

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 947



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Tonight, he was going to make sure this organization was wiped clean off the face of the earth!

After he hung up the phone, Jack and the others couldn't help but ask, "Mr. McMillan, is it the Mount Doom gang?"

"Yeah.

"Figured it was those bastards!" Jack was itching to settle the score.

"Damn, what gave that gang the guts to mess with our people!"

"Let's take it to them!"

"If we don't wipe them out, I'll spell my name backward!"

Romeo accepted a moist towel handed to him by a bystander, gently wiping the girl's face.

"Bella, I'll be back soon."

He waited for the doctor to finish dressing Bella's wounds, then gave her forehead a tender kiss, saying, "Wait for me."

"Romeo, where are you going?" Clark seemed to guess something, showing a faint worry.

Romeo paused, his tall figure casting a shadow, "Clark, you're still healing. Bella and Carol are in your hands. If Bella wakes up, let me know"

"Mr. McMillian, take us with you. We want to avenge our boss!"

"How could we miss out on this, right guys!"

"We have to let off this steam for our boss tonight, so everyone knows that if you mess with our boss, there's only one outcome!"

That's living! Worse! Than! Death!

Romeo knew that with Bella injured like this, the whole Mafia Flame couldn't just stand by. He nodded, and they all left together.

Clark wanted to say something, but in the end, he said nothing.

He knew that if it weren't for Carol, Bella wouldn't have been hurt like this.

With her skills, she could defend herself, but with one more person, the outcome would definitely be different.

Thinking about that, he felt guilty and upset.

The sky was completely bright; it was eight in the morning here, but in Solterra, it was ten at night.

There was a ten-hour time difference.

Unconsciously, a week had passed since Serena last called Clark.

This weekend, Serena took a special trip home and was even more upset to hear that Clark and Arabella hadn't returned.

At Martha's instigation, she called Clark again.

Clark didn't feel like answering, his mind filled with guilt for Arabella and worry for her and Carol's injuries.

But Serena was persistent, calling again and again, until finally, Clark had to answer, "What is it, Serena."

Serena was even more upset to hear Clark's cold tone, even a hint of impatience, but still suppressed her anger and started talking cautiously.

"I just came home for the weekend, didn't see you, so I wanted to call you." Her tone was careful, intentionally acting timid, "Did I interrupt you and Bella's fun time?"

Clark suddenly found her annoying, beating around the bush. Didn't she just want to remind him of her existence? That they have this little sister?

"Serena, I told you, Bella and I are out taking care of some things. Don't call or text me for a while, and I'm busy."

All he was hoping for now was for Bella and Carol to wake up soon. He really didn't have the energy to think about anything else.

"Clark, I'm sorry. I disturbed you." Serena started to whine, her voice choking up, "I just missed you. I didn't mean anything else. I won't call or text you anymore. I'm, I'm sorry, Clark."

Clark was even more irritated by her choking voice, "I haven't finished dealing with things here. Once I do, I'll keep my promises."

"No, no need, Clark. It's okay." Serena sobbed intentionally, "Then, I'll hang up first, goodbye, Clark."