

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 858



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Arabella glanced at Jack, who immediately clamped his mouth shut.

"Was Bella the one who developed the cure for the SIR virus in Antarctica?"

Now, it was Clark's turn to be shocked. That virus had been rampant in Antarctica, causing countless deaths, with even a few cases popping up back home.

Clark had paid attention to the news back then, impressed by the brilliance of Professor Arabella, as no one else in the world had been able to come up with a solution.

"You're not the Professor Arabella from Summerfield College, were you?" Clark asked, looking at the girl next to him in disbelief.

"Yep, that's our boss! She completed all her studies at Summerfield College two years ago. Even the professors who taught her felt inferior, humbly accepting their role as her students. She's now a distinguished professor at Summerfield College, one of the 66 influential figures since the college's founding. That's our boss!"

Arabella glanced at Jack again, "That's enough from you."

Jack clamped his mouth shut immediately, his eyes signaling he wouldn't say any more.

"Why did you stay at Westerly College then?" Clark asked, walking alongside her.

"That's because President Barton of Westerly College needed our boss's cooperation in conducting some experiments." Jack began but quickly covered his mouth, once again using his sincere gaze to signal he wouldn't say any more.

Arabella was speechless.

Clark was surprised to discover his sister had so many different identities. Her headquarters, like her, was shrouded in mystery.

As Arabella led him into the side building, the two guards standing watch respectfully greeted her, "Boss.

Arabella nodded slightly.

Why were there so many armed guards if they were here only for experiments?

Who were these people?

"Bella, who are these?"

"Guardians of the building,' Jack answered vaguely.

Arabella led Clark into the side building and down to the basement.

There were several empty rooms, the walls made of iron bars, making them look like giant cages. The cages were empty, exuding a chilly aura.

As they walked past, their footsteps echoed in the air. Sensor lights flickered on one by one, casting an eerie glow.

In the last cell were four individuals they had captured today. They were still unconscious, huddled together in a heap.

"They're the ones connected to Carol's disappearance?" Clark asked, his heart pounding.

"Yes"

As soon as Arabella finished speaking, someone brought over two chairs. She sat down and lightly said, "Clark, sit."

After Clark sat down, Arabella directed one of her subordinates, "Wake them up."

"Yes!" Jack pressed a switch on the wall. Immediately, icy water cascaded from the ceiling of the cage like a heavy downpour.

Meanwhile, a transparent partition rose up from the floor, effectively shielding them from the splashing water droplets.

Arabella and Clark remained dry, with not a single drop of water on them.

The four men in the cage were soaked to the bone, shocked awake by the bone-chilling cold. They realized they had not only been tied together but their hoods had also been removed.

The partition retracted into the floor, and Clark, unable to contain himself any longer, asked, "Who are you people? Why did you call Carol a traitor? Where is Carol?"

Earlier in the car, his sister had briefly explained the situation to him. He had a feeling Carol's disappearance was not straightforward.

"What do you know? Tell me!"

Any mention of Carol made Clark lose his usual composure.

One of the subordinates entered the cage and removed the gag from one of the men. Seeing that the man was about to bite his tongue off, the subordinate quickly stuffed the gag back in, giving him a few hard punches.

"Playing dirty with me? Boss, I suggest stripping them down to check for any gang tattoos or the like."

Strip them?

The eyes of the four men widened in horror. A soldier may be killed but not insulted. Being stripped naked and exposed to each other was worse than enduring torture.

"Go ahead." Arabella stood up, her hand resting on Clark's shoulder.

"I'll step out for a bit. Feel free to ask them anything you want to know."

After Arabella left the basement, her phone vibrated again. It was a call from Romeo.