

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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The driver accidentally got his suit dirty while checking the car. When he saw the folks from the Murphy family coming out of the mansion, he hurriedly pulled out a few gift boxes from the trunk.

These were specifically instructed by the mister to be handed to the Murphys. Unfortunately, a previous tailgating incident resulted in a few of the gift boxes getting squashed, making them look rather unappealing.-

"I reckon you're Mr. Murphy?" The driver approached Attlee and offered the boxes politely, "These are a token from the young lady's parents. They insist you accept them."

"You're too kind..." Attlee hastily declined. "Bella has been great with us over the years, these gifts..."

"We don't need your gifts! Just take her home, her family is waiting for her!" Olga interrupted them and without giving Aiden a second glance, she walked back into the house.

She thought to herself, "With such shabby gift boxes, there can't be anything good inside. She certainly doesn't want other people's trash."

Yolanda suppressed a sarcastic smile, following Olga. Her face was filled with an air of superiority as if she had just won a war. She never realized that Arabella's biological family was in such a poor state, but she was secretly pleased.

The Murphys' maids looked at them with scorn, contempt, or pity, and they all went back inside. Only Attlee remained standing there, somewhat embarrassed, "Well, have a safe journey... I won't accept these gifts. Let's just say I've sent them back to your masters. Consider it a small token from me..."

"But..." The driver was at a loss. The mister had specifically told him to make sure the Murphys accepted the gifts. But what Attlee meant was that Arabella was no longer part of the Murphy family. If she went to her biological parents' house, she would have nothing to do with the Murphys.

"Mr. Murphy, please accept these gifts. Mr. Murphy?"

The driver initially wanted to say that the boxes contained deeds to several villas, keys to several shops, a bank card loaded with a billion dollars, and rare medicinal herbs that you couldn't buy anywhere. But as he watched Attlee walk into the house, the driver paused, puzzled. It seemed like none of them actually liked Ms. Bennett. Was it all in his head?

Arabella casually fixed the car door back in place, "Let's go."

Watching her get into the car, Aiden was taken aback. Did Ms. Bennett just fix that door by herself? How did she do that?

On the road, Arabella casually looked out the window, her pretty face giving off a pleasing aura.

The driver occasionally glanced at her through the rear-view mirror, the more he looked, the more she reminded him of madam when she was young. Every move she made radiated beauty.

"Aren't we going to Willow Creek?" Arabella suddenly asked, her gaze falling on the driver.

"Willow Creek?" The driver snapped back to reality, "Oh... that's the mister's hometown. Your home is in Summerfield."

Summerfield, the most economically developed city in the country.

The city was divided into four districts: East, West, South, and North, with the North being the least developed.

There were four counties in the North: Misty Hollow, Lavender Hill, Golden Fields, and Seraphim Haven, with Seraphim being the least developed.

Below Seraphim Haven were four towns: Sapphire City, Emerald City, Golden City, and Tranquil City.

Attlee was the richest man in Tranquil City. After accumulating his wealth over a long time, Attlee finally moved from a third-tier city to Summerfield this year. He became the richest man in Tranquil City, the least developed place in Summerfield.

Compared to wealthier areas, his wealth might have seemed insignificant, but compared to other poorer areas, he was pretty wealthy.

His personal wealth had exceeded ten million dollars, which was why his wife Olga was so arrogant and looked down on others.

After Yolanda walked into the room, she unintentionally glanced out the window. What she saw left her in complete shock. "Mom, their car..."

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"What about it?" Olga followed her gaze, then nonchalantly said, "Yoli, I'm telling you, from now on, you and Arabella have nothing to do with each other! You can't treat her like your sister anymore, you need to delete and block all her contact info. Even if she tries to borrow money from you through other means, you can't lend her any, got it?"

"No... Mom. What I meant was, the license plate of that car, seems like it's from our city. It looks like the plate number starts with S-A... followed by five 1's?"

In Summerfield, such a plate number was quite noticeable!

Since the car was parked in front of their mansion, Olga only saw the side of the car and not the license plate. But hearing Yolanda's description, she just laughed, thinking her daughter was too naive.

"Yoli, you gotta know, in our town, anyone with a license plate that has five of the same numbers is a big shot! Arabella's family lives in Willow Creek, you must've got it twisted!"

Olga thought to herself, "Even their car plates are nothing special... How could Arabella's family possibly get such a good number?"

"Unless they live in Reflections Villa!" Olga scoffed.

Reflections Villa was the most famous, most expensive, prime residential area in Summerfield, located right in the center of the city, where the land price was sky-high!

In the Rolls Royce, the driver spoke respectfully, "Ms. Bennett, we're still 20 kilometers away from your home-Reflections Villa. If you're tired, feel free to take a break."

Arabella was surprised to hear this, thinking, "My home is in Reflections Villa? In the priciest villa area in Summerfield?"

"Can we swing by Hope Hospital?"

Hope Hospital was the city hospital, boasting the best medical resources, and not far from Reflections Villa.

"Ms. Bennett, are you feeling unwell?" The driver asked anxiously, "I'll speed up..."

"I want to visit the Murphy family's grandma."

In the Murphy family, only Grace Murphy had been genuinely kind to Arabella. Since learning that Arabella wasn't her biological grandchild, Grace fell ill and was hospitalized.

Aiden didn't expect her to be such a dutiful child, so he agreed to her request, and his impression of her improved considerably.

Ten minutes later.

Aiden parked the car at the entrance of Hope Hospital. Arabella whispered to him, "Please wait for me nearby."

"Sure," Aiden replied.

In room 301 of Hope Hospital's inpatient department, a frail old lady with white hair was lying there. Because of her long-term illness, her face looked gaunt, and her figure was skinny.

When Arabella walked in, the old lady was still in a deep sleep, her eyes tightly closed, her face expressionless. The wrinkles on her brow made her look even more weather-beaten.

Arabella walked softly to the bedside, a bitter feeling slowly spreading in her heart. When did the once energetic old lady become like this?

"Bella." The young doctor checking in on the patients looked up at her, then busied himself with some notes, "You're right on time, we wanted to talk to you."

He put down his pen, lifted his handsome face, and his attractive eyes stared straight at her.

"As you know, none of the current heart disease treatments are working for the old lady, we used to increase the dosage to prolong the effects, but now even that doesn't work anymore."

"You know better than anyone when a person's heart fails at the end stage of an illness, it's like the heart's function has degraded to the point of no return. It's actually a miracle she's made it this far..."