

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1071

• • •

Chapter 1071

Others were relentless, "How can you prove you didn't cheat?"

"If you can't present any proof today, you have to let us search you to prove your innocence."

"Just a random girl who popped up out of nowhere, she thinks she can beat us? We've been playing here for decades! Why can't we always win?"

"That's because you're not skilled enough." Arabella responded with a look of disdain, "Listening to the sound and guessing the number isn't that hard."

"What did you say? You can guess by the sound?"

"I don't believe it. Show us, or we have every right to suspect you."

"You can tell the numbers within the dice cup? I'll kneel and call you dad!"

Arabella looked at him with annoyance, "I don't need a son like you."

She had to prove her innocence, right?

Arabella picked up the dice cup, grabbed three dice at once, and shook them rapidly.

Her shaking technique was swift and cool, a visual pleasure even just to watch.

The three dice produced a crisp sound under her shaking. When Arabella stopped, all eyes fell on the dice cup in her hand.

"6s Arabella announced the number first, then opened the dice cup. The sum of the three dice was indeed 6, just as she had said.

Everyone was dumbfounded in disbelief.

Could she really guess by the sound?

People with such incredible skills have only appeared twice before.

One was an old gambling king, and the other was the owner of this place.

Arabella picked up the dice again, shook them once more, and placed the dice cup steadily on the table, casually announcing a number.

"ye When the dice cup was opened, the sum of the three dice was exactly 7!

Everyone was incredulous at the sight of this miraculous girl.

How did she do it?

"No, I don't believe it, unless you shake a 13 as I said!"

"Yes, shake a 13 . Let's see what trick you can pull off."

"Shake a 13! 13!"

Arabella picked up the dice. Wasn't she supposed to pull off a trick?

The three dice clinked in the cup, and after a while, Arabella lifted the cup.

The three dice had formed a column. Arabella took them out one by one, the numbers facing up added up to precisely 13!

Everyone in the room was stunned, then erupted into thunderous applause, completely in awe.

It was amazing.

She could even shake the dice into a column.

"Are you the daughter of the gambling king? Or his apprentice?"

"The dice seem to obey your commands in your hands, you can shake out any number you want."

"That's amazing. How did you do it?"

She was using the dice cup and dice from the house, not her own, and she could shake out any number she wanted.

With so many people watching her, if she were cheating, they would have noticed!

So, how did she do it?

It was unbelievable!

They were all shocked with admiration.

When she was a child, her grandfather would shake a dice to make her guess the number to persuade her to do something.

Every time she said big, the number her grandfather shook out was small, and when she said small, he shook out a big number.

Each time she was defeated and had to do as her grandfather said and complete the tasks he assigned her.

But she always felt a little unconvinced, even suspecting that her grandfather was cheating.

Otherwise, how could he always win?

Later, she discovered that as long as she mastered the shaking force and angle and practiced more, she could shake the dice to any number she wanted, even forming a column wouldn't be difficult.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1072

• • •

Chapter 1072

With enough practice and a keen sense of hearing, one could even guess the numbers on the dice just by the sound they made inside the cup.

In her quest to beat her grandfather at the game, she practiced relentlessly, gradually increasing the difficulty level. To this day, she could roll ten dice and have them all stand on their ends.

It wasn't trickery or luck that got her this far, but pure skill.

"Miss, would you be interested in joining me for a game?"

"Name your price. As long as you're willing to team up with me, money is no object."

"Why don't you play with me? Any losses are on me, but we'll split the winnings. You take seventy percent and I take thirty percent.'

Many were vying for a chance to team up with Arabella, some even resorting to arguments.

Seeing his chance, Murray stood up and said, "Miss, may I have a word?"

Arabella followed him out to a small bridge.

"I must confess, Nightshade was bought at a high price not long after I arrived in Watertown."

The light in Arabella's eyes turned icy. So, they played her for a fool?

"Let's split the \$32 million. I'll take half" suggested Murray earnestly.

But Arabella's eyes remained cold.

She was here for Nightshade.

Sensing her displeasure, Murray hastily added, "How about I take thirty percent? or, how about I take twenty percent?"

Seeing her expression unchanged, he steeled himself and said, "You take ninety percent. I can't go any lower!"

"Who did you sell it to?" Arabella's voice was as cold as ice.

"A big shot whose name I cannot reveal. Once he wants something, there's no way we can get it back. But, I can

help you find another Nightshade. I know a guy, who knows a guy, who should have one. Let me contact him, see if he can deliver it tomorrow. If he can, I'll give it to you for free!"

Arabella took out her phone, "Your number"

Murray quickly rattled off his digits.

After noting them down, she dialed his number, "This is mine."

Murray saved her number immediately, a little in awe. He cautiously asked, "So about our partnership, will you consider it?"

Arabella sent him a string of bank account numbers, "Transfer ninety percent of the money to my account first.'

Murray was taken aback but quickly agreed, "No problem."

As Arabella prepared to leave, Murray couldn't help but blurt out, "I'll transfer the money shortly. Please give it

some thought. Don't consider anyone else. They're not as reliable as me! Any losses are on me, and we'll split

the winnings. You can get ninety percent!"

Arabella walked off the bridge, ready to leave

Watertown, when a group of ten staff members hurriedly stopped her.

"Excuse us, miss, could you wait a moment?"

Arabella raised an eyebrow, were they sore losers, looking to cause trouble?

"I apologize for the inconvenience."

The manager was on the phone, seeking instructions from higher-ups on whether they should let her leave.

Arabella looked coldly at the ten frail staff members, if a fight broke out, they would be at a disadvantage. But her presence in Watertown had already drawn a lot of attention, any more commotion could attract unwanted company.

She didn't want to bring trouble upon herself, especially if Murray could deliver Nightshade tomorrow, she could return home the day after. There was no need to engage these people and stir up unnecessary trouble.

"How long do I have to wait?" Arabella suddenly asked.

The ten staff members were taken aback. She was more cooperative than they expected, given her icy demeanor.

They underestimated her because of her youth, and they were clearly shaken.

Chapter 1073 "Just a moment,' the leading staff member said.

“Alright, bring me something to eat and drink.”

Arabella strolled onto an empty boat, settled down, and began to appreciate the scenery on the water.

Several resplendent golden buildings reflected on the water, like an enchanting illusion.

The staff were taken aback by her audacity. Wasn't this young lady afraid of the potential danger of staying behind?

Nonetheless, they brought her food and beverages, attending to her diligently.

Meanwhile.

The manager urgently dialed Danny's number.

"Danny, we've got a big problem! A girl just walked away with 32 million dollars from us. What's more, others started to win as well! We're taking a huge hit tonight!"

"What?" Danny's voice held a note of surprise. "A girl?"

Not a seasoned gambler, but a girl?

"Yes, she looks around seventeen or eighteen, but her dice rolling skills are comparable to yours back in the day!"

"How dare you!" Danny scolded, "Comparing anyone to me? Can she discern the dice by sound, can she roll the dice into a column, can she roll whatever number she wants?"

“She can do all of that!”

"What?" Danny realized that this girl was not ordinary and calmly asked, "Send me the surveillance footage. Let me see."

Soon, the manager sent over the live surveillance video.

Upon seeing the girl's familiar outfit, Danny was shocked. "Mr. Sampson, look."

It was the girl from tonight!

Dressed in casual attire, wearing a baseball cap and a mask, her dice-rolling actions were as smooth as flowing water.

Sampson gazed at the girl, and he said appreciatively, "This girl is remarkable."

"Mr. Sampson, have you noticed anything unusual?" Danny focused intently on the video but couldn't see any signs of cheating.

Sampson replied with interest, "I never expected her hands to be capable of saving lives and gambling."

"Mr. Sampson, do you think she's cheating? At her age, how could she be so skilled?" Danny was still skeptical of the girl's

abilities. He scrutinized the screen so hard that he might have drilled a hole in it, but he couldn't find any evidence of cheating.

Sampson dismissed his concerns, "With enough practice, anyone could do it."

"So will we just let her go?"

She just won 32 million dollars from Murray!

It was not thousands or tens of thousands, but 32 million dollars!

Asum that large.

If they didn't investigate.

What if she came back?

"She won fair and square, why shouldn't we let her go?" Sampson said with a grand gesture, "We should not only let her go but also treat her courteously and welcome her back."

"Welcome her back?" Danny was incredulous. With her winning streak, wouldn't they go bankrupt?

"Where is she now?" Sampson asked.

"According to the manager, when we stopped her, she was unfazed. She even went on a boat to enjoy the scenery and asked for food and drinks."

Danny had never heard of anyone like her. This young girl, surrounded by dozens of people, didn't cry or show any signs of fear.

Instead, she leisurely went on a boat to enjoy tea and the moonlight. This was entirely different from what he had imagined.

Such composure was indeed praiseworthy.

Chapter 1074 "Take care of her. It's on the house."

Upon hearing that, Danny couldn't help but marvel at the young woman's good fortune to have caught the favor of the gentleman.

Not only did she walk away with thirty million, but she was also enjoying herself on the boat and it was all free of charge!

The boat was outfitted with plush sofas. Arabella leaned back, her hands laced behind her head as she looked up at the moon.

The boat rocked gently on the shimmering lake, like a soothing cradle lulling its occupants to sleep.

The scent of flowers from the shore wafted over, carried by the breeze, invoking a sense of peace and tranquility.

Coffee, pastries, and snacks were arranged next to the sofa. Arabella would nibble at them from time to time, a picture of contentment.

Ten employees, upon receiving the message, scrambled to pull the boat back to the next docking point.

"Miss, we apologize for any inconvenience. You're free to leave now."

"If you wish to stay a bit longer, you could try your luck at our casino. We can provide you with five million in chips to play with.

Any winnings are yours, any losses are on us. Or we could arrange accommodations for you.

We offer a variety of scenic rooms for you to choose from."

Arabella rose lazily after they had conferred with their superiors. Their respectful demeanor amused her. "No, thank you"

"Whenever you wish to visit us again, Miss, you're always welcome." Ten employees fawned over her, akin to a swarm of bees

around a queen. They escorted her to the exit, asking, "Do you need a ride? Shall we arrange a car for you?"

"No, thank you."

A Rolls Royce from the hotel she had booked was already waiting outside.

Upon seeing the driver in The Royal Hotel's uniform, everyone knew that she was no ordinary guest.

The Royal Hotel was well-known in their area, with over three hundred rooms, the cheapest of which cost a thousand a night.

The most expensive suite was on the 52nd floor, a luxurious space with floor-to-ceiling windows that offered a 360-degree view of the city's skyline.

The hotel also had a private spa, an oversized crystal bathtub, and other amenities that ensured guests had an unparalleled experience.

Once Arabella arrived at the hotel, she collected her key card and rode the elevator to the 52nd floor. She swiped her card and

entered one of the opulent suites.

Sensors detected her presence and the lights automatically came on. The curtains gradually drew back, revealing the stunning cityscape.

Arabella removed her cap and mask, tossed her backpack onto the sofa, and walked onto the balcony to take in the view.

She rarely had the opportunity to stand silently and appreciate such a sight.

The wind played with her long hair, eliciting a sense of comfort.

After a while, her phone pinged with a notification from her bank.

She had received twenty-eight million and eight hundred thousand, Murray's share.

She smirked, surprised that he had kept his word. Elsewhere.

After a twelve-hour flight to Lidaria, Louisa switched her phone on to see a response from her daughter.

She relayed the message to Kenneth, "Our little girl's abroad. She said she had some business to attend to.

Should we still ask her to come? Wouldn't that be too much of a hassle?"

She couldn't bear the thought of her daughter being worn out.

Louisa replied, [Bella, my darling, which country are you in? Can you make a trip to Lidaria?]

Arabella was somewhat surprised upon receiving the message. Her parents were abroad? In Lidaria?

Chapter 1075 [Are you here on business, or just travelling?] Arabella lightly tap the screen with her slender fingers and replied

quickly, [I'm near Lidaria. Shall we meet tomorrow?]

Upon seeing the response, Louisa was overjoyed and quickly responded, [Absolutely, what time suits you tomorrow?]

[Might be in the evening.]

[Fine, I'll send you the location before you come]

[Okay.]

In an effort to strengthen their bond, Louisa sent her daughter a playful emoji.

A warmth spread through Arabella's heart, and she responded with a similar emoji.

Meanwhile, Dr. Mark held his phone, pondering his message for a long time. Finally, he typed, [Prof, have you had a chance to

look at the patient's medical history? I apologize for troubling you with such a trivial matter.]

Upon typing this, he hesitated, knowing how his mentor disliked long-winded individuals.

He restructured his message, cautiously asking, [Prof, are you awake? I'm sorry to bother you this late.]

After considering his words, he felt too formal and deleted the message to rewrite it.

[Prof, about my patient.]

Would it be too abrupt?

It seemed a bit rude.

So, Mark continued to type, delete, and rephrase, never satisfied with his words.

Arabella, fresh from her shower, took the initiative to message him.

Upon receiving the message, Mark was ecstatic, promptly calling Sampson, "Sampson, are you awake? Great news, my mentor is nearby and she's available to consult on Old Mrs. Griffith's case tomorrow afternoon!"

"That's good news." Sampson asked, "What does she like to eat and drink? I'll have it prepared in advance. How much should I prepare for her consultation fee?"

"I'm not certain about her preferences. As for the consultation fee, my mentor may have her own standards.

Let's wait until she arrives."

Regardless of the cost, as long as their mentor could make a visit, there was hope for Old Mrs. Griffith's recovery!

"I'll pick her up tomorrow." Mark, overjoyed, messaged Arabella, [I'm extremely grateful that you can spare the time to visit.

Whenever you're ready tomorrow, let me know, and I'll come to get you.]

[Okay.]

After responding, Arabella sends a message to Romeo via WhatsApp, summarizing the day's events.

"Are you hurt?"

Romeo was concerned when Arabella mentioned a man being chased into her box at the auction, and how she nonchalantly saved him and knocked out a few goons.

"Will the man you saved today cause you any trouble? Do you need me to send more people to escort you back home?" Romeo asked, worried.

"I'll be fine." Arabella dismissed his worries, "They're no match for me. Once I'm done tomorrow, I should be able to head home the day after"

"Is that Murray reliable? If he doesn't get the Black Heart from his friend by tomorrow, how long do you plan to stay there?"

Romeo asked again.

"He assured me that he could deliver the Black Heart to me by tomorrow. He seems eager to collaborate with me, so I don't expect any issues." Arabella was quite confident in Murray.

“So, you're not going to collaborate with him?”
Arabella chuckled, “Who would be so dumb as to stay and help others make money?”

She thought, “Wasn't it better to make money on your own?”

Romeo laughed lightly, “Then you should rest early and come back soon, I'll be waiting for you at home.”

“Okay.”

Arabella chatted with Romeo for a while longer before hanging up the phone.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1073](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1073

• • •

Chapter 1073

"Just a moment,' the leading staff member said.

"Alright, bring me something to eat and drink."

Arabella strolled onto an empty boat, settled down, and began to appreciate the scenery on the water.

Several resplendent golden buildings reflected on the water, like an enchanting illusion.

The staff were taken aback by her audacity. Wasn't this young lady afraid of the potential danger of staying behind?

Nonetheless, they brought her food and beverages, attending to her diligently.

Meanwhile.

The manager urgently dialed Danny's number.

"Danny, we've got a big problem! A girl just walked away with 32 million dollars from us. What's more, others started to win as well! We're taking a huge hit tonight!"

"What?" Danny's voice held a note of surprise. "A girl?"

Not a seasoned gambler, but a girl?

"Yes, she looks around seventeen or eighteen, but her dice rolling skills are comparable to yours back in the day!"

"How dare you!" Danny scolded, "Comparing anyone to me? Can she discern the dice by sound, can she roll the dice into a

column, can she roll whatever number she wants?"

"She can do all of that!"

"What?" Danny realized that this girl was not ordinary and calmly asked, "Send me the surveillance footage. Let me see."

Soon, the manager sent over the live surveillance video.

Upon seeing the girl's familiar outfit, Danny was shocked. "Mr. Sampson, look."

It was the girl from tonight!

Dressed in casual attire, wearing a baseball cap and a mask, her dice-rolling actions were as smooth as flowing water.

Sampson gazed at the girl, and he said appreciatively, "This girl is remarkable."

"Mr. Sampson, have you noticed anything unusual?"

Danny focused intently on the video but couldn't see any signs of cheating.

Sampson replied with interest, "I never expected her hands to be capable of saving lives and gambling."

"Mr. Sampson, do you think she's cheating? At her age, how could she be so skilled?" Danny was still skeptical of the girl's

abilities. He scrutinized the screen so hard that he might have drilled a hole in it, but he couldn't find any evidence of cheating.

Sampson dismissed his concerns, "With enough practice, anyone could do it."

"So will we just let her go?"

She just won 32 million dollars from Murray!

It was not thousands or tens of thousands, but 32 million dollars!

Asum that large.

If they didn't investigate.

What if she came back?

"She won fair and square, why shouldn't we let her go?" Sampson said with a grand gesture, "We should not only let her go but

also treat her courteously and welcome her back."

"Welcome her back?" Danny was incredulous. With her winning streak, wouldn't they go bankrupt?

"Where is she now?" Sampson asked.

"According to the manager, when we stopped her, she was unfazed. She even went on a boat to enjoy the scenery and asked for food and drinks."

Danny had never heard of anyone like her. This young girl, surrounded by dozens of people, didn't cry or show any signs of fear.

Instead, she leisurely went on a boat to enjoy tea and the moonlight. This was entirely different from what he had imagined.

Such composure was indeed praiseworthy.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1074](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1074

· · ·

Chapter 1074

"Take care of her. It's on the house."

Upon hearing that, Danny couldn't help but marvel at the young woman's good fortune to have caught the favor of the gentleman.

Not only did she walk away with thirty million, but she was also enjoying herself on the boat and it was all free of charge!

The boat was outfitted with plush sofas. Arabella leaned back, her hands laced behind her head as she looked up at the moon.

The boat rocked gently on the shimmering lake, like a soothing cradle lulling its occupants to sleep.

The scent of flowers from the shore wafted over, carried by the breeze, invoking a sense of peace and tranquility.

Coffee, pastries, and snacks were arranged next to the sofa. Arabella would nibble at them from time to time, a picture of contentment.

Ten employees, upon receiving the message, scrambled to pull the boat back to the next docking point.

"Miss, we apologize for any inconvenience. You're free to leave now."

"If you wish to stay a bit longer, you could try your luck at our casino. We can provide you with five million in chips to play with.

Any winnings are yours, any losses are on us. Or we could arrange accommodations for you.

We offer a variety of scenic rooms for you to choose from."

Arabella rose lazily after they had conferred with their superiors. Their respectful demeanor amused her. "No, thank you"

"Whenever you wish to visit us again, Miss, you're always welcome." Ten employees fawned over her, akin to a swarm of bees

around a queen. They escorted her to the exit, asking, "Do you need a ride? Shall we arrange a car for you?"

"No, thank you."

A Rolls Royce from the hotel she had booked was already waiting outside.

Upon seeing the driver in The Royal Hotel's uniform, everyone knew that she was no ordinary guest.

The Royal Hotel was well-known in their area, with over three hundred rooms, the cheapest of which cost a thousand a night.

The most expensive suite was on the 52nd floor, a luxurious space with floor-to-ceiling windows that offered a 360-degree view of the city's skyline.

The hotel also had a private spa, an oversized crystal bathtub, and other amenities that ensured guests had an unparalleled experience.

Once Arabella arrived at the hotel, she collected her key card and rode the elevator to the 52nd floor. She swiped her card and entered one of the opulent suites.

Sensors detected her presence and the lights automatically came on. The curtains gradually drew back, revealing the stunning cityscape.

Arabella removed her cap and mask, tossed her backpack onto the sofa, and walked onto the balcony to take in the view.

She rarely had the opportunity to stand silently and appreciate such a sight.

The wind played with her long hair, eliciting a sense of comfort.

After a while, her phone pinged with a notification from her bank.

She had received twenty-eight million and eight hundred thousand, Murray's share.

She smirked, surprised that he had kept his word. Elsewhere.

After a twelve-hour flight to Lidaria, Louisa switched her phone on to see a response from her daughter.

She relayed the message to Kenneth, "Our little girl's abroad. She said she had some business to attend to.

Should we still ask her to come? Wouldn't that be too much of a hassle?"

She couldn't bear the thought of her daughter being worn out.

Louisa replied, [Bella, my darling, which country are you in? Can you make a trip to Lidaria?]

Arabella was somewhat surprised upon receiving the message. Her parents were abroad? In Lidaria?

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1075](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1075

· · ·

Chapter 1075

[Are you here on business, or just traveling?]

Arabella lightly tap the screen with her slender fingers and replied quickly, [I'm near Lidaria. Shall we meet tomorrow?]

Upon seeing the response, Louisa was overjoyed and quickly responded, [Absolutely, what time suits you tomorrow?]

[Might be in the evening.]

[Fine, I'll send you the location before you come]

[Okay.]

In an effort to strengthen their bond, Louisa sent her daughter a playful emoji.

A warmth spread through Arabella's heart, and she responded with a similar emoji.

Meanwhile, Dr. Mark held his phone, pondering his message for a long time. Finally, he typed, [Prof, have you had a chance to

look at the patient's medical history? I apologize for troubling you with such a trivial matter.]

Upon typing this, he hesitated, knowing how his mentor disliked long-winded individuals.

He restructured his message, cautiously asking, [Prof, are you awake? I'm sorry to bother you this late.]

After considering his words, he felt too formal and deleted the message to rewrite it.

[Prof, about my patient.]

Would it be too abrupt?

It seemed a bit rude.

So, Mark continued to type, delete, and rephrase, never satisfied with his words.

Arabella, fresh from her shower, took the initiative to message him.

Upon receiving the message, Mark was ecstatic, promptly calling Sampson, "Sampson, are you awake? Great news, my mentor

is nearby and she's available to consult on Old Mrs. Griffith's case tomorrow afternoon!"

“That's good news.” Sampson asked, “What does she like to eat and drink? I'll have it prepared in advance. How much should I prepare for her consultation fee?”

“I'm not certain about her preferences. As for the consultation fee, my mentor may have her own standards.

Let's wait until she arrives.”

Regardless of the cost, as long as their mentor could make a visit, there was hope for Old Mrs. Griffith's recovery!

“I'll pick her up tomorrow.” Mark, overjoyed, messaged Arabella, [I'm extremely grateful that you can spare the time to visit.

Whenever you're ready tomorrow, let me know, and I'll come to get you.]

[Okay.]

After responding, Arabella sends a message to Romeo via WhatsApp, summarizing the day's events.

“Are you hurt?”

Romeo was concerned when Arabella mentioned a man being chased into her box at the auction, and how she nonchalantly saved him and knocked out a few goons.

“Will the man you saved today cause you any trouble? Do you need me to send more people to escort you back home?” Romeo

asked, worried.

"I'll be fine." Arabella dismissed his worries, "They're no match for me. Once I'm done tomorrow, I should be able to head home the day after"

"Is that Murray reliable? If he doesn't get the Black Heart from his friend by tomorrow, how long do you plan to stay there?"

Romeo asked again.

"He assured me that he could deliver the Black Heart to me by tomorrow. He seems eager to collaborate with me, so I don't expect any issues." Arabella was quite confident in Murray.

"So, you're not going to collaborate with him?"

Arabella chuckled, "Who would be so dumb as to stay and help others make money?"

She thought, "Wasn't it better to make money on your own?"

Romeo laughed lightly, "Then you should rest early and come back soon, I'll be waiting for you at home."

"Okay."

Arabella chatted with Romeo for a while longer before hanging up the phone.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· Home / The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) / Chapter 1076

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1076

· · ·

Chapter 1076

Early the next morning.

Arabella was rudely awakened by a call from Kelly.

"Bella, a guy named Mr. Sampson had some Nightshade delivered to the Piper Group, specifically for Kelly. He claims it's a

token of gratitude for her saving his life last night.

Can you tell me what the hell is going on?" Kelly was completely in the dark.

Arabella, just out of bed, was still a bit dazed. "What did you say?"

"You didn't manage to get the Nightshade last night, did you?" Kelly guessed, "Did you save someone and in gratitude he bought

the Nightshade for you?"

"Could it be that Mr. Sampson?" A handsome man surfaced in Arabella's mind.

Last night, he had mistaken her for Kelly and thanked her for saving his life.

Arabella briefly explained the situation to Kelly, who then understood.

"I knew it! I was on a plane the whole time last night, I didn't save anyone. I guessed it was you."

Now it made sense why someone would send Nightshade to the Piper Group and specifically ask for them to be delivered to Kelly.

"So that Mr. Sampson mistook you for me." Kelly couldn't help but laugh, "Even though you didn't get the Nightshade last night, it seems like your misfortune turned into a blessing. It's like they say, good things happen to good people."

Arabella didn't expect that the Nightshade Murray said had been bought by a big shot would turn out to be Mr.

Sampson.

What a coincidence.

But, how did he guess that she wanted the Nightshade and was willing to give them to her?

Could it be because she helped him deal with those goons and detoxify him?

"Bella, did Mr. Sampson take a liking to you?" Kelly couldn't help but ask, "He seems to be quite interested in you."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"He knows what you like."

Arabella sounded lazy, "Have the Nightshade delivered to Grandpa Beck at the university, I'll go back tomorrow and study them."

"Sure, no problem. Kelly couldn't help but gossip, "Bella, how old is this Mr. Sampson? Is he young? Handsome?"

Sounds like he's quite generous."

"You've seen him. He was the one who helped us on the cruise ship."

"Oh, it's him." Kelly immediately pictured the courteous figure, "He does look older than Romeo. But he's pretty handsome and charming."

"Why are you comparing him to Romeo?" Arabella chatted with her for a bit longer before hanging up. After washing up and eating breakfast, Murray called her.

"I'm very sorry, my friend's contact also doesn't have any Nightshade. If you can wait a bit longer, I'll do my best to find some for you." Murray sounded apologetic.

"No need." Arabella sounded lazy, "I don't need it anymore."

Murray thought she was upset, so he hurriedly said, "The Nightshade my friend's contact usually has were bought at a high price. If you can wait a few more days, I promise I'll find some for you."

Arabella found it amusing, "I really don't need it anymore, I don't want the Nightshade, I have other things to do, talk to you later."

"Wait, wait."

Murray didn't expect her to hang up so quickly. Did she think he was lying to her?

What if she refused to cooperate with him in the future?

While feeling anxious, Murray thought of another solution.

Not long after, Arabella received a transfer of three million dollars. She checked the sender's name, and it turned out to be Murray.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1077

• • •

Chapter 1077

Has this guy lost his mind?

Immediately after that, Murray sent her a message.

[This \$3 million is a small token of apology for not being able to deliver Nightshade to you today as I promised.

Please accept it.]

Arabella was taken aback. Was this really happening?

[I'll keep looking for Nightshade. Hold on to this \$3 million for now and consider it as my apology. You don't have to pay me back.

What I give to you is yours.]

Arabella was speechless. She tried to transfer the money back to him but was blocked by him.

[Don't try to transfer it back. You must accept it.]

Only by accepting it, there could be possibilities for future collaboration. That was what Murray thought.

Arabella was at a loss for words, fine, since it was his "apology" to her, she'd accept it.

It was free money after all, why not?

After a while, she finished reading the last few pages of the medical records, then sent a message to Mark, saying he could pick her up earlier.

Mark was having breakfast, when he received the message, he stood up excitedly, left his breakfast unfinished and drove out.

At the hotel entrance, Mark craned his neck looking for Arabella, when he saw her coming out, he shouted excitedly, "Professor!"

He hurried over, wanting to help Arabella with her luggage.

"No need, I can carry it myself"

"Professor, don't be a stranger, let me handle this minor task." Mark insisted on carrying her luggage and even respectfully opened the car door for her.

Arabella got in the car. Mark happily returned to the driver's seat, glanced at the rearview mirror and said, "Honestly, I never thought you'd be around and took the time to come here, I'm really grateful."

"I've reviewed the patient's medical records. Multiple drug therapies are needed. It's not a big issue"

"Do you think there's a chance of recovery?" Mark couldn't help asking, emboldened, "What are the chances according to you, Professor?"

"About ninety percent." Arabella didn't want to sound too sure, but she was actually fully confident.

Mark was overjoyed, as always, no matter how complex the disease was, the professor always had a solution.

The professor was really amazing!

"Professor..."

Before Mark could finish his sentence, Arabella corrected him, "Just call me Arabella, I don't deserve the title of professor."

After all, she was younger than Mark.

Mark knew, calling her "professor" was his wishful thinking.

Years ago, in a highly complicated surgery, Mark was lucky enough to witness Arabella's medical prowess. Her surgical skills revived a life, leaving him deeply impressed.

Since then, he shamelessly started calling Arabella "professor". Considering his eagerness to learn, Arabella did give him some guidance from time to time.

But she never expressed the intent of accepting him as a student.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1078](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1078

• • •

Chapter 1078

"I can't tell you how grateful we are that you're willing to help, Professor, Mark pled earnestly. "If you won't accept any payment, we'd feel as if we're taking advantage of your kindness. Please, take something more to make us feel better."

Paying her more than necessary?

"Fine," Arabella relented with a sly smile, "I'll decide how much later."

Arabella didn't specify how much, but this reassured Mark. He believed that Old Mrs. Griffith was going to be saved!

Half an hour later.

They arrived at a grand and beautiful mansion.

The mansion was a combination of a dozen buildings, surrounded by a sapphire-blue lake, vast lawns, and an inviting swimming pool.

There was even a helipad.

Just standing at the entrance, one could sense the extraordinary wealth and status of the owner.

This was no ordinary rich family.

The owner of such a mansion must hold a high position in society.

Six butlers in uniform greeted Arabella at the entrance with well-trained courtesy and respect.

Upon hearing Mark had brought the Professor, Sampson, who was leisurely sipping tea in the garden, got up and walked towards the entrance to welcome them.

His maid, a short-haired young woman, followed him. From a distance, she spotted a slender, charming young woman entering the mansion.

The young woman wore her hair in a bun and had a strikingly beautiful face that was hard to ignore. Her beauty and charisma

were.

The short-haired maid was thrilled.

"Mr. Sampson, that's her! The Solterra girl I told you about!"

She was the one who helped Old Mrs. Griffith when she had trouble breathing.

She reminded them that Old Mrs. Griffith was frail and needed extra care.

She said that those pills won't help Aunt's condition and suggested other medications.

"Mr. Sampson, you found her?" The short-haired maid was overjoyed, "So, Old Mrs. Griffith is going to be saved!"

"So, the Solterra girl who helped when Old Mrs. Griffith's health deteriorated after the bus accident is her?"

Sampson seemed a bit surprised, "Are you sure?"

"I'm absolutely sure! This face, how many like it could there be in the world? I'd recognize her even if she turned to dust!" The

short-haired maid greeted Arabella happily as she arrived, "Hi, we meet again"

Arabella didn't recognize her. She tried to recall, but couldn't.

"I was the one screaming for help on the roadside when the bus accident happened. You stopped and helped Old Mrs. Griffith,"

the short-haired maid said with a sincere smile, hopeful eyes on Arabella.

Ah, so it was her. Arabella remembered now.

She had been desperate.

No one was willing to stop and help.

She and the driver stood by the roadside, screaming for help.

So, it turned out Old Mrs. Griffith needed medical attention?

Arabella had checked Old Mrs. Griffith's pulse at the time. The medical condition was complex and required multiple

medications. When the short-haired maid asked for advice, Arabella couldn't give her a specific Prescription.

Old Mrs. Griffith's condition required constant adjustment of medication.

"I'm glad to see you again," Arabella nodded at her, acknowledging her enthusiasm.

The short-haired maid was overjoyed. She hadn't expected their second meeting to be like this. This girl was so gentle and polite. She was adorable.

"Professor, let me introduce you to my good friend, Sampson," Mark introduced with excitement.

"Sampson, this is the amazing Professor I told you about. She's known as Dr. Bell in the medical area."

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• Home / The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) / Chapter 1079

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1079

• • •

Chapter 1079

So, this was Dr. Bell?

The same Dr. Bell who was famed for performing medical miracles?

Sampson was stunned. He didn't expect that the wonderful doctor Mark mentioned would turn out to be her.

She was so young, yet she was already an ace physician.

The short-haired maid was equally surprised. So, it wasn't Mr. Sampson who found her, it was Dr. Mark. She must be pretty significant then.

No wonder she carried a medical bag around. She was a renowned doctor!

Impressive.

She was not only beautiful but also a well-known doctor.

If only Mr. Sampson wasn't in his thirties, she'd definitely play matchmaker!

"We meet again,' Sampson's tone softened, his impression of the girl improving.

Now it was Mark's turn to be surprised. He glanced at Sampson, then at Arabella, and asked, "You've met before?"

"Mr. Sampson helped me and my friend out last night" Arabella stated succinctly.

"Last night, Miss Bell saved my life and even detoxified me,' Sampson extended his hand formally, "Thank you, Kelly."

"Kelly is my friend. You can call me Arabella,' Arabella was surprised to meet him again in such circumstances.

She shook his hand, "Thank you for the nightshade"

Now it was Sampson's turn to be surprised. So, her name wasn't Kelly and she wasn't the Miss Piper from the Piper Group. So,

he had given the nightshade to the wrong person?

The assistant, standing aside, was also confused. Did they still need to investigate her identity? He had seen her with Mr.

Sampson's sister who looked somewhat similar. He thought Mr. Piper of the Piper Group had mixed up his daughters.

"So, is Arabella your real name?" Sampson asked, masking his surprise with a smile.

"Yes, it is."

"It's a beautiful name." Sampson gestured her to move ahead, "I'm sure you're aware of my mother's condition, do you have any suggestions?"

At this point, Mark seemed to remember something. He blurted out, "Oh, Professor. There was a medicine at a domestic auction called HeartEase. It was created by a brilliant pharmacist. It's said to be highly effective in treating heart conditions."

He continued, "Many patients, who were deemed untreatable by doctors, improved significantly after using HeartEase. Although Old Mrs. Griffith's illness isn't purely a heart disease, this medicine could potentially help some. So, I was thinking of mixing HeartEase with a new medicine that I'm researching. Not sure if it would help her condition."

"Oh;" Arabella listened to him and simply said, "That stuff won't work for Old Mrs. Griffith."

"Why not?" Mark asked, puzzled.

Sampson was equally confused, "I managed to get it last night."

"Oh, that's just leftover scraps from making HeartEase. It won't significantly help. Old Mrs. Griffith's condition is a bit complex. It requires multiple medications."

This revelation stunned everyone.

Mark stared at her incredulously, "Professor, are you the famous pharmacist, Ms. Aria?"

"Yes, that's me."

Mark held his breath. So, it turned out he had bought her medicine last night.

Sampson was surprised but his respect for the girl increased. He hadn't expected her to be so versatile at such a young age, being Dr. Bell, Ms. Aria, skilled, and even good at rolling dice. she was extraordinary.

Arabella asked casually, "How much did you spend on it last night?"

Sampson replied honestly, "Two million for a HeartEase pill, and half a million for a bottle of HeartRevive."

"You overpaid. Next time you can get a discount from me."

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• Home / The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) / Chapter 1080

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1080

• • •

Chapter 1080

Through the grand living room, Arabella followed Sampson to the master bedroom on the first floor. The moment they walked in, they were greeted by the sight of a garden that seemed to be right out of a fairy tale, visible through the large floor-to-ceiling windows.

The room was set up as a cozy tea room, with a walk-in closet and an expansive bathroom beyond, and only then did they reach

the bedroom.

On the spacious luxurious bed lay a kind elderly woman, with various medical devices by her side providing real-time updates on her health.

A caregiver and a servant stood quietly nearby. On seeing visitors, they stood up and bowed respectfully.

"This is the famous doctor we've invited," Sampson introduced Arabella, glancing at the two women, "Tell her about any recent changes in Old Mrs. Griffith's condition."

"Yes,' the servants replied, showing great respect for Sampson. They turned to Arabella and in unison called out, "Professor."

"Just call me Arabella, she said, sitting down to hear their report. Her delicate fair fingers reached out to take Old Mrs. Griffith's pulse.

Mark held his breath in anticipation of his teacher's verdict.

Sampson watched her too, his emotions slightly tense.

He had never expected that he would be able to invite Dr. Bell.

Previously, people said that Dr. Bell was elusive, and getting her to treat a patient was as difficult as climbing to heaven.

Arabella always maintained a calm demeanor. After carefully taking the pulse, she said softly, "It's not a big deal."

Sampson and Mark breathed a sigh of relief, their faces lighting up with joy.

The caregiver at the side was a bit surprised. Many experts had been helpless in the face of the Lady's illness, including Mark,

who was known as a miracle doctor.

Arabella was the first to say that it wasn't a big deal.

She looked to be only in her teens, and if it weren't for her cool aura and confident demeanor, one might suspect her of being a quack.

But, if she were a quack, how would she dare to deceive in front of Sampson?

All she could say was that the girl was very capable.

"We need to use multiple drugs." Arabella asked for pen and paper and wrote down three prescriptions,

"These are the

medicines that need to be made in the first three days. I've noted the order, method, and duration.

Just follow my instructions."

The servant quickly took the prescriptions and showed them to Sampson.

Sampson, seeing the vigorous and bold handwriting on the prescription, felt a strange sense of familiarity, as if he had seen it

somewhere.

He hadn't expected the girl's handwriting to be as extraordinary as her person, so refreshing and elegant.

"Do as she says." Sampson handed the prescriptions to the caregiver, having complete faith in the medications prescribed by Arabella.

Mark quickly leaned in to see the contents. Having studied medicine himself, he was amazed at the first prescription alone and praised it profusely.

"Genius! Why didn't I think of combining these!"

Mark marveled, utterly admiring, "The prescriptions from Professor not only make the medicine work best but are also very gentle for the patient. Unlike the medicines I prescribed earlier, which caused side effects."

He knew at the time that Old Mrs. Griffith would feel chest tightness and bitterness in her mouth, and would easily fatigue after taking his medication, but there was no better alternative.

He had also obtained Sampson's approval at the time and, out of desperation, used those medicines to temporarily keep Old Mrs. Griffith alive.

Later, when a bus rear-ended them, Arabella happened to lend a hand and pointed out the side effects of those medicines on

Old Mrs. Griffith. He didn't dare to continue giving them to her and immediately stopped.

But afterward, he couldn't find a better substitute. Luckily, he found Arabella, who had time to drop by.

Now that he saw Arabella's prescriptions, he realized that his own skills were simply inferior.

It seemed that he still had a long way to go in medicine.

“This is the medicine for the first three days. For the following prescriptions, I will prescribe according to

Old Mrs. Griffith's

physical condition and symptoms, Arabella said.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·