has the time to catch up."

"Who says?" Kelly responded. "Bella can speed-read like nobody's business. What takes you ten days,

she does in less than one. But yeah, she's been swamped lately, hardly has a moment to herself."

"That's a shame. Hey Kelly, why don't you give it a read and help me analyze who the mastermind

could be?"

Arabella was just about to reply to the chat when her phone rang.

"Boss, we've located Stinger. He's at the airport with a fake identity, heading to Baradocia. His flight takes off in an hour."

Catching him would be a whole lot harder once he left the country.

Arabella stood up immediately and said, "Meet me at the airport."

"Roger that."

On the other side of town.

Serena had just arrived at the hospital when she received a message.

[I'm at the airport now.]

A triumphant glint flashed in Serena's eyes as she replied, [Once the dust settles, I'll let you know when to come back to the country.]

[Okay.]

She deleted the chat history and entered the emergency building.

Martin rushed forward to ask, "How's my mom doing?"

He saw his mother's bruised face, her eyes closed, unconscious. Read at  
In just a few days, she had become so gaunt.

## Chapter 2082

Watching his mother on the stretcher bed, Martin was lost in a tumult of emotions. Nevertheless, he managed to voice his gratitude to the doctor for the treatment.

"Thank you, guys. I really appreciate the hard work."

For the past couple of hours, a team of specialists from various departments had collaborated to perform a life-saving surgery on his mother.

"No need to thank us, it's what we're here for," replied the doctors with a nod before leaving.

The nurse wheeled Florence into the ICU for further observation.

"Martin."

Serena's gentle voice called out to him from near the elevator.

Lifting his gaze, Martin saw her, poised and graceful, as Dora pushed her wheelchair toward him.

He quickly walked over to Serena and crouched beside her tenderly. "Did you hear? The doctors say

Mom's going to make it. But whether she'll be back to her old self, well, that's in her own hands now."

"It must be your devotion and our undying love that moved the heavens. That's why she's still with us."

"Your arrival seems to have saved Mom's life. Does that mean you're our little lucky charm?" Martin

ruffled Serena's hair affectionately before taking over from Dora and pushing the wheelchair into the

elevator. "Now, let's go see Diana. Maybe your charm can turn her luck around too."

"Putting it that way makes me feel a bit pressured," said Serena with a light laugh.

But Martin failed to notice the strain behind her smile.

"How's Diana doing? What did the doctors say?" Serena inquired from her wheelchair.

"It's touch and go. The specialists are doing everything they can."

"And Dad?"

"Dad's awake in the ICU, but he doesn't want to see me. He was really angry."

Martin pushed Serena's wheelchair to the twelfth floor where the maid, Lana, was waiting outside the

operating room.

Lana's expression turned sour upon seeing Serena. Martin's mother and sister were in trouble because

of her, and here she was, showing up as if nothing had happened. Even if it was Martin's wish, didn't

she have any self-awareness?

Setting aside whether she genuinely wanted to visit Diana, considering Diana despised her so much,

what if her condition worsened from the shock of seeing her?

Lana couldn't fathom what Martin was thinking by bringing Serena along.

Reluctantly, Lana greeted them nonetheless.

"Mr. Martin, Ms. Serena, Ms. Diana is still in surgery."

Lana muttered, her mood dampened, but to keep her job, she reluctantly corrected herself, "Madam."

Serena's eagerness for the title 'Madame' betrayed her blatant ambition, utterly unmasked. Content of

Just then, the elevator dinged open and Fitch emerged, looking frantic. His temper flared upon spotting

Serena.

"What is she doing here?" Fitch challenged Martin, his voice thick with anger.

## Chapter 2083

He couldn't reach Diana all night long, and upon checking, discovered she had been in a car accident.

The vehicle was totaled!

"Serena is family to me," Martin clarified.

"I don't care who she is. Diana doesn't like her, doesn't want to see her. Diana is in there fighting for her

life, and you can't do anything to help. The least you could do is not make things worse," Fitch said,

casting an unhappy glance at Serena. "Just leave!"

"Martin, your friend doesn't seem to like me." Serena said in a pitiful tone from her wheelchair, tugging

at Martin's sleeve, "If that's the case, I won't stay and be a burden."

"You know you're a burden? Then why did you even come? I can't stand your pretentious act. Don't you

feel disgusted with yourself? Do you think we're blind and can't see through your act? Just leave, we

don't need you here, and don't bother visiting Diana with your fake concern."

"Fitch," Martin said, looking at his friend with a warning in his eyes.

"If you don't like what I'm saying, then don't bring her around me and Diana again. And about Diana's

accident, don't you find it suspicious? If it was deliberate, whoever's behind it, I'll make sure they pay

dearly," Fitch said, his last words were almost spat out as he glared at Serena.

"I've checked the road surveillance where my sister's accident happened. It was a truck driver who fell

asleep at the wheel. It has nothing to do with Serena."

"A truck driver falls asleep on a mountain road? Have you lost your mind?"

"The road surveillance was unedited."

"And what if someone drugged the truck driver with sleeping pills beforehand?"

Fitch's words sent a wave of panic through Serena's eyes.

That flicker of panic was immediately caught by Fitch. So, it truly was Serena?! Diana opposed Serena

being with Martin, so Serena wanted to get rid of her?

Fitch looked like he wanted to strangle her, but in the next second, Martin stepped in front of Serena,

glaring at his former friend.

"Have you had enough?" He understood Fitch's deep feelings for his sister and knew his friend was

upset seeing his sister rushed into the emergency room, which was why he had been patient so far.

But that didn't mean he would allow his friend to keep slinging mud at his girl.

"It was her! Didn't you see her face just now? She's guilty!" Fitch was desperate to confront Serena.

"Martin, I'm scared." Serena clung to Martin's sleeve from her wheelchair, hiding her face behind him,

"Let's just go."

Martin tried to push her away, but Fitch persisted, "Don't leave until you make it clear, did you cause

Diana's accident?"

"How could she do that? She has no connections, no money." Martin retorted angrily, "Fitch, you've crossed the line today."

As the wheelchair passed by Fitch, he grabbed the armrest, glaring at Serena, "No one is leaving until

this is cleared up!"

Martin's look was fiery.

Fitch was equally defiant.

"Who is the patient's family?"

"Diana." Fitch, not seeing Diana come out, immediately stepped forward, "I'm her boyfriend. How is she

doing?" New chapter available on [Dramanovels.com](http://Dramanovels.com)

"I'm her blood brother," Martin also stepped forward.

## Chapter 2084

Fitch and Martin, relief etched across their faces, were like survivors of a catastrophe, grateful for every

breath they took.

Only Serena maintained a facade of calm, though inside her, a storm raged.

As a nurse wheeled out a gurney, Fitch quickly approached it. Leaning over, he whispered tenderly,

"Diana, can you hear me? It's Fitch, I'm here for you."

"The anesthesia hasn't worn off yet, she's still unconscious and can't hear you," the nurse informed

him. "Family members, please follow me. There are a few things you need to know."

Fitch hurried to keep pace with her. "What things?"

"Are you a relative?" the nurse glanced at him and continued, "I'll show you how to read some of the

equipment and vital signs in the ICU. That way, you'll know when to ring for help and when there's no

need."

Fitch followed her into the room.

Serena tugged at Martin's hand anxiously, "Shall we go?"

Fitch was too intimidating, and she couldn't bear another second in his presence.

Although Martin wanted to stay with his sister, considering the hostility between Fitch and Serena, he

decided to head back to the sixteenth floor where his parents were staying.

He arranged for a VIP room for Serena to rest in after her bath. When time came to sleep, he gave her

the bed and unfolded a cot for himself.

Meanwhile.

Arabella had Stinger locked up in the basement of Reflections Villa.

Since the incident with Erik, she had increased security, making it the safest place to keep an eye on

their captive.

Once the cap and mask were removed, Stinger revealed a face that was young yet weathered,

indifferent, and numb. His eyes were devoid of human emotion, making him seem callous and

detached.

Arabella had noticed the distinctive knife scar on his hand when she captured him at the airport. His

features matched the clues they had, leaving no doubt that he was the one who paid Yolanda to



commit murder.

"You told Yolanda you were my enemy, that you wanted me dead more than she did, but couldn't show

yourself. I don't know you, though. We have no history," Arabella confronted him.

Stinger's expression remained impassive, silent in the face of her accusations.

It was as if he was waiting for death, his lifeless gaze betraying no hint of vitality.

"Damn it, my boss is talking to you!" Jack punched him in the stomach, annoyed by the lack of

response.

Stinger merely winced in pain but made no sound.

Arabella gave him a look, signaling him to stop.

At that moment, a bodyguard hurried over, "Ms. Bella."

He seemed to have urgent news. Content of Dramanovels.com

"Yes, boss," Jack responded, standing guard.

## Chapter 2085

Arabella strolled into the living room of Reflections Villa, finding Lucas and Beverly comfortably

ensconced on the couch, sipping tea and sharing laughs with her parents.

"Hey, Bella," Beverly's features, always graced with an aristocratic warmth, softened into a welcoming

smile at the sight of Arabella.

"What's up so late? Aunt Beverly, Uncle Lucas, you needed to see me?" Arabella settled into an

armchair opposite them, an aura of authority emanating from her relaxed posture.

Beverly returned the smile, gentle as ever, "Recently, some trouble befell the family businesses, and all

clues pointed to someone known as 'Stinger'. Tonight, we found out you've nabbed him. Is that the

case?"

Arabella's lips curved into a slight smirk, "You both are well-informed, indeed. Yes, he's with me."

"Would you mind turning him over to us? We're eager to find out why he did that," Beverly's voice was

soft, almost as if coaxing a child.

"Why indeed?" Arabella mused, a playful edge to her tone. "Don't you already know?"

Both Lucas and Beverly were taken aback, clearly puzzled by the insinuation. Tension suddenly crackled in the air.

"Bella, I'm not sure I follow." Lucas said with a congenial smile, his face a picture of benevolence.

"I'm just as clueless, just repeating what Stinger told me," Arabella maintained her smile.

Lucas, still smiling, prodded further, "And what exactly did Stinger tell you?"

"Not much yet, you arrived so soon," Arabella's smile didn't reach her eyes as she added, "Seems like

you're quite concerned about Stinger."

"Of course, he's thrown my companies into chaos. I'm at my wit's end; I just want to get to the bottom of

it," Lucas said, clearly agitated.

"Stinger's caught up in an investigation of mine. Once I wrap that up, I'll hand him over," Arabella stood,

signaling the end of the conversation.

"How about we just ask him a few questions, then he's all yours?" Beverly proposed, a hint of

negotiation in her voice.

"No can do," Arabella replied with a light laugh, "I know how eager you are, so I'll get right on the

interrogation and hand him over as soon as possible."

Beverly opened her mouth to protest but thought better of it, falling silent.

Lucas watched Arabella leave, his expression unreadable.

"Bella's always been headstrong; there's no stopping her," Kenneth chimed in, offering them more tea

with a cheery smile. "She's always had her own way of doing things."

Beverly smiled diplomatically, "Bella's quite the prodigy, agile and sharp."

But when Uriah himself clarified that he was the one who taught Arabella her moves, well, that's a

different story. After exchanging pleasantries for a while longer, Lucas and Beverly finally glanced at the clock striking

half-past eleven and rose to take their leave.

"We won't keep you any longer," Beverly said with a gracious smile. "You should get some rest."

"Right, right, you too, head off and get some sleep," Louisa said, walking them to the front door.

## Chapter 2086

Jack grilled Stinger all night to no avail.

The next morning, Arabella was having breakfast when her grandparents across the table spoke up.

"Bella, your aunt and uncle mentioned that you caught someone who was sabotaging their company

from the shadows? Goes by the name 'Stinger', right?" Bernard suddenly asked.

Arabella hadn't expected her aunt and uncle to spill the beans to her grandparents. It seemed they

were at their wits' end and wanted her grandparents to step in and demand the culprit from her.

With that in mind, Arabella calmly replied, "Yes, I have him."

"I hear he's a nasty piece of work. He poisoned your aunt and uncle's restaurants. Now, a bunch of

folks ended up in the hospital, and their families are knocking on their door for an explanation. Your

aunt and uncle didn't dare make public that you caught Stinger, but they need to give those people an

answer. So, they want to question Stinger about why he did it," Bernard explained.

"Bella, why did you catch Stinger in the first place?" Cornelia asked, puzzled.

"He hired a hitman," Arabella said nonchalantly, "to kill me."

"What? That's news to me," Cornelia exclaimed in shock. "Why didn't you tell us before? When did this

happen? Kenneth and Louisa didn't say a word."

"Was it that Murphy girl, what's her name, Yolanda?" Bernard suddenly remembered. "Not long ago,

she kidnapped your friend and Edith, trying to force you out in the open. Is she in cahoots with

Stinger?"

"To be precise, Stinger funded her, giving her the means to hire a hitman. The hitman's contact also

came from him, and to ensure my demise, Stinger gave her a poison called 'Seven Orifices

Hemorrhage."

"Outrageous!" Bernard slammed the table, seething with anger. "What kind of vendetta does Stinger

have against you to go this far?"

"I'm still trying to find that out," Arabella explained. "No luck yet."

And that was one of the reasons she had taken Stinger into custody.

"It seems Bella's questions are even more pressing than what Lucas need." Cornelia said to Bernard,

"Let's have Lucas wait a bit longer, let Bella get to the bottom of this."

"That Murphy lass couldn't have the resources on her own. Her family's bankrupt, and she's left without

parents, alone and vulnerable. It must be Stinger's support that allowed her to target Bella. This

Stinger, wanting to kill Bella and causing such distress in Lucas' businesses, who is he exactly."

Before Bernard could finish, his phone began to vibrate. He answered, "Beverly, my dear."

Arabella continued her breakfast in silence, not joining the conversation.

Hearing Beverly on the other end putting pressure on her grandfather, Arabella cut in, "Grandpa, let me speak to her."

"Bella will talk to you, just a second," Bernard handed the phone to Arabella.

Arabella switched to speaker and said bluntly, "To be frank, Stinger is also linked to the fire incident at

the health clinic years ago. Aunt Beverly, are you in such a hurry because there's a secret you can't

afford to let me uncover?"

She remained patient, her tone gentle as if speaking to a child.

## Chapter 2087

"Since you two are innocent, then just wait for Stinger's confession," Arabella didn't even wait for

further discussion; she promptly ended the call.

Bernard and Cornelia were taken aback by their granddaughter's decisiveness.

"Bella, why do you think the Stinger is connected to the clinic fire from back in the day?" Cornelia

couldn't help but ask.

"There are a few leads that match up. Don't worry, Grandpa and Grandma, I know my aunt and uncle

are in a tight spot. I'll get to the bottom of this as soon as possible and hand over the culprit to them,"

Arabella assured, showing her mature side.

"Alright. Just don't overwork yourself, dear. If there's anything we can do to help, just say the word,"

Cornelia said with affection.

"Will do."

Meanwhile.

When Serena woke up, she found a message from Martin saying there was this amazing breakfast

place nearby, but it had a one-hour wait, and he wanted her to sleep in until she read his note.

Other than Martin's, there were no new messages on her phone.

She felt a twinge of panic, mixed with irritation. By now, that person should have reached Baradocia.

They had a system: if he sent a message in their agreed-upon format, it meant he had safely arrived

abroad, and she didn't need to reply.

But it was already nine in the morning.

Just then, the door to her room swung open. "Martin? You're back already? I thought you had to wait in

line for an hour."

Her sentence was cut short when she saw it wasn't Martin who entered, but Fitch, and she was

immediately overcome with a bad feeling. Instinctively, she reached for her phone to call Martin.

Fitch strode up to her in a few quick steps, grabbed her throat, and demanded, "The car accident—did

you set it up?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Serena tried to pry his hands off, but his grip was too strong to

resist. "Let go, what are you doing."

"Speak now, or I'll snap your neck," Fitch threatened, tightening his grip.

Her face turned beet red, struggling for air. Desperate, she clawed at Fitch's hands. Her vision was

dimming, she was on the verge of passing out. "I'll tell you, just let go."

Finally, Fitch eased his hold.

Only then did Serena realize she hadn't addressed Diana with respect like she used to do. Content

belongs to Dramanovels.com

"It seems you won't regret until you get the punishment," Fitch said, his hands closing around her throat

again.

"Fitch, you're insane." She was gasping for breath, her head spinning, her vision blurring, "Help."

## Chapter 2088

The door to the hospital room swung open as Martin stormed in, his smile freezing on his face as he

caught sight of the scene before him. With a rush of urgency, he shoved Fitch aside and raced to

Serena's side.

"Serena, are you alright, Serena?"

Serena felt the grip on her throat release as Martin's voice reached her, sounding as though it came

from miles away. Her vision went pitch black, incapable of discerning any shapes, and her body felt

utterly limp.

But she could sense Martin shaking her, and she coughed reflexively, her focus snapping back as she

saw the worry etched deeply into his features. After a violent bout of coughing, she gasped for air, as if

being yanked back from the brink of death.

"Water," Her voice was raspy and weak, "I need water."

In a fluster, Martin grabbed a glass of water and held it to her lips.

Serena could barely lift her own arm, let alone hold the glass, so Martin gently helped her drink. After a

moment, she seemed to recover slightly, clinging to Martin and sobbing into his chest.

Martin cast a resentful glance at Fitch while comforting the woman in his arms.

"Martin!" Fitch couldn't believe his eyes and was itching to knock some sense into him, "She's the one

who caused your sister's car accident, and you're still defending her?"

Martin's patience had hit rock bottom. He stood up, marched over to Fitch, and swung a fierce punch.

"Are you freaking serious?" Fitch was livid, having not anticipated that his old buddy would throw a

punch over some dame. If he hadn't dodged in the nick of time, that blow could have sent his guts

spilling out.

"You nearly strangled her to death!" Martin roared with a rage that made his whole body shake.

"Fine, you want to come at me for her? Bring it on, my face is right here, hit me!" Fitch taunted, seeing

Martin hesitate, and then he threw a punch straight at Martin's face.

"Today I'm gonna knock some sense into you!" Fitch, seeming to have lost his mind, was now

entangled in a brawl with Martin.

Martin couldn't believe Fitch had the audacity to act so brazen after doing something so vile, and every

punch he threw was filled with fury.

Seeing the chaos, Serena frantically pressed the call button for help.

The Cooper family's servants and bodyguards, who were in the next room attending to Ansel and

Florence, rushed over after hearing the commotion. Upon discovering Martin and Fitch in a fight, they

hurried to pull them apart.



"I'll throw the evidence in your face and you'll regret it!" Fitch was beyond furious, "Just remember what

you did today!" New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

He stormed off in a huff, with Martin equally enraged.

The servants and bodyguards knew better than to interfere further and quietly returned to their posts.

A nurse asked Martin if he needed his wounds dressed, but he didn't respond, his expression grim and

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troubled.

## Chapter 2089

Serena spoke up in a timid voice, "I'll handle his wound care. Just leave the medicine he needs."

The nurse had had enough of her. Ever since she found out that the entire Cooper family had been

hospitalized because of Serena's actions, and yet she strutted around the hospital like she owned the

place—almost as if she was parading in front of the three patients to claim her territory.

The nurse couldn't hide her disdain.

Now, hearing Serena's insincere offer to tend to Martin's wounds, she didn't bother to hide her

contempt. Rolling her eyes, she dropped the medicine on the table and walked away without a word.

Fuming, Serena couldn't believe that this lowly nurse, earning a measly paycheck, dared to treat her

with such disrespect.

If it weren't for Martin being so worked up and not noticing the exchange, she would have found a way

to ensure that the nurse lost her job.

"Martin, let me help you with the dressing," Serena said, pressing a button on the armrest of the

wheelchair to move closer and gently tugging at his sleeve.

The gesture melted Martin's heart, his anger subsiding considerably. He looked at Serena with a mix of guilt and gratitude, "I'm sorry, Serena."

"I know. He's got a thing for your sister, and with her in this state, he's just torn up inside. He just wants to figure out whether the crash was intentional or an accident."

Serena coaxed Martin into sitting down, her voice tender, "Actually, I'm kind of happy for your sister. To

have a guy who cares so much about her. I'm even more eager than he is for Diana to wake up. I hope they can tie the knot soon."

Touched and heartbroken, Martin stroked her hair and pulled her close into his embrace.

"Even after what he did to you, you still speak so kindly of him." Martin's affection for her grew, along with his sense of guilt.

"The fact that Diana was against our relationship and now she's in this condition—it's natural for him to suspect me." Serena said understandingly, "Once he figures out that I have nothing to do with the accident, and after seeing how I behave while your sister and parents are in the hospital, I believe that they will eventually accept me."

Looking at her innocent face, Martin was moved even more.

"Let me tend to your wounds now." Serena said gently, "Look at you, fighting with your best friend.

Once this is all over, you guys will need to make peace. A friend who cares so much for you and loves your sister is hard to find."

At that moment, a bodyguard knocked on the door and reported, "Sir, the truck driver responsible for

Miss Diana's accident has passed away after unsuccessful resuscitation efforts."

Serena heard this, continuing to dress Martin's wound with a calm demeanor.

"I understand, you can leave now," Martin replied, his attention fully on Serena. The fate of the driver

was of no concern to him.

She passed out from grief and, upon awakening, found a handsome, well-dressed young man by her

side.

"Who are you?" she asked, puzzled and defensive.

The driver's wife, baffled, asked, "Why are you helping me?"

## Chapter 2090

The driver's wife was still uneasy. "You're not going to pursue my husband's liability?" she asked, with a

tremor in her voice.

Her worry was that Diana's family might come after her for a slew of expenses—medical bills, care

costs, nutritional support—as it was her husband who had dozed off at the wheel, leading to the

accident.

Though Diana was driving fast, she was within the speed limit and had not violated any traffic laws, so

the bulk of the fault lay with her husband.

"I checked the road surveillance," Fitch began, "and your husband's driving was definitely erratic, like

he was nodding off."

Before Fitch could finish, the driver's wife quickly interjected, "He's been driving for twelve years and

never once fell asleep at the wheel! He goes to bed early every night so that he can be alert the next

day when driving."

She explained to Fitch, "My husband works as a driver for an orchard out in the countryside. It sprawls

over a large area with all kinds of fruit trees. Every morning, workers pick the freshest fruit which my

husband then delivers to various stores around the city in his truck. Because the orchard's produce is

fresh and affordable, many shop owners prefer to order from them."

She continued her story. "We live in the countryside, not far from the orchard. He leaves home at seven

in the morning, helps load the freshly packed fruit, and delivers it to the stores. Usually, he's not done

until five or six in the evening. Then he drives the truck back and we, a family of seven, have dinner

together."

Her voice wavered as she recounted the events of the previous night. "Last night, like always, he was

driving home. I never expected him to have an accident on that mountain road."

Tears welled up in her eyes again. "After that road, it's just a short way to our house. He's driven that road for twelve years. I just can't believe it."

"So, you're saying his route has never changed?" Fitch picked up on something.

"That's the only road back to the orchard. Normally he parks the truck and walks home, it's just a six or seven-minute walk."

"And how likely do you think it is that he fell asleep at the wheel?" Fitch probed further.

"I find it impossible. I'm not just speaking for my husband, but his driving skills and professional ethics would never allow him to doze off while driving."

Fitch asked another delicate question, "I heard you crying outside earlier; it seems like there's a lot of

financial pressure on your family. I don't mean to be rude; I just want to understand. In your opinion, is

there any chance that your husband was trying to ease the family's financial burden by taking such risks with his life?"

Without hesitation, the driver's wife shot down the notion. "Impossible! My husband would never do

something so harmful to others and himself. When my father-in-law was in the ICU, the daily costs

were unbearable. Some suggested my husband could sell a kidney, but he firmly refused."

"Sorry," Fitch said, feeling remorse for his earlier suspicions.

"My husband is a responsible man. With ailing parents and three kids who aren't grown up yet, he

would never abandon us." The driver's wife wiped away her tears and couldn't help but add, "Thinking

about it now, his death really does seem suspicious." Read at [Dramanovels.com](http://Dramanovels.com)