

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chaper 970



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Jack led his gang down the spiral staircase, only to gaze upon two people engaged in a passionate lip-lock. It was as if the world no longer belonged to the singletons like him, constantly faced with public displays of affection.

Just as Jack was about to speak, Jones quickly covered his mouth and led him down a different path.

Clark deepened their kiss, releasing all the unsaid words and pent-up longing of more than a year.

Their passionate embrace was like a storm, coming relentlessly, wave after wave. After what seemed like an eternity, Carol gasped for air, prompting Clark to pull away.

His dazed eyes still shone with undiminished affection. His handsome features were even more striking than before, though he seemed thinner, his face gaunter. Was it from the injury or out of worry for her? He looked overall more worn out.

Carol looked at his injuries, heart heavy. "Why are you such a fool? I told you I've fallen for someone else. Why won't you let go?"

"I only want you, no one else." Clark looked at her, his eyes red and raw.

"Promise me you won't ever leave me again?"

"But." Carol's eyes dimmed, her voice low. "You've seen the two data packages, haven't you?"

"know." Clark looked back at her, his voice firm. "I know the dangers ahead, and I know who you are. I don't care. I'm not afraid. As long as you're with me, I can handle anything."

Carol was puzzled. "With your status, you could have anyone you want."

"You're the one I want." Clark took her face in his hands, his words sincere. "I know what kind of person I'm looking for, and it's you. I'm not interested in anyone else."

He leaned in again, slowly, savoring her sweetness.

Carol let him kiss her for a while before she murmured, "You're such a fool."

He was the top hacker, the Clark of the Collins family. Yet, he insisted on her, the successor of a notorious organization, an orphan.

Their worlds were polar opposites, black and white, and they were not supposed to be together.

"The fool is you. Your symptoms started to show in the seventh month of our relationship, yet you didn't let me in. I was so stupid. I noticed your odd behavior but didn't think much of it.

Back then, during their dates, he would often find her returning from the restroom looking pale. But he didn't think much of it, trusting her when she said it was just her period.

"That's because you trusted me. You believed every word I said, even my lies"

Clark looked into her eyes again, leaning in to kiss her. "I wasn't attentive enough. From now on, I'll pay more attention. I won't let you bear all this pain alone anymore."

"Clark, I don't want to drag you down," Carol confessed. "This situation is too far-reaching. It's not something we can handle on our own. Moreover, I don't want to implicate those around you, like your sister."

Speaking of Arabella, Carol felt a pang of guilt.

"At first, I thought she was a spy sent by the organization, so I attacked her.

Then those Chester came, and I told her to leave, but she insisted on taking me with her. She got hurt several times trying to help me. She could have escaped on her own, but she chose to carry the burden of me."

Tears welled up in Carol's eyes. "She was badly injured but still carried me back. I owe her so much."

After all, they were strangers before, only connected because of Clark.