

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 10



"Which hand do you usually use, left or right? And when you do surgeries, which hand do you operate with?" He was genuinely curious.

"I can use both." Arabella said.

"Are you even real?" The guy was in shock.

Just then, an elderly man rushed in, shouting, "Move aside, move aside. Hey, Bella, what are you doing here?"

Arabella's eyes were bright and clear, somewhat surprised at the sight of the man, "Grandpa James?"

"Arabella, were you also invited by Mr. McMillian to perform surgery on Phillip? Don't know if I'll get a chance to assist you?"

James asked.

"I've already finished." Arabella said.

"What? Already finished?" James asked. He had just encountered a traffic jam on the way and rushed here, panting. But the surgery was already done!

"You did it all by yourself?" James asked, still panting.

"And him." Arabella said.

James followed her gaze to the man standing next to her, surprised, "You, why are you here?"

"Grandpa." Caden replied helplessly, "This is where I work."

Indeed, grandpa had forgotten. But the usually eccentric and arrogant grandpa was actually being polite and even flattering in front of a young woman!

Caden was shocked! Who was this Bella? Apart from her remarkable medical skills, what was her identity that made his grandpa respect her so much?

"Kid, being Bella's assistant is your good fortune!" James said.

An assistant. His good fortune? Was his grandpa out of his mind?

Despite the girl's impressive medical skills, it wasn't that over the top.

"Did you check on Grannie Grace in room 301?" James asked casually.

"I visit her every day." Caden had to say, "Grandpa, I'm busy."

He couldn't possibly spend 24 hours a day around Grannie Grace!

"You don't care enough, you really don't! Bella, wait a sec, I need to school him a bit!" James unceremoniously raised his hand to hit his shoulder, "You, do you think I'm not strict enough."

"Grandpa, this is a hospital, noise is prohibited." Caden said.

"You, stop running. You think I can't catch you? I just ran two miles!" James said.

Ten minutes later.

A luxurious Rolls-Royce drove into the gate of Reflections Villa. With 33 luxurious private villas built by the lake, it was a sight of extreme opulence. The car drove through a spacious green path and stopped in front of a villa.

A couple had been waiting at the gate, and seeing the car driven by Aiden, they stared at each other in surprise.

"What's going on?" Kenneth asked first.

Why was the car like this? Where was his precious daughter?? Was she okay?

The sight of the driver getting out of the car shocked Louisa, who looked at Aiden in disbelief, "Aiden, your glasses, your clothes.

Did you have a car accident on the way? Where is Arabella? Is she okay?"

With that, the couple quickly looked towards the back seat.

"Ms. Bennett is fine, I was rear-ended by a truck on the way." The driver hurriedly opened the door and said respectfully, "Miss, we're home!"

Arabella lifted her eyes, colliding with the gazes outside the car. Louisa was beautiful when she was young, more so than any female star at the time. Now at fifty, her aura was even more gentle and dignified. When she saw Arabella, she couldn't help but tear up, "You're Bella? My beloved daughter."

Arabella had just stepped out of the car when she was immediately embraced by Louisa, "I finally found you!"

The sudden embrace made Arabella a bit uncomfortable, but it also gave her a sense of warmth.

"Let me have a good look at you." Louisa caressed Arabella's face. The girl had very good features and a delicate skin. She asked lovingly, tears in her eyes, "How have you been in the Murphy family all these years?"

"I've been good." Arabella said.

These simple words made two drops of tear fall from Louisa's eyes. As long as she had been well and not bullied, that was enough.

"We should be happy that our daughter is home." The speaker was Kenneth, his eyes also a bit red, "Let's talk inside, don't let our precious girl stand outside."

"Yes, Bella, come in." Louisa took the backpack from Arabella's hand and handed it to Kenneth.

Kenneth took the bag, which had no brand logo, and looked at Arabella's back. He couldn't help but feel a pang in his heart. How had their daughter been all these years? She was already a young lady, but why was she still carrying such a plain bag? Not even a single piece of designer clothes?

"Bella, from now on, this is your home." Louisa led Arabella by the hand into the villa.

The garden was full of exotic flowers and plants, costly plants like the Sleeping Fire Lotus and Juliet Roses could be seen everywhere.

Thirty servants stood in the middle of the garden, there were housekeepers, drivers, guards, chefs, gardeners, maids, and bodyguards. They all bowed in unison, "Welcome home, Ms. Bennett!"

As they walked through the fairy-tale-like beautiful garden and into the main hall, valuable calligraphy and antiques were seen everywhere.

Wasn't it said that her family was very poor?

Arabella's gaze fell on a painting. Not long ago at an auction, this painting, "Return of the Kings," had fetched a sky-high price of 30 million dollars! It was a masterpiece by a famous oil painter from five hundred years ago, and Arabella could tell it was the real deal.

Seeing where Arabella was looking, as if finding a topic, Louisa asked happily, "Bella, do you like that painting? Shall I have it hung in your room?"

"No need." She was just surprised at the number of collections in the house. It was a pity that this painting of 'Return of the Kings' seemed out of place among that pile of modern art paintings.

"Bella, don't you like it? Someone, take the painting down!" Kenneth immediately ordered after her.

The butler was somewhat reluctant. This painting called 'Return of the Kings' was originally hidden in the palace. It was a very rare and precious piece of art. However, the master was planning to take this painting down because of this ignorant Ms. Bennett!

Most importantly, this painting was Miss Serena's favorite!

Arabella sensed hostility from the butler's eyes, which was clearly aimed at her. But she didn't care, and casually gave a suggestion to her parents, "We can hang it in the room inside."

Her gaze fell on a lounge not far away, where there were several works by the same artist, perfectly integrated with the old-fashioned and elegant style of the lounge, fully displaying the artistic taste.

But the butler was heartbroken. Such a precious painting should be hung out for people to appreciate. It seemed this country girl had no idea of the value of this painting!

"I think it's a great idea to hang this painting in that room!" Louisa was the first to express support, "My daughter really has taste!"