

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 904



## Chapter 904

At first glance, Arabella was taken aback by the profusion of flowers and plants outside. It was nothing short of a charming little garden.

"I feel terrible for making you travel all this way. Would you like some water? Oh, I also bought some bagels from the supermarket. Let me get them for you." The elderly man rose shakily.

"No need to trouble yourself." Arabella picked up the glass and immediately detected the faint scent of chamomile.

She looked up at the man's retreating figure, bending down to retrieve the bagels from the bag, a task that seemed to require some effort. "I buy these bagels often. They have a decent taste."

He shuffled back towards Arabella, extending the bagels towards her with a warm smile. "Try them."

Ignoring the water, Arabella set down the glass and responded with a smile, "Chamomile and opium poppy, is this how you typically welcome guests, Grandpa Arno?"

The old man was surprised that she had identified the scents. Moreover, the woman's clear and bright eyes showed no fear of her current situation, a testament to her strong psychological quality.

"What are you talking about?" Arno feigned ignorance.

"Besides these two, you also have incense burning."

"Hahahaha." The elderly man put down the bagels, laughing heartily. "When did you notice?"

"At the door," Arabella replied calmly. "You mentioned that you've been gardening for decades and often do household chores, yet your hands don't seem like they've seen much work."

So, Arabella hadn't offered to help him with his groceries and deliberately followed him inside the house, curious to see his next move.

"When you entered the house and put down your things, you acted tired and leaned on the side table. At which point you switched on the incense burner?"

The elderly man seemed even more intrigued. "And then?"

"And then, when you went to pour the water, you first fetched an empty glass, filled it with water, and dawdled before coming out. By then, you had already spiked the drink, right?"

The old man's smile grew even more benevolent. "Since you knew something was off, why did you dare to enter alone? You're quite bold."

"If I didn't come in, wouldn't I have missed the show?"

"Hahaha. You're a remarkable young lady. Why not join me? I could use an apprentice like you."

"So, what do you do for a living?"

"With your intelligence, you must have some idea?" The old man suddenly made a move, swiftly and not at all like a man in his seventies.

Arabella retaliated, and a fight broke out in the living room.

After a few exchanges, the old man asked, "What is your relationship with the leader of the Triangular Zone's Mafia Flame?"

He looked at her warily and suspiciously.

Arabella raised an eyebrow, "You know him?"

"Answer my question first." The old man scrutinized the woman in front of him. Aside from her long hair, which he hadn't seen before, her physique, posture, and even her moves were strikingly similar to the Mafia Flame's leader...

But wasn't the Mafia Flame's leader a man?

Could this young woman be his lover?

Or perhaps his direct disciple?

But the Mafia Flame leader's moves weren't that easy to learn!

Who was this young woman exactly?

Did the Mafia Flame send her to meddle in his affairs?