

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 934

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Arabella sensed something was off, and asked in a soft tone, "Are you in pain again?"

"Um. The girl clutched her stomach, gritting her teeth, but tried to reassure, "It's really nothing, just a bit of discomfort, much lighter than the pain earlier"

"Let me see your hand,' Arabella began to check her pulse again.

Curled up in bed, the girl faced the wall. Through a small hole, she could see Arabella's beautiful chin and the long, elegant fingers resting on her wrist.

For some reason, she suddenly thought of him.

How she wished she could go back and see him, even if it was just a glimpse from afar.

"How long has this poison been tormenting you?" Arabella released her hand to fetch a small bottle of medicine from her bag.

"A year and a half" the girl managed a bitter smile, even surprised at herself that she had endured for so long.

Hearing 'a year and a half, Arabella paused, inexplicably reminded of Carol.

The poison had been in Carol's blood system for at least a year, maybe even a year and a half.

"Take some painkillers and get some sleep,' Arabella poured a small pill from the bottle and handed it over to her.

The girl had only seen Arabella's fingers before, but seeing her entire beautiful hand was a sight for sore eyes.

She took the pill and immediately swallowed it.

"I'm going to make a call,' Arabella stood up and went outside the room, closing the door behind her. She dialed a familiar number.

It seemed that Romeo had been waiting for her call all along. The moment the screen lit up, he picked it up almost instantly.

Romeo worriedly asked, "Are you safe?"

Arabella calmly replied, "I'm safe right now."

The two spoke in unison. After a brief pause, they both laughed.

"As long as you're safe" Romec"s laugh was warm and fond. He glanced at the time and said, "It's already past three. When will you be back? Should he drop you off or should | pick you up?"

"| don't think I'll be back until tomorrow afternoon."

Based on what Dennis had said earlier, he would probably be gone for more than ten hours.

"What about tonight? Do you have a place to rest? Is the task complicated? Are you tired?"

"Not tired, I'm just taking care of someone,' Arabella then asked, "Any news fram Clark?"

"IL haven't heard from him yet."

"If you have time tomorrow, can you check on Clark? Make sure he's eating and changing his bandages."

"Sure."

"You too, Arabella added, "You need to get some rest tonight. Don't wait up for me, I'll be back when | can."

Romeo didn't expect Arabella to know him so well. Indeed, he couldn't sleep well until Arabella was back, always worried about whether she was in danger and if she needed his help.

Arabella naturally guessed that and warned him, "If | see dark circles under your eyes tomorrow, | won't see you for three days straight."

"I'll sleep, Romeo immediately agreed, "I'll definitely sleep well tonight."

"No staying up late."

"I'll sleep with the sachet you gave me, Romeo promised, "You should also get some sleep. If | see dark circles under your eyes tomorrow, I'll punch that guy and give him panda eyes."

"Deal," Arabella laughed as she was amused. Even if she stayed up all night, she wouldn't have dark circles.

That was thanks to her regular consumption of rejuvenating scented tea.

"Just be careful. If anything happens, call me right away,' Romeo, unable to let go, gave a few more reminders before hanging up.

Since Arabella was just outside the room, the girl could hear the conversation between them. Unconsciously, she was reminded of him again.

He was also the third child in his family.

At that thought, a poignant smile tugged at the girl's lips. How come every time someone mentioned 'Clark', she would automatically visualize his handsome and charming face. Will it just be the same name?