

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 11



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“Bella, feel free to grab whatever you want – there’s an array of teas, fresh fruits, and delicious snacks. Make yourself at home.” Kenneth said indulgently.

Arabella took a sip of her tea and savored it. This wasn’t the average black tea. It had the distinct flavor and aroma of Assam tea. She took another sip, the smooth taste lingering in her mouth,. It was top-notch tea indeed.

“Bella, have some snack.” Louisa pushed some pastries towards Arabella, her voice laden with complex emotions, “We didn’t mean to lose you back then.”

“I know.” Arabella’s heart softened at her mother’s sorrow. Who would intentionally lose their child?

“How did you find me?” Arabella asked.

“A while ago, the Murphy family put out a missing person notice, mentioning the incident from years ago. It unsettled me when I saw it. I kept having nightmares, so I asked your father to look into it.” Louisa said, “After investigating, we found out that you’re our real daughter, and the girl we had raised as our own for eighteen years was not our biological child.”

Tears welled up in Louisa’s eyes as she confessed, “I’m sorry, we messed up, and you end up in someone else’s home.”

Kenneth also felt a deep sense of guilt, “I was too careless back then. I brought Serena home without checking properly. We looked into her background this time, her biological mother died in a big fire, and her father’s whereabouts are unknown. After all, we’ve raised her for eighteen years, and it wouldn’t be right to kick her out. So we want to discuss with you, can she continue to live here as your sister?”

Having raised Serena for eighteen years, they had grown attached to her, and she was an outstanding girl.

Arabella understood their intention, her expression nonchalant, “Whatever you decide is fine by me.”

Louisa sighed in relief,. Their daughter was truly kind-hearted.

“Shall we show you around upstairs?” Louisa asked.

As they passed the music room on the second floor, Louisa casually asked, “Darling, do you have any hobbies?”

“Yes.” Arabella replied offhandedly, “Making money.”

Kenneth burst into laughter, “Ha-ha, like father, like daughter, I was also into making money when I was young! I can’t believe we share the same hobby!”

“Nonsense!” Louisa called him out without hesitation, “You were all about hitting on girls when you were young!”

Kenneth froze for a moment before swiftly explaining, “But you were the only one who caught my eye. Chasing you was more important than making money.”

Arabella averted her gaze, and by chance, saw through the window that they had a private helipad with three aircraft parked on it, one of which was a limited edition Boeing 747SP.

“Bella, this is your room, do you like it?” Louisa opened the door, hoping for her daughter’s approval.

The room was filled with pink. Curtains, bed, wardrobe, desk – all pink. Arabella was at a loss for words.

“Your mom says all girls love pink, so she specially designed this princess-themed room for you!” Kenneth took a deep breath, exaggerating the sweetness in the air, “Can you taste the sweetness in the air?”

Arabella didn’t reply.

“It’s okay if you don’t like it. Your mom has prepared other rooms for you too!” Kenneth showed her a few neighboring rooms, each with a different theme – Mediterranean, classic, minimalist modern. Since they were unsure about Arabella’s preference and had plenty of rooms, Louisa decorated each room in a different style.

“I’ll take this one.” Arabella picked the simplest one.

“Rest up for a bit, we have a surprise for you!” Louisa held Arabella’s hand, “When the housekeeper comes to get you, go downstairs, okay?”

It was their first gift for their daughter, they were a bit nervous. Arabella understood and nodded in obedience. After tidying up her things in her room, She took out her phone and sent a message:

[Do you still have HeartEase Herb?]

The reply came swiftly in a phone call, a gentle voice on the other end, “Bella, are you planning on making HeartEase with the herb again? Did the sky-high prices of HeartEase in the black market tip you off to a business opportunity?”

Arabella smiled faintly at the sound of her clear laughter, “That’s one reason.”

“The other reason is Grannie Grace’s condition, right?” The girl asked.

The girl on the phone, Kelly, was her good friend and business partner, who knew her well.

“Making a HeartEase pill that sells for 10 million, and also helps Grannie Grace – it’s a win-win. But I only have one plant left.” Arabella said.

HeartEase Herb was very effective in treating heart conditions, and a single plant was very costly. It’s not only pricy but also rare, and only a few plants would appear at each auction. The only one left in Kelly’s possession was bought at a high price. Others who bought HeartEase Herb would only research its components, unaware of its true value and how to turn it into a product to maximize its benefits.

But Arabella was different. By combining it with other medicinal ingredients, she could turn HeartEase Herb into HeartEase. This little pill was a lifeline for heart patients deemed incurable by doctors! They sold out as soon as they hit the market. In Kelly’s eyes, HeartEase Herb could only reach its full potential in Arabella’s hands, and wouldn’t be wasted.

“Do you need it urgently? Shall I bring it to you now?” Kelly asked.

“No need, I’ll come get it in a few days. I’m staying somewhere closer to your place now.” Arabella briefly explained her situation of finding her biological family.

“Huh? Aren’t you Attlee’s biological daughter? How could such a soap opera happen to you.” Kelly couldn’t believe that the world had turned upside down in the few days they’d lost touch, “Since the Murphy family did you dirty like this, why are you still looking out for Grannie Grace?”

Arabella replied coolly, “She’s been good to me.”

Growing up, Attlee and Olga were always busy with their careers. It was Grannie Grace who raised her. Now that Grannie Grace was seriously ill, she couldn’t just turn a blind eye.

“Grannie Grace is still your responsibility! Attlee is so naive, thinking that just because he’s thrown some money around for a VIP hospital room and a caretaker, Grannie Grace will live forever! If it wasn’t for you pulling her back from the brink time and time again, he wouldn’t even have a mother now!”

Arabella’s eyes darkened, but she remained silent.