

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 862

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Clark slumped on the couch, lost in a sea of despair. Had it not been for Bella's intervention, he would still be oblivious to the danger Carol was in.

How many hidden truths were lurking behind this predicament?

"Clark, drink up, will you?" Jack offered him a glass, speaking earnestly. "Solitary contemplation won't solve anything. Once we get the results from the tests, everything will be clear."

"No, it won't be that simple." Clark felt as though he had led Bella into a foggy maze with no clear direction in sight. The exit seemed so far away.

"Clark, when did you become such a pessimist?" Jack insisted, nudging the glass closer.

Clark accepted the drink, but his heart wasn't in it. "It's not pessimism."

It was the reality of their situation, the mounting evidence that offered no reason for optimism.

Where was Carol? Was she safe? No one could answer him.

"Don't worry. With our boss on the case, there's no mystery she can't solve." Ever the optimist, Jack downed a swig of water from his bottle.

"But how did Bella know that those guys would go to Carol's house today." Clark's gaze fell on Jack.

"You wouldn't know this. Our boss found several hidden cameras and bugs in Carol's house, oh, sorry, I meant Mrs. Clark's house and took them all down. Those who planted the devices would naturally be anxious and send people to check."

"So, Bella set a trap there alone."

Clark was suddenly struck by his sister's bravery. She had risked her life, all to uncover the truth for him.

"She's a fool, knowing full well that taking down the cameras and bugs would draw them in, yet she used herself as bait."

And she didn't even ask for backup!

His heart was a mix of appreciation, guilt, and worry. What if something happened to her?

"Don't worry. Our boss is one of the best. There are few in the world who could match her skills. If we were there, we would only get in her way."

Jack grabbed a bag of chips from the table and munched on a few before continuing, "Besides, she took all necessary precautions.

She installed surveillance, recorded the fight, and even released a sleep-inducing scent."

Jack painted a vivid picture, "That scent is potent. Anyone who inhales it will pass out within five minutes. But those guys were tough. They held out for seven minutes. That's a clear indication of their superior physical condition. One of them even managed to escape after inhaling it!"

"You said Bella installed surveillance and recorded the fight?" Clark interjected hastily. "Where's the footage? I want to see it."

"Er. You should ask the boss for it." Jack hesitated.

If Bella found out that he had shown Clark the footage without her permission, she would have his head.

"You said Bella fought them. I don't know if she got hurt in the process. She wouldn't show me the footage because she doesn't want me to worry."

"Clark, it's not that, it's more that I don't want to lose my job."

If he could, he would spill everything.

"You mentioned earlier that those guys were tough. So Bella's skills are superior?" Clark queried.

On this point, Jack was honest, nodding his head. "Our boss is indeed very skilled. She can handle a few thugs with ease."

"Who taught her? She's so young, yet she could subdue four strong men."

"You should ask the boss about that!"

Seeing that Jack was unwilling to disclose much, Clark finally relented. "Alright, then add me on WhatsApp."