

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2091



Chapter 2091

It wasn't just a few hundred or a few thousand, nor was it a measly sum under ten grand. It was a

whopping one hundred thousand dollars!

The kid in front of me looked like he was loaded.

"Cash," Fitch added.

The driver's wife nodded, shock written all over her face, "Alright, I agree."

It wasn't just about the money; it was more about not letting her husband's death be in vain. If someone

had really poisoned her husband, she'd go to the ends of the earth to get justice for him!

Arabella received a text from Jones and, with a sly smile playing on her lips, made her way to the

basement.

Jack was exhausted, taking a breather on the side. He hadn't expected this tough nut to crack to be so

resilient, refusing to spill even a single word no matter how hard he was pressed.

"So you've been serving Erik because he saved your parents back in the day, and after they passed,

he took you under his wing like a godson, and that's why you work for him?"

Stinger's eyelids lifted as he looked at Arabella, surprised she had figured it out so quickly.

"But what you don't know is that your biological parents, they were killed by him."

Arabella's words made Stinger's gaze freeze, clearly disbelieving.

"Years ago, when your parents were fleeing your hometown with you by boat, they were ambushed by

assassins hiding onboard shortly after departure. Outnumbered, your parents were severely wounded,

and you too were injured and fell unconscious. The boat had to turn back to shore."

"When you woke up, Erik told you he was a friend of your parents, said they were dead, and even

showed you photos. He promised to give them a proper burial, and after the funeral, he took you to pay

your respects. Then he encouraged you to learn skills and become capable so you could one day

avenge your parents' death."

Stinger's past played before his eyes, his normally dead gaze now flickering with emotion, stirred by

the revelations.

"So, you became Erik's puppet, doing his bidding, repaying him for saving your life and raising you."

The emotion in Stinger's eyes turned to agitation, and he finally spoke, "You're slandering him!"

Chapter 2092

His wrists were raw and bleeding from the rope's cruel bite, but he seemed impervious to pain, still

deluding himself with thoughts of escape.

With a swift jab, Jack landed a punishing blow to his stomach, forcing him to double over in agony,

finally stilling him for a moment.

"The truth is, that grave was just a show for you. Your parents aren't dead. Erik has them locked up,

tormenting them daily. He even taunts them with photos and videos of you, calling the enemy 'Dad,' just

to punish them for leaving the organization, to twist the knife of their suffering."

Stinger couldn't believe what he was hearing, his gaze at Arabella laced with hate, doubt and belief.

Hate for her having his parents' grave dug up.

Doubt because she might be sowing discord.

Belief because if it was all a lie, how could she craft such a convincing story, as if she had witnessed it

all herself.

"We found someone, a witness to what happened back then," Arabella glanced at her watch, "He'll be

here any minute."

Stinger's eyes remained a mix of conflict and distrust.

The wait was only a few minutes, but to Stinger, it felt as long as a century.

Finally, when Jones appeared with a man in tow, all eyes snapped to the newcomer.

The man was short, barely five foot three.

He removed his mask, revealing a ghastly scar running across his face, slashing from his forehead to

his left cheek, distorting his left eye into a permanent squint, giving him an asymmetrical gaze.

Pulling off his beanie, a bald patch was visible where hair refused to grow. He told Stinger that he too

once tried to leave the organization, and as punishment, Erik's men had slashed him twice there,

ensuring the hair would never return. The scar on his face was a testament to their cruelty.

He had been loyal to Erik for years, thinking he was different, but anyone who tried to leave faced Erik's

merciless vengeance.

He had been stabbed multiple times and kicked off a cliff, fortunate to land in a tree. A Good Samaritan

saved him, and he spent his days thereafter in hiding.

"Your parents' accident, I was there," the man known as Blade recounted the same story Arabella had

told.

Blade produced several old photographs and tossed them to Stinger.

"These photos, I secretly took them back then for my own protection. They're all dated," he said as he

flung the pictures towards Stinger.

Chapter 2093

Some of the images would forever haunt him – the photographs of his parents, gaunt and ghostly,

trapped in a dingy cellar, barely clinging to life. By the date stamped on those photos, they were still

alive when he was five, but they looked broken, their expressions twisted in a way that was nearly inhuman.

"The year you turned five, your mom had already lost her mind," Blade spoke with a tone that was both

matter-of-fact and chilling. "The guards would mess with her for kicks, fooling her into eating filth and

drinking urine. Your dad was powerless to stop it, held down, forced to endure the same humiliation. By

the time you were seven, in order to spare your mom from more suffering, your dad took her life, and

then his own."

Stinger never imagined that his family's tragedy was orchestrated by Erik.

And to think he had loyally followed this man, seeing him as a father figure, doing his bidding all these

years.

"I wasn't directly involved back then; I was just by Erik's side, watching it all unfold. I didn't want to

come forward, didn't want to draw a target on my back. But when I heard Erik was dead, and that

someone was still out there, blindly loyal to him just like I used to be. Well, I thought it was time to show

my face. Of course, I got a nice little incentive for my trouble, along with a new identity. From here on,

I'm set for a comfortable life."

After Blade finished his story, his gaze shifted to Jones. "I've told you everything I know. Am I free to go

now?"

Arabella gave Jones a subtle nod, and he promptly responded, "You have our word. You're lucky to

have dealt with our boss. She doesn't play games; she says you get a new life, you'll get it."

Blade looked over at Arabella, this young woman with an aura that screamed leadership, then back to

Jones, his face etched with weariness and a hint of sorrow. "You're fortunate to have found a good

leader, not everyone's as lucky as you."

After Blade left, Stinger remained in the basement, wailing like a banshee.

Jack couldn't take the ear-piercing, soul-tearing cries anymore, especially as Stinger knelt on the floor,

clutching the photographs, pounding the ground for what seemed like an eternity.

"Look, I get that this truth is a tough pill to swallow, but this ain't the way to handle it. Even if you punch

a hole through the floor, it won't bring your folks back. Dead is dead. Maybe you should start thinking

about revenge instead."

Jack was blunt. "My boss went to great lengths so you wouldn't be left in the dark, spending both

manpower and a pretty penny. We're not doing this for kicks. We've helped you out; how about

returning the favor? Spill what you know, will ya?"

"No rush," Arabella said calmly, her gaze on the distraught man on the floor.

"You can tell us when

you're ready."

She signaled for Jack to follow her out. He was confused – they were just going to leave Stinger like

this? What if he did something drastic?

That evening.

Stinger's emotions had settled, and he spoke up in a raspy voice, "I want to see your boss."

"Why?" Arabella asked coolly from the other side of the bars.

A smirk played on Arabella's lips. It was indeed Serena!

Chapter 2094

The mention of Serena sent Stinger into a frenzy, his hands gripping the railing as if he could bend the

bars with his bare rage. "Let me out! I'm gonna make her pay for what she did to my folks. An eye for

an eye; I'm gonna get vengeance for my parents."

Just thinking about the indignities his parents suffered before their deaths filled him with an

uncontrollable urge to flay Serena alive, to exact every ounce of pain she owed.

Arabella spoke with an eerie calm, "Killing her won't bring your parents back to life. If they were still

around, they'd want you to keep living, and to live well."

Stinger's eyes reddened further, and despite his best efforts, tears breached his defenses and

ascended down his cheeks.

After he had his moment to grieve, Arabella prodded, "Was the operation Erik ran doing the dirty work

for Lucas and Beverly?"

Stinger was taken aback and asked, "How did you figure that out?"

"There's no deep-seated vendetta between Serena and the Collins couple. No motive to hit their

company unless Erik's death was linked to them. Serena is notorious for holding a grudge; if she knew

they were behind her biological father's death, she'd seek revenge."

"And how did you guess I was with the Lott family, working for them?"

"I did my homework on you. It started when I found out Yolanda had neither the cash nor the

connections to hire someone to kill me. Digging deeper, I stumbled upon your ties to Erik."

"So, you figured it out."

"Over the years, following Erik's orders, did you indirectly handle a lot of dirty work for Lucas and

Beverly?"

"Not a lot," Stinger replied, his gaze growing distant. "I saw Erik as a father. Whatever he asked of me, I

did without question, never thought to keep evidence for my own protection."

After every job, Stinger would destroy any evidence, fearing it might come back to haunt him.

Looking into his eyes, Arabella asked, "What exactly did you do for them?"

Stinger hesitated, then, gazing at the girl before him, chose silence over confession.

"Don't worry. If you've hurt my family, I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. After all, every debt has its

debtor, and if Lucas and Beverly are truly to blame, they'll answer to me."

Stinger was both surprised and skeptical, but ultimately, he laid all his cards on the table.

"Erik and Martha were Lucas and Beverly's spies in your household, reporting every move back to them.

And it wasn't just them – there were others in the company on their payroll. The 'accidents' that befell

your parents and the instability within the company were all their doing." Stinger spilled everything he

knew.

Arabella couldn't believe her so-called aunt and uncle had been up to such filth behind the scenes.

"There is something I'd like your help with."

In the hospital.

A young nurse hurried to find Martin Cooper.

"Mr. Cooper, Ms. Cooper has had a sudden onset of septicemia early this morning. It's not looking

good."

Chapter 2095

As Martin heard the news, panic surged through him like a wildfire. "What are we waiting for? Why isn't

she being treated yet? It's almost noon!"

"The doctors are doing everything they can," the nurse explained, her voice steady despite the

urgency. "But the patient's chest cavity has multiple bleeding sites. The severity of her trauma has led

to deep vein thrombosis in her legs. If a clot breaks free, she could suffer a heart attack or a stroke, any

of which could undo all the progress we've made."

"What now?" Martin's voice faltered as he grappled with the situation.

"There's only one option left." The nurse hesitated before uttering the name, "Dr. Bella."

A heavy silence fell over Martin. He knew Arabella wouldn't operate on his family. Desperation laced

his voice as he asked, "Isn't there anyone else?"

"Mrs. Cooper's condition is critical. Apart from Dr. Bella, I can't think of anyone else with the expertise

needed." The nurse sighed helplessly. "You could try to hire a renowned specialist from nearby, but I

doubt they'd match Dr. Bella's skill."

Everyone was aware of Arabella's miraculous touch.

Martin stood, lost in thought, when another servant rushed in, "Sir, it's your mother. Her condition has

worsened; she's been taken to the emergency room."

Without hesitation, Martin bolted toward the emergency room. The doors were shut tight, the red light

above them glowing ominously.

He grabbed the first nurse he saw. "How's my mother?"

"Florence has developed severe complications. I'm afraid she might not last two hours."

"What do you mean?" The news hit Martin like a sledgehammer. After a few stunned seconds, he

blurted out, "She can't die. You have to save her!"

"The doctors inside will do their best, but the outlook isn't good. Mr. Cooper, you should prepare for the

worst."

"And what? Just stand here and watch my mother die?" Martin was frantic now. "There has to be

another way!"

"Maybe Dr. Bella can do something."

At the mention of "Dr. Bella" again, Martin's frustration erupted. "Dr. Bella, Dr. Bella! Is she the only one

in this whole hospital who can do anything? With such a big institution, don't you have any capable

doctor? Do we always have to call in outsiders?"

The nurse, visibly shaken, replied, "Dr. Bella is a once-in-a-century talent. We don't know for sure if she

can help, but if anyone can tackle this challenge, it's her... It's not that we want to push you to her, but

she might be the only person who could save your family."

He didn't use his own phone because Arabella had blocked him long ago.

"It's me, Martin. Don't hang up." He was apologetic and desperate. "Arabella, I'm out of options. Only

you can help me now. My mother and sister are in surgery. One attempted suicide, the other was in a

car accident. Both are fighting for their lives. Can you save them? Please."

To his disbelief, Arabella didn't refuse. Instead, she asked calmly, "When?"

Chapter 2096

"The nurse said my mother won't last two hours. Can you make it here in two hours?" Martin pleaded earnestly.

"Serena's phone, for two lives. Think it over and let me know," Arabella said, laying down her terms before abruptly ending the call.

Martin was stunned, never expecting the phone to be what Arabella wanted. But then again, why should she help him for nothing.

Aside from the phone, he had nothing else to offer that could possibly tempt her.

After much contemplation, Martin was about to approach Serena when his phone rang with a call from the enigmatic figure.

"Why haven't you dealt with the girl yet? You promised me action," the voice on the other end demanded angrily.

"I need more time. My mother and sister's lives are at stake. They depend on her," Martin tried to pacify the caller.

"There's no more time! I want to hear she's been taken care of by midnight tomorrow, or I'll come for your family myself!"

"Hello? Hello?" Martin was fuming but couldn't afford to burn bridges just yet, especially since he had no intention of harming Arabella, hoping to stall for even a split second longer. Just then, Serena rolled out in her wheelchair to find him. Martin quickly crouched before her, speaking in a tone of negotiation, "Serena, there's a way we can save mom and sis. Would you be willing to help?"

Serena, sensing the desperate tone in his voice and his expression, had an ominous feeling but still

asked with feigned sincerity and asked, "What's the plan?"

"Arabella wants your phone, in exchange for their lives."

His words made Serena's smile freeze. Holding back her anger, she managed a smile and asked,

"How does she know about the phone? Did you tell her?"

Seeing Martin stay silent, Serena grew anxious. "Martin, that was our secret. How could you share it

with an outsider?"

"With the situation so dire, if we give her the phone, we could save mom and sis. Please?" Martin

implored.

Serena's demeanor shifted, "That was the last thing my dad left me. Why should I hand it over?"

"The guilty have their debts; she's after the mastermind of the hospital fire. Dad's gone; she won't go after you."

"Martin, I can't." Serena maneuvered her wheelchair to leave, "I won't hand over the phone, no matter

what. Anything else, I'd consider."

"Serena." Martin quickly held onto the wheelchair, stopping her from leaving, "Our mom and sister are

lying in there."

"So am I not family to you? Do you disregard my feelings just because I don't share the Cooper blood?

In a crisis, you choose them over me?"

Chapter 2097

"I never had to do things I didn't want to before. What's changed now?"
Serena looked up at Martin, her

eyes brimming with heartache. She hadn't expected to see his true colors at such a critical moment.

"Serena, this is about my mom and my sister's lives. Please, I'm begging you." Martin suddenly

dropped to his knees in front of Serena's wheelchair, grasping her hands earnestly as he pleaded.

Serena felt both hurt and furious. "That cellphone was the last thing my dad gave me before he passed

away. You're essentially asking me to trade my father's life for your mom and sister's lives. How can

you be so heartless, so cruel?"

Just then, a young nurse hurried over, clutching a critical condition notice, urging Martin to sign it.

Martin was out of options. He knelt on the ground, dignity abandoned, begging Serena desperately.

But Serena shrugged off his hands, pressing a button on her wheelchair's armrest to wheel away.

The young nurse watching the scene felt a pang of sympathy, and even Dora and June, standing not

too far off, couldn't believe how cold Serena could be.

After all, Martin had sacrificed so much to save Serena.

Now, all he wanted was the cellphone which could potentially save two lives.

Although they didn't know the secrets hidden within that phone, Serena's actions were undoubtedly

breaking Martin's heart.

Martin stood up, looking utterly defeated, and glanced at the notice in the nurse's hand.

"Can I have a little more time?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Perhaps moved by Martin's plight, or maybe because she thought he still had a chance, the nurse

nodded without pushing him further to sign.

At that moment, Fitch approached with an autopsy report in hand.

"I got permission from the truck driver's family to conduct an autopsy by a professional. This is the

authoritative report. They found undigested medication in the driver's stomach, a drug that is different

from sleeping pills but has a much stronger effect. It induces sleep, hallucinations, and makes one

sleep deeply and soundly."

Fitch shoved the report into Martin's hands. "This proves that the accident was no coincidence – it was

orchestrated!"

"Fitch, I'm really busy now. I don't have time for this." Martin, frantic and feeling helpless, dialed

Arabella's number, telling Fitch, "I need to speak with Arabella. My mother's condition is critical. We can

talk about the driver's case later."

Fitch stepped aside, waiting quietly.

"No." Martin said, a mix of helplessness and sorrow in his voice. "She won't give it up."

He had never asked her for anything before, and the one time he did need her help, she refused.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2098



Martin was dumbstruck, unable to comprehend why Arabella would do something like this. Why was she so intent on exposing Serena's true colors?

"I caught someone," Arabella paused before continuing, "He confessed that it was he who pushed Florence down the stairs, and he orchestrated the car accident as well."

"What are you saying?" Martin's grip on his phone faltered, his whole world seemed to implode at the revelation.

He had thought that his mother's supposed suicide was a result of his stubborn decision to get engaged to Serena. It never crossed his mind that Serena could have orchestrated such a vicious act.

And his sister's car accident. He had always thought it was just a tragic mishap, especially since the traffic cameras had caught Jennifer's truck driver dozing off, leading to the crash.

But Fitch had just revealed that the driver had been drugged, indicating that the accident was premeditated. Given Arabella's straightforward nature, she had no reason to lie to him. She must have concrete evidence to make such claims.

But why would Serena do such things? There was no deep-seated hatred between her and Martin's mother or sister. If there was any, it was only because his family didn't support their union. Was that enough for her to harbor such resentment and resort to murder?

"It gets worse. Serena also hired a hitman to kill me, thinking she could use Yolanda to do her dirty work. But she didn't anticipate that her accomplice would spill everything," Arabella stated, her voice calm. "What floor is Florence on?"

"The sixteenth." Martin was still reeling from the shock, struggling to process everything.

Soon enough, Arabella arrived on the sixteenth floor.

"Arabella." Martin hadn't expected her to arrive so quickly. A mix of gratitude and guilt washed over him. She could have easily turned a blind eye, but she didn't!

Just then, the doctor issued another critical condition notice, and the young nurse reluctantly approached Martin with the form to sign.

As she rushed over, she caught sight of Arabella and exclaimed with joy, "Ms. Bella?"

Mr. Cooper managed to bring in the big guns?

With her here, it seemed the form didn't need signing after all...

"How is Florence doing?" Arabella asked as she followed the nurse towards the operating room.

The nurse shared all the information she had and led Arabella to get changed into a sterile surgical gown.

As Martin watched Arabella's retreating figure enter the OR, not only did a weight lift from his shoulders, but Fitch also let out a sigh of relief.

As long as Arabella was here, there was no one she couldn't save!

Meanwhile, Serena, seated in a wheelchair, came out of the ulolee room, rane WUAiternplation, she decided to return to the estate.

Firstly, she didn't want to stay and give Martin any chance to plead with her. Secondly, she feared that Martin might secretly find her hidden phone at the estate and hand it over to Arabella. Watching the girl he once adored, Martin's emotions tangled into a complex knot.

Her gaze was cold, seemingly afraid he would cling to her and she O"! maneuvered het Wheelchair towards the elevator

Martin blocked her path and asked, "Where are you going?"

At that moment, he clung to a last shred of hope, wishing. trast gefena | ‘has haartss and terrifying as he feared.

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2099



But Serena seemed afraid of her own softening heart, her demeanor frosty as she said, "Go get some fresh air."

“Rushing back to the manor to stash your phone away, huh?” Martin didn’t crouch in front of her as he used to when they talked. His tone was strange, tinged with a mix of sarcasm and disbelief.

Serena didn’t have time to ponder his words; all she wanted was to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“I told you, I'd give you anything, anything but that phone.” Serena turned her face away, refusing to look at him, her expression resolute.

Martin, gazing at the face he once loved to the marrow, swallowed his sorrow and asked, “What about your life? Would you give that too?”

“Martin!” Serena, sensing his unreasonable turn, snapped back. “If Arabella demanded my life, would you hand me over? Is my life so worthless to you? Would you trade my life for your mother’s and sister's?”

“You just said you'd give anything but the phone.” Disappointment and a chill seeped into Martin’s voice, realizing her words might have been hollow.

Yet, as if holding onto a thread of hope, he prodded, “The doctor said Mom won't last two hours. Can you really bear to watch her die? Arabella said she could save two lives as long as you give her the phone.”

Serena, unaware that Arabella was in the OR saving Florence, snapped impatiently, “Martin, can you not? I've said it a thousand times, it's not happening. I'm not giving her the phone!”

Fitch, egging them on from the sidelines, retorted, “If it wasn't for Martin saving you back then, you'd be six feet under! He's sacrificed so much for you, faced utter betrayal, and you can't hand over a lousy phone?”

“What do you know?” Serena had never liked Fitch, “If you're so capable, you help!” As Serena stubbornly wheeled herself away, Martin finally let out a bitter, mocking laugh.

If Arabella hadn't come, would he have been left to sign the critical condition notice, helplessly watching his mother and sister die?

“Till tell you this, if it were you in there, Martin would trade his life for yours in a heartbeat. Before his last breath, he'd make sure everything's set for you—someone to care for you, money to spend, a life of ease.” Fitch's words didn't sway Serena, nor stir any semblance of conscience in her.

Serena, out of patience, maneuvered her wheelchair and was ready to leave.

“Why did someone push my mom down the stairs?” Martin finally blurted out. Not just Serena, but everyone present was taken aback!

What?

Florence hadn't jumped to her death?

The culprit was the person in the wheelchair?

“Why set up a car accident to kill my sister?” Martin's eyes reddened.

Serena, her mind a whirlwind of chaos, seemed uneasy.

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His voice was too loud, and as Serena raised her eyes, she saw his brimming
with tears.

He seemed so disappointed in her, the emotion in his eyes mirroring that of
Kenneth and Louisa back in the day. “What are you rambling about?” Serena
staunchly denied it, though a part of her felt guilt.

“You think I'd make this up?” Tears fell from Martin’s eyes, and even at that
moment, she continued to deflect.

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“Did you do it or not?” Martin's eyes were blazing as he pressed her, his voice rising, “Did you send my mom down the stairs, to stage the car crash? Just tell me—did you do it?”

THE PRINCESS AND THE PAUPER (ARABELLA)

Chapter 2100

His voice echoed down the corridor. Not only did Fitch hear it, but also the servants, the bodyguards—all of them heard it. “No!” Serena shouted back, equally loud.

She was a seasoned liar by now, her expression filled with anger and indignation, as if it was Martin forcing a confession from her and she were innocent.

Martin laughed, a sad, self-deprecating sound, and tears fell. “Knowing me as you do, do you think I'd ask these questions without solid evidence?”

Looking into her eyes, he asked with utter disappointment, “After everything, you still won't tell the truth?”

“Who's been feeding you these lies?” Serena gambled, convinced Martin was trying to trap her. Her eyes reddened as she insisted, “Do you believe strangers over me?”

Martin's laugh was even more bitter. Before, he'd been fooled by that pitiful, wronged facade of hers. Mistakenly thinking she was pure, innocent.

“Let's call off the engagement,” Martin suddenly stated. “You really don't belong in our family.”

“What do you mean?” Serena's face instantly turned sour.

They were speaking in the hospital corridor. Although the nurses and patients in other rooms were discreet enough not to eavesdrop, there were still several servants and bodyguards, and Fitch nearby, watching and listening to it all.

Martin didn't care about her feelings at all, announcing the breakup in public. Where did that leave her dignity?

“What am I to you? Someone to get engaged or disengaged with at your whim? Have you ever considered my feelings?” Serena finally lashed out.

“And what about my feelings? Have you ever cared, ever? You knew my mother had a heart condition, yet you had someone push her down the stairs.” Martin's voice was laced with agony as he accused, “You caused a car accident trying to kill my sister. If it weren't for her luck, would she even have a chance to be in there, fighting for her life? You caused an accident, implicating an innocent driver. This is murder—you tried to take three lives, just to vent your own frustrations, how can you be so cruel? Are you really Serena? I don't even recognize you anymore.”

Serena, watching Martin break down, felt a twinge of guilt and unease. Did he know everything? Who could have told him?

Stinger?

That's impossible.

Even though Stinger had been out of touch for two days, he 'e fiercely \ | al. hey wiOLOGiC Ta er. There s no chance of him betraying her.

Then how did Martin find out? As long as Stinger didn't confess, was there any evidence that could be traced back to her?

"You're still wondering whether | have evidence, right?" Martin's self-mockery hit a peak as he orm! aught prerin eHer you don't feel the slightest remorse for your murderous actions, and all you think about is how to get away with it, how to deceive me, to make me think you're innocent!"

Serena's complexion turned gloomy.

"| finally understand why the Collins family kicked you out, and why, m Se ediinansianent with yoola r returning to the Collins family. Because you're terrifying!"