

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 908



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Just then, the urgent roar of an engine was heard closing in.

The girl behind the wheel was as cool as ice, her delicate face betraying no sign of panic.

The car circled the mob of men in black at an alarming speed, picking off all but one.

Arabella, having emptied her firearm, discarded it and exited the car, helping Clark to his feet. "You alright?"

Clark glanced at his sister, suddenly alarmed. "Didn't I tell you to come back later?"

No sooner had he spoken, a fleet of cars was seen approaching - a fresh wave of black-clad men.

"You take care of Logan and Taylor. Get out of here."

Did they dare to harm Clark?

Arabella lifted her gaze towards the approaching vehicles, her eyes cold as ice. None of these men would be leaving!

Without another word, Clark guided Logan and Taylor up a flight of stairs.

Meanwhile, Romeo had sent additional reinforcements, tipping the balance in their favor.

Clark saw the elderly couple onto a plane. Taylor, clinging onto his hand, implored, "Let's go together."

"I need to find Carol first, and you go on ahead." Clark knew Taylor was worried about him and his sister. He flashed a charming smile, reassuring her, "We'll be fine, don't worry."

"But your injuries."

"I'll get them bandaged up in a bit. I need to help Bella first. I'll be in touch." Clark signaled for the people inside to close the door.

Taylor pounded on the door, watching Clark's retreating figure, once again crying out, "Be careful, Clark, always be careful."

Ten minutes later.

Arabella and Romeo's men had finally dealt with this wave of enemies. Looking at the dozens of bodies strewn around, Arabella felt a sense of relief. It was lucky she had returned. Otherwise, who knew what would have happened if she continued to run after Grandpa Arno.

Just then, a plane descended from the sky.

"Ms. Bella, Mr. McMillian has prepared another plane for you, heading directly for the triangular zone." A bodyguard respectfully informed, "Please follow me. We also have a first aid kit on board to assist Clark"

Arabella, supporting the bloody figure beside her, asked, "Can you walk?"

"I'm fine, it's just a scratch."

Clark winced as he accidentally pulled at his wound.

Arabella smirked, "Too bad Carol didn't get to see that."

"We couldn't let her see that, and it would upset her." Clark winced again as the cold wind whipped at his wound.

The pain was excruciating.

It reminded him of what Jack had once said. How much pain must Arabella have endured when she faced those dangers alone?

How did she bear it?

Arabella helped Clark onto the elevator.

"Ms. Bella, here are the snacks you asked me to get." Jerry arrived, panting heavily, carrying an assortment of treats.

Arabella took them, thanked him, and guided Clark onto the plane.

"You had someone get food for me?" Clark was surprised.

"Weren't you hungry, Clark?"

Clark was at a loss for words. He had wanted to delay Arabella's return, but she had sent someone else to fetch food.

It made sense.

What could he say to his sister?

On the plane.

Arabella tended to Clark's wounds. Each gash was a shocking sight.

Who knew Clark could endure so much? Any other person would have been immobilized with pain after a couple of these wounds.