

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 942



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A single remark from Carol stirred a series of ellipses in Arabella's mind.

Was this being truly a hybrid of man and specter, impervious to electricity?

How did they sustain themselves in routine?

How did they follow orders?

There had to be a vulnerability somewhere.

Where was it?

Meanwhile.

After watching the video, Clark could hardly conceal his excitement, having dialed Arabella's number seventy-two times already.

Nearly draining the remaining battery on Arabella's cell phone.

The more Arabella failed to pick up, the more his heart fluttered with concern and anticipation for their return.

Earlier, he saw a video Bella sent him. Carol discovered his supposed 'death'. The disbelief and deep sorrow in her eyes were sufficient proof of her love for him.

This love was even more profound than he had imagined.

Moreover, hearing about his "tragic death" at her hands, Carol's eyes were filled with anger and hatred, clearly upset and distressed.

So Carol cared about him so much behind the scenes!

When Arabella suggested finding another man for Carol, Carol disdainfully stated that even if she went through the entire world, she wouldn't find another him.

What a high appraisal.

Carol declared she didn't need or want that.

That meant she only wanted him, only him.

Believing him to be "dead", despite being poisoned and physically exhausted, she still gave everything to seek revenge for him.

Clark was deeply moved, his eyes welling up with tears.

All the pain, torment, anxiety, and self-doubt brought about by their breakup in the past year.

All dissipated after watching this video.

Bella came up with a method to expel the poison from Carol's body, allowing him to see and hear Carol's true feelings.

Without a doubt, this clever and resourceful girl was like a treasure to him!

He had to reward her properly later on!

But why wasn't she picking up his calls??

Clark couldn't help himself and dialed the seventy-third call.

Could it be that her phone was on silent, she was sleeping, and didn't realize he was calling?

Or, were they in danger, and she was too occupied to answer his call??

With these thoughts, his heart fluttered in anxiety. He glanced at the time, and it was past five in the morning.

The dark, stormy night he was pounded on his heart, making him increasingly uneasy.

Recalling the video, where Carol questioned Bella's identity, he decided to properly introduce Bella to Carol later.

His dear sister!

Arabella!

Seeing him pacing back and forth in the living room, his assistant Donald nearly got dizzy. He couldn't help but ask, "Clark, don't you want to take a break?"

"Has Bella contacted any of you??" Clark asked anxiously.

"No, not at all."

Why would the boss contact them? The boss didn't need to report her whereabouts to them unless there was something she needed them to do.

"Do we have to wait till noon."

Clark had already learned from Romeo that his sister would return at noon.

But having seen Carol in the video and heard her voice, he was already impatient.

He wished he could see Carol right now.

He longed to hold her in his arms.