

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1021

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Chapter 1021

"Perhaps you should call Martha and let her give you some advice?"

Alma sneered, stepping further into the room. She pulled a tube of lipstick from her bag, freshening up her lips in the mirror.

"A foolish servant can hardly come up with any good advice!"

"You're talking as if you're some hotshot. Didn't you still lose to Arabella? I don't know why a defeated player like you dare to show off in front of me!" It was clear Serena looked down on her.

Alma smirked, her lips cold and beautiful. "Arabella's violin and chess skills are indeed better than mine. I heartily admit defeat to her. But you, after years of violin lessons, can't even play decently."

Serena clenched her fists, her eyes darting to the lipstick in Alma's hand, a limited edition from Louis Vuitton. The diamond necklace around her neck was a new design from VW Fashion. Even her dress and the heels she wore were all limited editions!

She had never seen them before!

Where did she get all the money to buy these?!

Suddenly, Serena remembered her aunt and uncle, including Alma and her sister, always appearing in expensive attire.

Even her parents didn't live as lavishly.

It seemed like their money was inexhaustible.

Seeing Serena staring at the lipstick in a daze, Alma coldly scoffed, "An adopted daughter is always an adopted daughter. Your attire is getting more and more modest. What, the Collins family can't afford to buy you decent clothes now?"

Furious, Serena gripped her purse tighter, swinging the chain towards Alma's back.

Alma quickly dodged, pushing Serena's head into the sink.

The faucet sensed a presence, and water gushed out, soaking Serena's hair and face. She struggled, but Alma held her head down firmly.

"Let me wash your hair to strengthen our bond"

Unable to get up, Serena stepped back in anger, driving the heel of her shoe into Alma's foot.

The pain made Alma let go. Serena scooped up water from the sink and splashed it onto Alma.

"Bitch, I'll fight you!"

Serena was furious. She grabbed her purse again, lashing out at Alma with the bag's chain.

Alma flinched from the pain, grabbed a nearby trash can, and dumped its contents onto Serena.

Though Serena instinctively dodged and blocked with her hands, the dirty contents still stained her dress.

"Ugh." Serena felt nauseous.

Seeing how dirty she was, Alma also found her disgusting and quickly kept her distance.

After delivering her final words, Alma turned and left. Serena was livid, but the stench from the trash made her retch. She was driven to madness, vowing to make Alma pay one day

when she caught sight of her disheveled reflection.

She whipped out her phone, calling her friend. "Send me a dress, any dress, immediately!"

She felt a twinge of anger. How could her friends have missed Alma, a fully grown woman, entering the restroom?

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"Serena, what's the rush for the dress? Let me guess, your period came unexpectedly and stained it? We waited for you outside

for quite some time, and when you didn't show up, we figured you might be dealing with your monthly visitor. We rushed to the

store to get you some feminine hygiene products."

At that, Serena's anger deflated a little. "Just get it over here, will you?"

Alma was in for it now!

Meanwhile.

Beverly called Alma with the sudden news. Mr. Eugene and Grandpa Nathan had moved their tea time up, and they were at a nearby tea house at that very moment.

Beverly asked Alma to be ready, as their family car would soon arrive at the school gate with a stylist and makeup artist inside.

Today, it was imperative that they make a good impression on Mr. Eugene.

At that moment.

In a tea house filled with the fragrant aroma of tea, Mr. Eugene and Grandpa Nathan were engaged in a tea tasting.

"You're harder and harder to get a hold of, you old coot," Grandpa Nathan complained, though his face was full of smile. "I've

been trying to set this up for months!"

Mr. Eugene chuckled heartily. "Well, I've been chasing after the younger generation, hoping to find a worthy successor."

"Still no luck? Perhaps you should consider someone else if it's not working out"

"No, no, I can't do that," Mr. Eugene insisted, waving his hands dismissively. "I have my heart set on that girl."

"Are you a glutton for punishment? There are so many clever kids out there.

Why not give someone else a chance? Why hang yourself on one tree."

Grandpa Nathan was interrupted by a knock on the door. A waiter brought in a mother-daughter pair, both of whom were elegantly dressed and smiling warmly.

"Beverly and Alma, come in, come in; Grandpa Nathan cheerfully greeted them.

Beverly first saluted him, then turned towards Mr. Eugene.

"I've long heard of Mr. Eugene's renown. Now that I've seen him in person, he's just as impressive as I expected. I am Beverly,

Alma's mother. I'm very grateful to Grandpa Nathan for giving us this opportunity to meet you. Alma, say hello to Grandpa Eugene."

In her introduction, she did not mention her own prestigious background as a member of the Collins family but introduced herself

as Alma's mother. This humble approach left a favorable impression on Mr. Eugene.

Alma also greeted him politely, revealing herself as a person of good manners and character.

"I've known Grandpa Nathan for over twenty years, and this is the first time he's recommended someone to me."

Although the name “Alma” rang a bell with Mr. Eugene, he hadn't paid much attention to anyone else at Summerfield College.

Today, his focus was on Arabella.

"I truly believe this child is clever and quick-witted, with great potential. She has won countless chess awards since she was young.' Grandpa Nathan said, turning to Alma. "Did you bring any of your certificates or trophies to show to Grandpa Eugene?"

Alma smiled gracefully. “I wouldn't dare embarrass myself in front of you two gentlemen. Those awards might impress the average person, but given your profound skills in chess, it would be like a novice trying to show off their sword skills in front of the master.”

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"Ha! I knew it! That kid's quick-witted. She won't let you down in the future,"

chuckled Grandpa Nathan, clearly pleased with Alma's performance. If he hadn't already taken on a protege, he would have been tempted to take Alma under his wing.

Mr. Eugene responded with a warm smile, "Come, let's have some tea first."

Following several cups of tea and friendly chit-chat, Beverly, sensing the time was right, turned to Mr. Eugene with a soft smile.

"Alma has long admired your work. Would there be any chance for her to receive your quidance?"

Eugene laughed heartily, "Oh, I wouldn't dare advise. Just keep studying under Morgan. She'll make a name for herself in the future."

Despite being a master at chess, Morgan was nowhere near Eugene's level.

What Beverly and Alma wanted was not just to learn from Morgan but to become Eugene's personal protege, paving the way to the pinnacle of success and receiving undivided respect.

"Grandpa Eugene." Alma was about to propose a game of chess, having thought out her argument carefully.

But Eugene waved her off, "Alright, that's enough tea for today. I've got some errands to run. Nathan, we'll catch up another time."

Nathan understood the situation was unlikely to change and graciously laughed, "You're such a busy man. I'll probably have to wait several months to see you again. Allow me to walk you out."

"No need, spend some time with the girls."

"We've been friends for years, and it wouldn't feel right if I didn't see you off."

Beverly gave Alma a look, indicating there was no more opportunity to persuade Eugene.

After he left, Alma couldn't help but feel a bit deflated.

Beverly picked up her teacup, savoring a sip of tea before speaking again, "I knew Eugene wouldn't choose you as his personal

student. But he didn't even give a hint of offering guidance. Do you know why?"

Alma shook her head, "Did I perform poorly earlier?"

Beverly finished her tea before replying, "To be precise, you didn't perform as well as Arabella. Your actions haven't yet

challenged Arabella's standing in his heart."

It seemed Louisa's daughter did have some talent, earning Eugene's high regard.

"So should I just keep trying to impress him? Maybe I can eventually win him over?"

"It's futile" Beverly sighed, refilling her cup. "But don't worry, we have other options"

"Mom, are you talking about Jamie, who is known as Noelle?"

"Yes,' Beverly took a sip of her tea, her voice calm,

"In her early years, Noelle would take on incredibly challenging pieces. Fastpaced

ones were bold and free-spirited under her

interpretation, while slow ones were like a gentle

stream, touching the heart

without being overly sentimental."

She paused before adding, "Not only did Noelle win the favor of renowned conductors like Caravan and Shana, but also famous

composers like Silvano from Dawnstar, Elita, and

talented Spanish composer Cecilia. They all praised

her performances and

hoped to collaborate with her someday."

Alma seemed to see a glimmer of hope.

"Famed violinist Heather once said she would never perform Noelle's violin pieces in public, as it would be an embarrassment.

She couldn't replicate the full range of emotions and the collision between ice and fire"

Beverly continued, "Many performers focus on the superficial glamour of their performances, showing off their skills without deep thought. Noelle's impeccable technique and profound thoughts are awe-inspiring. That's why she can produce such moving pieces."

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"But Mom, no one's ever seen Noelle. It won't be easy to find her."

At the same time as she felt excited, Alma also felt a twinge of worry. "What if Noelle has already taken on a disciple, or what if she's like Grandpa Eugene, not easily accepting students."

"How will you know if you don't try?" Beverly said. Suddenly, she heard footsteps outside and whispered, "Quiet"

Seeing her mother's straight posture, Alma followed suit, straightening her back.

As the footsteps grew closer, the door was pushed open, and Grandpa Nathan came in with a hearty laugh. "Finally got that old coot out of here.

His presence was nearly freezing the place"

Beverly and Alma shared a knowing smile, their elegant upbringing shining through.

"Beverly, I'm really sorry. That old man is so stubborn, and once he's made up his mind, not even nine bulls can pull him back."

"Mr. Nathan, you're being too hard on yourself. Without your introduction, we would never have had the chance to meet Mr.

Eugene. You've helped us greatly. It's just that Alma is not good enough to catch Mr. Eugene's eye. It's not your fault."

Nathan was moved by her words and said with some embarrassment, "In that case, I know a master who's even better than

Morgan. I'll introduce you to him sometime."

"Mr. Nathan, Alma has always admired your skills, but unfortunately, she hasn't been lucky enough to become your student. She

believes that the only person who could possibly match you is Mr. Eugene. But now that Mr.

Eugene has chosen someone else, and Alma is too proud to settle for less."

"No, no, no, you're giving me too much credit. The only person in our country who can match that old man is Noelle."

She never entertained guests.

Even for business tycoons and nouveau riche, getting a meeting with her was as difficult as climbing to heaven.

"Grandpa Nathan, you're the best!" Alma suddenly hugged his arm, overwhelmed with gratitude. "You're even better to me than my own grandpa. If there's a next life, I really want to be your granddaughter."

"Hahaha, your flattery is getting better and better." Nathan chuckled.

But Beverly sternly said, "Alma, stop messing around and let go of his arm."

"No, I like Grandpa Nathan! If I could be his granddaughter in my next life, then I would thank God every day. I would cook for him, accompany him to wherever he wanted to go, do whatever he wanted to do, and take care of him for the rest of his life."

Beverly smiled helplessly, then turned to Nathan.

"She's acting disrespectfully, but she really does admire and adore you. She has often envied your disciples at home, wishing she could receive your guidance."

"Hahaha, I'm flattered." Nathan was embarrassed by the compliments.

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On the other side.

As soon as Mr. Eugene stepped out of the coffee shop, he sent a message to Bella.

This time, it was his 60th birthday, and he planned to celebrate it in a big way.

Perhaps fearing Bella wouldn't show, Mr. Eugene added, [If you don't come, I'll never spoil you again.

I'll be so mad, so mad that

a few sweet words won't cool me down. I'm telling you, the consequences are severe.]

At that time, Bella arrived at Summerfield

University's South Hall. A few girls couldn't help but say, "Look, Summerfield

University's South Hall is even grander than the North Hall, much better looking than our shabby Hall."

"Don't lose our morale by admiring others. What's the big deal about a grand hall? Having outstanding students is what really matters."

"Exactly, we must bring glory to Westerly University today!"

"Bella!"

At that moment, Joyce and Mya saw Bella, and they rushed over to hold her hand.

"We've been waiting for you, and it's our turn next! So nervous!"

For some reason, seeing Bella made them feel suddenly at ease.

At that time, Andrew also noticed them. He stood up and walked toward them, not forgetting to comfort the students behind

Bella, "It's okay, just do your best. You don't always have to be number one:"

The students looked puzzled, seemingly not sure what Andrew was talking about.

"You guys spent so long there, were you?" Crying? So Bella spent a good deal of time comforting them.

Andrew was well aware of Westerly University's level of talent.

They probably lost and were crying.

"You haven't disgraced Westerly University, don't blame yourselves."

As soon as Andrew's words fell, a short-haired girl said, "Andrew, we didn't disgrace Westerly University. On the contrary, Bella really showed up at the other schools today! Especially Summerfield University, their faces turned green!"

"Let me tell it!" A girl with a ponytail jumped in, "Alma, who thinks she's unbeatable at violin, was praised by all the judges.

Suddenly, she challenged Bella to come on stage.

After Bella went up, her violin skills were simply crushing everyone there. The

judges couldn't stop praising Bella, and they were fighting to take her as a student, hoping she would participate in the

international violin competition and bring glory to our country!"

Andrew and his team of elite students were dumbfounded.

Especially Mya and Joyce. They had known Bella for such a long time and didn't know Bella could play the violin.

"Also, Alma lost, wasn't convinced, and challenged Bella to a game of chess in private. Guess who showed up? It was Mr.

Eugene!! The internationally famous chess master, one of the three titans of the chess world, Mr. Eugene, personally came to the backstage of Summerfield University just to play a game of chess with Bella!"

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Everyone's eyes widened again in disbelief. Did Arabella know how to play chess?

"Bet you didn't see that one coming. Arabella beat Mr. Eugene. Then, those people from Summerfield College and other universities accused Arabella of cheating. They even said she cheated her way into her college entrance exam scores. But guess what, Mr. Eugene himself stepped in, saying Arabella was his protege and had been for over a decade. He even suggested she take up his mantle" Andrew, Joyce, Mya, and the others were stunned again.

Arabella was incredible.

She was a dark horse indeed.

Then, the stage emcee called for Mya, Joyce, Jane, and Bella to come up on stage.

They were representing Westerly College's medical team, and they were to challenge Summerfield College's medical team. The crowd was buzzing with excitement.

"Bella, Westerly College prides itself on its medical program. If we lose, we'll be a disgrace to Westerly."

"Don't overthink it. Just give it your best shot;

Arabella encouraged. "You're here now, don't leave with regrets."

The four nodded, a little weak-kneed as they headed up to the stage.

The first round was a medical knowledge quiz conducted in a rapid-fire question-and-answer style.

“Please list the causes of death.

A member of Summerfield College's team was quick to hit the buzzer and answer, "Mechanical damage, asphyxiation, electric shock, poisoning."

Mya and Joyce looked anxious.

“What are the criteria for determining a critically ill patient?"

Just as Mya was about to hit the buzzer, someone from Summerfield College beat her to it, "Patients with cardiac arrest, respiratory and cardiac failure, acute liver and kidney function failure patients."

Seeing them go on and on, the members of Westerly College's medical team grew anxious.

“What is the first choice of drug for the rescue of anaphylactic shock?"

Members from both Summerfield College and Westerly College hit the buzzer almost simultaneously.

Summerfield College was a split-second quicker, “Adrenaline."

The members of Westerly College's team were getting frustrated!

For the second round, the teams were tasked with helping a patient with a stomach ailment recover in the shortest time possible.

Summerfield College's team prescribed medicine, which worked fast and had a potent effect.

Westerly College's team focused on nurturing and protecting the stomach, with a longer treatment time and a milder effect.

"After three rounds, Westerly College has already lost two. There's no need to continue with the third round.' One of the

members from Summerfield College's team taunted, "You might as well change your name to 'Scrap College'. You're no match for us every year."

"It seemed like Westerly College didn't have anyone competent. Sending a couple of medical freshmen to compete with us."

"I think the Western medicine students from Westerly College didn't dare to come. Afraid of being trounced."

The people on stage laughed uproariously, the audience joined in, and only the members of Westerly College clenched their fists in defiance, unwilling to accept their defeat.

"Our real ace in the hole from Westerly College hasn't even shown up yet!"

Mavis retorted angrily.

"Oh, you're talking about the straight-A student Arabella? I heard she's here. Why not have her come on stage and compete?" Bringing out Westerly College's best and crushing her would be the ultimate slap in the face for them. The four from Westerly College turned their gaze to Arabella in the crowd, unsure if that would be a disaster or an opportunity for Westerly College.

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Arabella feared the upcoming competition would be something she wasn't quite adept at.

At that moment, Arabella sat in the audience, watching the unfolding drama with a playful smile on her face. She wondered why so many people seemed to be in a rush to get their pride hurt today.

Suddenly, she stood up, walking confidently towards the stage.

The students from Summerfield College paused, then sneered, "I heard the straight-A prodigy often skips class. And she dares to challenge us? Seems like Westerly College has run out of talented students."

Arabella walked onto the stage. Her calm eyes flickered with confidence.

"Classes are for those who need them. And I do not."

"Ha, big talk for a beginner, don't cry when you lose later.' The Summerfield College students didn't take her seriously. To them, how could someone who often skipped classes possibly outdo them?

They were the ones who studied deep into the night, promising to make a name for themselves in the medical field.

When Arabella was skipping class, they were absorbing medical knowledge!

They had long since left Arabella in the dust!
The students from Westerly College couldn't help but shout: "She's too arrogant! Arabella, show them who's boss!!!"

"Teach them there's always a bigger fish."

"Arabella, crush them!!!"

Although the support for Arabella was sporadic, she could still feel the trust and encouragement of her college mates.

Andrew, watching from the crowd, thought to himself that although Arabella often skipped classes, he frequently saw her entering and leaving the school lab, and sometimes President Barton would join her.

They must have been conducting experiments, right?

Even if Arabella didn't have a solid medical foundation, with the number of times she visited the lab, she must have learned something from President Barton, right?

At least she wouldn't embarrass herself too much, right?

At that moment, a Westerly College professor hurriedly called President Barton.

"President Barton, Arabella is on stage to compete."

"Really?" The old man sounded visibly thrilled, "I knew Summerfield College couldn't keep calm. They are so arrogant when they

see our straight-A prodigy. As long as my girl shows on the stage, next year, we will have many students flocking to our school.

Westerly College will be bustling!"

The Westerly College professor was puzzled. He rarely saw Arabella at school.

How could President Barton be so certain of the abilities of someone who often skipped classes?

And how did he know she would accept the challenge?

"Remember to tell our procurement department to order more beds, desks, and chairs to prepare for next year's enrollment.

Westerly College is going to be the talk of the town!"

President Barton chuckled before hanging up,

"These youngsters can't

keep their cool. Let my girl teach them a lesson."

At that point, the leader of the Summerfield College team looked at Arabella with arrogance, "I heard you study neurology. What

do you want to compete in?

Arabella replied calmly, "Let's compete in what you're good at."

"What we're good at?" The Summerfield College captain was taken aback, "Huh, the straight-A prodigy is indeed arrogant. We excel in dissection!"

Although first-year students at Summerfield College hadn't had the chance to practice dissection, they had all privately studied under renowned teachers, putting them above-average students.

They didn't believe that a first-year student from the neurology major of Westerly College could perform a dissection!

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"Oh, let's dissect then."

Seeing Arabella so undaunted and seemingly relaxed, the captain of the Summerfield University team gave her a cold look,

"Bring it up."

He had assumed the sight of the frosty scalpel and the live rabbit would scare Arabella out of her wits. However, Arabella's expression remained as aloof as ever, as if she were above it all.

The Summerfield University team thought she was just putting on a brave front, probably terrified inside but not showing it.

"Oh my god, dissecting a live rabbit? I can't breathe"

"That competition is terrifying."

"That is beyond our knowledge scope at Westerly University. It's off the syllabus"

How could freshmen possibly have hands-on experience with dissections, let alone they're from the neurology major at Westerly University, who have only been exposed to theoretical knowledge right now.

In that competition, Westerly University was bound to lose.

"Using a scalpel to dissect a rabbit?" Arabella's eyes sparkled with interest as she looked at the Summerfield University team.

The captain of the Summerfield University team smirked, "Dissection is done with a scalpel. You wouldn't be afraid of carrying it

out on a live subject, would you?"

"Realizing your fear now, Too late!"

"If you're not up to it, admit defeat now.

Acknowledge that Westerly University is inferior to Summerfield University, and from that day forward, refrain from participating in any competitions organized by our universities.

Keep your tail between your legs."

Watching their arrogant behavior, Arabella smirked, "I mean, dissecting small animals is so boring.

Doesn't the Med School at

Summerfield University have cadavers specifically for practice? Bring one up-"

Upon hearing that, the faces of the Summerfield University team froze!

Even the spectators widened their eyes in disbelief.

What was that straight-A student saying??

Was she saying she didn't want to dissect a rabbit but a human body instead??

This was absolutely hair-raising.

"If you're not up to it, admit defeat now.

Acknowledge that Summerfield University is inferior to Westerly University. From this day forward, refrain from participating in any competitions organized by our universities. Keep your tail between your legs."

Arabella threw their own words back at them.

The captain of the Summerfield University team's face turned ashen. He and one of his team members had only ever dissected small animals; they had never had the chance to work with a cadaver.

Now, they were being put in a tight spot by her.

"She's just trying to intimidate us!"

"Even if she's brave enough, her lack of professionalism will be a laughing stock once she makes the first cut. After all, freshmen are not exposed to professional dissection training."

"We should accept the challenge and see what she's up to!"

The captain of the Summerfield University team looked at Arabella's inscrutable, confident demeanor, torn between accepting the challenge and the fear of what if.

What if she really knew what she was doing?

"Are we doing that or not?" Arabella had been standing on the stage for a while now and asked impatiently.

The teammates standing behind her couldn't help but feel excited, Arabella's so cool! Arabella's so badass!

Indeed, only Arabella could keep them in line.

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Summerfield College's team captain was stuck between a rock and a hard place, but he ventured to ask, "How many of us do you want to compete with?"

Arabella's eyes scanned each of them, her tone casual, "All of you. Together."

Her statement was audacious, causing many of the Summerfield College students in the audience to anticipate her humiliation.

"Fine, you asked for it," thought the Summerfield College team captain.

Surely, they, a team of four, couldn't lose to a girl who often skipped classes.

Soon, two cadavers were brought onto the stage. They were covered with white sheets and laid on gurneys. Just the sight of it was enough to send chills down the spine of many in the audience. Some even got up and left their seats.

Those bodies, donated for teaching purposes, were rapidly frozen to -22°F within eight hours of death and then preserved properly.

When needed for teaching, they would be thawed to 39°F , ensuring the freshness of the cadavers and allowing students to simulate surgical procedures on actual human bodies.

At that moment, the two cadavers were perfectly thawed. Arabella, looking at the audience, kindly advised, "Those who are scared can leave first."

After all, not everyone could handle such a scene. More people left their seats.

Yet, even more stayed. Some were curious about Arabella, and others wanted to witness the outcome of the competition.

Arabella made a respectful bow to the cadavers, then unveiled the sheet from one of them.

Many in the audience shrieked and left their seats. After all, that was a real dead body.

"The deceased was about 5'9", in his early 30s, fit, with a thick layer of abdominal fat, muscular, no bullet holes in the back of his head, limbs intact.

This suggests he wasn't an executed criminal or a victim of a car crash,"

Arabella commented, expressionless. She put on gloves, picked up the scalpel, and made a clean incision on the deceased's skin.

"There's a hard mass in the lungs, filling the chest cavity, eroding the normal lung and blood vessels, leaving only about one-third of the normal lung."

Arabella remained calm, making her conclusion, "The deceased died of lung cancer. I'd like to take this opportunity to advise the male students to quit smoking. It's harmful to your health"

Not just the Summerfield College team but all the students of Summerfield College in the audience were stunned.

She was so cool, so professional!

She wasn't scared at all by the fresh corpse in front of her but could rationally analyze the cause of death.

What was even more unbelievable was that she could perform autopsies!

Her movements were effortless and proficient, no different from seasoned surgeons at the hospital. A freshman could perform an autopsy so well.

Arabella pointed out some characteristics of the deceased, then sewed up the incision, restoring the cadaver to its original state.

Her suturing skill was astonishing. Two of the judges from the panel stood up involuntarily as if seeing the next medical prodigy!

Arabella removed her gloves and sanitized her hands, then turned her gaze back to the Summerfield College team.

The team seemed glued to their seats, motionless.

They studied late into the night, sponging up medical knowledge and even

receiving private tutoring from renowned doctors.

But now, they couldn't even match up to a girl studying neurology.

The team captain didn't know how long he was stunned until the audience's urging brought him back to his senses.

He lifted the sheet off the other cadaver with trembling hands, only to throw up on the spot at the sight of the disfigured body.

The other three members of the Summerfield College team also bent over, retching at the sight.

Many in the audience screamed.
Because the sight of this cadaver was truly
horrifying!

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Arabelia looked at their frightened faces as they retreated in fear, somewhat speechless. "This cadaver has multiple rib fractures and a ruptured liver. The preliminary diagnosis is death by a car accident, crushed to death."

She covered him with a white sheet and gave a signal to the others, indicating for them to take the cadavers away.

The others were terrified, their legs shaky. After all, they were just student council members, in that game only as "staff".

They had never seen anything like that.

In the end, it was two school teachers who stepped in to remove the bodies.

The normally chilly spectator stands warmed up with more and more people applauding for Arabella.

Not only was she brave, but she was also full of surprises. She was just too cool!

On the judge's panel, one of them was Professor Lyndon, who had just arrived at Summerfield College's medical department.

Witnessing Arabella's live autopsy, he was greatly shocked and asked in surprise, "Have you had any experience with

autopsies? Your surgical techniques and suturing skills, did Westerly College teach you all that?"

Arabella thought of Grandpa Beck and nodded, "I suppose so"

Professor Lyndon was even more surprised.

Westerly College had such a professor, and he'd never heard of him before!

It seemed not only were the students of Westerly College full of surprises, but so were its professors!

Just in her first semester of college, Arabella had mastered the essence of surgery so quickly!

She was truly a medical prodigy.

As a professor, even he felt inferior!

Such talent was wasted at Westerly College!

Professor Lyndon couldn't help but invite her, "I

wonder if you have any plans to transfer? I will

suggest to my school that you be

admitted to the medical department of Summerfield

College. I will personally mentor you, or you can

choose any teacher you

like. We can match any condition offered by

Westerly College."

"Including \$500 million worth of lab equipment?"

Arabella queried, a smile playing on her lips.

What?

\$500 million in lab equipment?

Confused, Professor Lyndon didn't understand until

someone whispered to him that Arabella had chosen

Westerly College

because they had spent a vast amount on a few

medical instruments that appealed to her.

Hearing the model numbers of the instruments,

Professor Lyndon knew Summerfield College could

never match that level of

commitment. However, he didn't want to lose such

promising talent, so he made another proposal.

"I'm a core member of the Summerfield Medical Research Society. I can get you a membership, and for all the challenging surgeries, I'll take you along to witness them firsthand. Are you planning to pursue a career in medicine?"

If so, joining the Medical Research Society and becoming a member would attract countless top-tier hospitals.

If she reached his level, there would be many opportunities for international exchange.

The key was that letting her participate in every surgery with the Medical Research Society would greatly enhance her practical medical skills.

This was a fantastic opportunity!

Not just the students of Summerfield College's medical department, even those from Westerly College, were envious!

"Arabella"

At that moment, another soft female voice rang out. Arabella turned to the source of the sound and saw a woman standing up from the crowd, smiling, "I am a member of the

Solterra Medical Research Society. I came to your school for some business and happened to see your autopsy. I sincerely invite

you to join us. Ordinary top-tier hospitals probably don't interest you. With your qualifications, researching major topics at the Solterra Research Society and benefiting mankind should be your goal. If you agree, you can put your courses here on hold. I

will have the best person from the Solterra Medical Society guide you."

At that, all the students were stunned.

Both the Summerfield Medical Research Society and the Solterra Medical Research Society were competing for Arabella!

Some were envious, some were excited for Arabella, and others felt inadequate.

But Arabella just gave a light smile, "Thank you for your sincere invitation, I am very honored. However, I am sorry, but for now, I just want to continue studying at Westerly College."

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