

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 852



Chapter 852

The moment they barged into the living room, a nimble figure swiftly emerged, locking everyone inside, including herself.

Realizing they'd fallen into a trap, they looked up at the girl standing before them. In the dark, she wore a baseball cap and a black mask; her slender figure blocked the doorway, and she exuded an intense aura.

The man leading the group was deadly serious, "Carol? So, you finally showed yourself, you traitor."

All of them were wearing black balaclavas, hiding their faces.

"Today is the day you die." The leader quickly attacked, the others following suit without hesitation.

One of them pulled out a switchblade, lunging towards the girl, who was now known as Arabella. She dodged and caught his wrist, then kicked directly towards his chest.

Another threw a vase at Arabella, who promptly kicked it onto the sofa to prevent it from breaking and making a noise.

Several men attacked Arabella at once. She kicked at one of their heads, but he swiftly dodged.

Another made a quick move, and Arabella accurately kicked his fist. She had used all her strength for this kick, causing intense pain to shoot from his fist up to his shoulder. He winced and instinctively clutched his aching fist.

Another man drew a small knife, aiming for Arabella's neck. She avoided his attack, then kicked him squarely in the chest.

Her movements were extraordinarily swift, her actions quick and ruthless. The leader suffered a setback, and his voice was filled with anger.

"You're not Carol?"

Arabella quickly attacked him again.

"Who are you?"

Seeing that Arabella remained silent, the leader's anger surged. His vicious attacks were no match for her, and he found himself at a disadvantage.

The others were injured, clearly no match for Arabella.

"It's time to end this."

Since she wasn't Carol, wasting time with her was no point. With a single command from the leader, everyone drew their silenced guns and aimed at Arabella.

As they pulled the trigger, Arabella leaped into the air. Amid the hail of gunfire, she was agile and swift, not only dodging a dozen bullets but also grabbing one man's arm, seizing his gun, and returning fire proficiently.

Her aim was deadly accurate, and four gun-wielding hands were hit in no time.

"Who the hell are you?"

Now, the leader was genuinely alarmed.

The girl's agility, marksmanship, and reflexes were far superior to theirs!

Continuing like this was futile!

"Retreat!"

They attempted to leave at the leader's command, but they had unknowingly inhaled a certain gas in the seven minutes since they entered the living room. Their bodies were now weak, and their consciousness was fading.

This special gas was prepared by Arabella. It produced very little smoke when ignited, making it hard to notice if one was not vigilant.

It had no scent during combustion and could make a person lose consciousness in a short time.

It was too late when they realized they were losing control of their bodies.

The leader threw a smoke bomb, planning to escape.

The living room was filled with thick smoke. Arabella heard the sound of a window breaking, and she quickly grabbed the rope she had prepared, followed the sound, and, one by one, tied up the men who hadn't escaped through the window.

One had already escaped into the yard and was climbing over the wall.

Arabella looked in the direction he had left but didn't chase after him. She looked at the four men she had tied up, all of whom had passed out.

At that moment, someone knocked on the door outside.

"Professor Earwood, are you home? Have you returned?" The lady who ran the breakfast joint next door was knocking on the door, "Are you alright? I thought I heard the sound of breaking glass."