

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 983



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Everything was moving in the right direction, or so he thought.

The following day, Crystal arrived unannounced, carrying a homemade breakfast with her, standing at the mansion's entrance. She didn't ask the servants to wake Clark. Instead, she just stood there, her figure looking somewhat forlorn.

Unable to bear it, one of the servants finally plucked up the courage to knock on Clark's door.

Half an hour later.

"Clark, Crystal has been waiting outside for almost 30 minutes now. Should we invite her in?"

"Why is she here?"

The voice from inside the room was groggy, a clear indication that Clark had just woken up. He hadn't told Crystal where he was staying, nor had he told anyone else which mansion he was in. Had she found him by systematically checking each one?

With this thought in mind, Clark could only say, "Ask her to wait in the garden.

I'll be down shortly.

After a quick wash and dress, he tiptoed past Carol's room.

However, living on the edge for so long had made Carol's nerves particularly sensitive. The moment Clark wasn't by her side. She'd wake up easily.

Hearing Clark's soft footsteps, she felt a wave of confusion. It was still dark outside. What was he doing up so early?

At that moment, she overheard a servant reporting to Clark, "Carol didn't wake up last night. She must have had a good rest."

"That's good to hear," Clark replied before heading downstairs.

Carol rose from her bed and went to the window, her gaze landing on a graceful figure in the garden.

Even though it had been a long time since they'd last seen each other, she could still recognize her in an instant. That was Crystal, the heiress of the Temple family.

Seeing Clark come down in his pajamas, Crystal immediately brightened up.

"Clark! Why didn't you sleep in more? I specifically told the servants not to wake you. How did they still end up calling you? What happened to the wound on your body?"

"It's just a small injury: Clark didn't elaborate, instead asking, "How did you find this place?"

It was winter, and the morning was chilly, yet Crystal was only wearing a thin, long dress.

"I woke up at 4 a.m. to make you breakfast. Your housekeeper told me that you've been busy with work lately. I had initially planned to leave after dropping off the breakfast, but after thinking about what you said last night, I felt that it was necessary to wait for you to wake up and have a proper conversation."

Clark's eyes deepened. Conversation? What more did they have to discuss?

"Before we start, I have to ask, Is Carol staying here?" Crystal asked, her eyes shifting towards the mansion.

She must be inside. Otherwise, the servants wouldn't have asked her to wait in the garden in such cold weather.

They clearly didn't want her running into Carol.

"Yes." Clark nodded, not hiding anything.

Crystal laughed, "So, your tension last night and your hurry to distance yourself from me, was it because of her?"

"Yes."

"Okay, I understand." Crystal's smile widened, "Then why did she suddenly come back?"

"went looking for her and found her."

Clark, not wanting to paint Carol in a bad light, explained, "She left me before because of certain circumstances. Now, those issues are about to be resolved."

Crystal seemed to understand, "So, you two are back together"

And here she was, thinking that she had a chance.

She had even intentionally returned to the country to take over the family business, hoping to increase her own value.

"Crystal, I've always seen you as a friend, nothing more. I'm really sorry."

Even though Clark knew his words were harsh, it was better to rip off the band-aid quickly. Being clear would be better for everyone in the long run.