

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1261

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Chapter 1261

Bard was grinning from ear to ear, "My wish is for you to grow up happy and healthy, and for your grandfather's illness to be cured."

"What about yourself?"

Himself?

This was the first time Bard had thought about it. He was successful in his career, in this country, he could get anything he wanted with the snap of his fingers.

"Uncle Bard, look under the paper.

Bard lifted the paper to reveal a small, transparent vial containing a single pill.

"This is an emergency pill. If you're suddenly poisoned or fall ill, this pill can save your life until I can get to you."

For someone as esteemed as Bard, there must be plenty who want him dead. Emergencies were inevitable, and while he could easily buy commonplace items, life wasn't something money could buy.

"You're quite the thoughtful girl, aren't you?" Bard chuckled, "This is quite the unique gift, I feel like I'm taking advantage of you. A

wish paper and a priceless life-saving pill"

"Uncle Bard, your gift is even more valuable."

"Oh, how so?"

"A box like this weighs around half an ounce, but with the gift inside, it's still under an ounce. This means what's inside must be something light, like paper."

Bard looked at her admiringly, "Go on."

"Given your status, it could be a blank check, a high-value bank card, or a house key"

"But a blank check might make me hesitant about how much to write, and a house key is unlikely, so I'm guessing it's a bank card"

Only a bank card would require such a small box.

Mr. Elliot, standing nearby, couldn't help but admire Arabella's intelligence. Not long ago, Bard had discussed these three options

with him, and in the end, he suggested giving Bella a generous allowance card, so she could buy whatever she wanted.

Bard was amused by her, "You got it right. Is my gift too predictable?"

"No, from this gift I can see how much you value me"

"Oh?"

"Uncle Bard, you could have casually given me a dress or a necklace, but you were worried I wouldn't like it, so you simply gave me a card. Thank you, Uncle Bard."

Bard laughed again, finding the girl incredibly charming.

On the other side.

After calming down, Serena thought of her mother's cold demeanor the night before and decided to appease her.

No matter what, she had to keep her status as the Collins family's daughter.

It was already 7:30 in the morning in Solterra. Louisa was sitting at the breakfast table, about to have her meal, when her phone rang.

"What did you say? Nora had a sudden heart attack last night? Bella flew the plane?"

Kenneth, sitting next to her, jerked in surprise, spilling his coffee.

"Is Bella okay?" Louisa was visibly frightened, gripping her phone tightly. Kenneth also leaned in to listen to the conversation. After hearing the entire story, Louisa finally breathed a sigh of relief, "You scared me! As long as she's okay, that's all that matters."

Who knew the little girl could fly a plane?

Tears welled up in her eyes.

Thank God she could, or the outcome could have been disastrous.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1262

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1262

• • •

Chapter 1262

With urgency, Kenneth snatched the phone, questioning the person on the other line, "How did Nora end up with a heart attack?"

"I've never heard of her having heart problems before. Has she been taken for a medical check-up? And when can we expect the results? Okay, okay, as long as she's fine"

Louisa grabbed the phone back, "What is Bella doing now? Good, good, I won't disturb her then." After the call ended, Louisa felt weak in her knees, "I didn't expect Bella to have such a dangerous encounter last night, and she didn't even mention it."

"Bella has always been the reserved type. She's too considerate." Kenneth couldn't help but say, "Not long ago, a helicopter took off and the pilot suffered a heart attack and passed out. Luckily, a female passenger saved the day, managing to control the helicopter. When I first heard this news, I thought, how could someone with heart problems be allowed to fly a plane?"

"Nora has always been in good health, there shouldn't be any underlying diseases."

Louisa remembered reading about similar cases in the news. An airline pilot also suffered a heart attack during flight, but he

managed to make an emergency landing before he passed away.

And there was the incident with a Bangladeshi airline, where the captain of a flight from Muscat to Dhaka, carrying 124 passengers, suffered a fatal heart attack mid-flight. And a pilot from Skywatch Airlines who had the same issue.

Louisa was still shaken, "Thank goodness Bella managed to land safely and even saved Nora."

"That girl is truly brilliant."

Serena, who was eavesdropping from the side, was fuming. How did Arabella even learn to fly a plane? What couldn't she do?

Did Arabella come from another era or something? "Serena?"

At that moment, a servant brought breakfast for Kenneth. Seeing Serena at the door, it looked like she was eavesdropping on the master and mistress's conversation.

Upon hearing, Kenneth and Louisa turned to look. Serena quickly regained her composure, "Good morning Mom, Dad."

"Good morning Serena; Kenneth greeted as usual. But Louisa seemed to be still upset, she just lightly replied with a "morning" and didn't show much concern.

Serena's heart sank, her mother wasn't usually like this!

It definitely had to do with Martha.

With Bella away from home for a few days, it was the perfect opportunity for her to bridge the gap between her and her parents!

Remembering how Bella used to massage Louisa's shoulders, an idea struck Serena, "Mom, I'm sorry about last night. I'm sure

you didn't sleep well. Let me give you a massage."

"No need, Louisa hadn't gotten over the shock of Bella flying a plane when soft little hands landed on her shoulders and began to massage.

"Mom, is the pressure okay?"

"You should go have your breakfast."

"Do you think I'm not doing it well? I know I can't compare to Bella, but I can learn."

Louisa didn't expect her to interpret her words like that, "I just want you to eat first, I'm afraid you're hungry after crying so much last night."

"Mom, you still care about me, right? I was wrong last night, I only remembered the good things Martha did for me since I was kid and forgot about the harm she caused Bella."

Serena said while massaging, "I'm sorry for acting rashly and putting you and Dad

in a difficult position last night"
"It's good that you understand."
In her excitement, Serena pressed harder.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1263

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1263

• • •

Chapter 1263

"Ouch." Louisa suddenly winced in pain.

Kenneth immediately dropped his fork and asked,
"What's wrong?"

"I think I've hit some nerve." Louisa was in such pain
that she gestured for Serena to stop.

"Is it here? Or here" Kenneth's touch was enough to
make Louisa cry out in pain.

"What happened? Serena, where did you learn this massage technique?" Kenneth asked worriedly.

"I didn't learn, I just improvised" Serena was flustered, 'Mom, did I do something wrong? Should I call a doctor?"

"No need, when you finish your breakfast, Kenneth, call Dr. Lee, Louisa hadn't expected to experience such sudden pain. As she

stood up, tears welled from the pain.

It felt worse than a crick in the neck.

As Kenneth helped her walk out, he dialed Dr. Lee's number.

Serena hadn't expected her good intentions to cause such trouble, so she followed, "Mom, let me help you. Why don't you sit on

the couch and wait? Dr. Lee will be here soon."

Seeing her daughter's concern, Louisa didn't reprimand her. Instead, she comforted, "Don't worry, I'm fine."

"You didn't finish your breakfast." Serena looked guilty, "I'll get you a glass of water."

As she rushed to get the water, she stumbled over a stool, and water spilled towards Louisa.

Kenneth quickly stepped in front of Louisa, getting soaked himself and splashing some water on Louisa's face.

Once again, Serena's good intentions had gone awry. "I'm sorry, Mom, Dad, I didn't mean to." she hurriedly grabbed some tissue to wipe Louisa's face, but her hasty movements made Louisa wince in pain. "Serena, Serena, you go and have your breakfast.

I'll manage."

"Honey, are you okay? Let me help you change your clothes.' Kenneth gently dabbed the water off her face, then helped her upstairs.

Seeing their retreating figures, Serena felt a pang of guilt.

Why did it seem like every time she tried to impress them, something went wrong?

Why did Arabella always receive praise no matter what she did?

She clenched her fists, wanting to follow them upstairs, but fearing they would resent her.

It was only when Dr. Lee arrived that she found an excuse to accompany him upstairs and show her mother some concern.

During his examination of Louisa, Dr. Lee learned that Serena's massage had caused her pain.

He was left speechless.

"Serena, Ms. Bella has medical knowledge. She knows the proper techniques for massage and she is aware of pressure points

and their effects."

It wasn't something she could improvise.

If there was a mistake, it could be more than just a few days of pain.

Listening to Dr. Lee, Serena felt even worse!

Kenneth, however, offered her some consolation,

"Serena meant well. She wanted to help us like Arabella does, she just didn't

know the right way. Dr. Lee, my wife will be okay, right?"

"No serious harm done, but she'll be in pain for three or four days. I'll prescribe a topical cream for you, apply it three times a day

on the painful area, and the symptoms should lessen significantly after three days."

"Thank you, Dr. Lee."

Upon hearing that she would have to endure the pain for a few more days, Louisa suddenly felt like crying.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1264

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1264

• • •

Chapter 1264

At that moment, Kenneth had a sudden thought, "Didn't Bella give us a tube of pain relief cream a while ago?"

Maybe we should show it to Dr. Lee and see if it could work faster and better"

"Right, right, the pain relief cream." Louisa remembered it suddenly. It was a gift from Bella not long ago.

Kenneth hurriedly fetched it.

Dr. Lee, after examining the ingredients on the tube, expressed his surprise and admiration, "How didn't I think of that? Mixing

these herbs together? Brilliant, absolutely brilliant."

Kenneth and Louisa were puzzled, with Kenneth asking first, "Dr. Lee, are you saying that Bella's cream is better?"

"It's much better than my cream." Dr. Lee chuckled and approved, "These herbs are gentle and powerful. You can apply it five to

six times a day. By bedtime, you'll feel a significant reduction in pain."

"Really?" Louisa couldn't believe it. She never expected that her daughter's homemade remedy would work so quickly and effectively. No wonder Bella had earned her title as Dr. Bell. Her skills were clearly evident.

"Well, what are we waiting for, honey? Let me apply it for you." Kenneth hastily opened the tube of cream.

"Be gentle, it hurts."

"When we have time, we should call our girl and tell her that her cream has come in handy, and that even Dr. Lee was full of praise!" Kenneth said as he was applying the cream on Louisa, "Our girl is really talented. She's amazing."

Louisa smiled proudly, 'Of course, she's my daughter after all."

"Yes, yes, my wife is the best and our daughter is even better."

Standing at the doorway, Serena bit her lower lip, her nails digging deep into her palm. She didn't expect her parents to praise Arabella so highly behind her back!
On the other hand.

Bard led Arabella from the helipad into the main building, which was opulently decorated and exuded an air of elegance.

"Your room is on the second floor. I have had it cleaned and all the furniture, the bed, sofa, and chairs, has been replaced. Let me take you there."

"I'm sorry for making you go through all the trouble."

"Don't be silly, I'm delighted to have you here. I originally wanted to renovate the entire second floor in your liking, but was afraid that there wouldn't be enough time and it would inconvenience you."

Bard took her to the second floor for a tour. Every piece of decoration and design reflected the high taste of its owner.

"This is your bedroom."

Bard opened the door, revealing a spacious, bright, and inviting room.

"Let me know if you need anything else, I will get it for you."

"Everything's great." Arabella scanned the room,

"Which floor is Grandpa on? I want to see him."

"He's in the hospital. His condition is stable for now.

Rest a bit and I'll take you to see him tomorrow."

Just as Bard finished speaking, his phone rang. It was a call from the hospital. His expression darkened a bit.

“Alright, I understand. We'll decide what to do when I get there. I'll be there in ten minutes.”

After hanging up, he turned to Arabella and said, “Your grandfather's condition has suddenly worsened. We'll discuss it on the way.”

"Okay: Arabella had reviewed her grandfather's medical records before she came. Initially, he just felt a little chest tightness and found walking to be strenuous. After a medical examination revealed high blood pressure and cholesterol, he didn't take it too seriously and was just taking some medication to alleviate the chest discomfort and maintaining regular exercise.

Later, he started to experience shortness of breath, chest tightness, and excessive sweating, often falling asleep immediately afterwards.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1265

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1265

• • •

Chapter 1265

"The doctor in charge at that time had prescribed medications for shortness of breath, but there was little improvement. Your grandpa was always complaining about discomfort. So, I consulted another doctor who felt that something was off about your grandpa's condition. Can you guess what it was?" Bard asked, turning to the young girl sitting next to him.

Arabella nodded slightly. "People with chest discomfort can't just fall asleep instantly"

"Exactly! The second doctor said the same. He also mentioned that your grandpa usually had high blood pressure. But when they checked, his blood pressure was sometimes extremely low, even immeasurable. They suspected a heart attack and recommended hospitalization."

During the hospital stay, a CT scan revealed a strip shadow in the old man's pericardium. However, the medical team was clueless about how to handle it. They had no choice but to seek treatment abroad.

"Your grandmother was seriously ill at the time, and your uncle couldn't manage it all by himself. So, I took your grandpa to

Dawnstar and admitted him to the hospital here.

After detailed examinations, they found a lot of fluid in his pericardium. They

conducted a series of tests, ruling out viral pericarditis and tumor pericarditis. But despite all the tests, they couldn't diagnose the disease or identify the cause"

Bard's voice faltered, his heart aching for the old man's sufferings. Every test meant either a blood draw or an injection, and the

myriad of medications made Darren sick to his stomach. A few times, Darren grabbed Bard's hand, pleading to let go.

He was really tired, didn't want to struggle anymore.

"Your grandpa stayed in the hospital for a long time.

They couldn't find the cause of his illness. Last week, he was struggling to

breathe, his heart rate was high, and he was sweating profusely. The medical team resuscitated him once. But just a few days

later, he's uncomfortable again, with symptoms even worse than before."

Arabella ventured, "Could they have missed something?"

"Missed something?"

"Some conditions can't be diagnosed with routine tests"

"Will you take a look at your grandpa later?"

"Sure."

Upon reaching the hospital, Arabella followed Bard to the VIP floor on the sixteenth floor. The nurses here were exceptionally polite to him, and even the medical team was waiting.

"Mr. Sampson"

"Mr. Sampson, you're here."

"We're waiting for your decision."

"Let me introduce you to Arabella Collins. She's a wonder in medicine. Tell her the details, and take her to see the patient."

The doctors all looked at Arabella, their faces expressing their doubts.

Was Mr. Sampson desperate to try anything, even bringing such a young girl to help?

She looked barely into her teens.

Did she understand medicine at all?

And they, respected doctors, were expected to guide her, explaining the patient's condition to her.

Was this a joke?

"Are you not going?"

Upon hearing Bard's words, the doctors suppressed their displeasure and led Arabella to the patient, explaining his condition over the past few days.

Arabella entered the ward. It was the first time she was meeting her grandfather. He was lying in bed with his eyes closed, frail

but it was not hard to imagine how dashing and charismatic he must have been in his youth.

Arabella glanced at the readings on the monitor next to the bed and gently placed her slender fingers on her grandpa's wrist.

The doctors exchanged confused looks.

What was she doing?

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1266

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1266

• • •

Chapter 1266

Checking the pulse? Really?

How come she know that?

"How about we give his heart an ultrasound?"

Arabella suddenly suggested.

A few doctors were not pleased with this.

"Miss, are you commanding us? If I'm not mistaken, we are the primary physicians of the patient."

"Could you speak with a little respect? This is our turf.

"How long have you been in this field?"

How dare she order them around at such a young age?

"I'm not familiar with this place, so could you please give him an ultrasound? Is there a problem with that?"

Arabella looked at them straight in the eyes, neither humble nor arrogant. "It's clearly a heart abnormality. Have you guys not even done an ultrasound before?"

"If an ultrasound could reveal anything, we would have found out already,' one of the female doctors, Lisa, stood with her arms crossed, looking at Arabella disdainfully. "bo we need to wait for you to direct us?"

"Doctor Lisa, don't you Know what a disease progression is? Could the results of the ultrasound from last month be the same as this month? Could you please cooperate?"

Lisa was suddenly infuriated. "What if I don't cooperate?"

At this moment, Bard arrived at the door. "Not cooperate with what?"

"Mr. Sampson?" Lisa's arrogance deflated a bit upon seeing him. "This girl wants to give the patient another ultrasound. We've done that before, and doing it again now would just be a waste of time."

"Listen to her. Redo it."

The doctors were confused. Why should they listen to a young girl?

"Didn't you say that time is of the essence? Why aren't you moving?"

With Bard's words, two of the doctors had to swallow their pride and took the patient to the ultrasound room for another examination.

The other doctors followed to see if there was any difference in the ultrasound results this time!

"Bella, is there a problem?" Bard asked softly.

"I just noticed an abnormality in the heart, but I didn't find any issues in the previous ultrasound results, so I want to redo it and check the results again."

"You're always so meticulous." Bard noticed the empty patient room. "Let's go and take a look too."

The ultrasound results were out quickly.

Adeline specifically brought over the previous results and coldly presented them to Arabella. "Could the doctor here please take a look? There's no difference between these two results. Doing it again is just wasting the patient's golden rescue time."

If there was a problem, they would have found it already. Did they need a little girl to point it out? Bard's gaze seemed to exert pressure from across the room. They all lowered their heads, stopped their sarcasm, and dared not say anything offensive again.

Arabella looked at the ultrasound report in her hands. "You might as well donate your eyes if you're not going to use them. The problem is so obvious in these two ultrasounds. Can't anyone see it?"

The doctors were stunned and walked over disbelievingly to take a look.

"This black spot here could very likely be a blood clot.

Upon hearing this, everyone was even more incredulous.

"How could there be a blood clot in this area?"

"That's preposterous."

"Do you know what this area is? It's near the heart! If there's a blood clot here, how could the patient have survived this long?"

"We need to operate immediately." Arabella looked at the doctors, among whom only a younger female doctor wasn't being aggressive. "You, come help me. The rest can stay here."

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1267

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1267

• • •

Chapter 1267

"What did you just say?"

The other doctors immediately voiced their objections!

Why should they be left out of this?

Bard's gaze fell heavily on them, his voice icy, "She's my niece. Blood related."

When they heard this, their indignation faded, replaced by shock and astonishment.

This young girl was Mr. Sampson's own niece?

"She's known to the public as Dr. Bell."

Upon hearing this, they were even more astounded.

Dr. Bell was this young girl.

In this industry, everyone knew of this miracle doctor.

But.

Was she really this young?

And Dr. Bell was a woman.

Wasn't Dr. Bell supposed to be a man?

They had always assumed it was an elderly gentleman.

“Of course, you can observe from the sidelines, see how this young lady performs surgery.”

Upon hearing this, they admitted it was indeed a privilege to watch Dr. Bell perform surgery.

Soon, Darren was wheeled into the cardiac surgery room.

A surgery that normally took four hours, Arabella completed in three. From behind a pane of glass,

Bard and the other doctors

were thoroughly impressed by her surgical skills.

When she emerged, Bard said sympathetically, "You must be tired, having to perform such a long surgery right after landing."

Long?

Arabella's eyes were calm, to her, this was a relatively short operation.

"How's your grandfather now?"

"He's fine, he should wake up in a day or two"

"What surgery did you perform on him?" Bard knew that she had performed the entire surgery fluidly and calmly, but didn't know

what she was specifically doing.

"In simple terms, it was a cardiac rupture repair surgery. I removed about 1.1 pounds of blood clots from his heart, and it was these clots that saved his life."

Upon hearing this, Bard was shocked and asked incredulously, "Where did these blood clots come from?"

"There was a hole about 0.12 square inches in size in his heart, causing blood to leak out and accumulate in the pericardium, nearly causing the heart to be crushed."

Upon hearing this, Bard could tell how dire the situation was.

"Fortunately, the hole did not expand all at once, it gradually enlarged. Due to the slow rate of blood loss, it coagulated into clots, which blocked the hole, preventing a catastrophic rupture of the heart."

Remembering the cardiac rupture, Arabella was reminded of a kind face.

"How could this happen?" Bard had imagined countless scenarios, but never this one!

"This condition is very rare. It's called cardiac tamponade in medical terms. Simply put, a malformation occurs in the cardiac wall, creating a thin bubble. The blood from the heart ruptures this bubble, causing a large amount of pericardial effusion."

"In the past two hundred years, less than 400 people have been diagnosed with this condition, and only 15 have had a rupture."

Of these 15, only 3 children survived. Grandfather has truly made a miraculous recovery."

Upon hearing this, Bard was both relieved and puzzled, "But he doesn't have heart disease. Why would he have this cardiac tamponade as you described?"

"There could be many causes, such as a sharp object or bullet piercing the chest wall and damaging the heart, or it could also be caused by violent impact to the chest. In any case, he has now passed the critical stage."

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1268

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1268

• • •

Chapter 1268

Upon hearing that Darren had passed the critical stage, Bard was finally reassured, "I'll call your parents to give them the good news. It'll surely cheer them up."

"Sure." Arabella removed her sterile gown and had just stepped out when she was stopped by several doctors.

"We're sorry for our ignorance and any offense we may have caused. Please accept our apologies." The doctors all bowed their heads in sincere apology.

The leading lady doctor said, "My name is Adeline. I'm sorry for my previous rash remarks. They were uncalled for"

"I owe you an apology for my arrogance and ignorance, Lisa joined in, her tone deeply remorseful. "I overlooked a tiny spot on the ultrasound scan, unaware that it could potentially be a blood clot, and I kept administering medication for breathing difficulty and accelerated heart rate, nearly missing the patient's optimal treatment time.

Another male doctor, Colvin, also felt outmatched. If he hadn't seen Arabella perform the surgery with his own eyes, he wouldn't have believed that a young girl in her teens could be so proficient and adept at her craft.

Only Beatrice was secretly thrilled in her heart, thinking that she had the chance to assist Dr. Bell. She could flaunt this experience and countless renowned hospitals would vie for her.

"It's okay, It's all in the past now,' Arabella didn't hold a grudge against them, and instead passed by them, planning to visit her grandfather in the ward.

"Dr. Bell."

Just as male doctor Brade caught up with her, he was met with a warning glare from Arabella. His mind went blank from the fright

and it took him a while to recover, "Oh, Dr. Bella."

She probably didn't want people to know she's "Dr. Bell", preferring to keep her identity a secret.

True enough, when he addressed her as Dr. Bella, she withdrew her stare, her reaction not as intense as before.

Brade heaved a sigh of relief, "I was wondering if you could stay for a few more days, so that we could learn from you."

"Yes, if we could learn even a trick or two from you, it could save more patients,' Adeline followed suit.

"Your suturing technique is simply incredible, unmatched by anyone." Lisa expressed her admiration sincerely.

"Dr. Bella, I want to learn from you as well; Beatrice put forth her request, looking at Arabella expectantly.

"I don't take apprentices, Arabella responded indifferently, "I don't share my skills."

"We understand that we're not qualified to be your apprentices, and we know you won't easily share your skills.

We just need some verbal guidance."

"Just a few questions to ask."

"Oh, Dr. Bella, there's a tricky case that we could use your help with?"

"Also have a patient."

Arabella, hearing their mounting requests, simply pushed open the door to her grandfather's ward, stepping in, "I'm quite occupied, sorry.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1269

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1269

• • •

Chapter 1269

Everyone watched as the hospital room door closed, leaving them with their mouths half-open, sighing in disbelief.

If only they had known earlier that she was Dr. Bell, they would have been more courteous. Now, she didn't want to waste her time with them.

Meanwhile.

Serena had prepared a fruit salad by herself, ready to serve it to her parents, when she heard Louisa's excited voice.

"You're kidding? The surgery was successful? Bell was the lead surgeon? That's fantastic!" Louisa was so overjoyed that tears streamed down her face. "I knew it, Bella is the best. How's Dad doing now? Really? Bella said so herself? He'll be awake in a day or two?"

Serena was so frustrated that the salad plate was shaking in her hands. Damn it, that woman had stolen the limelight again.

“If it weren't for the Temple family crisis, I'd really like to go and see.” Louisa was weighing up her options, torn.

“In a few days, Kenneth and I will make a trip. It's been a long time since we last saw Dad. He would be so happy to know how talented his granddaughter is. Let Bella stay in Dawnstar for a few more days. Good, good, let her have lunch and take a nap first. We've already had our dinner here.”

Solterra was six hours ahead of Dawnstar. It was seven o'clock in the evening here, but only one o'clock in the afternoon there.

After his wife hung up the phone, Kenneth asked with delight, "So, Dad's okay now?"

"Bella examined him, found a small hole in his heart that was leaking blood, which formed a clot and plugged the hole. The others couldn't figure out what was wrong with Dad, but Bella insisted on doing an ultrasound, found the problem, and performed the surgery in time."

“Thank God for Bella.” Kenneth sighed with gratitude. "She's so capable, all thanks to those old men. During the years when we hadn't found our daughter, they treated Bella as their own granddaughter, passing on all their skills to her. As soon as we're free,

we should visit them one by one"

"Dad, Mum, who are we visiting?" Serena asked sweetly as she brought in the dessert fruits.

"Serena's here?" Kenneth grinned, "These fruits look different from usual. Did you make them yourself?"

"Can you tell they're ugly just because I made them?" Serena carved the flesh of the cantaloupe into a bouquet pattern, topped it with mangoes shaped like roses, and added grapes and watermelon balls.

"Very creative. I'll try one." Kenneth said, but the fruit he picked up was first fed to his wife. He then tasted a peeled grape,

"Sweet, delicious."

"Dad, Mom, who were you talking about visiting just now? I'm on vacation now. I have time to go with you."

"We're referring to the old men who taught your sister."

"Then, can I learn from them too?" Serena showed keen interest. "If I could be half as capable as my sister, I could make you proud, and help more people, so Bella wouldn't have to work so hard alone."

Kenneth thought it was a good idea and was about to agree when Louisa interjected, 'Those old men have never taken on any

disciples, only your sister. We can guess their intention. Serena, you should focus on your studies. Having Bella is enough to handle any emergencies. The more people involved, the more worries."

Indeed, those men were Bella's "master". Asking Serena to become their disciple would mean sharing not only Bella's family but also her "master".

It wasn't that Bella was stingy and unwilling to share. The fear was that they chose their disciples based on fate, talent and gifts, not on relationships or introductions.

Upon hearing this, Serena felt uncomfortable. Was the implication that it was enough for Arabella to be the center of attention?

That she, the adopted daughter, wasn't needed to handle family matters?

"If you want to learn, I can hire other famous teachers for you. They don't have to be the same as your sister."

Kenneth said with a chuckle.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1270

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1270

• • •

Chapter 1270

Serena's heart sank further. Why was this incredibly insightful gentleman not willing to teach her personally, instead insisting on having her study under a tutor?

Was it because he was afraid she might outshine Arabella?

It reeked of favoritism.

Afraid his own daughter would be surpassed.

"Serena, you've grown up pampered and sheltered. Everything your sister knows, she learned through grit and determination.

You could start with some simple theory from a well-known tutor. Oh, what are you interested in? What do you want to learn?"

Serena flashed a sweet smile, "I'll let you know when I decide what I want to learn. Dad, has Arabella visited Grandpa in Dawnstar? How's his health?"

"Let me tell you, your sister is impressive. She spotted the problem as soon as she got there."

In his excitement, Kenneth got a swift kick from Louisa, reminding him to watch his words.

Sure enough, Serena's eyes dimmed for a moment before she quickly resumed her cheerful demeanor, "Arabella is indeed incredible. She noticed a problem that so many doctors overlooked."

"All of that comes with experience, from saving so many people," Louisa interjected, "Now, Serena, your father and I are going for a walk. Enjoy the fruits."

Seeing the carefully arranged fruit platter barely touched by her parents, Serena felt a pang of disappointment.

"Dad, Mom, it's been a while since I've seen Grandpa. When can we all visit?" Serena asked, a hopeful glint in her eyes.

Louisa hesitated, "Perhaps next time when your grandma is also feeling better, we can all gather for a lively reunion."

Serena didn't expect her mother's change of heart. Was it to give Arabella some peace and quiet, an opportunity to bond with their grandparents without her, the adopted daughter bothering them?

Her mother was indeed cunning, harboring such a scheme!

In the hospital room.

Upon her arrival, Arabella received a call from her grandmother.

"Bella, I heard that you saved your grandpa."

Belinda's voice was a mix of excitement and incoherence, "You're such a good girl, a skilled doctor, and so modest. I don't know what your grandpa and I would have done if you hadn't returned to this family. We might have already met our maker."

"Grandma, it's not as serious as you make it out to be," Arabella said with a light laugh, "How have you been feeling these past few days? Are you getting used to the new medication?"

"It's much better than before. The previous medicine was,' Belinda didn't dare to elaborate, she simply said, "a bit bitter."

Arabella chuckled, "I know you don't like bitter things, Grandma. So, I added a few ingredients to make the medicine less bitter"

Belinda sounded delighted, "It's much better. I used to. well, you know the saying 'Bitter medicine cures sickness', so I drank it all in one go."

Belinda's voice was filled with affection and indulgence for her granddaughter.

Arabella's smile widened, "In a few days, I'll give you a new prescription that should taste even better."

"Really?" Belinda sounded thrilled, then she remembered something, "Oh, yes, I heard from your uncle that your grandpa's heart rupture was caused by an external injury. That reminds me of something that happened a long time ago"

Arabella listened attentively to her grandmother's story.

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