

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 931



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On the other side.

David's eyelids were on the verge of surrendering to the force of sleep and had nearly closed multiple times.

The screen of his phone was dimming. In a rush, he lit it up again, only to find out that his sister hadn't replied to his WhatsApp message, nor had she returned his call. Suppressing a yawn, he squinted at the screen, waiting.

In case his sister saw his message, he had to reply instantly to it. He couldn't let her feel neglected.

He mustn't sleep.

He pinched his thigh hard.

The pain brought tears to his eyes.

Why did it feel like Clark, after just one trip home, had a higher status and received more affection than him.

Was it because he recently spent less time with his sister due to his efforts to earn more money for her, allowing Clark to step in.

No way, he had to call his sister more tomorrow to show his concern.

Arabella sat in the car, glancing at the drenched figure beside her. His driving reminded her of a jet taking off, the gas pedal pushed to the limit, showing his urgency.

"Is she suffering a lot?" Arabella worriedly asked.

The mere mention of it almost broke Dennis down. He choked back his tears and said, "She's in a lot of pain. | want you to help alleviate it."

In her final moments, Dennis wanted to ease her journey, "Is there any way she can feel a bit better in her last moments."

Arabella was confused as she curiously asked, "What kind of illness does she have?"

"It's not an illness. She's been poisoned with a slow-acting toxin. There is no cure for it. As her life shortens, the potency of the poison increases. Every second is torture for her now."

Every time Dennis thought about her pain, he wished he could bear it all for her to relieve her of that pain.

She was in so much pain that she was constantly crying.

She used to be so strong, not even flinching when she was injured or bleeding.

But at that moment, her tears flowed spontaneously, subconsciously, the pain seeping into her bones.

Seeing his emotional turmoil, Arabella couldn't help but ask, "Why don't you let her go quicker?"

Although it was an extremely difficult question to ask, it seemed better to let her go than to endure such unbearable pain.

"She has a last wish, which | must fulfill' Dennis's voice broke as he spoke of her last wish, "Until | return, please take good care of her and help ease the pain of the poison."

"TI try my best."

Dennis drove the car to an extremely secluded spot and stopped, "Let's hurry."

He was truly racing against the clock, wanting to fulfill the last wish of the person inside.