

The Princess And The Paupers Chapter 41 - 50

Chapter 41

When Phillip heard that he was meeting his grandson's fiancée today, he was beside himself with excitement.

The butler was a bit helpless, "Sir, you've checked yourself in the mirror a bazillion times. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you were getting ready to see your own wife..."

*You shut up!" Phillip put away the mirror and hurried him, "Go check if they've arrived yet."

"I already told Carl, they'll text me when they're on their way."

Just as the butler finished speaking, his phone buzzed with a new message!

It was from Carl.

They were about to set off, they would be at the hospital in ten minutes.

"Hurry up, go greet them!" Phillip was beyond excited, urging the butler, "What are you standing there for, get a move on!"

Inside the luxurious car.

Arabella was a little sleepy, and as the car jostled along, she gradually closed her eyes.

"Sir, up ahead is..."

Before Carl could finish speaking, he heard Romeo whisper, "Hush."

Carl looked in the rearview mirror and realized that Miss Arabella had fallen asleep.

When the car slowly came **to a** stop, Arabella's head tilted to one side, and Romeo gently caught her face.

Her face was soft and smooth, like that of a well-behaved child. Even without makeup, she was indescribably beautiful. She was flawless.

Romeo's gaze traced her features, he moved closer **to** her, offering his shoulder for her to sleep more comfortably.

Carl's eyes nearly popped out of his head, wasn't the boss a clean freak? He was actually getting close to a woman...

This was simply unthinkable!

The butler waiting outside the car was so shocked!

He rubbed his eyes, thinking he was seeing things. Romeo was really offering his shoulder to **a** girl, looking at her with a doting gaze he had never seen before...

Did the boss have feelings for this girl?

Who was this girl?

Arabella didn't know how long she had slept. When she opened her eyes, she found herself sleeping on Romeo's shoulder.

The car was already parked in the hospital garage.

"Did I fall asleep?"

She looked at the clock in the car and realized she had been leaning on his shoulder for so long, "Sorry, why didn't you wake me up?"

"Did you sleep late last night?" Romeo's tone was not the least bit reproachful, but rather gentle, "I wanted to let you sleep a bit more."

"Since Miss Arabella is awake, sir, you can go ahead, I'll catch up with the gifts."

"Alright."

Just as Carl was about to fetch the gifts, he heard Arabella say, "I've prepared the gifts.

He was stunned, and like Romeo, surprised. However, he couldn't help but scrutinize Arabella.

She didn't even have a bag. Where's the gift?!

“Sir, are you really not going to take the gifts you prepared?” Carl was a bit puzzled.

“Listen to Arabella.”

Romeo stood by Arabella’s side, **the** two of them walking side by side down the street, their stunning appearances attracting countless stares.

In the ward.

Chapter 42

Phillip had been waiting a long time, and finally saw two people entering.

“Grandpa, Bella and I are here to visit you,” said Romeo.

But Phillip’s gaze didn’t linger on his grandson, but was completely focused on the young girl!

“So, you’re the brave girl who saved me twice?”

Phillip didn’t expect this girl to be so beautiful. He was at death’s door the last two times and didn’t get a good look at her. He had no idea how stunning she was.

He could only say that Romeo was really lucky to have such a beautiful wife-to-be!

“Hello, Mr. Phillip,” Arabella greeted politely as soon as she walked **in**.

She was so refined.

“Don’t call me Mr. Phillip, it sounds so distant. We’re family, just call me Grandpa!”

Phillip was very pleased with her and said happily, “You’re my grandson’s fiancée, naturally, you can call me Grandpa just like he does!”

Arabella choked.

She and Romeo **just** met by chance, they weren't anywhere near the stage of being engaged.

"I heard from Carl that you're a lost relative of the Collins family who was about to return to the Collins family and saved me at the same time... Yesterday

I had that soup and was rushed into surgery, and you pulled me back from the brink of death again! That's twice you've saved me."

What a strange twist of fate this is!

If it weren't for this girl, he would have been long gone! Would he have had a chance to meet his future granddaughter-in-law?

"And you've been stranded for eighteen years, you must've had a rough time."

Arabella was about to say that she was OK and not suffering when she heard him continue, "the Collins family and the McMillian family will treat you better **in** the future!"

Arabella understood why the Collins family would be concerned about he, but would the McMillian family be caring too much?

"Your name is Arabella, right? Nice name, and you're very pretty" Phillip seemed to be talking to Brodie

Brodie nodded in agreement with a smile, this girl was indeed more appealing than Serena, very natural and unique.

"Ah, I've been talking non-stop and forgot to offer you a seat. Come sit, kiddo," Phillip patted the double sofa by his bed.

Romeo's eyes sparkled, was this sofa new? Bought just so that he and Arabella could sit together, they really went all out.

Brodie awkwardly laughed, "Young master, sit down, please?"

Romeo didn't show any displeasure and naturally sat next to Arabella.

This surprised Phillip. His grandson seemed to feel differently about this girl?!

"Bella, Carl told me you just finished high school, have you thought about going to college? I can help arrange that!"

Arabella obediently replied, "Not at the moment."

"Well, how about Summerfield College? I know the principal!"

Romeo tried to change the subject, "Have you taken your medication today?"

As soon as the topic of medication came up, Phillip's brows furrowed, "That medicine is so disgusting! I don't know who made it, it's so bitter it could make me suffocate!"

Everyone turned to look at Arabella.

Arabella calmly said, "I made it."

Phillip looked shocked. He never expected his granddaughter-in-law not only to be able to diagnose and perform surgery but also to make medicine...

He immediately changed his tune, "Even though it's a bit bitter at first, medicine is supposed to be bitter to be beneficial. After taking the medicine, **you** can have a sweet, and it'll taste very sweet. That sweetness is just like the care my granddaughter-in-law has for me..."

“Then you should take it,” Romeo added calmly.

Phillip—said, “Brodie, bring me **the** medicine! I was planning on taking it anyway, I just forgot because I was so pleased to see my granddaughter—in—law!”

What a story teller!

Chapter 43

Brodie didn’t even want to expose **it**!

Just a moment ago, before Miss Arabella arrived, Phillip was commenting on how the medicine was so awful it made him want to puke. Now, how did things change?

“The medicine my granddaughter—in—law gave me, I could take lots of it!”

Arabella was speechless.

No need to take so much medicine,actually.....

Brodie put the medicine in front of Phillip, and Phillip ate it all!

He was really bold and hearty in doing so!

“Delicious!”

Carl saw Phillip’s brows furrowed.

Brodie knew the taste of the medicine was indescribable, but there was no choice, the one who made the medicine was right here!

And this medicine was good for the health!

“How are you feeling today?” Arabella asked.

“I’m very happy that you and Romeo came to visit me, all my aches and pains have disappeared!” Phillip just finished speaking, suddenly clutched his chest, his expression somewhat uncomfortable.

Arabella had no chance to treat him before he bent down and vomited a mouthful of blood.

Everyone was shocked!

“Grandpa?”

“Mr. Phillip, **are** you okay?”

“What’s going on? Wait, I’ll go get a doctor!!

“Miss Arabella is a doctor, Miss Arabella, please check on Mr. Phillip, what’s wrong with him?”

Arabella immediately diagnosed him. She seemed to have discovered something, asking, “Have you been drinking?”

Romeo and Carl looked at Phillip in disbelief!

“No... I didn’t drink...” Phillip knew he couldn’t hide it anymore, so he admitted, “I just had a little bit.”

Arabella asked: “A bottle of wine?”

“How did you know?” Phillip looked at her in astonishment. How did she know? Was she not a doctor, but a fairy?

Arabella smiled, “The bottle of wine is empty.”

Phillip turned around and saw the bottle of wine hidden in the blanket had somehow been exposed. He quickly glared at Brodie, blaming him: “Didn’t **I** tell **you** to hide it well!”

“I, I didn’t expect it to be found out...”

Phillip and Miss Arabella suddenly arrived, he didn’t have time to hide it.

“Grandpa.” Romeo said seriously.

Knowing his grandson was going to lecture him again...

Phillip quickly waved his hand, “Alright alright, I know, I just have a sweet tooth! I was happy when my granddaughter-in-law came! Today, with my granddaughter-in-law here, she can vouch for me, I won’t do it again next time.”

Romeo coldly said, “Can we trust your words?”

“Yes! Why not!” Phillip hurriedly said, “If **you don’t** believe me, have **my** granddaughter-in-law come over every day to check on me! See if I’ve been drinking!”

Romeo turned to Arabella, “**I think** it’s necessary to prepare some more medicine **for** grandpa **to** take.”“”

“No!”

The medicine just now was more bitter than his life!

Giving him more medicine, he would die **on the** spot!!

“**Is your** taste **too** heavy?” Romeo deliberately said, “Didn’t you say you could take lots of your granddaughter-in-law’s medicine?”

Chapter 44

“You...”

This naughty boy, deliberately let him into trouble!

Arabella, standing by, briefly glanced over and said with a smile, “No more meds needed, but you can’t drink anymore.”

“Alright, alright.” Phillip nodded in agreement, “Arabella’s right.”

Brodie, who was also standing by, nodded repeatedly, “Ms. Arabella, I will definitely take good care of Phillip from now on.”

Arabella, slightly helpless, corrected him gently, “Just call me Arabella.”

Romeo, smiling, changed the subject, “If you hadn’t teamed up with grandpa, how could he have gotten drunk?”

“I promise I’ll never make that mistake again!”

“Right!”

Phillip suddenly remembered something, pulled out a delicate little wooden box, opened it to reveal a gorgeous crown necklace.

“This was one of the favorite pieces of jewelry of Romeo’s grandmother... She said that if one day Romeo brings a girl home, this must be given to her.” The crown on the necklace was made up of 999 top grade diamonds, looking extremely magnificent.

Arabella knew this necklace had made headlines worldwide back in its day, because it was made **of** top-grade diamonds and designed by a top-notch designer. Back in that era, such a necklace cost three hundred million!

Now, the value of this necklace had gone up even more.

“Such a precious gift, I can’t accept...”

Arabella was refusing, when she heard Phillip say, “This is the greeting gift from Romeo’s grandmother **to** her future daughter-in-law, you must accept! If she was here, she’d surely put it on you herself...”

Mentioning his wife, Phillip suddenly seemed a bit sorrowful.

Arabella noticed he looked quite sad, and couldn’t help but turn to look at Romeo.

Romeo explained lightly, “A few years ago, grandma had a car accident and has been in a coma since.”

Though she was alive, it was no different from being dead.

Couldn’t move, couldn’t speak, had no sense of pain...

Even though they had invited many famous doctors, none could cure grandma’s condition.

“Romeo, you put it on Arabella.”

Hearing this, Arabella felt a little moved.

“Alright Phillip, let’s not talk about this today since Miss Arabella is here.” Brodie feared that the old man would be too sad and his condition would

worsen.

“Yes, Arabella’s here, let’s not talk about this!” Phillip managed another smile.

“Come, let me put it on for you.” Romeo took out the necklace and leaned closer to Arabella.

Arabella could smell the faint fragrance on him. She wanted to refuse, but seeing the old man’s expectant eyes and remembering his words just now, she couldn’t bring herself to reject him.

“You look great.” Romeo looked at Arabella’s face. Her features were delicate, her eye’s bright, and the gorgeous crown hung on her slender white neck, as if it was tailor-made for her.

“It suits you.” Romeo raised his eyebrows, his eyes as gentle as water.

“If only your grandma could see all this.”

Arabella replied, “If things remain stable, then it can be done in three more days.”

Chapter 45

“Can you come pick me up? We can go visit your Grandma together.”

Arabella thought for a moment, “Alright.”

Arabella felt that it was about time to pay her Grandma a visit, maybe she could lend a hand.

Phillip’s mood brightened when he heard Arabella had agreed. They talked for a long time. Then as they were leaving, Arabella pulled a delicate little bottle out of her pocket.

“Grandpa, this is for you.”

Phillip hadn’t expected a gift, he accepted it with joy and asked expectantly, “What is it?”

“It’s a sweet pill, take one a month, for six months straight. It can guarantee your health, live to 100 years old.”

“Ha ha, really? That must be expensive, huh? Bella, where did you find such a treasure?” Phillip hadn’t expected his granddaughter-in-law to be so thoughtful. He had everything he needed, except his health...”

What he wanted most now was longevity.

Unexpectedly, Bella was so thoughtful, knowing what mattered to him the most!

“Can I eat one now?” Phillip couldn’t wait, he popped open the bottle and tried to pour out one pill. He got too excited and poured **out** a few. Carl glanced at the design on the pills, nearly dropping his glasses in shock. Weren’t these the highly sought after “Time-defying Potion” **from** the auction?

It was said to be a health tonic, prolonging life. Only one was auctioned every three to five months...

Each one cost half a million...

The question was, how did Miss Arabella come by so many of these precious, rare things?

Looking at the quantity, she’d have to have been buying them for ten years straight!

But, Arabella didn’t need these at her age....

Why would she spend so much on something she didn’t need? And keep them on her all the time?

Unless...

She made these pills herself?!

So she could have as many as she wanted whenever she wanted!

When he realized this possibility, Carl looked at Romeo in disbelief. Romeo also seemed to know where the pills came from, his expression deepening.

It seemed that the little lady might be the famous “Ms. Aria“, the Medicine genius.

She might have made the hot drugs at auction in the past... This also explained why she was near the church by the auction that day.

Because she’d gone to the auction that day too.

Thinking of this, Romeo smiled. He hadn’t expected Arabella to have so many alter egos, one after another, it was a surprise.

“Phillip, You’re in luck!” Carl couldn’t help but say.

“It’s true.” Phillip tasted one, “It’s sweet, I’m really lucky! My granddaughter-in-law gave me so many, they’re really tasty! Bella, is it a problem if I eat a lot? Can I have one every day?”

Carl: “No...”

Romeo: “Nope.”

Phillip looked at them **both**, puzzled, “Why not?”

Carl seemed to have something to say but stopped himself, such an expensive sweet, one a day, that was quite a luxury...

Romeo added, “Bella once said, you can only have one a month.”

“Alright then...”

Chapter 46

Just at that moment, Arabella’s phone **buzzed**, it was Caden who was calling. “Sorry, I gotta take this call.” Arabella got up and walked **out** of the ward.

“Arabella, I heard you’re **in** the hospital?” Caden’s voice came through the phone.

“Anything up?” replied Arabella casually.

“Grace woke up for a bit today,” whispered Caden, “Only for a few minutes, but during those minutes, she was muttering **your** name....”

“She wanted to call you, but I stopped her.”

“You know how her condition is, any excitement could cause trouble, so I had to stop **her**.”

Grace was most concerned about Arabella, and the first thing she did after waking up was to check on Arabella. Even if Arabella didn’t mention what Attlee and Olga had been up to behind her back, just hearing Arabella’s voice would make Grace cry...

If she got too excited, she could lose her life, and all the previous treatment would be for naught.

“Are you still at the hospital? Why don’t you come and see her? Check **out** the medical report from today, too.”

“Alright.”

“I just finished a meeting, I’ll bring the report to find you.”

“Okay.” After hanging up, Arabella headed towards Grace’s ward.

Grace was still unconscious, but her hand was tightly clutching a bracelet, the first thing Arabella bought for her with her own money.

Arabella gently held her frail hand, the person on the bed seemed to sense her arrival, her fingers moved slightly.

Just then, the ward door was pushed open.

The arriving Olga saw Arabella, first stunned, then angrily said, “What are you doing here again? Who let you in? Are you hanging around here every day, waiting for the old lady to wake up and take you back to the Murphy family? Dream on!”

Attlee saw Arabella, a complex look in his eyes. He didn’t expect this kid to be so persistent, sneaking **into** the hospital every day when they were hot around, just to stay **in** Summerfield.

It’s unnecessary!

She’s not a real child of Murphy family!

“Attlee, I bet she’s using our daughter’s name to get in and out **of the** ward freely. You have to tell the nurse, she has no blood ties with our family. Our daughter is Yoli. They can’t let her in when they see her.”

Attlee had the same suspicion, otherwise why would she be able to come and go freely here? She **must** have told the nurse she’s a Murphy, Grace’s own granddaughter!

Seeing Arabella show no signs of leaving, Olga couldn’t help but yell, “What are **you** still doing here? Get out! Do I have to kick you **out?**”

The patient needs quiet,” Arabella stood up calmly, she wasn’t planning to stay long anyways. The old lady was about to wake up, her presence would only upset the old lady’s condition.

Watching Arabella’s retreating figure, Olga got angrier. She happened to bring a bag today, she clutched the handle and suddenly hurled it at Arabella’s back.

Just **in that** instant, Arabella was pulled back by a hand, and the bag landed on the floor.

Olga saw who it was and both she and Attlee were very shocked, “It’s Dr. Caden?”

“So that’s how **you treat** the person who saved your mother’s life?” Caden’s handsome face was filled with coldness, even his eyes were very icy.

Chapter 47

“Life-saver?” Olga and Attlee were taken aback, both turning to look at Arabella. “Her?”

What's so special about her?

"If it weren't for her, there'd probably be a lot of dead bodies in the hospital by now!" Caden couldn't take the family's attitude anymore and **retorted** angrily. "Do you think Grace would be **in** this kind **of** ward without her? Do you think she'd get special care? Do you think she could've cheated death so many times?"

"Her?" Olga and Attlee were at a loss. What could Arabella possibly have done? Didn't the old lady get to stay in the VIP ward because of the Panter family? What did Arabella have to do with anything?

Room 306.

Phillip was beyond pleased, a grin plastered on his face as he lavished praise on his granddaughter-in-law.

"Boy, you've really hit the jackpot with this one! You better cherish her, and if you dare mistreat her, I'll be the first to object!"

"I know," Romeo replied tersely. He wasn't much of a talker unless Arabella was involved.

"With such a beautiful, young and medically knowledgeable wife, won't there be lots of men chasing after her?" Phillip suddenly asked Brodie. "Do you think my grandson looks a bit old?"

Carl almost burst out laughing. Old? Mr. McMillian was only 22!

"They're a match made in heaven... But, speaking of Arabella, why hasn't she come back yet?" Brodie checked his watch, "You don't think she's run into trouble, do you?"

Upon hearing this, Phillip immediately said, "Romeo, go check on her..."

A

As Romeo left the room, he saw a male doctor shielding Arabella, like a father protecting his child.

“Isn’t that the doctor who helped Miss Arabella the other day?” Carl, with his sharp eyes, recognized him right away. That’s James Newton’s grandson Caden... What’s happening? Do you think Miss Arabella is in trouble? Is Dr. Caden helping her out?”

A feeling Romeo had never before experienced welled up inside him- a bitter, displeased feeling.

It was as if the person he was supposed to protect was being protected by someone else.

“It seems like Dr. Caden and Miss Arabella have known each other for a while? He seems to really care about her, Carl observed, then, sensing the palpable tension emanating from Romeo, he teased, “Mr. McMillian, you’re not... jealous, are you?”

Romeo replied coldly, “He’s just a doctor.”

“Mr. McMillian, Dr. Caden and Miss Arabella are both in the medical field. They have common ground, if...”

Before Carl could finish his sentence, Romeo started walking in their direction.

Didn’t Mr. McMillian say he wasn’t jealous?

“Forget it.” Arabella didn’t want to waste any more time and started to leave..

Caden was indignant on her behalf. “You really should tell them who is responsible for Grace being alive today!”

“There’s nothing to say.”

Arabella left first, and an irritated Caden followed closely behind.

“What did Dr. Caden mean? Our mother is alive today because of our family and the Panter family, not Arabella, right?”

Olga was utterly perplexed. As she watched them leave, she couldn’t help but say, “She didn’t pay nor contribute, what power does she have to bring an old woman back from the brink of death? This is absolutely ridiculous! Many doctors were at their wit’s end, but we paid for it, the Panter family provided Grace with a VIP hospital room, so that she is still alive!”

Chapter 48

“Let it go.” Attlee **didn’t** want to stir up a fuss. Being the richest dude in Tranquil City, he needed to keep a good public image and not cause a scene. But Olga speculated, “Did Dr. Caden step up for Arabella because he’s got a thing for her? I found it odd. His attitude towards us was **so** bad before, probably because of Arabella...”

“Stop it. Let’s go in and see Mother.”

“I don’t know when mom will wake up. I’ve already arranged for the will. Once she signs it, leaving her assets to us and Yoli, I can breathe easy...” “**Keep** your voice down!” Attlee glared back at her. “What, are you hoping everyone **hears**?”

Olga quickly clamped her mouth shut and closed the door to the hospital room.

Arabella had no idea why they were visiting. She turned to Caden and said, “I’ve got things to do. You can take off.”

“What about Grace’s medical report...”

“If there are no special circumstances, you can read for yourself.” “Okay.”

Caden noticed a man waiting in front of them with short clean hair, tall figure, exuding an aristocratic aura.

Was that guy Romeo?

Ever since he saved Phillip, Bella seemed to get along well with this guy?

Romeo barely glanced at Caden and focused on Arabella. He asked her in a soft voice, “Is there any trouble?” “Nope.”

“If there’s anything, just let me know. I’ll help you out.”

Arabella looked up at Romeo’s serious expression and said lightly, “It’s nothing, just ran into two people. I’m going to see Grandpa.” “Okay.”

Romeo’s gaze followed her into the room, then turned to Caden not far away.

Caden wasn’t sure if he should greet him. Even his grandpa was respectful towards this man..

Just as he was hesitating, Romeo withdrew his gaze and followed Arabella into the room.

“Bella, you didn’t run into any trouble, did you?” Phillip asked with concern when he saw his granddaughter.

“None.”

“If there’s anything, tell Romeo. He’ll help you out! If you’re not satisfied with his handling, you can **come** to me! I’ll back you up!”. Arabella looked at him and said, “Okay.”

Before leaving, Phillip was reluctant to let go, reminding her over and over, “Bella, don’t forget our agreement. I’m getting discharged the day after tomorrow, you must come.”

“I will.”

After leaving the hospital, Arabella asked about the condition of Romeo’s grandmother.

“She sustained a brain injury.” Romeo replied solemnly, “Apart from being able to breathe and blink on her own, her other symptoms are similar to those of a vegetative state.”

In simple terms, she was like a living plant.

Arabella understood. She recalled a similar case she treated a long time ago. The patient had turned into a vegetable due to a brain injury.

Although the condition was finally controlled, it required a lot of medication. Some of the drugs were hard to find, and some even required sourcing from illegal areas beyond the border. All in all, treating such patients was a big hassle and tough task.

“How about we have dinner together tonight?”

Arabella checked the time, thinking that her parents were waiting for her at home. At this point, Romeo took out his phone and dialed a number.

“Hello, it’s me. Bella and I are having dinner out tonight. Okay, I’ll take good care of her.”

Hearing his brief conversation and him hanging up, Arabella thought, Did he even ask for my opinion?!”

Chapter 49

“What do **you** fancy eating?” Romeo opened the car door and waited for her to get in.

Arabella remained silent.

“French cuisine, perhaps? Or you want to eat some other type of food?”

“Whatever.” Arabella strutted into the car, no longer fussing over this matter.

Romeo got in the car, saw her reaching to take off that necklace, and instinctively grabbed her hand.

Arabella was a bit stunned, then explained, “I feel like I shouldn’t have this.”

“No one’s more deserving of **it than** you.” Romeo looked into her eyes, speaking word by word, “I know you’re young and haven’t thought about marriage yet, but that’s okay, no rush.”

Arabella just felt this precious item around her neck was too conspicuous. Everyone who knew what this necklace represented understood what it meant!

This was something only the McMillian family’s daughter-in-law could wear!

Seeing that she still wanted to take it off, Romeo pressed on, “Could you consider my grandpa’s delicate heart and keep it on for now? He’d be heartbroken if he saw you without it when he gets discharged in a few days.”

Arabella was convinced by this argument. Her hand had just left the necklace when he took **it**.

Romeo held her hand tenderly, it was so soft that he suddenly didn’t want to let go.

Arabella couldn’t pull her hand back, so she simply said, “Let go.”

Romeo held her hand with no sign of letting go, instead he calmly looked ahead, “Let me hold it for a moment.”

What’s with this attitude?

“How well do you know Caden?” Romeo suddenly asked.

Carl, the driver, hadn't expected Mr. McMillian's relationship with Miss Arabella to progress this quickly. He was so excited his hands were trembling on the wheel.

If only there were some bumpy spots on the road tonight, like last time, so Miss Arabella could end up in Mr. McMillian's arms.

Arabella casually said, "We've interacted a few times."

That brat didn't believe in her medical skills at first, but after she schooled him a few times, he wisely gave in.

"Do you prefer those who studied medicine or those who didn't?"

Arabella thought: What?

Carl thought: Whoa....

Mr. McMillian, you said you weren't jealous, so why would you ask that?

"What are you talking about?" Arabella didn't get his point, but seeing the concern in his eyes, she quickly understood, "Isn't someone who studied medicine better than someone who didn't? We can exchange ideas and learn from each other in our free time."

Romeo instinctively squeezed her hand, sounding a bit jealous, "You guys talk about medicine all the time? Doesn't it get tiring?"

"No way, we're discussing topics we're interested in. And through our exchange, we both make progress."

Seeing Arabella raise an eyebrow, Romeo couldn't help but crack a small smile, he knew Arabella was teasing him.

He knew she was doing it on purpose, but in his heart, it felt like knocking over a bottle of syrup, sweetness spreading everywhere.

"Mr. McMillian, we're almost at La Belle Vie!" Carl announced while driving, then he couldn't help but glance in the rear-view mirror, "Miss Arabella, this is Mr. McMillian's favorite restaurant. He's never brought any girl here before!"

Arabella was intrigued hearing this, "So he's taken girls to places he doesn't like?"

“No, no, no, that’s not what I meant.”

Before Carl’s car came to a halt, the restaurant manager spotted them.

In the blink of an eye, the manager rushed out to greet them.

“Mr. McMillian, long time no see... who might this be...

Chapter 50

The restaurant manager took a glance at the lady beside Romeo, their hands clasped together. Surely, she must be Romeo’s girlfriend.

He promptly bowed politely towards **her**, “Miss, right this way!”

“I’m not his girlfriend.”

Seeing their hands intertwined, the manager quickly laughed it off, “No worries, **you’ll** be soon enough! Mr. Romeo has never brought a lady here before, you’re the first! Is there any food you can’t eat?” “None, but please address me as Arabella.”

“Even if you asked me to, I wouldn’t dare to call you in such an intimate way... the manager said with a laugh, then spoke into his walkie talkie, “Hurry, clear the place! ASAP!”

Arabella glanced at Romeo, seemingly asking: Is a meal this serious?

“This is our first date.” Romeo led her into the restaurant, hand in hand.

On the other side.

Yolanda, holding onto Zachary’s arm, excitedly said, “Zachary, this restaurant is so pricey, yet you brought me here... You’re so nice!”

Zachary looked at her tenderly, “You’re my fiancée, of course I have to treat you well.”

As they reached the restaurant entrance, the greeter apologized while bowing, “I’m sorry, but the restaurant has been booked for the day.”

“Booked? I wasn’t informed...” Zachary frowned, looking somewhat displeased.

Yolanda gasped at the mention of a private event.

She knew this place was costly, even a simple fruit would cost more than two hundred...

Even if you had the money, you couldn’t necessarily get a seat. People like Zachary had to book half a month in advance.

And that was only for a seat in the main hall!

The top-tier private rooms were completely out of reach!

Who could have booked the entire restaurant today?! Too lavish!!

“Alright then.”

Just as Zachary was about to leave, Yolanda spotted a familiar figure heading towards the VIP elevator!

That’s the elevator to the top-tier private rooms!

Isn’t that Arabella?!

She wouldn’t mistake that silhouette!

Yolanda pointed at the girl inside, “Why is she allowed in?”

“Who are you referring to?” The greeter turned around, saw no one, then gently explained, “The only people allowed here are tonight’s guests and the restaurant staff.”

“Yoli, who did you see?” Zachary asked curiously.

“I think I saw my sister,” Yolanda whispered into Zachary’s ear.

“Are you sure you didn’t get it wrong?”

The people who could enter here were all rich or nobility, with Arabella’s spending power, she obviously didn’t fit in!

Moreover, the restaurant was booked, how could she get in?

“Maybe my sister is trying to find a job here to stay in Summerfield?” Yolanda feigned a sigh, “Zachary, could you help my sister find a job? I’m worried that the rich people here might have ill intentions towards her. She used to be very dignified, if she has to lower herself to stay in Summerfield...”

“Her life is none of our business anymore.” Zachary, holding Yolanda’s hand, said, “Let’s go eat **at** the restaurant across the street.”

“Okay.” In order to better observe Arabella’s predicament, Yolanda deliberately chose a window-side table so that she could clearly see when Arabella **got** off work from La Belle Vie.

“Sir, madam, please have a seat.”

In this spacious and luxurious private room, one could see the outside scenery.

It’s an upscale restaurant **at** the top of a hill with a ceiling that opened up to give a real view of the night sky.

