

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 993



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"Lalso have that detoxification pill I've been working on," Arabella handed over another small vial.

Grandpa Beck's eyes widened, "You've already developed an antidote so quickly?"

Darn, his old age was really not serving him well!

He had been researching for two days and hadn't come up with anything.

He was being outdone by an eighteen-year-old girl!

The old saying was right. The student outdone the master.

His little girl's all grown up!

Arabella smirked, "That is just a prototype. The lab rats began to lose energy after taking it for two days."

This suggested that the antidote couldn't fully neutralize the poison in Carol's system.

"At least you've developed a prototype." Grandpa Beck mused. He hadn't come up with anything.

Seeing Arabella approaching, Grandpa Beck hastily clicked on the computer and deleted all his research from the past two days, then emptied the trash bin. He didn't want Arabella to ridicule him.

Seeing his actions, Arabella's mouth curled into a smile again, "What do you say? Want to bet whether you can figure it out within a week?"

"A week?"

Normally, if Arabella said "a week", it would be an insult to his status as a renowned pharmacist. After all, he was a giant in the medical field. To many medical students, he was a legend.

But now, he felt that Arabella's "one week" was a bit pressing.

For the sake of his ego, Grandpa Beck readily agreed, "One week it is! With both of us working together, is there any antidote we can't come up with?"

"You'll be the lead. Arabella replied, her phone began to vibrate. She looked down to see a file sent by one of her subordinates and began to communicate with them.

After a while, a foreign executive contacted her, so she made a voice call with them.

Seeing she was really busy, Grandpa Beck couldn't help but say, "Alright, alright, who would dare overwork you. I'll take the lead, and you can assist.

Oh, right, how's your injury? Did the healing medicine I gave you work?"

Arabella rolled her sleeve to show him, "Much better. Your medicine is quite effective. Make more of it, and we can sell it for a 30% profit."

"This medicine was specially made for you, with your constant fighting. Wait a minute, I know my medicine can be sold, but why 30%?"

"Shouldn't I get a commission for helping sell it?"

"You're even making money off your own family?" Grandpa Beck felt Arabella was obsessed with medical research, even to the point of exploiting him for money. But he didn't mind, and he was happy as long as she visited often. He wouldn't mind even if she took all the profit.

After all, he had spent \$500 million to acquire the internationally renowned top-tier pharmaceutical research instrument H30 to lure her to Westerly College!

There were only two in the world, one in the national research institute of M Country and the other in his lab.

Arabella looked at the medical equipment in the lab. With these instruments, the medicine research would definitely leap forward.

Just then, someone knocked on the door, "President Barton, it's me, Andrew"

The voice of the student council president echoed from outside, filled with respect and courtesy for President Barton.

"You mentioned earlier that today, our top student is supposed to lead the team in a prestigious school competition. The student council just checked her class, and she hasn't been attending for a while."

Since President Barton had personally appointed her to lead the team, Andrew thought it was necessary to inform him.

In the lab, Arabella turned to look at the evasive old man upon hearing this, "Didn't I say in my WhatsApp message that I won't be leading the team?"

The old man had mentioned the leadership matter over the phone and hung up before Arabella could respond. Arabella had sent him a WhatsApp message, implying she was really busy and didn't have time to attend such a competition.