

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 903



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Every mansion had five or six steps leading straight up, a design style that harked back to days of old.

"Just wait for me in the car."

Arabella stepped out of the vehicle, ascended the steps, and rang the doorbell.

After a moment, with no response, Arabella rang the bell twice more, thinking that the old man probably wasn't home.

She noticed a gap under the front door and thought of writing a letter and slipping the money through the gap.

Just as she was about to get paper and pen, an elderly man appeared, shuffling up the stairs. One hand held onto the railing for support, while the other carried groceries from the supermarket. He squinted at the young woman standing in front of his house.

Hearing the noise, Arabella turned around, "Excuse me, are you Grandpa Arno?"

At the sound of his native language, Arno dropped his guard and asked warmly, "Which family are you from?"

Why are you standing at my doorstep?"

"Professor Earwood sent me, Arabella offered, seeing him struggling with the heavy groceries and moving to help. "May I carry that for you?"

"Logan sent you?" Arno clung onto his grocery bags, "No, no, you're a young lady, you can't carry this."

Arabella's hand brushed against his, and she pulled back, taking a moment to look at the elderly man in front of her.

He seemed to be in his seventies, with a head full of white hair and a hunched back. It appeared as if the few steps had drained all his energy.

But something about him struck Arabella as odd.

"Let's, let's talk inside." The old man was panting slightly, leading the way inside with his grocery bags.

Arabella followed him in, closing the door behind her.

"No need to take off your shoes, you'll laugh, but I haven't swept the floor in days." The old man laughed heartily, "Make yourself comfortable. I'll put the groceries away. You're Logan's daughter, right?"

"No, I'm not." Arabella took control of the conversation, asking casually, "I heard you live alone?"

"Only this old geezer left. My son and daughter-in-law live far away. Logan is such a good tutor, and I found him through my son, you know. Logan must've told you that my grandkids only speak foreign language, and I can't communicate with them."

Arabella smiled slightly, "It's quite good for your age."

Arno put the groceries away, washed his hands, and poured a glass of water for Arabella.

"I don't have much to offer, but you can have some water." His movements were slow and clumsy. After placing the glass on the coffee table in front of Arabella, he sat down and asked, "Logan sent you because?"

"He and his wife have to leave unexpectedly and can't tutor you anymore."

Arabella took out the note written by Taylor and the remaining money from her bag, "They wanted to apologize personally, but they couldn't make it. They tried calling you, but you didn't pick up, so they asked me to come.

This is the remaining tuition fee, Mr. and Mrs. Earwood insisted that I hand it to you."

"They're leaving?" Arno's eyes showed a hint of sadness. Seeing Arabella place the money on the table, he waved his hand and said, "Tell them there's no need. It's not much. They should keep it for their journey. I'm glad to have known them."

Perhaps the thought of being alone again saddened the old man.

Arabella replied calmly, "I'm sure you'll find an even better tutor."

"Thank you for your comfort."

Arabella picked up the glass and looked around the house, "You keep your home very clean."

"It's okay, hahaha. I used to farm for decades. My son finally made it, and I followed him abroad, but I just can't sit idle. The flowers and plants outside are all grown by me."