

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 927



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Was that man out of his mind?"

What can't wait till morning?

In this godforsaken hour, and in the rain, no less, he came here causing a ruckus?

"Don't mind him, Donald assured, "We'll handle this, sorry for waking you, Mr. Clark."

"No worries,' Clark replied, glancing towards the neighboring room, he whispered, "Bella wasn't woken up from all this commotion, was she?"

"No..." Donald lied, averting his gaze, "Perhaps the storm drowned out the noise...or maybe she's just exhausted and sleeping soundly."

Remembering all that his sister had been through today, Clark nodded in agreement, "Thanks for your help."

"It's our pleasure to serve you and Bella,' Donald replied with a smile on his face.

Just as Clark was about to enter his room, he added, "Oh, and leave him alive."

Tomorrow, he, Bella, and Romeo were set to visit a location that Carol had left behind. He didn't want to attract unnecessary attention.

Donald paused for a brief moment, and then reassured him, "Don't worry, Mr. Clark, he saved our boss' life once.

We won't harm him."

"Saved Bella?" Clark turned back, "How come?"

Donald didn't expect Clark to be unaware of that. He was surprised, and then he explained, "When our boss first came here, she was alone and vulnerable. She nearly died...but he saved her. I heard she was severely injured, barely hanging on to her life...If not for him, she might have..."

"Why was she injured?" Clark asked, his heart aching, "Who hurt her? Why would they?"

Donald was taken aback but he continued to say, "Our boss is beautiful, and when she first arrived here, it was inevitable that some would have ill intentions...wanting to claim her for themselves. She came here alone, searching for herbs. She had a hard time."

The whole of Mafia Flame felt sorry for her.

Clark understood the situation, and it hurt even more.

Of course, his beautiful sister would attract attention in such a ruthless place.

No wonder she hid her identity as a woman and rarely showed herself. When she did show herself, she posed as "Mr. Bryant' to avoid unnecessary trouble.

"Mr. Clark, please don't tell our boss that I told you about this, Donald pleaded as he was nervous. He had no idea that his boss hadn't told Clark about her past, probably to spare him the pain.

Seeing Clark's reaction made him regret his loose tongue.

Outside.

Dennis held a knife to one man's throat, "Don't push me to do this."

"You, you, you, let Arnold go!"

The crowd was furious.

Arnold was held hostage, too scared to even make a move.

"Enough!" One man yelled, "We've given you enough leeway out of respect for Bella, don't push your luck."

"Do you plan on waking the entire castle tonight?"

"I warn you; Bella hates being threatened. If you know what's good for you, let Arnold go!"

The commotion outside was growing. Clark didn't return to his room, instead, he went to the window overlooking the courtyard.

It seemed like one of Bella's men was being held hostage.

Donald was anxious, if Bella didn't come out of her room, would Clark realize that she wasn't there?

Thinking that, he urged, "Mr. Clark, don't worry about it. You should go take rest."

"Arabella...I need to speak with you..."

In the midst of the storm, Dennis's voice rang out clearly, "I need to see you..."