

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 905



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"What's the deal between Mafia Flame and Carol?" the old man pressed on, "Is Carol with Mafia Flame now?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about." Arabella quickly retorted.

She racked her brain but couldn't place who this old man could possibly be. She hadn't crossed paths with anyone this aged before, so how could he have guessed her connection with the head of Mafia Flame?

"No matter who you are, you're coming with me today."

He had to bring this young miss back to his superiors. She was suspiciously skilled, her moves eerily similar to the Mafia Flame's boss, and she remained calm under pressure. Clearly, she had been specially trained!

If she was indeed sent by Mafia Flame to meddle in their affairs, then it was perfect timing to strike back at Mafia Flame!

It was time to settle old scores!

Arno unleashed his fiercest moves against the young miss but found her to be an excellent fighter with quick reflexes. The fragrance of the narcotic in the air seemed to have no effect on her!

"Who the hell are you?" Arno was beginning to feel outmatched. Arabella had the upper hand with every move, and he felt more and more powerless to turn the tide.

This girl was too formidable.

Arabella planned to take him down with a few swift moves but was caught off guard when Arno hit a switch, causing the ceiling to drop a dozen iron balls, each about the size of a burger. If they landed on her head, she'd be a goner.

After effortlessly dodging the iron balls, she found the old man had triggered another switch and escaped through a hidden passage in the wall.

To avoid being led on a wild goose chase, Arabella decided not to pursue him. She pulled out her phone and called Clark.

"Clark, I've met this Grandpa Arno. If I'm not mistaken, he's likely part of an organization and deliberately got close to them."

On hearing this, Clark instinctively asked, "Are you hurt?"

"No, but he got away. I didn't feel like chasing him." Arabella added, "He approached them under the guise of a pitiful old man, probably trying to dig out information about Carol from them. This could mean that Carol has something they want."

Clark had an idea of what those things might be and was determined to find out.

"Be careful on your end, and get them on a plane soon,' Arabella instructed.

"Okay; Clark's eyes were on the dozens of men in black suits approaching him as he stood in front of the ranch house. He said softly, "Bella, I'm feeling a bit peckish. Could you grab me something to eat on your way back?"

Hungry?

Arabella found this strange.

After all, a doting brother like Clark wouldn't send his little sister running errands for him.

The only reason he asked her to buy food was likely to buy time, to prevent her from returning too soon.

So, there must be danger at Clark's end.

"Okay-" Arabella hung up the call promptly. She turned to Jerry, who was waiting outside and said, "On your way back, get some food for Clark. Try to get there before I do."

Huh?

Jerry was confused. She asked him to buy food and also to get there before she did.

"I'll take the car first." Arabella grabbed the car keys from his hand, hopped in, and sped off toward the ranch.

"Ms. Bella." Jerry finally caught on and started to panic, "At least give me a ride. There are no cabs here."

Looking at the tranquil countryside, Jerry felt like crying. He pulled out his phone to call his subordinates.