

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 920



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Even with night vision goggles that allowed her to penetrate the darkness and see every detail in the dense forest, Arabella still managed to stumble over a rock at her feet.

"Careful!" Romeo said in a timely manner, pulling her into his arms. "Did you hurt your foot?"

Before Arabella could reply, Romeo had already knelt down, letting her sit on his lap as he unlaced her boots to inspect the damage.

Her foot was fine, but a few scratches on her ankle, likely from a branch, looked raw and red. Seeing the tender and now injured skin of the young woman made Romeo's heartache.

"Does it hurt?" asked Romeo, his eyes full of concern.

Arabella shook her head.

If she hadn't seen the scratches herself, she wouldn't have even known she had been cut by a branch. She was never one to fuss over petty injuries like this.

In her eyes, it wasn't even a wound.

At most, it was as if the branch had simply tickled her.

"And your foot? Does it hurt from the stumble? Can you walk?"

"Lcan, I'm fine." Arabella thought he was making a fuss over nothing. "I'm not that delicate."

After helping her put her boots back on, Romeo promptly lifted her into his arms.

"I'm wonderful," she protested.

"I just wanted to carry you,' Romeo replied, his steps steady as he moved forward with her in his arms. "You're so light. Haven't been eating properly these days, have you?"

"I was heavy before?"

"You were always light, but you're even lighter now." Romeo's steps slowed down due to the added weight, "You need to eat more. I've learned to cook all your favorite dishes. I can make them for you when we get back.

"You've been secretly practicing all this while?"

"Not secretly. Openly." He replied, the corners of his mouth curling into a gentle, doting smile. "Was there anything else you'd like me to learn?"

"Hmm?"

"In other words, where can I improve further? Your advice is always valuable." Romeo's smile grew even warmer.

Laughing, Arabella wrapped her arms around his neck, ready to respond. But before she could, she quickly covered his mouth, whispering in his ear, "Someone's coming."

Romeo heard it, too. He set her down, and they quickly hid, with Romeo pulling her close to him, as if afraid she'd be exposed to the slightest danger.

Two men were wandering around in the forest with flashlights, grumbling as they did.

"So cold out here, and we still have to patrol. The elders are being paranoid. That traitor wouldn't dare to come back."

"If she ever did come back, the two of us wouldn't stand a chance against her. We are just going through the motions here. I think the traitor's probably long dead. The elders are just worried about that thing she took."

"No, you're seeing it too superficially. She was once highly regarded by the elders, and then she stabbed them in the back. The elders' hearts turned cold, and that's why they issued a kill order against her."

"Women, in the end, always get lost in love. She had such a bright future, and yet she chose love over power. If it were me, I'd choose power any day. Love's just a pointless notion."

"Here we are, stuck patrolling in the middle of the night because of her. Let's just quit this and go have a drink to warm ourselves up. It's freezing out here."

"If the elders find out we're slacking off, you know better than me how ugly our deaths would be."

"Alright, alright. Let's finish patrolling here first, then we'll go have a drink. Life's tough..."

Romeo and Arabella listened as their voices grew fainter until they were finally gone. Only then did they rise, locking eyes in mutual understanding.