

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 953



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There they were, two renowned gangs, unable to defeat even a hundred men.

They likely wouldn't show their faces around here anymore after this humiliation!

"Hey, listen to this old geezer puffing himself up,' Jack chuckled to himself. 'Today, I will show you the power of the Mafia Flame! Stand back, everyone!"

He stepped forward, ready to take on the fight himself.

Only one man from the Mount Doom stepped up to the challenge.

Jack could barely contain his laughter at the sight of his adversary, his face ashen and his eyes bulging in an attempt to intimidate. "Well, well, looking neither human nor ghost. Is this the famous Mount Doom spirit?"

The next second, the opponent struck. Jack immediately clutched his stomach, unable to straighten up from the severe pain.

What the hell? What did this guy eat for breakfast? His punch was tao powerful.

He felt as if his spleen, stomach, and kidneys were all shattered.

What was worse, he didn't even see when the opponent made his move. He only saw a dark figure, and the next thing he knew, a sharp pain shot through his stomach.

It hurt like hell.

\*What the hell?" Jones, who was standing not too far away, couldn't believe his eyes. He turned to Romeo, "Mr. McMillian, did you see that? That speed and that strength."

It was simply inhuman 'I saw it' Romeo replied. He, too, found it strange. No normal man could move with such speed and force.

Jack was always known for his resilience, but there was no way he could withstand such a blow.

With his abilities, he should have been able to dodge it.

The only explanation was that the opponent was faster and stronger than Jack..

Nearby, Carl couldn't help but voice his thoughts, "Boss, could they be the rumored Chester? They were injected with various drugs from an early age and became half-human, half-ghost Monsters with superhuman strength and invulnerability."

Jones suddenly understood, 'So, it wasn't an 800-pound man that hit the boss, but these monsters?"

'I always knew the boss was tough. I couldn't believe she was wounded, and so severely at that"

Tom seemed to have finally understood. "Sa it was these monsters that hurt the boss. Let me teach them a lesson!"

'Wait.' Jones wasn't able to stop him in time.

Tom walked towards the monster, whistling, "Hey, freak, look this way."

He threw a punch, hoping to catch the monster off guard.

But the monster moved faster. With one swift move, he twisted Tom's arm, causing him to yelp in pain.

If it weren't for Jack attacking the monster, Tom's arm would have likely been broken in the next second.

Terrifying.

Absolutely terrifying!

They were the right-hand men of the boss, yet they couldn't even defeat a single monster.

At this moment, Jack was lifted up by the monster and thrown back at the Mafia Flame gang.

Jones had to step back several times to catch him.

"Jack!

'Jack, are you okay?"

A crowd gathered around Jack, anxiously looking at Tom, who was still trying to avenge the bass. He lunged at the monster, aiming for his eyes, nose, mouth, heart, and stomach, using all his strength.

But he was kicked back by the monster, stumbling back several steps.

The gang rushed to help him up, "Tom!"

This monster was too strong, and everyone realized that they were in deep trouble.