

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 985



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"There are a few more little things, all noted down here,' Crystal said, smiling at Clark, her gaze steady. "You have a girlfriend now, so unless there's a group activity, I won't be around anymore. I don't want to cause any misunderstandings. Besides, I have a lot of things to handle in the company.

Take care of yourself, and don't forget to take care of your girlfriend too.

As she said this, she noticed the injury on Clark. No doubt, he had gotten it for Carol, hadn't he?

She felt her tears welling up. She had planned to give him one last embrace before leaving, but the silhouette at the upstairs window made her suppress her final impulse and whimsy.

"Well, I'm off~" Crystal flashed her most radiant, sunny smile and waved to Clark. "You must be happy."

Only then would her letting go mean something.

Turning around, her tears finally overflowed. To keep the person behind her from seeing her trembling shoulders, she kept smiling, trying to calm down.

"Crystal." Clark wanted to say sorry, but deep down, he knew that wasn't what she needed.

Without halting her steps or looking back, Crystal waved her hand high, bidding farewell to the person behind her and elegantly leaving Mystic Oak House.

Once she got into the car, she maintained her smile. "Drive."

The chauffeur, seeing her smiling through her tears, was completely baffled.

It wasn't until they had driven off into the distance that she broke down crying, as if she had lost the most important, most precious light in her life.

Meanwhile, Clark stared in the direction she had left in for a while before lowering his head to flip through the small notebook in his hand.

The book was filled with small anecdotes that helped him understand his parents better.

It revealed that his father had worked so hard when he was young that he now suffered from chronic neck and shoulder pain, sometimes keeping him awake at night. Only a certain brand of ointment could alleviate it.

This brand was exclusive to the royal family, but Crystal had managed to secure a decade's worth of the ointment using her connections.

His mother, it turned out, liked wearing knee-length skirts because they made her look dignified. She wasn't a fan of extravagant earrings, preferring simple and elegant designs.

His father had acrophobia and would get weak in the knees in any building taller than twenty stories. Clark remembered how his father had tried to bond with him by taking him skydiving.

His mother disliked a lady but had to maintain cordial relations due to past favors. So, Crystal had noted down three questions that, when asked, would certainly make the lady back off.

From the notebook, Clark could feel Crystal's meticulous care. She had recorded many details, including what kind of flowers his parents disliked, their dining habits, what things upset them, and so on.

Carol stood by the window on the second floor, watching Clark as he engrossed himself in the notebook, her eyes darkening a bit.

After some time, Clark entered the house to wake Carol up, the notebook nowhere in sight.

Carol didn't ask and acted as if nothing had happened. After breakfast, they set off for Riverside Villa.

Riverside Villa was one of the many properties under Romeo's name. Located by the river and usually vacant, it had been lent to her foster parents for the time being.