

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 938



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Carol lunged swiftly, only to be easily blocked by Arabella as she mocked her, "You're no match for me."

"Don't count your chickens before they hatch,' Carol retorted, her moves ruthless, "Today, I'll risk my life to avenge Clark."

Arabella parried with a hint of amusement in her eyes. "If you loved him so much, why did you leave?"

"That's none of your business."

At that moment, Carol wished she could tear the woman who had hurt Clark to shreds.

Seeing that the poison hadn't been forced out of Carol's body yet, Arabella added, "Until his last breath, he was calling your name, begging me to spare you. He knelt at my feet, incessantly bowing his head."

"You're lying,' Carol shot back, launching a few more attacks, "Clark would never beg anyone, no matter who they were."

"Well, you're wrong. He was willing to do anything for you. I even had him slice off his own flesh with a knife, and he dutifully complied with it" Arabella smirked, a chilling smile on her face, "I even recorded it. Want me to send it to you?"

"You're sick!"

The intense pain coursing through her body forced Carol to lean on the edge of a table, sizing up Arabella anew.

"You're young and beautiful, but your heart is as venomous as a snake's. You'll pay double for every bit of pain you've inflicted on him!"

"Angry, are you? Seems like you care about him,' Arabella teased, a smirk playing at the corners of her lips, "But you just gave me a great idea. I think it would be fun to repeat the process with those close to him."

"You wouldn't dare!" Carol tried to attack again, but the pain was too intense, forcing her to stop. Anguish was evident in her trembling voice as she bit her lip, staring hatefully at Arabella.

She had never imagined that Arabella was sent by the organization.

Had she been getting close to Dennis for that very day?

Had the organization known about her and Dennis being siblings all along?

No, that couldn't be possible. If they did, they would have killed Dennis long ago.

What could've possibly gone wrong?

Regardless, she would not let the person responsible for Clark's horrific death off easily!

Suddenly, a cloud of white powder floated over.

Arabella blocked it with her hand, her curiosity piqued as she asked, "What's this?"

"Deadly Seven Step," Carol replied with a confident smirk on her beautiful face, "It's a drug I invented. No one else has the antidote. Now kneel down and taste the pain Clark had to endure."

"So, if I take more than seven steps, I'll faint?"

"No, you'll just drop dead," Carol corrected, "Of course, I won't let you die that easily."

Arabella chuckled, an elegant smile gracing her pretty face, and then she named the ingredients of the drug.

Carol didn't expect Arabella to identify the main ingredients so easily, which made her even angrier.

Arabella lunged, swiftly landing a strike on Carol's heart. Whether from rage or Arabella's attack, Carol coughed up a mouthful of poisoned blood.

Looking at the blood on the floor, Arabella said nonchalantly, "Finally, it came out. You have quite the endurance, unlike most people. It took quite a bit of coaxing on my part."

At least part of the poison was out.

"Do you feel better now?" Arabella asked.

"What do you mean?" Carol leaned on the table, feeling much better, but she was still puzzled and wary of the two things Arabella had mentioned.