

## The Princess and the Paupers Chapter 51 - 60

### Chapter 51 - 60

Romeo sat **down next to** Arabella, holding her hand tightly and handing her the menu. “What would you like to **eat?**” Arabella took a gander **at the** menu, picked a few dishes haphazardly, Romeo padded the order with a bunch more. As the manager ducked out of the room, Arabella arched an eyebrow, “Mind letting go now?”

Romeo asked demurely and seriously, “Can we hold it a little longer? Just for a moment... It’s a sight for sore eyes during the day too, I’ll bring you here next time, alright?”

Arabella stayed mum. After a beat, the manager waltzed in with a few chefs, dishes in tow.

At lunch today, Romeo had taken note of the dishes Arabella didn’t touch, and the ones she seemed to fancy, so he had a rough idea of her taste and ordered accordingly.

“All this grub, you think you can polish it **off?**” Arabella eyed the spread, a good twenty dishes laid out before them.

“Slow and steady.” Romeo’s one hand was still holding hers, the other serving her dishes.

“Can I have my hand back now?”

If he didn’t let go, she wouldn’t be able to eat!

Romeo smoothly let go of her right hand, only to deftly snag her left one.

Arabella was speechless.

“Are you sure we’re eating like this?” Arabella was not used to this arrangement.

“Yup.”

“Romeo, I think we need to rap.”

“Let’s finish eating first.” Romeo peeled **a** shrimp perfectly, picking it up and presenting it to her, “Wanna try?”

“Just leave it here, I’ll eat it myself.”

Seeing her start to talk, Romeo popped the shrimp right into her mouth.

Arabella shot him a warning look, but Romeo didn’t get ruffled. He looked back at her with a soft gaze, “How is it?”

“Yuck!”

The foreign chef nearby nearly had a heart attack, stuttering in broken English, “Which dish didn’t suit your palate? Just say the word, I’ll fix it right away.”

“I was talking about the person, not the food.”

The foreign chef was a tad confused, unsure what she was on about.

“You guys can scram.”

Once Romeo spoke, the chefs and the manager beat a hasty retreat, practically fleeing the scene.

“Pissed?” Romeo looked at the girl before him tenderly, “I guess I got ahead of myself.”

“Can you sit across from me?”

In other words, can you give me some space?

“I wanna sit with you.”

Faced with Romeo’s earnest expression, Arabella was at a loss for words.

Finally, they finished eating, the lights **in** the restaurant dimmed, the ceiling opened up, revealing the beautiful night sky.

Back when Attlee and Olga were still trying to get their business off the ground, they barely made it home, always hustling. It was Grace who kept her company through those sleepless nights.

The countryside back then was just as star-studded as now.

But the people and events of the past are now but distant memories.

A violinist took his position in a corner of the room and started playing some romantic tunes.

As the music faded, the night sky lit up with brilliant fireworks. Arabella looked up at the display, while Romeo kept his gaze fixed on her.

## **Chapter 52**

Her **eyes** were extra bright under the glow **of the** fireworks, but upon closer look, she seemed a bit melancholic.

Romeo wanted **to** take another look, but her melancholy had vanished, just like the fireworks in the sky, leaving no trace behind.

Under the alternating brightness and darkness of the fireworks, Arabella's beauty was striking. Her aristocratic and icy demeanor was like the radiant moon, incomparable.

"Did you arrange all of this?" Arabella looked up at the fireworks.

"Yes." Romeo wasn't sure if the aloof Arabella liked all of this, "Do you prefer doctors now, or those who didn't study medicine?"

Arabella found it amusing and deliberately said, "Doctors are better, they're practical and useful."

Was she implying that he wasn't practical and only knew how to prepare useless stuff?

After a while, the ceiling slowly closed and the lights in the box gradually brightened.

When the lights in the entire box were fully restored, the violinist nearby lowered her head to give thanks and was about to leave when she accidentally saw Arabella and was taken aback. Wasn't Arabella her half-teacher?

Arabella had once taught her some violin knowledge, but never officially took her as a disciple. She didn't expect to meet her here!

Arabella didn't expect the violinist she had painstakingly taught for half a month to play so terribly...

She had been wondering where they found such a disappointing violinist.

"Do you know her?" Romeo saw Arabella looking at the violinist.

Arabella smiled, "The famous violinist Skyler, who doesn't know her?"

Skyler quickly said, "No, you're exaggerating. I haven't practiced well recently, **I'm** sorry if I gave you a bad experience."

"Off you go." Romeo didn't know what had transpired between them, he held Arabella's hand without letting go.

Seeing that Arabella had no intention of pursuing the matter, Skyler left and immediately took out her phone, "Teacher, I didn't know it was you! I was asked to help at the last minute. I thought it was some rich people who didn't understand music theory that paid me to play around...so I didn't really care..."

Arabella received her message and simply replied a few words, "Your performance was terrible."

"I'll definitely practice harder."

Arabella put away her phone and didn't reply, "Let's go."

Sitting across from La Belle Vie, Yolanda was already full, but Arabella hadn't come out yet.

“Yoli, you have a good appetite today, want to eat some more? How about another ice cream?” Zachary didn’t know what she was thinking, he thought, these things were to her taste.

“No need.” Yolanda replied with a smile.

She would vomit if she ate more. If it wasn’t for waiting for Arabella to come out, she absolutely wouldn’t eat so much!

“Not eating anymore? Then let’s go? Let’s take a walk by the river.”

Seeing that it was getting late, Zachary called the waiter to pay the bill and then took Yolanda’s hand and left the restaurant.

Yolanda was a little unsteady and delayed some time. She was a bit regretful that she couldn’t witness Zachary seeing Arabella off work.

Just then, the VIP elevator of La Belle Vie across the street suddenly opened, a tall and handsome man walked out side by side with Arabella. Although it was only a few seconds, Yolanda was stunned!

Despite the distance, the man’s figure, appearance, and aura completely surpassed Zachary!

Although she couldn’t see his specific features, Yolanda could tell that the man was **very** young!

She was truly shocked, there were no words to describe her feelings at the moment!

Could that man be Arabella’s brother?

Arabella came from a poor family, it was very likely that she was working here with her brother!

Thinking this way, she felt a little better, but she still couldn't explain the man's actions, he seemed to be walking out hand in hand with Arabella...

Could she have seen wrong?

Would siblings hold hands?

She was so far away, and only saw them for a few seconds, she didn't see the specific situation...

"Yoli, what's wrong?"

"No..." Yolanda didn't dare to say that she saw her sister again, afraid **that** Zachary would think she was always staring at her sister. But the direction that the man and Arabella were leaving seemed to be towards the exclusive parking lot of La Belle Vie.

"Zachary, **I just** remembered, there's a dessert shop at the foot of the mountain. I want to pack some desserts for my parents, and also buy some for your parents, how about it?"

"There's no need, my parents don't eat sweets at night. If your parents want some, I can buy it for them." Zachary drove to the foot of the mountain and

went in with her.

Yolanda pretended **to** select **desserts**, occasionally glancing at the road outside. Coming down **from** the mountain top, there was **only** this **road**, whether Arabella was taking a cab or riding a bike, she would pass this dessert shop.

But Yolanda had been selecting for a long time, waiting **for** a long time, she didn't see any vehicles except **a** luxury car.

Could it be that Arabella was walking?

“Miss, is there no dessert in our shop that you like?” The shopkeeper saw Yolanda dressed in brand-name clothes, she had been picking cakes for half an hour **and** couldn't help but come forward to ask.

“No, I just remembered, my parents went to a charity dinner, there's probably **a** lot of food there, I won't bring them any.”

Yolanda pulled Zachary out of the dessert shop, got in the **car**, and looked **at** the rear mirror again, there was really no one in sight. So Arabella really did walk.

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**At** this time, Arabella was sitting in the luxury car that Yolanda had just seen, looking at the man in front of her, “**Can** you let go now?”

He said it was just holding her for a little while, but it went on all night! Not enough? Romeo lightly curved his lips, “What's wrong with holding my fiancée's hand?”

“I'm not your fiancée.”

What era is this, there's still this kind of prearranged engagement?

The key is that he, as a highly educated modern man, didn't oppose this arranged marriage!

It's really strange!

“You’re already holding my hand, you gonna bail on me now?” Romeo gently grasped her hand, speaking softly, “It’s too **late** now.”

Arabella tried to pull her hand back, but he held it tightly, “Don’t move.”

His voice was enticing, whispering in her ear, “I’m afraid I might hurt you.”

His words fingered in her ear as if they meant something else.

At the villa on the shore Lake. Serena kept glancing at her wristwatch. It was already eight in the evening, why wasn’t that country bumpkin back yet? Did she make a fool out of herself at Phillip’s and now too embarrassed to come home?

If that was the case, things were about to get interesting!

She could hardly wait to see that hillbilly’s awkward face!

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A bunch of rich girls were surrounding Serena.

## **Chapter 53**

“Serena, why are you constantly checking the time? Are you waiting for a text from your fiancée, Romeo?”

“I heard **your** fiancée just bought some more luxury brands yesterday. You have to help me get those limited editions that I can’t buy!”

“Serena, I envy you so much. You have such a loving family and such an amazing fiancée.”

Serena responded with a fake smile, “Alright, you guys have had too much to drink; you should head home.”

Otherwise, once that woman came back, her identity would be exposed!



“We specially came to see you to give you a surprise, but you want to kick us out!”

“She just wants to call her fiancée and doesn’t want **us** to hear their sweet talk,”

“**Stop** it guys, you’re making me blush!” Serena playfully nudged her friends.

“Alright, we’ve been here all night. Let’s get going. We don’t want to disturb Serena and her fiancée.”

Just as the girls were about to leave, they noticed several luxury cars parked outside the villa. A dozen or so staff got out of the cars, hanging countless beautiful clothes, shoes, and bags onto countless display racks. After arranging them, they were about to bring them into the villa.

“Oh my god, am I hallucinating because I drank too much?”

“There are not thousands, but there must be hundreds!”

The girls, who were planning to leave, hurriedly went over to look at the clothes **and** shoes on the display racks.

These are new arrivals! From QY!!”

“They’re so beautiful! What should I do, I like it so much. oh my god, there are so many.”

Serena thought to herself that this must be because her parents bought Arabella so many clothes, shoes, and bags yesterday that they felt guilty and asked QY to design and make new ones for her.

Looking at all the exquisite clothes and shoes and hearing her friends compliment her, Serena’s mood suddenly improved.

She didn’t expect her parents to be so fair. They loved her

just as much. It seemed her status was no less than Arabella’s.

Mr. Jamie, the person in charge of QY, was directing the staff. The girls recognized him at a glance: “Isn’t this Mr. Jamie, the person in charge of QY? **You** personally deliver the goods? You really value our friend!”

“Good evening, ladies.” Jamie didn’t know their names, but judging from their outfits, he knew they were QY fans.

“What’s all this about?” one of the girls couldn’t help but ask.

“Oh, these are prepared for Ms. Bennett.”

Jamie’s words were like a slap in the face for Serena, who had been happy just a moment ago but now felt like she was falling into an abyss..

Ms. Bennett? Why were they delivering to Ms. Bennett again?

Didn’t her parents just prepare a bunch of stuff for that woman yesterday?

Why were they preparing so much for her again today?

This favoritism was too obvious!

The girls, however, started to tease, “Ms. Bennett? Serena, isn’t that you?”

Serena had five older brothers, wasn’t she the sixth child **in** this family?

Serena felt extremely embarrassed. Everyone in the Collins family knew that Ms. Bennett referred to Arabella, not her.

“Keep it down, it’s late.” Serena pulled her friends away, saying, “It’s getting late; you guys should go home.”

“I knew there was a reason Serena kept checking the time tonight. Turns out her parents prepared such a big surprise for her.”

## **Chapter 54**

“Serena, **you’re** such a modest one! **If** it were me, I’d be bragging on Instagram right away! Are you afraid we’ll find out about this? Are you worried **it** might shatter **our** fragile hearts?”

“Alright, let’s **head** back, let Serena enjoy her gifts. I’m so jealous!”

Even though Serena did not understand why her parents ordered so many clothes, shoes, and bags for Arabella, her main task now was to send her girlfriends away.

As they were about to get into the car, a luxury car suddenly pulled up in front of **the** villa.

One of the girlfriends, Brooklyn Reed, couldn't help but ask, "Serena, isn't that your fiancée's car?"

That license plate, that limited-edition luxury car—who else could it be other than her fiancée?

Following Brooklyn's gaze, Serena saw that it was indeed Romeo's car. Romeo was here?

Carl got out of the car, respectfully opening the back door.

Romeo got out of the car, hand **in** hand with Arabella. Seeing this, the girlfriends were stunned.

"Serena, isn't that your fiancée? Why is he holding hands with another woman?"

"Why is she coming out of his car? What is she doing at your house?"

"What is she up to?"

"Who does that woman think she is? Just wait till I humiliate her!"

"She dares to have a crush on Serena's fiancée; I'll go humiliate her too!"

The girlfriends were about to confront Arabella.

Despite her jealousy of Arabella, Serena tried to calm her friends down: "Alright, alright, don't make a scene; she's a relative."

"What relative gets to hook up with your fiancée? They're holding hands!"

"Serena, they're treating you like this; why are you putting up with it?"

"Did Romeo fall for another woman? Or is he drunk? Is that why this woman is able to seduce him?"

Serena didn't know how to explain the unexpected situation. Thankfully, there was a distance between them, so she whispered, "Here's the thing. That girl has a tragic past, as you know, my parents are charitable, they're considering adopting her."

"She probably played her tragic card in front of Romeo, and he must have felt sorry for her."

"Anyway, there must be a misunderstanding!"

Her girlfriends were still furious.

"Your parents can donate money if they want to be charitable! Why would they take in a stranger?"

"If your parents take in someone with no blood relation, she might covet your family's wealth and even your fiancée; that would be trouble!"

Serena didn't know how to get her friends to leave. Just then, Martha arrived, and Serena quickly signaled to her. Together, they managed to send the girls away.

On the other side.

As soon as Arabella got out of the car, she saw Jamie waving at her, saying, "Hi, Ms. Bennett, we meet again."

He had wanted to ask his boss about the delivery address, but his boss had blocked him, and his calls were not getting through.

"Why are you here?" Seeing him here surprised Arabella, but she also had a bad feeling. Surely the designs she worked on overnight hadn't all been delivered here.

After checking the items, she realized they were indeed her designs. She felt a pang in her heart, never thinking that after all this, the items would end up back in her hands!

"Do you two know each other?" Romeo looked from Arabella to Jamie, his eyes clearly showing a hint of wariness and displeasure.

## **Chapter 55**

Jamie was taken aback to see Romeo holding Boss's hand, and even more shocking was that his Boss didn't chop his hand off.

This was beyond belief!

\*Jamie? How come you're here?" Louisa, who rushed over when she heard the news, was also dumbfounded. "Why so many clothes? We didn't order clothes today, did we?"

"Romeo, Bella, you guys are back? What's going on here? Jamie, did you deliver to the wrong place?" Kenneth was equally puzzled.

Seeing that no one knew what was happening, Jamie explained, "These were sent over by Mr. McMillan."

"Romeo?" Kenneth and Louisa turned their gazes towards Romeo in unison.

Romeo explained nonchalantly, "Bella just got back to this house; she hasn't had time to go shopping."

He continued, looking down at the girl in front of him with a soft voice, "I've ordered a few sets of daily clothes **for** you; when you feel like shopping, I'll accompany you."

Arabella was speechless. Shouldn't he at least ask her if she needed these things before ordering them?

Just yesterday, she received numerous clothing, shoes, and bags from her biological **parents**.

And now here comes even more?

How could she possibly wear all these clothes?

"I noticed you seem to like this brand." Every time Romeo saw her, she was wearing clothes from this brand, carrying a bag from it, even her shoes. Arabella didn't wear them because she liked them, but because they were gifts from her parents.

And these were her own designs; it's only normal for her to wear her own creations.

But Romeo didn't know and thought she liked them.

"Actually, yesterday."

Before Kenneth could finish, Louisa elbowed him and quickly changed the subject: “Romeo, you’re so considerate! Regardless of what Bella thinks, I’m moved! You’re truly amazing!”

Kenneth was confused. Why did she stop him from mentioning the hundred pieces of clothing, shoes, and bags they sent Arabella yesterday? Looking at their interlocked hands, Louisa was overjoyed, “Let’s not stand here chatting, Romeo, come home with us **for** a bit.”

“I don’t want to impose.” Romeo didn’t refuse; instead, he walked into the villa hand in hand with Arabella.

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Only then did Kenneth realize their hand-holding situation. He felt a mix of excitement and inexplicable sadness; he didn’t expect his daughter to be “stolen” just two days after returning home!

Jamie couldn’t believe how ruthless his Boss was; not only did she make her father buy her designs, but she also got her boyfriend to do the same! Naughty! So naughty!

Even if Boss tricked Kenneth, Kenneth wouldn’t do anything about it after discovering the truth, but Romeo was a big shot. Arabella dared to trick even him; he had to admire his Boss for that!

By the time Serena arrived, she had just heard Jamie say these things were all prepared by Romeo for Arabella. She was like a bolt from the blue, standing there frozen, unable to believe what was happening right in front of her.

How could this be?

Romeo not only took Arabella to visit their grandpa, but he also had dinner with her and drove her home.

And let her sit in THAT car! He never let any woman sit in before!

And he ordered so many clothes, shoes, and bags for Arabella

But the key point was that he even took her home hand in hand.

“Martha, what do we do?” Serena was really freaked out!

Just now, from the looks of Arabella, it’s obvious that Grandpa Phillip didn’t give her a hard time!

“Should we go in and check?” Martha also felt something was off, but she didn’t know what to say right now.

In the living room.

Romeo was shooting the breeze with Kenneth and Louisa, his eyes were constantly wandering towards Arabella, sneaking a peek at her and engaging with her now and then. These little details didn’t slip past anyone’s eyes.

Serena was already jealous of Arabella, especially seeing Romeo take extra care of Arabella’s feelings. Her nails dug deep into her palms, and her palms were filled with nail prints.

Just then, Louisa suddenly asked, “Bella, what are you wearing on your neck?”

Everyone’s eyes turned to Arabella, only to see the crown necklace on Arabella’s neck. Everyone was blown away when they saw this necklace.

Everyone except Serena was overjoyed, including Louisa, who asked, “Did Grandpa Phillip give you this necklace?”

“Yes” Arabella didn’t explain much.

But Romeo gently added, “Gramps is very pleased with Bella; he even asked Bella to pick him up from the hospital in a couple of days.” Kenneth and Louisa never expected Phillip to be so pleased with their precious daughter; they were over the moon.

“Alright, when Phillip is discharged, let Bella know; you two can go pick him up together.”

Serena was so jealous she could burst; she couldn’t understand why Grandpa Phillip would just hand over the crown necklace to Arabella so easily! She had tried so hard to please Grandpa Phillip before, acting like a know-it-all in front of him, but even then, Grandpa Phillip never took out **the** crown necklace!

Arabella only went today for a few hours, and Grandpa Phillip already liked her so much?

After chatting for a while, Romeo stood up to leave, he gently patted Arabella's head, "Go to bed early, don't stay up late."

He said it like he was telling off a child.

Kenneth and Louisa had never seen such a tender side of Romeo, their hearts filled with joy once again, they didn't expect their relationship to progress so quickly and smoothly.

Arabella usually hated being touched, but today, Romeo had made her let her guard down time and time again.

"I should get going." Romeo looked into her eyes, his voice soft. "I'll call you when I get home."

Serena couldn't believe they had already exchanged phone numbers; she was steaming mad inside.

"Alright." Arabella went upstairs to shower after they left.

Serena returned to her room; if it weren't for Martha supporting her, she would've collapsed on the floor like a pile of mud!

"Martha, what should I do?" She had never felt so defeated in her life!

"Serena."

"Romeo is so into my sister; what should I do? How can I get Romeo to notice me?"

Martha thought of a plan in her heart, then said, "Don't worry, her happiness won't last long!"

On his way home, Romeo asked the driver in front, "Have you found Dr. Bell yet?"

"Not yet." Carl glanced at the rear-view mirror, naturally knowing what Mr. McMillan was thinking: "Although rumors are swirling that Dr. Bell had passed away, a few insiders say he's still alive; he just stopped treating patients! And his whereabouts are so mysterious, no one can find him; every time we're close to finding him, he slips away!"



Romeo knew that if it were that easy to find him, he wouldn't be Dr. Bell.

"Mr. McMillan, should we let Miss Arabella give it a shot?" Carl glanced **at** the rear-view mirror, as if guessing his thoughts: "Miss Arabella is a brilliant doctor, she's already saved Phillip twice."

"Gramps' condition is tricky."

Romeo didn't want to put Arabella in a tough spot, in case she didn't know how to treat it or felt guilty for not being able to.

That's not the outcome he wanted to see.

"You keep searching for Dr. Bell's whereabouts."

"Yes,"

## **Chapter 56**

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Romeo **didn’t want to put Arabella** in a **tough spot**, **in case** she **didn’t know** how to **treat it or felt guilty** for **not** being able **to**.

That’s **not** the outcome he wanted **to** see.

“**You keep** searching for Dr. Bell’s whereabouts.”

## **Chapter 57**

Arabella had just returned to her room when her phone buzzed with **a** new message.

[Someone's been asking around **for** Dr. Bell. Apparently there's a really complicated case that needs 'Dr. Bell's' help urgently.]

Arabella replied immediately: "Busy, no time."

Tomorrow was Monday, and she had to check on the company her father had given her. If she didn't, they would just transfer her more money.

[The other party is loaded. They say they'll pay whatever it takes just to get 'Dr. Bell.]

The message was sent, but Arabella had already logged off.

She headed into the bathroom for a shower. As soon as she got dressed, her phone rang.

The screen displayed a strange number, but she answered without a second thought, as if it were just business as usual.

"Attlee has cost us a fortune! We've lost so much! So much! I wish I could go give his family a piece of my mind. I really want to know how they managed to raise such an idiot! A while ago, he wanted to invest in some projects. I practically laid out a roadmap for him; I almost handed him the money on a silver platter! But no! He not only lost everything but dragged us down with him! If this keeps up, you won't even see me anymore! I'm going to die from frustration!"

The one speaking was Jack, who had been with Arabella for three years, always faithfully by her side.

Arabella paused midway while drying her hair. Lost a lot of money, huh? Attlee really was an idiot. How many times had this happened now?

"Why are you even bothering with that dimwit? We should cut all ties and make our own money instead of constantly losing it because of him! How have they treated you all these years in the Murphy family? How much have you put up with? You've done more than enough to repay Grace. You've treated her well, given the Murphy family so much business behind the scenes, and solved so many problems for Attlee, helping them become **the** wealthiest in Tranquil City. You've more than repaid Grace! Can we please stop helping them?"

Arabella casually wiped her hair with a dry towel and said, "Sure."

She had been considering this for a while.

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From now on, she will have nothing to do with the Murphy family. Their paths would never cross again.

Without us backing him up, I wonder how long his company can last.”

With Attlee’s business acumen, he was not only going to lose the top spot in Tranquil City but could possibly go bankrupt.

Arabella didn’t want to talk about that fool anymore. She casually wiped her hair, “I’m sending you a location. Come pick something up.” “Roger that! Whatever you command, even if it means hardship, I’ll do it!”

Jack said this, then glanced at the sullen figure beside him and couldn’t help but let slip, “Jones misses you too. He wants to see you.”

Arabella reluctantly agreed, “Fine.”

Before long, they followed the location to Reflections Villa, skillfully avoiding the security guards.

“Scale the wall and get in.”

Arabella **didn’t** want to alarm the others in the **house**.

“Got it!”

Two figures climbed over the wall and quickly appeared before Arabella.

“Boss! We missed you.”

They didn’t expect their boss’s biological father to be Kenneth, who had been the wealthiest man in the country for twelve consecutive years.

Nor did they expect to be in the home of the country’s richest man. It was so grand, so luxurious.

They knew their boss had found her biological parents, but they didn't know her family was this well-off.

They were living the high life!

"Go to the bank tomorrow." Arabella handed them a check.

Jack and Jones looked at each other, took the check, and looked closely. Was this check real?

"A blank check from McMillan Corporation?? Boss, where did you pick this up?" Jack couldn't believe his eyes. "You didn't steal it, did you?"

Jones kicked him and asked, "What are you talking about? She isn't a thief! She wouldn't even bother to pick up money off the ground! Boss, tell us, did you steal this check?"

"What are you talking about?" Jack couldn't help but punch Jones; "With our boss's integrity and her smarts, does she need to steal from others?"

The girl was very beautiful, with flawless skin and lively eyes. She waited until they finished their fuss before she leisurely said, "You'll know how I **got this** check when you cash it. Write it for three hundred million dollars."

She couldn't ask for too much. Three hundred million was enough.

Upon hearing this, **Jack** quietly put down the check, saying, "Boss, I can't. This is a check from McMillan Corporation. I'm afraid if Romeo finds out, he'll have **my** head."

If it was a fake check, he was a dead man.

Arabella glanced at him. What a coward!

"Boss, where did this check really come **from**?" Jones picked up the check and examined it from all angles under the light. This check was definitely real. Arabella **said** nonchalantly, "**It** fell from the sky."

"Why don't I ever get checks like this?" Jack complained, "How did this check just happen to fall into your hands?"

Arabella gave him a glance and said, "If it fell into your hands, could you have caught it?"

“Who says I couldn’t?” Jack said very seriously, “Not just one, but ten, twenty, bring them on!”

“I made a cut in Phillip’s heart.”

The aura the girl exuded casually was like that of a queen.

Jack and Jones were taken aback when they heard this: “Boss!”

She’s got guts!

She took up such a job....

That’s not something a human would do.

“Boss, I didn’t expect you to take such a big risk just to pay our salaries. Jones and I really don’t know how to repay you. **Don’t** worry, **I** will take this check to the bank tomorrow, let the staff transfer the money to your account, and then you can pay us. Perfect!”

“Boss, I knew you cared about us. You finally remembered our salaries!”—Jones was almost moved to tears. “I’m almost too broke to afford food!” “But, boss, asking for 3 billion for surgery, isn’t that price a bit too steep?” **Jack** held the check with a **hint** of worry in his heart. “What if they think you’re charging too much and don’t come to you for surgeries in the future, then you’d be at a great loss!”

“Our boss’s medical skills are incomparable to those of ordinary people!” Jones quickly picked up a pen and wrote 3 billion. “Boss, **does** the McMillan family have any other patients who **need** surgery? 3 billion a person, 30 billion for ten people—this is easy money! Boss, can you consider giving Jack and I a raise this month?”

Arabella replied indifferently, “This money has nothing to do with you guys.”

## Chapter 58

“What?? Boss, I know you’re just blowing off steam!” Jones hastily stepped forward.

“Boss, are you really tired after surgery on Phillip? **Can** I massage your legs?”

“Back off, dare you touch the boss’s legs? If the boss chops off your hands later, I won’t stop her!” Jack scolded, then turned his head with a grin, “Boss, how about I massage your shoulders? Loosen up your muscles?”

“Dare to loosen up the boss’s muscles? Aren’t you afraid of being punched to death by the boss?”

Just then, there was a knock on the door.

Jack and Jones looked at each other in an instant, had they been discovered? Or?

“Sweetie, are you asleep?”

It was Louisa’s voice outside the door. Had Louisa discovered something and knocked on the door on purpose?

“Not yet.” The girl’s voice was gentler, but when she looked at her two subordinates, her tone was deliberately lowered. “Take the check and disappear from my sight in ten seconds.”

“Boss.”

Jack wanted **to** say something but heard Arabella’s ruthless–voice: “Or I will confiscate your bonus.”

Jack heard this, immediately jumped off the balcony, “See you, boss!”

“Why won’t you wait for me?” Jones saw him run so fast, then turned his head to see the boss’s slightly squinting eyes with a warning light and hastily said, “Boss, I’m leaving right away.”

“You have three seconds.”

Jones heard this and rushed to the balcony. “But there are dogs down there; I’m scared to jump!”

“Sweetie, can I come in?” Louisa’s voice came from outside the door.

Arabella looked up. Jones had jumped down, but one hand was still holding the rail; he was obviously very afraid of the dog below.



Speaking of which, that dog was really fierce, barking at him nonstop.

It looked like she could only help him out.

“Boss.”

Jones thought the boss was going to help him, but didn’t expect the boss to kick him straight down, he fell onto the grass, his butt was killing him! How could the boss treat him like this?

At this time, the big dog saw him, barked wildly at him, and opened its sharp teeth, ready to bite him.

“Ah.” Jones was scared and hurriedly ran away.

Arabella saw him run far away, then opened the door and said, “Mom, are you not asleep yet?”

“I’m worried you’re hungry; I didn’t know you were having dinner with Romeo tonight. Did you eat enough?” Louisa came in with a tray and faintly heard some strange sounds. “Sweetie, did you hear any sounds? Like a man being ‘chased by a dog?’”

There were men’s screams and dog barks. It sounded like a pretty miserable scene.

“No.” Arabella answered very calmly.

“Maybe I heard it wrong.” Louisa put down the tray in her hand, and the beautifully made desserts appeared in front of her. “Eat quickly.”

“Did you make this?” Arabella was a bit surprised—how did her mother’s cooking skills become so good? And these desserts looked delicious.

The chef made it.”

She was afraid that Arabella wouldn’t be able to eat the food she made, so she asked the chef to make some.

“Eat quickly!” Louisa looked at her lovingly and said, “You just came to this family; if there is anything you are not used to, you must tell me, okay?” Arabella took the fork handed over by her, “I got it.”

“About you coming home, your father and I have decided not to announce it for now.”

Firstly, her grandparents were not in good health, and they were not ready to hear such important news.

Secondly, there were too many relatives in the family; if they knew about it, they would definitely come to see Arabella in droves.

Thirdly, if they announced her identity, the media would be following their daughter all the time, her every move would attract attention, and people would be commenting on her, they were worried that Arabella would live in restraint, not at ease.

Louisa spoke of her worries: “Wait for a suitable time, and then we will announce this news.”

Arabella didn’t expect her mother to talk to her about **these** things; she spoke lightly, “I don’t care about these.”

Whether or not it was announced, whether or not the family’s relatives liked it, was not the most important thing. As long as the family was together, they were of one mind.

## **Chapter 59**

Louisa smiled contently **at** the well-behaved child before her, urging her to **eat** up. After she finished eating, they chatted a bit until Arabella’s phone rang, and Louisa left with the tray.

“I’m home” came from Romeo over the phone.

“You gave me so many clothes, I can’t wear them all,” Arabella asked. “Can you return some?”

She really did have a lot of clothes; it’d be a waste not to wear them all! Better off selling them and making some dough to put towards medical research.

“No worries, you can wear them slowly,” Romeo answered affectionately. “Can I take **you** out tomorrow? Anywhere you want to go?”

“I have work.”

Work? Romeo was taken aback. “A summer job?”

“Sort of.”

“Did your parents agree?”

“Um” It was their company, after all.

“Where? I can drop you off.”

“No need; it’s close to my place.”

“Why do you want to work?” Romeo was a bit heartbroken.

Was it because she was short on spending money?

But then again, he did give her a blank check for every surgery she performed; so it probably wasn’t about money.

“Just for fun; nothing else to do during the summer.”

Otherwise, she’d have no choice but to accept the money her parents transferred to her.

“You can come hang out at my place.” Romeo’s voice rang out again: “It’s fun here.”

Arabella was speechless.

Romeo added in his magnetic voice, “You can do whatever you want. I can also take care of you.”

“No need.”

“Think it over.” This was the first time in his life that he’d personally recruited someone.

But Arabella declined without a second thought, saying, “Thanks, but I already have a job.” “Must you go?”

“Yep.”

“Then come over and hang for a couple of days. **If** it’s not fun, come to my place.”

Romeo didn’t want her working a summer job outside because it meant he wouldn’t see her during working hours.

She hadn’t really entered society yet and didn’t know how complicated it can be,

What if someone took advantage of her?

The next morning.

**As** soon as Attlee stepped through the company door, he noticed the secretary standing not far away, looking like he’d been waiting for quite a while.. Attlee was in **a** good mood this morning; he greeted the secretary with a grin and said, “Ben, you’re here early today.”

“Mr. **Murphy**, thank God you’re here!” Ben seemed incredibly anxious, almost on the verge of tears. “Big trouble! Several companies called today, saying they’re cutting ties with us!”

“Did the contract expire?”

“No.”

“Then they’re not satisfied with the current profit sharing? That’s nothing; you can negotiate with them.”

They’re saying they’ll never work with us again! We’re on their blacklist!”

At his words, Attlee was stunned.

“Why?”

He was caught off guard by the sudden news: “Is it a price issue, or did they find a better partner?”

## Chapter 60

“Well, Ben just couldn’t spit it out.

“Spit it **out**.” Attlee was getting a bit impatient. “Whatever you’ve got to say, just say it! We’ve been working together for years; do you really think I’d fire you over a few misplaced words?”

“Mr. Murphy, **of** course you wouldn’t! It’s just that they said some pretty nasty things. I didn’t want to upset you.” Ben was too embarrassed to relay the message.

The more he kept his mouth shut, the more Attlee wanted to know.

Ben followed him into the elevator and into his office before finally spilling the beans: “They called you an idiot, said they’ve had enough of your stupidity, and don’t want to work with you anymore! Basically, they’ve thrown a bunch of weird insults your way.”

“Which company said this?” How dare they insult him?

Attlee was instantly ticked off. He got it; they didn’t want to work with him, but why hurl **all** these bizarre insults?

“There were three in total, the biggest one being the nastiest.” Ben said, struggling to get the words out.

Upon hearing this, Attlee felt a pang of unease: “Was It Allbara Investment?”

Yes.”

Allbara Investment was a top-notch venture capital firm in Solterra. Its founder was known as the “God of Venture Capital” and any project she invested in was sure to hit the jackpot.

Many small enterprises were able to expand and strengthen their businesses because of their investments.

In the past, no matter what Attlee wanted to develop, he could easily secure funds just by mentioning it to Allbara Investment. Even if the project ended up tanking and the money was lost, they never blamed him.

Seeing Allbara Investment backing him up, other companies assumed he had some powerful backing and treated him with respect.

But what’s going on now?

Why suddenly refused to work with him?

“Which project did we last ask Allbara Investment for funds for?” Attlee couldn’t remember.

“Mr. Murphy, two months ago you secured funding from Allbara Investment to buy IU Tech.”

IU Tech was a high-tech mirror company. People could try on all the clothes in the store just **by** standing in front of the mirror and touching the electronic system; there was no need for actual clothes...

The Murphy family made their fortune in the clothing business, owning their own production company and physical stores. Attlee wanted to install IU Tech’s mirrors in all his stores, allowing customers to try **on** more clothes without wasting time and hopefully buy more to take home.

“But who would have thought that the clothes tried on with IU Tech’s mirrors would look different than when tried on by the customers themselves? The difference was just too big.” His secretary regretted.

Not to mention that the maintenance cost of IU Tech's mirrors was high; they had high environmental requirements; if exposed to sunlight for a long time, they would burst into flames; if installed in a damp place for a long time, they would malfunction; sometimes the figure in the mirror **would** distort In short, Attlee had tens of thousands of IU Tech's mirrors installed and then removed.

It cost a fortune; not only did he lose all of Allbara Investment's money, but he also lost a **lot** of his own.

Attlee pondered, "Could this be why?"

Was this why Allbara Investment no longer wanted to work with him?

"That wouldn't be it." Ben hurriedly said, "Previously, you took funds from Allbara Investment to invest in a clothing city and ended up losing everything, including your own money, but Allbara Investment still continued to work with us."

Attlee thought about it. If they didn't want to work with him, they would have stopped a long time ago; why wait until now?

"Did Allbara Investment mention anything else apart from insulting me?"

"No."

The founder of Allbara Investment never appeared in public; all business was handed over to Solterra's CEO, Mr. Dylan.