

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 914



Chapter 914

"Alright, let's get some grub." Clark descended the staircase with her, but before they could even reach the dining table, the sound of an airplane landing outside the mansion echoed through the air.

One of her associates sprinted in. His face was as pale as a ghost. "Boss, the head of Group S is here! It looks like he's landing on our airstrip. Should we stop him?"

Even though their two gangs had already formed an alliance, the mansion was still their boss's personal territory. To brazenly land his plane on her airstrip without so much as a heads-up... wasn't that a tad...

overbearing?

"Let him land." Arabella's eyes softened a fraction. "Send someone to greet him."

"Huh?" The associate thought he had misheard her, but under the weight of her gaze, he quickly complied.

Oh, how the mighty have fallen!

The Arabella of old feared nothing and nobody, not even the God. Why was she being so courteous to Group S now?

Sure, Group S had a formidable reputation, but there was no need to kowtow to them so!

The associate was a tad confused. It seemed as though Arabella had gone soft, but he dared not voice his thoughts. Instead, he just led the welcome party.

Clark noticed that though Arabella had originally planned to eat, upon hearing of Romeo's arrival, she turned on her heel and headed towards the airstrip, not bothering to hide her anticipation.

Love really does conquer all.

Clark could only follow his sister's lead and join her in welcoming his future brother-in-law.

Once the plane had landed and the doors opened, a tall, austere man appeared before them.

His icy gaze and regal demeanor made him seem like a mountain, so imposing that those below him dared not breathe too loudly.

His right-hand man, Carl, trailed behind him.

Carl thought, "Boss, you're the one who wanted to see Ms. Bella. Why did you have to drag me along.? I want to go home, and I want a vacation!"

Arabella's men were rightfully wary of this new visitor. After all, he'd led Group S in many groundbreaking operations back in the triangular zone.

As the man descended the stairs, they nervously greeted him. "Mr. McMillian."

This was Mr. McMillian's first visit to their mansion, and his assertive entry left them unsure of his intentions.

"Where's your boss?" Carl asked, worried that Ms. Bella was off investigating something on her own again.

"Our boss..." The associate began but then spotted Arabella approaching.

She had a cool, aloof air about her, and the wind whipping through her hair gave her a certain feminine charm.

Romeo's gaze softened when he saw her, and he walked over to wrap her in his arms.

They hadn't seen each other in days, and Romeo's hug was noticeably tighter.

The seven or eight associates were flabbergasted, their eyes nearly popping out of their skulls. What was going on?

The head of Group S was making a move on their boss, right in front of them.

More importantly, why wasn't Arabella kicking him where it hurt?

Instead...

She wrapped her arms around his waist, looking up at him with bright eyes. "Weren't you supposed to arrive at noon?"

The associates' jaws dropped.

Was their boss... in a relationship?