

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1271

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Chapter 1271

"Long ago, your grandpa and I used to travel around, and during one of our trips, we got involved in a bit of a situation. It was on a morning near a desert. There was a woman who ran a food stall by the wayside. She was a gentle and kind soul."

"One day, her gambling-addicted husband came to the stall and demanded money from her to throw away at his gambling den, completely disregarding their sick child who was in the hospital and needed money for treatment. When she refused, he started hitting her right in front of everyone and even threatened to kill her in his fit of rage."

Arabella was shocked to hear such a story.

"Everyone around was scared, no tourists dared to intervene. After all, who wanted to risk their life while they were out enjoying themselves. But your grandpa, seeing the man pull out a knife, fearing he might hurt someone, went forward to stop him. But your grandpa was up there in age, and he got hit a few times."

"Then our bodyguard arrived, quickly restrained him, and handed him over to the police. I felt sorry for the woman running the food stall, so I gave her a few thousand dollars to use for her child's treatment."

Arabella understood, "So you think that Grandpa might have hurt his heart then?"

"The woman's husband was a tall and strong man, and he hit with such force. But I can't remember whether he hit the heart."

"Did Grandpa say anything about feeling unwell when he came back?"

"He mentioned it, but the doctors checked him several times and could never find anything wrong. We didn't take it seriously, we thought he was just getting old and had high blood pressure."

They never expected it to be a ruptured heart! If it wasn't for Bella's timely discovery and surgery, the consequences would have been unthinkable.

"Bella, your grandmother wants to visit you and your grandpa in Dawnstar in a couple of days. Can you talk to Sampson and get him to agree to let me go out. You're a doctor, and you're his precious niece, he'll definitely listen to you. I'm old, no one listens to what I say anymore."

Arabella couldn't help but smile, "You should take care of your health and rest more at home."

"I just want to get some fresh air, I'm tired of staying home all day." Belinda cooed, "Good girl, my darling, please agree, let me get out and reunite with you all?"

Arabella laughed, "I'll check your medical report in a couple of days, if there's no problem, I'll talk to Uncle Sampson: "That's great! With your word, I don't think that boy dares to stop me."

Belinda spoke happily for a while, until Arabella heard a knock on the door of the room and ended the call, saying, "Come in."

Unexpectedly, the person who entered wasn't Bard, but a woman from Dawnstar.

She knelt down in front of Arabella with a thud, begging Arabella to save her father.

Behind her was Dr. Brade. It was clear that Dr. Brade had shown her a ray of hope, directing her to Arabella, in the hopes of

saving her father.

Dr. Brade, seeing Arabella's understanding gaze, was about to explain the woman's words when he heard Arabella ask the woman what disease her father had.

Not just the Dawnstar woman, but even Brade was taken aback. This little girl could speak the local language so fluently and with such a pure accent. How was she so talented? The Dawnstar woman was relieved to find Arabella understood her and went on to explain her father's illness.

In simple terms, her father had a tumor in his body that was larger than Arabella's fist, with a diameter of over 9 centimeters.

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The tricky part was that the tumor was located in the caudate lobe of the liver, and there's been some bleeding these past few days.

Arabella asked her if he had done a regular check-up, and the woman instantly pulled out the medical report, "Here it is."

Sure enough, someone had directed her from behind.

Arabella once again met the gaze of Dr. Brade, only to see him shift his gaze with a hint of guilt.

He had no choice. The condition was exceedingly complex, and he didn't know how to provide treatment.

Arabella, a heavyweight in the field of medicine, was the only one who could save the patient.

So, he had to subtly point the patient's family towards Arabella.

The woman told Arabella that the reports included not only regular check-ups but also various other medical forms and

diagnoses from different hospitals.

Arabella took a look, and briefed her on the situation.

In layman terms, all three hepatic veins and possibly the inferior vena cava in the patient's liver could be taken over by the tumor.

If traditional in-vivo surgery was performed, the patient could lose over 60% of his normal liver function, with a great risk of heavy bleeding during the operation.

Dr. Brade nodded in agreement. This was precisely what made him anxious. The patient wanted to retain his complete liver function, which was simply impossible.

Upon hearing this, the woman from Dawnstar couldn't help but weep, pleading with Arabella to find a solution.

She didn't want her father to lose so much of his liver function.

"There is one way."

At Arabella's words, not only the woman but also Dr. Brade was taken aback.

"We could perform an ex-vivo liver tumor resection and autologous liver transplantation."

The woman was confused and looked at Brade for clarification.

Brade was completely stunned.

Arabella's suggestion was to remove the liver from the body, completely cut off the tumor, and then re-implant it.

The objective was to ensure the complete removal of the tumor while maintaining the integrity of the liver and vascular structures and functions. This posed a severe challenge for the chief surgeon.

The slightest mistake could possibly leave them open to public criticism and even be fired.

He wouldn't even dare to think about such a solution.

The woman from Dawnstar instinctively held onto Arabella's hand, asking her if she was confident, and if she was, could she be the chief surgeon to save her father.

"Please, get up." Arabella didn't want her to keep kneeling.

But the woman refused to rise, pleading with Arabella to save her father. She began talking about her life since childhood, dependent on her father, crying and begging Arabella to help.

"If I'm the chief surgeon, the patient's liver retention can reach over 95%," Arabella stated truthfully.

Dr. Brade was in disbelief.

He knew better than anyone about the complexity of the operation and the severity of the situation. Even if the person standing in front of him was Dr. Bell, he couldn't believe that there was someone in this world capable of retaining over 95% of the liver function.

That was not a feat for a medical saint, but for a god!!

Even the woman questioned Arabella incredulously, asking if she was joking. She had taken her father to countless doctors before, most of whom said there was no hope, while a few said the patient would lose a significant portion of his liver function after surgery. The only person who was confident enough to promise a near-complete retention was Arabella.

But the catch was, she was just a teenager.

"Dr. Bella, are you serious?" Dr. Brade couldn't help but ask. "The patient's request is to retain as much of the normal liver function as possible."

"I understand," Arabella replied, her expression calm, her eyes undisturbed.

It was as if the entire matter was as simple as eating and drinking to her.

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The woman asked Arabella again if she could operate on her father now, assuring her that money was no object as long as the surgery was successful...

“Her fees aren't cheap, Dr. Brade warned, “She's a highly skilled and renowned surgeon.”

Simply the name “Dr. Bell” was worth its weight in gold.

The woman immediately pulled out a blank check from her purse, tore it off, and offered it with both hands.

"Name your price. My family is worth hundreds of millions, I'll spend it all if I have to, just to cure my father!"

What a devoted daughter.

"You won't have to go bankrupt,' Arabella took her check and said calmly, "I'll go see the patient. If everything's fine, we'll operate."

She was no saint. She wouldn't save lives for nothing.

She turned to Dr. Brade, "You'll assist me."

Upon hearing this, Dr. Brade was somewhat excited at the prospect of being Arabella's assistant.

"Find another doctor to coordinate with you."

As soon as Arabella finished speaking, Brade said, "No problem!"

When Bard returned from his call, he found a group of doctors crowded in the observation room, occasionally gasping in amazement.

"I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, such a young, beautiful and skilled doctor."

"The key is her decisiveness and precision. They are superior to ours."

"Watching her perform the surgery, I was reminded of the old professor at our hospital. If he were still here, he'd do everything he could to keep her."

"What's her background that even Brade is willing to assist her?"

"All I know is that she's confident in performing a surgery that even Brade couldn't guarantee, and she rates her odds at 95%."

"What did you say? Did she sound so sure?"

Bard gathered quite a bit of information from their conversations. Walking in, he saw his niece indeed performing surgery in the next room.

He inquired about the situation from the people around him, then watched his niece busily operating through the glass wall.

When Arabella completely removed the liver, Brade and another doctor quickly connected the stomach and intestines to the artificial blood vessels of the liver, ensuring a smooth blood flow.

Arabella skillfully excised the tumor from the liver under a temperature of 4°C. The entire process was smooth.

"I can't believe it."

"I witnessed it myself, but if I were to perform this surgery, I wouldn't be able to do it as smoothly and effectively as her."

"Who is she, really? She managed to remove the tumor completely without damaging the liver function"

"She must be someone significant!"

"She actually dared to perform such a surgery."

Listening to the praises of the crowd, Bard naturally realized the difficulty of the operation. He hadn't expected his young niece, with her kindness and dedication to medicine, to save her grandfather and then a stranger.

Time ticked by.

Arabella had entered the operating room without bringing anything. At this moment, her phone was vibrating again and again in her backpack, sending a humming sound from the locker.

Seeing that she wasn't answering the call, Romeo couldn't help but worry.

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What was keeping her busy?

Wasn't she supposed to call him after her grandpa's surgery and lunch?

What time was it now?

Did she go for a nap?

Remembering how Arabella had endured such a long flight to Dawnstar and immediately plunged herself into saving lives,

Romeo didn't bother her further. But his mind was filled with thoughts of her.

Arabella's focus was unyielding. What was originally a 10-hour operation, she completed in just six hours.

The patient's blood

loss during the entire procedure was only about 500 milliliters, and his liver was without blood supply for two hours.

Everyone at the hospital was completely astounded!

In this operation, led by Arabella, three doctors successfully repaired the arteries, hepatic veins, portal veins, inferior vena cava, and other blood vessels. The liver retention reached 98%, and the liver function was normal.

Not only Dr. Brade and another surgeon were amazed and thrilled, but all the doctors in the observation room also cheered!

They were all deeply impressed and benefited greatly from observing such a lengthy operation.

When Arabella came out of the operating room, the woman rushed up to ask about her father's

condition. Upon hearing that his

liver function could be completely preserved and the operation was successful, she broke down in tears and knelt before

Arabella.

Arabella tried to help her up, but she was crying her eyes out. She was insistent on expressing her gratitude to Arabella.

The other doctors in the observation room surrounded Arabella, inquiring about her background, praising her medical skills, and asking about her future plans.

Seeing his niece being surrounded by so many people, Bard couldn't help but say, "Would you all mind stepping aside? My niece

needs to change her clothes. She's been operating for such a long time, and she's tired."

Everyone turned to look at the man standing on the other side of the crowd. He was a formidable figure that no one in the country didn't recognize.

"Mr. Bard"

"Mr. Bard, she's your niece?"

"The genes of the Griffith family are really good. Everyone in your family is so outstanding and excellent."

Arabella nodded at her uncle, who had helped her out of the crowd, and went to the changing room to remove her surgical gown and sterilize herself.

The woman from Dawnstar who had been kneeling on the ground, with the help of others, stood up and looked at Bard in disbelief.

Bard noticed her gaze and looked back, also somewhat surprised.

Janice?

One of the group directors. They often met, but their positions were different. At yesterday's board meeting, only she and a few other old directors voted against.

Janice asked Bard in disbelief if the woman earlier was his niece. His real niece? She had never heard him mention it before.

Bard told her that she was indeed his niece who he had recently found. He asked her not to spread the word.

Janice nodded repeatedly, tears streaming down her face again. She told Bard that without Arabella, her father would have been long gone.

She couldn't believe that this miracle-working doctor was Bard's own niece. What a coincidence.

Bard gave her a few comforting words. He was surprised to hear that she had information about the inner workings of the company. She promised to email him the details that night.

Bard didn't expect this unexpected gain. It was all thanks to Arabella.

Seeing that his beloved niece had come out, Bard told Janice that his niece hadn't eaten anything since noon and had even performed two surgeries.

Upon hearing this, Janice felt guilty. She thanked Arabella again and promised to meet Bard that evening.

Arabella was a bit confused. Did they know each other?

It wasn't until her uncle introduced Janice that she understood their relationship.

Seeing that the sky outside was already dark, probably around seven or eight o'clock, Bard suggested, "Let's go out for dinner, and I'll show you the night view of Dawnstar.'

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"Alright."

Arabella was indeed hungry, but more than that, she was tired. She got into the car and quickly drifted off to sleep.

Seeing her so exhausted, Bard remembered what Sampson had once said about the tough times she had gone through. His heart ached for her.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Arabella was awakened by Bard's soft voice. She looked around to find that they had arrived at a beautiful hilltop restaurant overlooking the night sky of Dawnstar.

The restaurant manager personally opened the car door for her. Arabella responded briefly.

Bard looked at her with a hint of admiration in his eyes, 'I didn't expect your French to be so good.'

It was even better than Serena's.

When Serena had a whim to learn French, he had hired a top-notch language tutor for her. But surprisingly, her pronunciation wasn't as good as Bella's.

Seemed like his niece had many virtues waiting to be discovered.

Arabella looked at the night view below and suddenly remembered her promise to call Romeo after dinner.

Was he still waiting?

"Uncle Bard, you go in first. I need to make a call."

"Alright- Without asking any more questions, Bard handed the car keys to the parking attendant and went in.

Arabella took out her mobile phone from her backpack, only to find several missed calls: from her parents, friends, subordinates, and also Romeo.

She called Romeo back first. He picked up almost immediately, "Are you awake?"

"How did you know I was sleeping?" Arabella thought he knew about her nap in the car, but she soon realized he was referring to her afternoon nap.

When he found out she hadn't eaten since noon and had performed two surgeries, Romeo said sympathetically, "After you eat and get home to rest, I'll call you."

Eating something was the most important thing now. Arabella heard the automated voice in the cabin on his end and immediately guessed what was happening, "Are you on a plane? Coming to Dawnstar?"

Private planes allow phone calls.

Romeo didn't expect her to guess so quickly.

Fearing she might get angry, he quickly explained, "I just happen to have some business in Dawnstar."

He was not shirking his responsibilities.

"Oh." Arabella chuckled with interest. She knew this guy couldn't resist following her, "Alright, when you get here, take me around

if you have the time."

Romeo couldn't believe what he was hearing, his eyes lighting up with happiness, 'Alright, I'll take you around.

Go eat first"

"Sure."

After hanging up the call, Arabella noticed the restaurant manager still waiting for her not far away, his face bearing a respectful and polite smile.

"Ms. Bella, this is the first time I've seen Mr. Bard bring a lady to dine here. Mr. Bard is a rare gentleman, handsome, gentle, and loyal."

Arabella cut him off before he could finish, "I'm his niece."

The restaurant manager was taken aback for a few seconds before quickly correcting himself, "He's also a great uncle! I dare

say, he's the best uncle in the world, bar none."

"Oh, so isn't Mr. Sampson good?"

Caught off guard, the manager quickly replied, "No, no, no, Mr. Sampson is also very good."

"Enough. Just show me the way."

"Okay."

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The mountain top restaurant was a single-storeyed structure, made predominantly of glass, giving it a chic and elegant

appearance. Every table offered its customers a window seat, ensuring a mesmerizing view of the enchanting night.

The restaurant didn't have any private suites, so Bard had positioned himself by the window. When Arabella walked in after finishing her phone call, he handed her the menu, saying, "You choose the food"

Arabella skimmed through the menu, which was full of delicacies, and asked, "Any dietary restrictions, Uncle Bard?"

"None whatsoever, I can eat anything."

Arabella ordered a few dishes and after placing the order, she started replying to other messages.

Ten minutes later.

The food started to arrive.

Bard watched as Arabella devoured the food with apparent delight, completely devoid of any etiquette. His gaze softened once more.

She was indeed unique.

"Eat up," he said, smiling as he helped her with the food.

"Sir, ma'am, your order is complete. Enjoy your meal," the waiter said, bowing before leaving.

Bard looked at Arabella surprisingly, "Is that all you ordered?"

That seemed like very little.

"It's a waste if we can't finish it."

Bard started to laugh, reaching for the pad when Arabella stopped him, "Uncle Bard, we really can't finish it all.

We can come back another time for the other dishes. We don't have to eat it all now.

"This is the first time I'm treating you." Bard was cut off when the lights in the restaurant suddenly went out.

"A power outage?"

"Why does this restaurant always have a power outage?"

"They charge so much. Can't they invest in a better power supply?"

Several customers started complaining.

Suddenly, Arabella heard a whistling sound near her ear. She quickly dodged to avoid a gleaming dagger.

"Bella, be careful!"

In the darkness, a few figures dressed in black, their faces covered with black masks, rushed towards Arabella with daggers.

Arabella grabbed a chair to block them, threw it at them, and wrapped two of them in a tablecloth.

The clatter of falling items from the table startled the customers, "What's happening?"

Arabella picked up a steak knife from the fallen items on the table, slashed it across the tablecloth, revealing a red gash to the spectators.

"Bella!" Bard threw his chair at the man behind Arabella, but before he could react, several figures approached him from behind, short swords in their hands.

The customers panicked, hiding in the corners, relying on the moonlight to watch a man and a woman fight off a dozen men in black.

"Who are they? What is happening?"

A customer tremblingly took out his phone and turned on the flashlight. Seeing the light, the men in black instantly turned

murderous and flung a dagger at him!

The customer turned a ghastly white.

Before the dagger could reach him, Arabella threw a plate at the dagger, knocking it off its course, saving the man's life.

As the men in black launched another attack at Arabella, she deftly used the steak knife in her hand to fend off three of them in a matter of seconds.

Bard was surprised at his niece's agility and proficiency. It reminded him of Mr. Bryant, whom he had met many years ago in another place.

It was not just her stance, but also her skills that seemed eerily familiar.

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At that moment, another shiny knife was thrust towards Bard. Swiftly, Bard countered, pinning the knife against the man's throat and demanded in a cold voice, "Who sent you?" More reinforcements lunged at Bard. Seeing their persistence, Bard had no choice but to take them down.

Perhaps the men in black realized they were losing, they exchanged glances, nodded, and suddenly, the chandeliers in the diner came crashing down.

"Ah, it hit someone"

"Help"

"Someone got hit by a chandelier, call 911."

Seven or eight men in black were beaten to a pulp by Arabella. They threw a smoke bomb and escaped through a broken window.

Amidst the thick smoke, there were screams, cries, and pleas for help.

Arabella chose not to give chase, instead she followed the noises, only to find a young woman whose head was hit by a chandelier, her face covered in blood.

Her boyfriend was terrified, "Aurelie, wake up. Don't scare me.

"Don't move her." Arabella picked up her purse from the debris, intending to take out her first aid kit, but then realized she had left it at the hospital.

She asked several customers to shine their phone lights for her while she crouched down, first treating Aurelie's wounds.

Aurelie's forehead was embedded with shards of the chandelier. It was a horrifying sight.

"What are you doing? Can you save Aurelie? Are you a doctor? Can a doctor be so young?" Aurelie's boyfriend watched Arabella in disbelief, "Is Aurelie badly injured? Is she going to die? I don't want her to die. Can you save her? What are you doing now?"

"Keep quiet." Arabella cleaned Aurelie's wounds.

Aurelie moaned in pain, seeming to be suffering greatly.

"Be gentle. She's in pain. Please be gentle!"

Aurelie's boyfriend was almost in tears.

The customers around them were also frightened, none dared to watch such a bloody scene.

Blood continued to flow from Aurelie's head.

Aurelie's boyfriend cried, "She's still bleeding. The bleeding hasn't stopped. She's still bleeding! Please save her. you must save her!"

"If you keep crying, I'm going to throw you out."

Arabella's expression was cold, and her voice even colder. Aurelie's boyfriend was scared into silence, temporarily forgetting his tears.

Bard chased after the men to the outside of the diner, only to find that the staff had already been injured and fallen. He made a call, and when he came back, he found his niece treating someone.

The victim was covered in blood, and the customers around them were shivering with fear, closing their eyes.

Only his niece seemed calm, methodically treating the girl's wounds.

What kind of person was she?

The men in black who attacked earlier were skilled, yet she handled them with ease.

Her moves even resembled those of the famous Mr. Bryant.

Whether it was her skills or her mental strength, she had completely surprised him within a day.

Arabella took out a bottle of medicine from her bag, crushed a pill, and sprinkled it on the girl's wound.

"Wha-what are you."

Hearing Aurelie's pained cries, her boyfriend questioned again, "What are you giving her?"

Arabella lifted her icy gaze, scaring the boy into swallowing his words.

After applying the medicine, Arabella quickly bandaged Aurelie's wound and said, "Take her to the hospital."

"Will she be okay?" Aurelie's boyfriend held his girlfriend tightly and asked anxiously.

"If you get her there within half an hour, she'll live."

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The moment Aurelie's boyfriend heard, he hastily scooped up his girlfriend and left.

Arabella grabbed her bag and walked out of the crowd, Bard softly asked, 'Are you hurt?'

"They're no match for me." Arabella looked up and asked, "Uncle Bard, do you know who they are?"

"Not sure, could be some enemies of mine."

"Well, we'll have to look into that."

Bard was surprised to see Arabella's eyes remain calm and serene. Just how strong must her mental fortitude be, how

courageous, to maintain such a nonchalant expression?

What had she been through, who had she learned from, to possess such awe-inspiring power and ability?

"I was careless. I didn't bring any backup today, thought we could enjoy a quiet meal."

He didn't expect such a thing to happen, and his niece didn't get to finish her meal.

Thinking about how she only had a few bites, he felt guilty.

"Let me take you to another restaurant."

"No need, I'll just have something at home."

It was a pity about the dishes they didn't get to try.

The red wine-braised beef, pan-fried foie gras, bouillabaisse, and so on.

She hadn't had a single bite.

"I'll have it made," Bard called his home chef, ordering them to prepare the most representative dishes in the shortest time possible, adamant that his beloved niece should eat to her heart's content.

On the way home.

Arabella suddenly remembered something.

"Uncle Bard, I left something at the hospital. Are we passing by? If we are, I'd like to pick it up."

"What did you forget, I'll go get it."

"I'll go and check on Grandpa while I'm there."

After all, that acupuncture kit was a gift from Romeo. She felt uncomfortable without it.

When Bard heard about her forgotten acupuncture kit, he knew how important these tools were to medical practitioners. They needed to have them at all times, or they felt uneasy.

He could understand, so he drove to the hospital entrance, "Then let me accompany you up."

"No need, you can wait here."

"Then you go quickly and come back."

"Okay."

As Arabella got out of the car, she immediately messaged her subordinates to investigate who had been at the restaurant before the power outage, the chandelier was definitely tampered with in advance.

Meanwhile, Bard in the car was also making a call to his men.

"Check if any of those gangs have been acting out."

The man on the phone immediately asked, "Mr. Bard, has anything happened? Are you alright?"

"Have you ever seen me in trouble?"

"Well, that's true."

"Tonight Bella and I were at a restaurant. A group of people attacked us without reason." Bard briefly recounted the incident.

The man on the phone speculated, "Could they have targeted you? But when they saw Ms. Bella's agile moves, they retreated and quickly evacuated."

"They've been stabbed multiple times. They won't get far. Check along the way, catch them, and interrogate them well."

"Yes, Mr. Bard."

After ending the call, Bard looked ahead, his eyes a bit more profound.

Arabella then ordered her men, "Those people are seriously injured. They won't get far. Catch them, and we must get some answers."

"Yes, boss."

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Arabella entered the hospital, making her way to the surgery level, and retrieved her first aid kit from the locker room. She then took the elevator up to the VIP floor to check on her grandfather.

As soon as the elevator doors opened, she sensed something was off.

The hallway was eerily quiet with no one in sight, and a faint scent of lavender lingered in the air. She immediately grabbed a piece of mint candy from her bag, unwrapped it, and let it dissolve in her mouth before cautiously moving forward.

The nurses at the reception desk were all slumped over, seemingly asleep.

Arriving at her grandfather's room, she peered through the room's small window and saw a person injecting an unknown substance into her grandfather's arm.

Swiftly kicking the door open, Arabella lunged at the intruder.

The person was quick to respond, blocking her attack.

Under the faint moonlight, Arabella recognized the man. It was Mr. Elliot!

She had not expected to bump into Mr. Elliot, her uncle's right-hand man, in such a situation.

"Well, since you've asked for it, you can keep your grandfather company in the afterlife!" Mr. Elliot quickly pulled out a small knife and lunged at Arabella.

Arabella easily sidestepped the attack, utterly shocked that Mr. Elliot, her uncle's trusted aide, had such a hidden side!

"Who are you, really? What did you inject into my grandfather?"

"You can ask him in the underworld!"

Mr. Elliot was incredibly skilled, and Arabella found it hard to believe that a man in his sixties or seventies could move with such agility.

His strength was also superior to others his age. Just one of his blows carried enough force for Arabella to feel the sharp wind it created.

Seeing that Mr. Elliot was not going to speak, Arabella decided to take action.

In the dimly lit room, the person on the bed slowly opened his eyes, watching the agile girl who seemed to be fighting off the intruder.

Just as he was about to get a closer look, he suddenly coughed up a mouthful of blood.

"Grandpa. Arabella turned around to see that Darren seemed to be poisoned.

Seeing that he couldn't overcome Arabella, Mr. Elliot decided to aim his knife at Darren.

Arabella quickly pulled the bed towards herself, providing Mr. Elliot with an opportunity to escape via the balcony.

"Grandpa.

Arabella had no intention of giving chase. Placing her slender fingers on Darren's wrist, she could tell he was severely poisoned.

Bard was quietly waiting in the car.

As time ticked by and Arabella did not return, he considered calling her. Suddenly, he realized he did not have her number.

It was an oversight on his part. He should have saved her number right from the start.

Exiting the car, he headed towards the hospital's ward. As soon as he reached the VIP floor, a few nurses rushed towards him, crying and trying to explain what had happened.

"Speak one at a time. No need to rush." Bard could barely understand what they were trying to say through their wailing.

"We have no idea what happened. All of a sudden, we felt very sleepy. When we woke up, we realized something had happened to the patient."

Hearing that his father was in trouble, Bard immediately rushed towards the room. The door was wide open, and he saw Arabella

administering an injection to Darren, who soon coughed up a mouthful of blood.

The room was a mess, clearly indicating that a fight had taken place.

"Bella, what happened?" Bard hurriedly asked.

"Uncle Bard, Mr. Elliot who you left to take care of Grandpa is not who you think he is." Arabella explained the situation to her uncle.

Bard could hardly believe that Mr. Elliot, who had been a faithful servant to their family for years, could do such a thing.

Why would he harm his father?

Who was behind this?

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Chapter 1280

"The medicine Mr. Elliot injected into Grandpa, combined with the one on the infusion drip, could create a deadly poison."

As Arabella said this, she lifted her gaze to look at Bard, "This implies that either Mr. Elliot is medically knowledgeable, or he is guided by a highly skilled person. Whoever conceived this plot possesses medical and pharmacological expertise far beyond an average doctor."

Upon hearing this, Bard became more solemn.

"Grandpa is even more fragile than before, and he'll have to rely on medication for gradual recovery, Arabella continued and looked at the man on the hospital bed, "It might take several days for him to wake up."

If it were not for her pushing the poison out of Darren's body in time, they might be staring at his lifeless body at this very moment.

That was why she chose to stay and save Darren instead of pursuing Mr. Elliot.

“I was careless to assume that leaving Mr. Elliot here would ensure absolute safety” Bard admitted, his voice filled with regret.

Trust, it seemed, could be the sharpest blade.

“If it wasn't for your timely appearance and your discovery of Mr. Elliot's plot, as well as your efforts to rid your Grandpa's body of the poison, he might have.” Bard's voice trailed off, his gaze falling on Darren, a heavy weight seeming to press on his heart.

At that moment, a young man accompanied by a team of bodyguards hurried in, “Mr. Bard.”

Bard lifted his gaze, “Let me introduce you. This is Gordon, my most trusted man”

Arabella looked at the young man who had just entered. He appeared to be in his early twenties, handsome with a determined and astute look in his eyes.

Being trusted by her uncle at such a young age indicated his exceptional capabilities.

Arabella gave him a nod, and Gordon respectfully addressed her, “Ms. Bella”

“I'll stay here tonight, you take Bella home,” Bard instructed Gordon.

“Yes, sir”

“Uncle Bard, I should stay here too, in case any emergency happens,” Arabella offered.

“You flew the plane to my airstrip after the pilot got into an accident, performed two surgeries, dealt with the intruders, saved a stranger's life, and now you've saved your grandfather. ”

Gordon was amazed at Bella's capabilities. She wasn't like any spoiled lady from rich families.

“Uncle Bard, don't feel guilty. Whether I came or not, these things would have happened. It was just a coincidence that I was

there. What we can do now is to find out who is behind all this and restore peace to our lives.”

Bard looked at Arabella with admiration, "You're right. We must find the person behind this. Gordon, after you take Bella home, investigate who Mr. Elliot has been in contact with recently."

"Yes, sir; Gordon nodded, then turned to Arabella, "Ms. Bella, please."

“Hold on.”

Arabella walked over to the bedside table where a medical record and a pen were placed. She took the pen and began to doodle on the blank page.

Bard and Gordon watched her, both at a loss for what she was doing.

Arabella drew a pattern on the blank page and handed it to Bard, "When I fought with Mr. Elliot, I noticed this pattern below his collarbone, close to his heart."

Bard took a look and saw a menacing, ferocious wolf's head.

"Is he part of the Mafia Rock?"

Gordon was surprised. He didn't expect Mr. Elliot to have such a significant background. But they had always maintained a noninterference policy with the Mafia Rock. Why would they send Mr. Elliot to harm Darren?

"Bella, I didn't know you were such a good artist."

Bard was amazed at the lifelike drawing of the wolf's head.

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