

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 925



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This was Carol's "key card", a symbol of her identity! How on earth did it end up in this girl's hand?

Arabella effortlessly flicked the key into the air, catching it with a swift movement before continuing to deal with the dangers surrounding her.

Could she be Carol? She had an agile form and skillful moves. Despite the girl's clear eyes that didn't resemble Carol's, Mathew took a cautious step forward.

Mathew, swift as a gust of wind, appeared before Arabella. He had intended to test her skills, but Romeo beat him to it, forcing him back a few steps after only a few exchanges.

"Who are you?" Mathew asked, his anger apparent. "Did Carol send you?"

Arabella knocked down one of the henchmen, stepping on his stomach. She kicked up a hidden blade from the ground, holding it with lethal precision. With a teasing smirk, she retorted, "Why should we answer your questions?"

Her arrogant and cool tone strangely reminded him of Carol.

With her youthful voice, Mathew guessed she was a friend of Carol's, probably around the same age. He had warned Carol not to make friends on her own, but she had continued to defy him.

Feeling betrayed, Mathew's anger turned into cynical laughter. "You're stuck here today. Tell me where she's hiding, and maybe I'll spare your lives"

"You should be more concerned about where you'll be buried." Arabella swiftly attacked, engaging Mathew in an evenly matched fight.

"You go ahead, I'll handle this." Romeo took over, pushing Mathew back several steps.

More and more people flooded in, blocking the only exit.

Escape was no longer an option.

"They came in on their own. Even if they die, they're asking for it!"

"Either hand over Carol, or we won't leave you in one piece!"

"Mathew, they've destroyed all the data in the lab. Do you think they might have the data on them?"

If they did, it would be a disaster for their organization.

"Kill them." Mathew made his decision, not wanting to waste any more time.

Meanwhile, Arabella's phone vibrated in her backpack. She heard the buzzing sound coming from behind her, but she and Romeo were too preoccupied trying to find a way out.

Her phone kept buzzing. The caller standing outside the castle, soaked by the rain.

No one answered on the other end.

Looking at the crowd in front of the castle, Dennis put away his phone and pleaded. "| urgently need to speak to her, and please let me in"

"Our boss is asleep. You can talk tomorrow.' A group of about twenty men, armed and ready, stood in front of the entrance, blocking his way.

"| must see her today."

"Do you think you can see our boss whenever you want?"

"Bro, can't you see what time it is? It's 2 am. Aren't you making things difficult for us?"

"Whatever it is, it can wait..."

The commotion attracted Tom's attention.

With Jack and Jones absent, he was in charge.

Seeing Tom approaching, the group of men echoed, "Bro Tom."

"What's going on?"

"This guy insists on seeing the boss. He won't listen to reason."

Tom looked up to see the wet figure of Dennis, whose eyes were filled with urgency and anxiety.