

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 926



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He was clearly urgent.

Tom stepped forward, whispering, "Our boss isn't here, come back tomorrow if you have business with her."

He was afraid of causing a ruckus and waking up Clark Collins inside.

"I don't have time, Dennis looked desperately urgent, "I need to see her, right now."

The crowd of twenty or so people was pissed.

"You think you can just see her whenever you want?"

"We show you some respect because you saved the boss once; don't get cocky."

"You want to see the boss? You'll have to step over our dead bodies first."

"Who the hell do you think you are? Our boss isn't your lackey, you can't just see her whenever you want. Do you think you're someone important?"

Even Romeo wasn't that arrogant.

Did that little shit think he could boss them around just because he'd saved the boss before?

"Sorry then, no offense,' Dennis moved quickly.

Tom immediately intercepted, not intending to harm Dennis, but to explain the situation to him, "The boss really isn't here. She's out"

"I don't believe you."

Every second was precious to Dennis at that point. He had to see Arabella Bennett, and he couldn't wait another moment.

"The truth is she's out. You could search the whole mansion, but you aren't going to find her," Tom still didn't hit him hard, just dodged when he could.

He owed Dennis for saving the boss, after all.

But Dennis at that moment was quite different.

Desperate to see Arabella, his blows were fierce and ruthless. In less than a minute, he'd landed several hits on Tom.

That naturally sparked outrage.

"Tom's letting you off easy, and you're pushing your luck."

"Who the hell gave you the balls to cause trouble here?"

"Let me at him!"

Meanwhile, in the bedroom.

Clark had a terrible dream. He dreamt that Carol was suffering from the effects of some medication, crying in agony.

He wanted to help her but felt powerless. He could only clean her tears and hold her close.

Suddenly, a thunderclap jolted the night sky, waking Clark up from his nightmare, sweat beading on his forehead.

He realized that it was just a dream.

He sighed in relief, wiping the sweat from his brow. He could hear the storm outside and, faintly, some sort of argument.

Ignoring the pain from his injuries, he got up and went to the window. It seemed like someone was trying to force their way into the mansion and Bella's men were stopping that person. A fight had broken out.

Growing worried, he opened his bedroom door. Seeing a guard not far away, he signaled for him to come over.

He didn't expect his sister's security to be even tighter than at Villa Cascada. There was a team of men guarding the second floor around the clock. It was extremely secure.

"Mr. Clark? You're awake? Can I help you with something?" The man speaking was Donald, one of Arabella's loyal aides.

Clark asked softly, "What's going on outside?"

When Donald heard that, he explained, "Someone wants to see the boss. We didn't let him in."

"This late? Looking for Bella?" Clark checked the clock on the wall. It was already 2:14 a.m.