

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1151

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Chapter 1151

It was nearly nine in the evening.

What could be so urgent?

She just wanted to gain her parents' attention, didn't she?

Serena saw right through it!

Arabella's sports car pulled a slick drift, coming to a stop directly in front of the emergency department of the hospital. Rushing

out of the car, she just made it to the third-floor corridor when she heard Carol's cries.

Carol was crying so hard she could barely stand.

Two stretchers were right in front of her, the bodies covered with white sheets.

Carol was weeping on the sheets, while Clark tried to comfort her, his eyes welling up with tears.

Arabella stopped dead in her tracks, realizing she was too late. Logan and Taylor were already gone.

“Mom, Dad.” Carol's heart-wrenching cries echoed in the corridor.

Doctors and nurses silently bowed their heads, helpless to do anything.

“Their condition was critical when they were brought in, they had lost too much blood. They had already passed the golden hour for treatment,” the surgeon explained.

“My sister could've saved them!” Clark started to say, but seeing Arabella standing nearby, he quickly corrected himself, “Bella, Crystal is still in there. They're trying to save her!” Arabella nodded, stepping into the changing room to don her scrubs.

The doctors at Hope Hospital were well aware of her skills. They quickly briefed her on Crystal's condition, which was dire. There

wasn't a single part of her body that wasn't injured.

“I think she was trying to say something.”

“Dr. Bella, you know as well as we do that all our attempts to save her are in vain.”

With such severe injuries, there was no chance of survival. It was better to let her leave some final words.

“As long as there's a glimmer of hope, we can't give up.”

Despite knowing Crystal's chances of survival were slim, the sight of Clark with red-rimmed eyes and Carol's heart-wrenching cries were etched into Arabella's mind.

Outside the operating room.

Crystal's parents rushed in. Hearing the severity of their daughter's injuries, they couldn't help but ask Clark, "What happened?"

"Alger, Celeste, it's all my fault" Clark confessed with guilt.

"What happened between you guys? And who is she?" Mrs. Alger asked, pointing at the crying girl next to them, her confusion and anxiety obvious.

"Crystal got injured while trying to protect my parents. I'm really sorry" Carol stood up, bowing deeply to them, her tears flowing unchecked. "I'm sorry."

"Who are you?" Mr. Alger had never seen her before.

At this moment, the elevator doors opened, and Kenneth and Louisa rushed out, followed by Serena. Mr. and Mrs. Alger had called them saying Crystal was in an accident, and it seemed to involve Clark. Hearing that her condition was critical and life-threatening, they hurriedly drove over, praying non-stop for Crystal's safety.

"She's my girlfriend, Carol."

Hearing this, the three people who had just stepped out of the elevator were instantly stunned, disbelief written all over their faces.

Mr. and Mrs. Alger were also taken aback.

The girl who was bowing to them turned out to be Clark's girlfriend.

Clark had a girlfriend?

Their precious daughter was severely injured and life-threatening, trying to save the parents of Clark's girlfriend.

"What exactly happened?" Mr. Alger grabbed Clark by the collar, demanding an answer.

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"Uncle Alger, it's not his fault." Carol tried to intercede but the poison coursing through her veins knocked her back.

She leaned against the wall, but the relentless torment inside her body took over, leaving her collapsed on the ground.

Despite not wanting to expose her vulnerability in front of the crowd, the excruciating pain stripped away any last ounce of dignity she had left.

Kenneth and Louisa were completely gobsmacked, even Serena was frozen on the spot.

What on earth was wrong with this girl?

She seemed seriously ill.

"Carol, are you feeling unwell again?" Clark rushed to catch her, "Calm down. Let me help you sit down."

"My daughter is suffering inside and you're worrying about another girl?" Alger stepped forward, once again

grabbing Clark by the collar.'

"Mr. Alger, calm down. You don't want to harm yourself. Your family needs you now." Kenneth quickly moved in to defuse the situation, pulling Alger's arm, "Don't worry, I'll get to the bottom of this."

When he saw Clark still concerned about Carol, his heart and mind completely focused on her.

Louisa slapped his shoulder in frustration, "You owe Mr. and Mrs. Temple an explanation, spit it out already!"

"Wait a minute, Carol is really suffering." Clark didn't want to add fuel to the fire, but no one understood how

painful the poison was for Carol more than him.

He quickly took out the last of the antidotes his sister had given to Carol from his bag.

Once Carol had taken it, she seemed to feel a bit better.

However, her weakened body couldn't handle the combined effects of the poison and the antidote, and she

immediately passed out, collapsing into Clark's arms.

"Doctor!"

Clark hurriedly carried her off to find a doctor.

Mrs. Temple burst into tears, "She's my only daughter."

"Celeste, it's all Clark's fault. When he comes back, I'll make sure he explains himself and makes amends!"

Louisa also felt guilty, not expecting things to turn out this way.

They watched Crystal grow up.

And now, Crystal was lying on the operating table, her fate hanging in the balance.

If anything happened to her, how would they explain to the entire Temple family?

At that moment, the doors to the operating room swung open, and a nurse rushed out.

Everyone immediately swarmed her, Celeste anxiously asked, "How's my daughter?"

"Don't worry, Dr. Bella and the other doctors are doing their best to save her. Dr. Bella is leading the surgery

herself, which should increase the chances."

"Is my daughter's life in danger?" Alger asked, his eyes red.

"Please be assured, as long as there's a glimmer of hope, we won't give up. Please be patient. The patient has

lost a lot of blood. I need to go get some more, please make way.'

Celeste tried to say something else, but remembering her daughter's blood loss, she didn't want to delay the

crucial treatment time and could only watch as the nurse hurried away.

"So Bella's in there." Kenneth finally put two and two together, realizing why the young girl had rushed off from Reflections Villa.

She had received the news earlier and had rushed here to save a life, no wonder she was in such a hurry.

"Mr. Alger, Celeste, with Bella in there, she'll do everything she can to save Crystal's life." Louisa comforted, "You two should sit down for a bit."

"Bella's a doctor?" Celeste asked through her tears, her voice filled with disbelief.

"Does she have a medical license?" Alger queried. Not just Mr. and Mrs. Temple, anyone would find it preposterous and unbelievable, even terrifying, to hear that a college student was performing surgery on their family member.

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But Louisa brought out her most convincing argument. "She had personally performed surgery on Phillip before, and it was a success."

Alger and Celeste had vaguely heard about the complexity of Phillip's case.

Rumor had it that his heart had been through numerous surgeries and was badly scarred. To successfully

perform surgery on such a damaged heart, it could only mean that Arabella was an exceptionally skilled surgeon.

Alger and Celeste felt slightly reassured.

"Louisa, you have to get Bella to save Crystal. She's our only daughter, please."

"Celeste, what are you doing? Get up." Seeing her about to kneel, Louisa hastily helped her up. "You know how Bella is. She doesn't need me to tell you. If a patient is in her hands, she'll do everything in her power!"

Serena, standing to one side, bit her lower lip. She hadn't expected that the surgeon inside was Arabella!

Hope Hospital was a major hospital, where even students without graduation certificates and practicing licenses could just walk into the operating room to save people, and even as a lead surgeon!

Had the hospital gone mad, or the doctors?

Did they not care about the patients' lives?

Even though she knew Arabella was Dr. Bell, Hope Hospital was still a major hospital. How could they let a student mess around!

Time was ticking away.

Arabella noted that the patient's vital signs were becoming increasingly weak.

"Dr. Bella, with her injuries, it's impossible for her to survive."

"We understand that you want to save the patient, but she's too severely injured. It's beyond salvation.'

"Shouldnt we let her say her final words to her family?"

Arabella continued suturing the wound, her eyes exuding calm determination. "The patient's heart is still

beating, and you want to pronounce her dead? Do you think the patient would agree? Or would her family agree?"

"Dr. Bella."

"Those who don't want to save her, leave." Arabella didn't even glance at them, continuing her work. "I don't want to hear that again."

The other doctors were intimidated by her aura and had no choice but to shut up and cooperate.

In the hospital corridor, Celeste's soft sobs could be heard. Alger, red-eyed, sat on a chair, clutching his throbbing head in despair.

Serena, exhausted, sneaked in a yawn. Had she known, she wouldn't have come. She had been waiting here for over three hours. Arabella was too slow!

And she was supposed to be a miracle worker! She was just dilly-dallying.

Kenneth didn't know how to console them. Louisa brought them a couple of glasses of water, hoping they would take a sip, but they were so engrossed in their grief that they were beyond reach.

On the other side.

Carol was moved to the ICU by the nurses.

Her condition was critical, and all Clark could do was watch helplessly as she was wheeled away.

From a distance, Louisa heard her son's voice echoing down the hallway.

"Don't you have any solutions?"

"We have never seen such a condition. It's very strange. She's been accumulating toxins in her body for a long time, and the components are very complex. You said Dr. Bella has a solution, so all we can do now is to sustain her life and try to hold on until Dr. Bella arrives."

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"Does your hospital have no competent doctors except for my sister? Why is it always my sister who has to save the day? What are you other doctors doing?"

Alger and Celeste were drawn in by his raised voice, their eyes flicking towards him.

Even Serena seemed surprised. For as long as she could remember, she had never seen Clark lose his composure.

Kenneth hadn't expected Clark's younger brother to be so temperamental. Clearly, the girl inside meant a lot to him.

"Sir, we would never neglect our patients if we had even the slightest confidence in treating them. It's just that the patient's condition is too complex. Let us communicate with Dr. Bella and see when she can come over.

"My sister is not a doctor at your disposal! She hasn't received a dime from you! On what ground are you calling her over? Don't

you have other doctors? Can't anyone come up with a better solution?"

"I apologize, sir. I understand your feelings, but the patient is still in there. She can hear your voice."

Clark swallowed his rising anger once again.

"Please be patient. We will call other doctors to discuss this, said the male doctor, bowing slightly before turning to leave.

Clark felt as if he had been struck by a bolt of bad luck. He was afraid he would lose Carol like last time.

He couldn't imagine how he would feel if he lost Carol again.

Just then, Louisa clicked over in her high heels, giving his shoulder a hard smack.

"This is a hospital, stop yelling! Mr. and Mrs. Alger are watching, go over and explain the situation!"

"Mom."

"Hurry up!"

Remembering that Crystal was still in surgery, Clark rose to his feet, heading towards Alger, only to be met with a punch to his face.

"Mr. Alger." Celeste hurriedly stepped forward to intervene.

"My daughter is still in there fighting for her life, and we don't even know if she will live or die, but you're worried about someone

else!" Alger shook with rage.

Celeste fell silent, feeling that Clark was in the wrong. He owed them an explanation.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alger, it's my fault." Clark admitted, "Here's what happened."

Carol's condition had worsened over the days. She was too weak to visit Logan and Taylor.

She didn't dare to video call them, fearing that they would worry if they saw her condition.

Logan and Taylor likely guessed something was wrong and wanted to visit their daughter at Clark's place.

They begged their bodyguard leader to take them since they knew Clark's address.

The leader, unable to reach Carl or Ms. Bella's assistant Jack, called Clark. But at that time, Clark was too preoccupied with

Carol's deteriorating health to answer.

In the end, the bodyguard gave in to the elderly couple's pleas and took most of his team to accompany them.

Initially, they had eight cars to protect them, but gradually, four cars disappeared.

"Why did four cars go missing?" Louisa couldn't help but ask.

"We didn't find out until later. The people in those four cars received news either about their family members being kidnapped or

their close friends being in danger. They didn't dare to reveal anything and one by one, they left the convoy."

If they dared to say a word, their families would be gone!

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In the end, only four cars were escorting the elderly couple to Clark's residence. Halfway there, one car was knocked into the

river, and another was split in half, leaving the last two to cover the couple's escape, but they failed. All their men met a gruesome end.

Crystal spotted Logan and Taylor in the car next to hers while waiting at a traffic light.

Years ago, when Carol disappeared, she had tracked Carol's whereabouts, having photographs of the elderly couple.

While waiting for the traffic light, she sensed danger around the couple and decided to discreetly follow their car.

Her dashcam recorded villains dragging Logan and Taylor out of their car, intending to drag them into an abandoned warehouse.

Both Logan and Taylor fought fiercely, which resulted in the villains brutally beating them.

Crystal rammed her car into the villains, and opened the car door intending for Logan and Taylor to get in.

But to her surprise, the warehouse doors swung open, revealing a crowd.

In the end, the dashcam recorded her being dragged into the warehouse.

What followed was her client not being able to reach her, calling her secretary instead, who instinctively contacted Clark.

By the time they found the warehouse, three barely alive bodies were lying on the ground, covered in blood.

It was said that when Crystal was found, she was stark naked, her injuries horrific.

Upon hearing this, Celeste fainted.

Alger couldn't believe that this had happened. His daughter was only trying to do good, yet this.

At that moment, Arabella noticed that the girl on the operating table seemed to have something to say.

After suturing her last wound, Arabella leaned over and softly asked, "Crystal, it's me. Do you want to say something?"

Crystal opened her mouth, struggling to make a sound, "Dad."

"Do you want to talk to your dad?" Arabella immediately realized. "Wait a minute, I'll call him in."

Crystal was badly injured, not anesthetized, for fear that she would never wake up.

She was still conscious at this point.

Hearing his daughter call him, Alger quickly put on a sterile suit and rushed to her side.

Even though he had seen many ups and downs, when he saw his daughter on the operating table, Alger's tears started to flow.

"Dad." Crystal barely had the strength to speak, even this single word took great effort.

"You speak, I'm here. I promise to make those bastards pay, they won't die a good death!" Alger cried, not knowing how to comfort his daughter. "I will never let them off." "Let." Crystal mustered all her strength, squeezing out each word, "Let, Clark, go." Alger was stunned, tears streaming down his face. "Don't, blame, him." After saying her last words, Crystal fainted. "No vital signs on the patient, hurry, resuscitate!" "Sir, we need you to step out." Alger didn't know how he left the operating room, only that when the door closed, his tears couldn't stop flowing, like a dam bursting he cried out loud. Celeste was startled by his outburst, "What the hell happened? Speak up. Just tell me!"

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Alger wept bitterly, it took him a while to say, "Our little girl hurts so badly, yet she still asked us to forgive him."

On hearing this, Celeste knew who that 'him' referred to, and the tears instantly flowed.

No one had expected that when Crystal asked her father to come in, she wished for her father to forgive Clark.

She knew how her father gets, and knew that seeing her in such a state, her father would definitely seek revenge for her.

She was afraid her father would vent his anger on Clark, even knowing she was on the brink of death.

She was still using her last bit of energy to protect this man.

Clark's eyes instantly reddened.

In this lifetime, he owed Crystal too much, way too much.

No one knew how much time had passed, the darkness of the night had turned into daylight, the lights in the operating room were still on, and seven or eight doctors and nurses were still battling death at the operating table. Serena had already dozed off several times, she would have slept more soundly if it weren't for Celeste sobbing from time to time.

At this moment, the operating room door opened, and another nurse hurried out.

Celeste, who had cried for too long, rushed forward. Her head felt swollen and her body swayed a little, clearly unsteady.

"Nurse, what's the situation inside? It's been nine hours already.' Celeste wept. These nine hours, 540 minutes, and 32,400 seconds, she had spent in anxiety and agony.

"Nine hours ago, the patient couldn't hold on any longer. It's all thanks to Dr. Bella who tried everything to keep her going until now, the nurse patiently explained. "I understand your family's feelings, but please trust the doctors inside. Each one of them has been fighting death for nine hours, without a second's rest."

Celeste's tears flowed again. She nodded, "Thank you for your hard work."

As the nurse passed by Serena, Serena shot her a glare.

The nurse was confused, but she left in a hurry, knowing that saving lives was more important.

Serena was extremely dissatisfied in her heart. Why did this nurse keep praising Dr. Bella? How much has this nurse been bribed by Bella?

Romeo had been unable to reach Bella since last night. Before her flight took off, she had specifically sent him a WhatsApp message, saying that she was leaving her uncle's house and returning to Reflections Villa.

But until seven in the morning, Romeo hadn't received a single message from her.

It wasn't until Carl reported that Logan and Taylor were in trouble that Romeo traced the clues and found out that Bella was still in the operating room trying to save Crystal.

He brought breakfast over and saw from a distance Alger weeping in his wife's arms. They seemed to have aged ten years overnight.

Kenneth and Louisa had already said all the comforting words they could think of, but they seemed to have no effect.

Clark was supporting his forehead with his crossed fingers, looking as though he was still in agony.

Only Serena saw him coming. She waved at him with a smile, then went to the water dispenser in the distance to fill a cup of warm water. She rushed to the restroom to rinse her mouth, wanting to maintain fresh breath in front of Romeo.

Romeo brought the breakfast to Kenneth and Louisa.

Kenneth, with his head down, noticed a pair of shiny new leather shoes in front of him and looked up, "Romeo, you're here."

"Bella is still inside." Louisa said listlessly.

"I know." Romeo looked at them and knew they hadn't slept all night. He brought out the breakfast, "Eat something first."

He patted Clark's shoulder and said gently, "Clark, have some."

Hearing Romeo's voice, Alger and Celeste, who were sobbing, looked over.

"Alger, Celeste, you guys should eat too, the people inside will need you later."

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Romeo's words brought tears to the eyes of Alger and Celeste once again.

"Romeo." Alger's voice choked before he could finish his sentence, hot with emotion.

Celeste was also crying behind her hands, "Our daughter's fate is still uncertain."

"That's why you need to stay strong,' Romeo said.

"You don't know how long the surgery will last, or what will be required of you

afterwards. If you collapse now, who will take care of your daughter?"

Alger found the logic in Romeo's words. Fighting back his grief, he said to his tearful wife, "Let's get something to eat."

"I'll eat too."

Alger had previously worked with Romeo and knew him to be a man of his word. However, this was the first time he had seen

Romeo's compassionate side.

Serena, having finished rinsing her mouth, spotted the breakfast that Romeo had bought and her eyes lit up.

Finally, she had the chance to eat a breakfast that Romeo had personally picked out.

At that moment, Romeo received a call and strode away, "Yes, go ahead."

Serena watched his slender, gentlemanly figure retreat and couldn't help but feel that he far surpassed Martin!

Whether in height, looks, demeanor, wealth, or power, Romeo was leagues better than Martin.

If it wasn't for Martha filtering out Martin from the list of wealthy bachelors, Serena wouldn't have settled for him. She certainly

didn't want to compromise herself!

Thinking of the breakfast that Romeo had bought, which probably included a portion for Arabella,

Serena rushed to finish her

meal. Her stomach was close to bursting!

As Romeo finished his call, Serena said, "The breakfast was delicious. Thank you for thinking of everyone and bringing us all

these tasty treats."

She paused and then exclaimed, "Oh no, I forgot to save some for Bella"

The elevator doors opened and Carl arrived carrying a breakfast tray.

"Mr. Romeo, I got caught in rush hour traffic on my way from your place," he explained. "Your chef mentioned that Ms. Bella

hasn't had his cooking for a while, so he made extra today. He hopes Ms. Bella enjoys it."

Romeo remarked calmly, "Serena said the breakfast you bought was delicious."

"What?" Carl looked surprised, then turned to Serena. "Thank you for the compliment, Serena.

Your breakfasts are all from the Denny's, if you like it, I'll buy from there again next time."

Serena was shocked. She had nearly burst her stomach eating what she thought was breakfast personally bought by Romeo!

Romeo had his personal chef prepare a special breakfast for Arabella, and even had Carl drive to pick it up.

And all they got was from Denny's.

Two hours later, the operating room doors opened, and Arabella and several doctors emerged.

Everyone rushed up to them.

Louisa was the first to ask, "Bella, how's Crystal?"

"Did she make it?" Alger seemed worried.

"Why did only you doctors come out? Where's Crystal?" Celeste craned her neck to look inside but didn't see her daughter. She burst into tears and slumped to the floor, "Crystal, my girl."

"Celeste, try to stay calm." Louisa tried to help her up, but she was too heavy to lift.

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"I don't wanna live without Crystal." Celeste was on the verge of a breakdown, sobbing uncontrollably.

Alger mourned as well, quoting an old saying, "The grief of the old burying the young."

"Everyone, please calm down." Arabella finally managed to get a word in.

Before, they were all talking at once, not giving her a chance to speak.

"Listen to me. Crystal's condition is extremely critical. She's being moved to the ICU now."

Celeste's tears halted in her eyes, "Are you saying that she's still alive?"

"Yes." Arabella confirmed gently, "But her situation is serious. You need to prepare yourselves."

"No, I beg you, Bella, you must save her. She can't die, she's the only daughter of the Temple family. I'm begging you." Celeste

fell to her knees in front of Arabella, bowing her head in a desperate plea.

"Aunt Celeste, please, get up." Arabella quickly reached out to help her.

Alger also knelt down, pleading, "I beg you too, whatever you want, I will give it to you, just save her!"

"Please, don't." a female doctor nearby interjected helplessly, "Dr. Bella has done everything she can.

It's just that Crystal's

injuries are too severe. You're making this harder for her."

"Bella, aren't you a miracle worker?" Celeste looked up at Arabella through her tears, "You saved Phillip when his condition was so complicated. You can save my daughter too, right? Whatever it takes to cure Crystal, even if it costs my life, I will pay it willingly."

"Bella, I'm begging you. Save Crystal." Alger banged his head on the floor, his forehead turning red.

"Alger" Arabella quickly crouched down and tried to stop them, "Celeste, please listen to me."

Her eyes were sincere as if she could feel their pain, "Crystal has multiple fractures, and her nerves, tendons, and blood vessels are severely damaged. Her organs have suffered varying degrees of damage. Her situation is very critical."

Celeste's tears burst forth once more.

She remembered when Crystal was little, how she would cry for hours if she accidentally cut her finger on a glass.

How much pain must she be in now with such severe injuries?

"I've done everything I can. It's up to her now."

Arabella gently explained, "But you need to be prepared. Even if she makes it,

she will need care for the rest of her life.“ "That's okay, that's okay. As long as she's alive, I can take care of her for the rest of my life!"

Celeste seemed to see a glimmer of hope and clung tightly to Arabella's hand, "As long as she can call me 'Mom' one more time, I'll be satisfied. Bella, you just need to keep her alive! As long as she's in this world, we have something to look forward to."

"That's right. Even if it takes years to hear her call me 'Dad', it's okay, as long as her life is saved."

Alger's tears surged as well,

"Even if I have to care for her until I die, and even when I can no longer do so, I'll make arrangements for her, to ensure someone else can take care of her!"

"When I say 'care', it might not be the same kind of care you're thinking about."

Arabella was reluctant to break their hearts, but she chose to tell them the truth.

"Even if she survives this, she won't be able to control her arms and legs. If her condition worsens, amputation might be necessary. Considering her current condition, there's a high chance that she'll need to use a urine bag for life. She won't be able

to go anywhere without a wheelchair, and she'll need help eating and drinking. This will be a huge blow to her."

Alger and Celeste were stunned. They hadn't realized the challenges their daughter would face even if she survived.

"Will she never fully recover?" Celeste asked, her voice trembling.

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"Indeed," Arabella responded assertively. "Given the current state of medical science, that seems to be the case.

But who knows what advancements the next few decades might bring."

Tears once again streamed down Celeste's face.

Without hands, without legs, how would her daughter play the piano or dance?

How could she walk to her loved one or embrace the world?

If her daughter had to be fed water and spend the rest of her life with a catheter, knowing her stubbornness, she would rather die than live like this.

At that moment, Crystal was wheeled out of the operating room by a nurse. Seeing their daughter motionless, lying there on the stretcher with a ghostly complexion, Celeste and Alger's brains went blank, and their tears flowed unceasingly.

Arabella watched their departing figures, noticing Romeo's arrival. She moved toward him, whispering, "I'm going to change my clothes first."

"You're pale," Romeo said, concern evident in his voice. This stubborn girl had stood in the operating room for a solid eleven hours.

Without a break, without even a sip of water.
"Dr. Bella." The female doctor in charge of Carol hurried over. "There's another patient in critical condition that needs your attention."

Romeo's eyes darkened. When did his girl become responsible for every patient in this hospital? Was she receiving their salary?

Had she done them a favor?

Did she not need food, water, or rest?

The female doctor was taken aback by Romeo's imposing demeanor and quickly explained, "It's a patient that Ms. Bella knows."

Clark quickly interjected, "Is Carol's condition worsening?"

"Let's let Dr. Bella decide first"

After all, their hospital had formed a team of experts, but none of them had a better idea. In the case of Carol's condition, it was

unprecedented not just in their hospital, but globally.

Only then did Arabella remember, due to the amount of time needed to save Crystal, she had missed Carol's optimal treatment window.

"I'll go take a look," she said, striding towards the ICU at the end of the hallway.

Romeo, still holding breakfast, watched her rush off, his heart aching even more. He hurriedly caught up and handed her a warm bottle of milk.

"Take a few sips first."

Arabella, not wanting to worry him, drank the contents of the bottle as she walked.

"Eat something when you come back,' Romeo instructed.

"Alright."

Clark followed closely behind Arabella, "I heard from the nurses that eleven hours ago, Crystal couldn't hold on any longer."

"Yes, but I told her if she died, her parents would tear you limb from limb. She held on to that thought and made it this far."

Clark's eyes reddened further, his quilt towards Crystal deepening.

"I also told her, if she had to go, at least say goodbye to you,' Arabella said gently. "So, I believe she'll wake up.

As for whether she can hold on, I can't guarantee it right now."

"Bella, he said, looking at her with hopeful eyes.

"Tell me the truth, what are the chances Crystal will pull through?"

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"Less than 10%,' Arabella said bluntly. "Considering her current condition, it's tough."

Clark felt a lump in his throat at her words.

"Moreover, Arabella continued, standing outside the ICU, "Even if I were there, I wouldn't have been able to save them. Their

heads, necks, all have fatal injuries. Liver rupture, intestinal perforation, fractures in the head and spine. By the time they got to

the hospital, they were nearly bled dry. So, arrangements for their bodies, the funeral, and so on, will need to be taken care of by you"

Considering Carol's current state, she was in no position to arrange anything.

Then Arabella pushed open the ICU door, "I'll go check on Carol."

Outside the door, Louisa asked Clark in a hushed voice, "What happened to your girlfriend?"

"She's poisoned."

"Why was she poisoned?"

As Louisa dug deeper, Clark decided to come clean. Not just Louisa, even Kenneth standing by couldn't believe it and was visibly upset.

"So, when you took your sister to Lidaria last time, it wasn't for a holiday, but to find your girlfriend?"

"You've put yourself and your sister in danger, and dragged Crystal into it too!"

"Clark! What were you thinking? With your status, you could have any girl you want! But you chose her."

"Mom, lower your voice." Clark was worried Carol might hear and get upset.

"You told me about your girlfriend last time, and I was overjoyed. I didn't care about social statuses, but her upbringing, the

people she knows, and the danger she's in now, it's a different world from ours!"

Louisa was furious, her voice shaking in anger, "Do you see? What happened to her parents is what's going to happen to you and Bella!"

"Mom, it's not that serious."

"Yes, you have the means to protect yourself and her now, so you think it's fine. But what about your family and friends? There's always a lapse in judgment. Do you want them to end up like her parents? You know better than anyone where those people come from! It's more than you and Bella can handle!"

Louisa couldn't understand why her son would fall for such a girl. Was it because he'd grown up in a life of luxury, surrounded by elegant and refined ladies, and now wanted something different?

"And her health."

Louisa was struggling to come to terms with the fact that her future daughter-in-law was so sickly.

"Bella has a solution. She's already working on an antidote."

"Bella, Bella, always Bella! How much trouble have you caused her? She's back home, not to be ordered around, but to be with

her family."

"Besides, Crystal is still in the ICU, her life hanging in the balance."

"Mom, what happened to Crystal was an accident."

"If it wasn't for her sensitive status, which puts those around her in danger, would her parents, Crystal, and even herself, have ended up like this?"

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