

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2061

Chapter 2061

Yolanda couldn't believe her eyes. The once haughty and aloof Arabella was actually spitting blood, a

mix of shock and glee flickered in her gaze.

"The guy didn't lie to me, the poison in this drug is potent indeed." Yolanda watched Arabella with a

twisted joy, asking expectantly, "Are you feeling like your insides are being ripped apart, like you can't

hold on any longer? Don't worry, I won't let you off the hook that easily. This agony is going to torture

you for three hours. After that, you'll die a gruesome death, bleeding from every orifice. In the

meantime, I'll savor the sight of your impending demise, writhing in pain."

Arabella felt the poison coursing through her organs.

"Do you know why it's three hours?" Yolanda taunted, "As much as I'd love to watch you suffer longer,

what if Romeo and his gang come to your rescue? So, three hours should suffice!"

It was the perfect plan to torment Arabella and yet prevent any heroics from Romeo.

Despite Arabella's expertise in pharmacology, always taking antidotes before starting a mission, those

days were gone.

Her body wasn't truly invincible against all poisons.

At that moment, she felt an excruciating pain tearing through her, yet aside from a pale complexion, her expression remained as indifferent as ever.

"Now that I'm like this, can my friends go?" Arabella managed, coughing up another mouthful of blood.

Yolanda was ecstatic, "I've no real interest in your two buddies, but the one above has to stay. Who knows if you'll try something sneaky."

"Fine." To Arabella, saving even one was a victory, "I just want a moment to say goodbye to my friends."

Her voice was clearly weakening.

"You think you can still trick me?" Yolanda was instantly on guard.

"Do you really fear me that much, to still be wary when I'm like this?" Arabella's lips curled into a pale smile.

"Who says I'm afraid of you?" Yolanda was far from scared, signaling her henchman with a glance.

The henchman quickly untied Joyce and Mya, removed the gags from their mouths, and pushed them toward Arabella.

A knife was still lodged in Mya's thigh, and the shove made her stumble forward.

Joyce caught her before she fell.

They looked a mess, tears streaming as they turned to Arabella.

"Bella, are you hurting bad?" Joyce, tears in her eyes, wiped the blood from Arabella's mouth, "It's our fault you're in this mess."

"Arabella," Yolanda taunted, tapping her face and neck with the flat of her blade, "where should I start?"

Not the neck, that would end you too quickly, and where's the fun in that? Maybe your face, disfigure

you a bit. When Romeo finds you like this, he probably wouldn't even want to claim your body." Read at

"If you're going to strike, just do it. Haven't you heard? Villains die from talking too much."

With her friends gone, Arabella had no more concerns. Edith was still hanging above, safe from harm

for the moment.

What Arabella was waiting for was for Yolanda to make her move.

Chapter 2062

True to form, Arabella's words sent Yolanda over the edge. With a vicious swipe, Yolanda brought the

knife down, but in a flash, Arabella spun and bent over, the blade slicing through the rope binding her

instead of her flesh.

Once freed, Arabella quickly stepped forward, dodging the knife's remaining momentum that

threatened to catch her back.

Yolanda hadn't expected Arabella's earlier display of weakness to be a feint. She came at Arabella with

another slash.

Arabella shifted again, and Yolanda's knife cut through another rope.

Just as the onlookers were ready to pull their triggers, Arabella had already snatched the knife from

Yolanda's grip and now held it to her throat, using her as a human shield.

Everyone froze, not daring to make a move.

Yolanda's eyes bulged in disbelief. "You were poisoned."

Why was she still so fast?

"Release Edith," Arabella commanded, her tone as cool and commanding as ever despite the pallor of

her face.

"Don't listen to her," Yolanda shouted. "She's a law-abiding citizen, she won't actually kill anyone."

Arabella pressed the knife slightly, drawing a bead of blood from Yolanda's neck.

"I'm running out of patience," Arabella's voice was as chilling as a winter breeze. "I'll count to ten. One."

People were already scurrying towards the third floor.

"Two." Arabella's face was a mask of cold determination. "Three."

"Arabella!" Yolanda tried to bluster, "Murder is a hanging offense. You've just got back to the Collins

family, become Miss Collins, are you really willing to throw it all away for me?"

"An unimportant person's death won't affect my life," Arabella's voice carried the cold of winter. "If

anything, it's one less threat, one step closer to happiness."

By the time Arabella had counted to ten, the person had just reached the third floor, panting and out of

breath. They hadn't managed to hit the switch when Arabella's dagger swiftly crossed Yolanda's arm.

"Ahh." Yolanda screamed in agony, shaking with pain. She couldn't believe Arabella would actually do

it.

Madwoman!

The knife returned to Yolanda's throat, Arabella's tone still icy, "I'm counting to ten again. If they're not

released, it'll be more than just an arm next time."

Yolanda was visibly frightened; she knew Arabella meant every word. "Hurry up, let Edith go," she

pleaded with her cronies.

"One." Arabella began counting again.

"Why are you counting so fast." Yolanda was scared now.

The main switch was flipped, and ropes gently lowered Edith to the ground.

"Because I feel like it."

Yolanda was speechless.

A thug tossed Arabella's phone to her, and although Yolanda thought to escape while Arabella was

distracted, Arabella was too quick. In less than two seconds, the phone was pocketed. Read at

"Get Edith to the car."

Yolanda realized Arabella planned to drive Edith away.

Meanwhile, the poison in her system forced another mouthful of blood up her throat.

"Arabella, you can't escape, look at yourself."

Chapter 2063

Arabella had Yolanda in a chokehold, the blade of her switchblade glinting ominously close to her

heart. "Did I ask for your opinion?"

Yolanda's airway constricted under Arabella's grip, leaving her voiceless and gasping for air.

With Yolanda as her shield, Arabella started to back away slowly. One of the goons, sharp as a tack,

saw his chance. Arabella's hands were both in front of Yolanda—just one good shot to her hands, and

Yolanda would be free!

With this in mind, he squeezed the trigger, but Arabella was quick. She dodged, and in a vicious move,

slashed Yolanda's arm with the knife.

"Don't test my patience," Arabella warned, her tone icy.

Enraged and in pain, Yolanda lashed out at the gunman. "Can't you shoot straight? You trying to get

me killed?"

The gunman hung his head in shame. He hadn't expected Arabella to react so quickly.

"The woman's in the car," another minion reported.

"The keys," Arabella demanded.

The goon threw the keys to Arabella, who caught them effortlessly. She slammed Yolanda against the

car's hood, the knife sinking into her left thigh—a revenge for Mya.

Yolanda screamed, her body arching in agony.

Arabella hopped into the car. She put it in reverse, peeling back with such force that her henchmen

couldn't get a clear shot at her without risking hitting Yolanda.

It wasn't until Arabella had created a safe distance and swung the car around that Yolanda was flung

from the hood.

The goons rushed to help her up. After all, Yolanda hadn't paid them their final installment yet; they

didn't want her dying on them so soon.

"What are you all waiting for? Get that bitch!" Yolanda screamed, her anger boiling over.

Several minions hopped into their cars and gave chase.

Bullets pelted Arabella's ride.

In the back seat, Edith, barely conscious, forced her eyes open. She saw Arabella wipe a trickle of

blood from her lips, her knuckles white and strained against the steering wheel.

Tears blurred Edith's vision. She felt responsible for Arabella's plight.

Anyone else would've abandoned her to save themselves.

But Arabella hadn't forgotten her. Despite her own wounds, she was still determined to take her maid

with her.

Out on the open wasteland, Arabella's car led the chase, with seven or eight white cars in relentless

pursuit, bullets tagging the body of her car.

A violent cough shook Arabella, and she spat out another mouthful of blood.

Pain tore through her nerves and sanity, Arabella's car swerved, slowing from its initial breakneck

speed.

Everyone knew she was on her last legs.

They floored the gas pedal, bullets raining even more furiously onto Arabella's silver car.

Behind the wheel of the Bugatti sat a man of regal coldness. Content belongs to

Was she injured?

Behind her, a pack of white cars was giving chase.

Chapter 2064

Arabella was ushered to safety by a convoy of protective cars.

A group of white sedans, upon witnessing the scene, sensed trouble brewing.

“If we don’t deliver her back, the boss won’t cut our final check.”

“Those black cars can’t be the girl’s lackeys. Let’s step out and have a word, ask them to butt out.”

“We need to snag this girl. She left the boss in a bad way, and the boss’s itching to make an example out of her.”

“Have you lost your minds? Don’t you recognize the Bugatti Veyron’s plate? That’s Romeo’s car! Floor it!”

Someone’s voice crackled through the walkie-talkie, and the white sedans immediately made a U-turn and sped away.

Romeo’s men, however, were quick to draw their guns, pursuing the fleeing vehicles.

One of the white sedans was riddled with bullets, its passengers sent to meet their maker.

Another white sedan found itself ensnared by three black cars and surrendered in an instant.

Yet another was sent tumbling across the vast, open desert, rolling several times.

Romeo didn’t give chase. He opened the door to the silver car and lifted the bloodied girl.

“Where are you hurt?” Romeo was both pained and furious as he cradled her into the Bugatti Veyron

and gently placed her in the passenger seat, his eyes red-rimmed, “Who did this?”

“Just poisoned.” Arabella, not wanting to worry him, managed a weak smile, “Take me to Reflections

Villa.”

“We’re heading to the hospital first,” Romeo declared, starting the car.

“No need,” Arabella insisted, her insides feeling as if they were being ruthlessly torn apart by an

invisible force, clinging to Romeo’s shirt, “I have the antidote there.”

Understanding her, Romeo didn’t forget to command his men to take Edith for treatment before they

left.

“Hang in there.”

The Bugatti Veyron roared down the road.

Arabella managed a smile, “Relax, I won’t die.”

Seeing her feigning strength, Romeo’s heart ached even more.

He gripped her hand tightly, overwhelmed with concern, “I couldn’t reach you, knew you and Jack went

to the auction, feared for your safety. I called Jack, learned you were missing, then tracked the

surveillance footage and found out you handed over your phone before getting in the car.”

“So you came all this way for me?” Arabella noted his speed was even faster than she had expected.

“Who’s behind it?” Romeo glanced at her, asking.

“Yolanda,” Arabella’s pale smile emerged, “With Attlee and Olga gone, she’s out for revenge.”

At that moment, Romeo’s phone rang. It was his men calling.

The call automatically connected to the car system, and the voice of his subordinate filled the car.

Hearing her voice, the subordinate promptly responded with respect, “Yes, Ms. Bella.” New chapter

available on

Romeo, noticing Arabella’s complexion growing paler, sped up to get her back to Reflections Villa.

The entire Collins household was in shock as they saw Bella’s blood-soaked clothes.

“Bella, my darling girl.” Louisa was distraught with worry, “What happened?”

Chapter 2065

Arabella looked grievously hurt, her body weak and fragile.

"Bella's been poisoned. Her antidote is upstairs—I need to take her now and I'll fill you in later," Romeo

said urgently, scooping the girl into his arms and rushing up the stairs to lay her on the bed in her

spacious bedroom.

Arabella's room was large, complete with a walk-in closet and various sections for different uses.

One area featured a wall of cabinets where she stored an assortment of medicines.

"Start from the left, first shelf, third compartment. There's a small clear bottle with white pills. Crush half

of one into some water," Arabella instructed weakly.

Romeo swiftly did as told.

"Now, first shelf, seventh compartment on the bottom left, there's a white bottle with light green

capsules. Take two out and mix the powder into the water."

He followed her instructions to the letter.

After a few more medicines were combined, Romeo brought the medicated warm water to Arabella,

who unexpectedly coughed up another mouthful of blood.

With a pang of distress, he wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and gently fed her the

concoction, dampening her lips in the process. He tenderly cleaned them with a soft touch.

"Find me a clean set of clothes. After I rest, I'll change myself."

He went to the closet and picked out a comfortable set of loungewear for her.

"I need to rest for a bit. You should go out."

Romeo obediently stepped outside, understanding that Arabella needed time to recover her strength.

"How is she? Is Bella doing better?" Louisa fretted from outside the door. Seeing Romeo emerge, she

quickly asked, "Should we take her to the hospital? Is it serious?"

"Bella has her medicine. She just took it and said she'll be fine after some rest," Romeo said softly.

"What about all the blood on her?" Louisa probed further.

"It was from the poisoning—she vomited blood."

"Worried she couldn't handle it alone, I've already called President Barton. He's on his way." Kenneth

explained, wanting to ensure Arabella's safety with the presence of someone as seasoned as Barton.

"Who did this to her?" Louisa couldn't help but press for an answer.

Romeo recounted the whole ordeal in detail, leaving Kenneth and Mary seething with anger.

"That Yolanda. We spared her life once, and she dares to retaliate like this." Louisa was livid. "Where is

she now? I'll go sort her out myself, to avenge Bella!"

"I'm coming with you!" Kenneth was outraged that Yolanda would dare harm his daughter. He was

ready to make sure she got what she deserved.

"Let's wait till Bella has settled the score with her," Romeo suggested.

Gritting her teeth, Louisa resolved, "We'll deal with her later!"

When President Barton arrived, he checked Arabella's pulse and was relieved to find her condition

stabilizing. Content of Dramanovels.com

Such resilience went beyond the ordinary—Arabella was no normal girl.

"Was the poison that strong?" Louisa asked, her heart aching even more.

Chapter 2066

Louisa's heart ached even more as she considered the pain her daughter had endured.

"How did she bear it? Twice the agony. That must have been excruciating."

Upon hearing this, Romeo felt as if an invisible hand was squeezing his heart, the pain so intense that it left him breathless.

Arabella had been enduring such soul-tearing pain, chatting with him nonchalantly and even comforting him in return.

That damn Yolanda, he wanted to skin her alive and pull out her tendons right then and there.

"All these years, Arabella's been used to handling everything on her own. But she forgets she's only nineteen after the New Year's, still just a child." President Barton found himself fighting back tears.

"She needs to rest more from now on, and stick to a light diet."

"Thank you, Mr. Barton, for making the trip," Louisa said gratefully. "I've had some late-night snacks

prepared. Please, have something to eat before you consider heading back."

"No, I must be going, but thank you for your kindness. There's something important I need to attend to."

President Barton gestured to the blood analysis results he was holding, indicating, "With these results

and the antidote Bella concocted, I've got a lead on the poison she was afflicted with. Next, I need to

find the person researching this poison."

Such a potent poison should never have found its way to the market, into the hands of the

unscrupulous.

The researcher behind this poison, are they simply after money, or could they be connected to the

puppet master that the kid has been investigating.

Following this lead could offer some assistance.

"The antidote the kid prepared is spot on, not too much, not too little. Rest assured, she's pulled

through."

"Thank you so much." Louisa personally saw him to the door.

At one in the morning, Arabella's room remained closed.

"I hope she's alright." Louisa couldn't help but worry.

"Mr. Barton said she's made it through, she just needs rest due to her weakened state." Kenneth

started, then turned to Romeo, who was sitting on the living room couch.

"Romeo, I've had some

snacks prepared. Go have something to eat and then rest in the guest room."

Romeo, seated on the second-floor couch, directly opposite Arabella's room, would be the first to see

her if she emerged.

"Mr. Kenneth, I'm not hungry," Romeo said, his voice grounded with concern.

"You all go rest. Once

Bella wakes up, I'll keep her company."

"But."

"I'm not tired," Romeo explained. "I won't be able to sleep until I see Bella come out. You both have

been worried sick all night; you should rest first. Plus, you'll need your strength to deal with Yolanda

later."

Eventually, Kenneth and Louisa let themselves be persuaded, heading downstairs while instructing that

the snacks be brought up for Romeo.

But Romeo didn't touch the food, his gaze fixed on the girl's door, as he pulled out his phone and

issued some orders.

Past six in the morning, Arabella opened her door, and Romeo quickly stood up. "Feeling better?"

She hadn't expected him to have kept vigil all night.

It was impossible not to be moved.

His eyes showed traces of red, yet his gaze remained deep and devoted.
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Romeo stepped forward and embraced her, his voice tinged with distress, "Are you still in pain?"

Chapter 2067

Fresh from her shower, Arabella's scent was a breath of spring, her soft cheeks begging for another

kiss.

"Don't mind his ramblings," Arabella said with a light chuckle. "It's not as bad as he makes it out to be."

"I know you're hurting," Romeo murmured, holding her close. "How are you feeling now? Any

dizziness? Any pain?"

"It's all gone."

"Murphy's girl, the one you mentioned, is locked up at the station."

"Mhm." Arabella glanced at him. "There are some clothes for you in the walk-in. Go take a shower, get

some rest."

"I'm not tired," Romeo whispered, caressing her face.

"You still need to rest." Arabella led him to the walk-in wardrobe, where she kept a cabinet full of

clothes she had sewn for him when she had spare time, using nothing but fabric and a small sewing

machine.

She handed him a set of cozy loungewear.

Romeo was touched and surprised to find she had secretly made so many garments for him. "Can I

take all of these with me when I leave later?"

"Some aren't finished yet," Arabella replied with a soft smile. "But you can take the completed ones."

Romeo leaned down, pressing his lips to hers, lingering as if he couldn't get enough. These clothes were proof of her affection for him.

"Go on, take a hot shower," she urged.

After his shower, Arabella had breakfast ready. They ate together before she let him rest in the adjacent room.

"Stay with me for a bit," Romeo said, pulling her into bed and drawing the covers over them. "I sleep better with you by my side."

Wrapped in his embrace, Arabella was surrounded by his presence.

Slowly, Romeo drifted off to sleep.

In front of Arabella, he shed his armor of indifference, as docile as a child.

Arabella noticed his long eyelashes, his flawless skin—so delicate and clean.

Now, he seemed his age—lacking the maturity he projected to the outside world, exuding the youthful

vitality and tenderness of a boy.

Seeing his breathing even out, Arabella gently removed his hand, intending to leave the bed. But as

she sat up, Romeo instinctively clutched at her clothing, half-awake and peering at her with bleary eyes.

"I'm just going to the bathroom," Arabella lied smoothly.

Romeo sat up, ready to accompany her.

"No need, you keep sleeping. I'll be right back."

Returning to the bedside, intending to coax him back to sleep, Arabella was met with his drowsy eyes.

He mistook her return as her having finished in the bathroom. "All done?" New chapter available on

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Before she could explain, Romeo's arms were around her, his scent enveloping her once again.

This time, to ensure Romeo could sleep peacefully, Arabella stayed still.

Chapter 2068

At Reflections Villa, the gatekeeper never saw Romeo leave, and his car remained parked outside.

Shortly thereafter, someone found Romeo's discarded clothes in Arabella's shower, and the room next

door was locked from the inside. The servants snickered among themselves, eagerly sharing the juicy

tidbit with a frantic Louisa.

Louisa had been worried sick about her daughter's welfare, but upon hearing the servants' gossip, a

wave of relief washed over her, and a smile crept onto her face, unstoppable. She ordered all the staff

to avoid the second floor so as not to disturb the young couple's rest.

Unbeknownst to her, Arabella had also drifted off to sleep.

After some time had passed, Romeo awoke to find the girl in his arms and a quiet sense of bliss filled

him.

He couldn't bear to let go of her soft body for even a second. The scent of her skin drew him closer,

and with a deep, contented inhale, he held her tighter in his embrace.

Two days later.

Serena had learned that Florence was alone each day from 2 to 3 p.m. without any family by her side,

so she sent someone over with bags of goodies to visit.

Florence, who had been recuperating in the ICU for many days, was just beginning to feel better when

she heard from her bodyguard that Serena had arrived, instantly souring her mood.

"I know you don't want to see me. I'll just leave these things here and go," said Serena, as she was wheeled into the room by a servant.

The bodyguard in the hospital room was torn, unsure whether to shoo her away or let her be.

"What are you doing here?" Florence clearly didn't want her there.

"I know that your illness is my fault, and I truly feel terrible about it. These gifts are just a small token of my apology."

Serena hadn't finished speaking when Florence cut her off with a cold voice, "You're using my son's

money to buy these things, what kind of gesture is that? If you have any sincere regret, please leave

my son alone and stop bringing him misfortune!"

Serena knew she wouldn't get any kind words from her, but with the bodyguard present, she still put on

a pitiful front.

"The engagement party for Martin and me is set for this Friday at 7 p.m. at the Century Hotel. Martin

and I both hope you can set aside your grudges and attend. After all, he's your only son, and this is a

once-in-a-lifetime event."

At that, Florence's heart couldn't take it, "What did you say?"

"Friday at 7 is the auspicious time Martin picked out with an expert. Don't worry, after the engagement

party, I'll officially be part of the Cooper family, and Martin and I will take good care of you."

Seeing the medical monitors spike with activity, Serena smirked with satisfaction and said gleefully,

"Well then, I won't disturb you any longer, Mrs. Florence. Goodbye."

She glanced at Dora, who nodded at Florence as a form of farewell, then wheeled Serena away.

Florence couldn't believe it. Despite her strong opposition, even to the point of being in the ICU, her son had gone behind their backs to pick a date without their consent, settling on this very Friday evening.

Before the bodyguard could finish, Florence fainted from rage.

Panicked, the bodyguard frantically pressed the call button.

Elsewhere. Content belongs to Dramanovels.com

Arabella was visiting Joyce, Mya, and Edith in the hospital.

They were each in separate rooms.

Chapter 2069

"Hey, Bella," Barry looked up, his smile as bright as the morning sun. "Feeling any better?"

"How are you holding up, Bella?" Joyce, perched on the edge of her hospital bed, chimed in with genuine concern.

"I'm fine." Arabella set a basket of apples on the table, her eyes briefly landing on the bowl of oatmeal

in Barry's hands. "What's Joyce eating?"

"I tried whipping up some nutritious oatmeal I found online. It's not much to look at." Barry chuckled, a little embarrassed.

Joyce added with a smile, "But it tastes pretty good."

Arabella saw the love in their eyes for each other and her lips curved in a gentle smile. "How's your neck, still sore?"

"Not at all," Joyce beamed.

"And your arm?"

"That's all better too."

"I ate the fruit you sent over to my place; it was sweet and really delicious."

Joyce tugged Arabella to sit beside her on the bed. "Bella, you've been through so much for me and

Mya. I wanted to come see you myself, but the doc said I have to be observed for a couple days. I

should be discharged tomorrow if all is well."

Before Arabella had rushed to her rescue, Joyce had been hit on the head by one of Yolanda's goons,

causing dizziness, headaches, and bouts of nausea, hence the hospital's watchful eye.

"Now you're feeling better?"

"All good, I'll be out of here by tomorrow."

After chatting for a bit, Arabella went to visit Mya.

Mya had been slapped by Yolanda and stabbed in the leg, but luckily her winter coat had cushioned the

blow, and it wasn't too deep. Still, she was in for some discomfort and couldn't walk around much for a

while.

Adair was there, the wealthy young gentleman proving to be unexpectedly attentive and caring.

After spending some time with Mya, Arabella moved on to see Edith.

"Ms. Bella, I can't thank you enough for saving me." Edith attempted to get out of bed to show her deep

gratitude.

Arabella quickly reached out to steady her. "No need for such formalities. You've been nothing but loyal

to the Collins family. It is I who should be thanking you."

Tears welled up in Edith's eyes. "When I saw you coughing up blood but still fighting to save me, Ms.

Bella, your kindness is something I can never repay. Please, let me bow to you."

Again, Edith tried to get out of bed to bow.

Edith's eyes grew even more moist. She couldn't understand why anyone would want to hurt someone

as kind-hearted as Arabella.

Edith glanced at the check, which had \$50,000 written on it, and immediately protested. "No, no, your

parents visited this morning and offered money as well, but I refused. I don't feel burdened by you, on

the contrary, meeting you and serving the Collins family has been the best decision of my life, my

fortune." New chapter available on Dramanovels.com

"This is for you to buy some supplements," Arabella insisted, trying to hand over the check.

Arabella hadn't expected the conversation to turn towards weddings but responded with a soft smile,

"You'll definitely be on the guest list."

Chapter 2070

In the hospital.

Upon hearing that his mother's condition had worsened, Martin rushed to the hospital. The moment he

pushed open the door to the ICU, his sister Diana slapped him hard across the face.

"Can't even keep your own bitch on a leash, letting it yap in front of Mom? How dare you?"

Martin could only look towards his bodyguard, asking, "What happened?"

"Ms. Serena."

The bodyguard was cut off before he could finish, as Diana snapped angrily, "Why are you so

respectful of her?"

The bodyguard, clearly frightened, quickly corrected himself, "It was Serena. She came to visit Mrs.

Florence with lots of gifts. When Mrs. Florence told her to leave Martin, she wouldn't listen and even

told your mom that her engagement party to you is set for this Friday at 7 PM. That's when Mrs.

Florence's condition took a turn for the worse."

"Did you hear that?" Diana turned to Martin, fury in her eyes. "That troublemaker did it on purpose to

aggravate Mom's condition!"

"The engagement party with her is indeed this Friday at 7 PM. I was planning to find the right time to

come with her to talk to Mom about it, but I guess she came on my behalf because I've been busy. She

didn't say anything out of line, even brought gifts."

"She knows full well that Mom doesn't want her stepping foot into the Cooper family, doesn't support

your marriage because it's the reason Mom's heart condition landed her in the ICU, and yet she still

tells Mom the time and place of the engagement. Isn't that just flaunting it in her face?"

"She just brought things to visit, and happened to share the good news with Mom. Why do you always

have to think the worst of her?"

"Martin, stop playing dumb with me. Besides you, everyone in the Cooper family is against this

engagement!"

At that moment, the bodyguard noticed that the patient on the bed was waking up, and quickly said,

"Miss, Sir, Mrs. Florence is waking up."

The siblings stopped their quarrel and gathered around the bed.

Florence slowly opened her eyes, and when her gaze finally settled on her son, she mustered all her

strength, her voice filled with sorrow and anger, as she tearfully asked, "Do you believe in your

mother?"

Martin took her hand and said, "Of course, I do."

"She's a calamity. Leave her." Florence's voice was weak, and even her grip was feeble, but she clung

to her son's hand, tears streaming down her cheeks, "I will never agree to this engagement."

"Mom." Martin, somewhat helpless, was about to say something.

Florence angrily cut him off, "If you insist on engaging with her, then you are no longer my son!"

Martin saw his mother's desperate state and realized she had aged; not just her hair had turned white,

but her forehead was lined with wrinkles.

He remembered the "mission" given by the mysterious person.

Not to mention the McMillian family backing Arabella.

His mother was old now, and he really didn't want to burden her or the entire Cooper family any further.

With these thoughts, he suddenly fell to his knees, apologizing, "Mom, I'm sorry, but I have to marry

her." New chapter available on

Florence's eyes widened, tears still on the brink, unable to believe that her son would sever ties with

her over a woman.