

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1171

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Chapter 1171

“Mr. Alger, we're heartbroken over this tragedy,” Kenneth said, struggling to find the right words of consolation.

“Please have some food. You're the head of the household and the backbone of the family. They still need you.”

“Where's Clark?” Alger suddenly lifted his weary eyes to ask.

“Ah, Clark's just outside,” Kenneth responded, suddenly realizing. “I'll go fetch him.”

But the corridor was already void of Clark's presence.

Upon reaching Carol's hospital room, Kenneth found several servants attending her.

Alger and Celeste had just lost their beloved daughter, and here was Carol being looked after by all these people.

Kenneth suddenly realized his son hadn't empathized with the Temple family's situation. After all, Crystal had died because of the powerful force behind Carol.

Knocking on the door again, Clark asked the servants, "Where's Clark?"

"We're not sure."

Kenneth then dialed his son's number.

Clark's fist was bleeding from a wound, staining his white shirt with spots of crimson. Two buttons were undone, giving him an aura of cold ruthlessness.

Hearing his phone ring, Clark picked it up. His wound worsened, but he seemed indifferent.

"Where the hell have you been? Alger wants to see you! I understand you want to take care of your girlfriend, but Crystal just passed away. Have you thought about how Alger and Celeste might feel?"

"I'll be there soon."

Before Kenneth could finish his sentence, he heard the busy tone on the other end of the line. "Silly boy." he muttered.

He was so thoughtless!

Clark rushed to the hospital as fast as he could, put on his coat to cover the prominent red stain on his shirt.

Kenneth anxiously waited by the elevator. Seeing his son appear, he couldn't help but scold, "Where the hell have you been? If

Alger and Celeste decide to give you a hard time, you better brace yourself, got it?"

After all, the Temple family only had one daughter. And because of the powerful force behind his girlfriend, Crystal died so tragically.

"Alright." Clark agreed and pushed open the door to Crystal's hospital room.

The girl lay quietly on the bed, but Clark noticed a change in her since he last saw her a few hours ago. Her face was even paler now, the pallor of the dead.

Alger suppressed his urge to punch Clark when he saw him. In front of his daughter, he asked in a hoarse voice, "Where are

they? I want to avenge my daughter."

"All those who harmed Crystal are in police custody. The remaining few will be caught by noon tomorrow."

Upon noticing Clark's bleeding fist, Alger understood what had transpired. "You've seen them, haven't you?"

"Yes,' Clark admitted. "I have."

"No matter how many times they are punished, it won't bring my baby girl back,' Celeste cried, agony etched in her voice.

“Even though we can't bring Crystal back, we can't let them off easily. They must pay the price.”

Clark clenched his fist before bowing deeply, "I'm sorry. This happened because of me. I don't dare to ask for your forgiveness, but I hope you won't grieve excessively. Your health is important."

“My daughter is gone. What's the point of being healthy or living a long life!” Celeste cried. "Clark, you don't understand the pain of a parent who has raised a beloved daughter, only to lose her in such a horrific manner.”

Yes, their daughter had “meddled” and was captured by the bad guys while trying to save Logan and Taylor.

But if Carol hadn't been targeted by those forces, if Carol wasn't Clark's girlfriend, then their precious daughter would have been home that day, having dinner with them after successfully closing a deal with a client.

Their precious daughter, who was already taking steps to take over the family business. The future of the Temple family's assets was supposed to be in her hands.

But now.

How were they, as parents, supposed to accept that their daughter was suddenly gone?

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Clark could only bow deeply, his voice a mix of sorrow and regret, "I'm sorry."

He knew that no amount of apologies could mend their broken hearts from the loss of their beloved daughter, but he genuinely

felt sorry for them. He felt sorry for Crystal.

"I'll take care of you both till I die" Clark seemed to make a decision, saying seriously, "You can treat me as your son. I'll often

come to visit and take care of you in your old age." Even though this couldn't alleviate the pain felt by Alger and Celeste, at least they wouldn't be left alone in this world.

"Give me all the information related to those people." Alger said, his voice weary, "And never show up in front of us again"

"But."

"Leave." Alger didn't even want to glance at him, "I want to spend some time with my daughter."

He had thought that he would have a lifetime to watch his daughter walk down the aisle in a wedding dress, have her own children.

But he never expected that their time together would be so short.

Clark's eyes dimmed, "I'll come back tonight"

He planned to wait until they calmed down a bit before visiting again. He wanted to help them in any way he could, including organizing Crystal's funeral.

Time passed, and the day broke.

Carol opened her eyes to find someone sleeping next to her. It was Clark.

He was lying on the edge of the bed, his head resting on one hand. He looked tired.

Carol noticed his fists were cracked, the blood had coagulated on the surface of his skin.

Growing up in such a harsh environment, Carol could tell at a glance that these were injuries from a fight.

Who did he fight with?

Was it those people?

Carol remembered how her foster parents were killed by those people, and how they dragged innocent Crystal into it.

Tears suddenly welled up in Carol's eyes.

Clark was clutching Carol's hand in his sleep. Maybe he felt her moving, and he opened his eyes. He was overjoyed, "Carol, you're awake."

Nothing could make him happier than seeing her awake.

Carol turned her face away, not wanting him to see the tear tracks on her face.

Clark quickly reached out to wipe them away, "Don't cry. It's my fault for sleeping so soundly. How long have you been awake?"

Don't worry, those people have been caught. I've tracked down the IP of the person who ordered them. My men are on their way.

They will make them wish they were dead."

Clark wanted these people to pay doubly for how Logan, Taylor, and Crystal were killed and the pain they suffered.

Carol didn't say anything, staring at the snowflakes falling outside the window. She remembered a snowy day when she was young. Taylor was with her in the yard making a snowman, and Logan had a snowball fight with them.

They all laughed so happily.

Clark followed her gaze, gently holding her, "We agreed that once you're better, we'll go skiing. How are you feeling? Are you better? Should I call the doctor to check on you?"

Carol shook her head.

She kept her gaze away from him, not looking at him.

Clark's heart skipped a beat.

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“Would you like a glass of water? You've slept for so long. You must be parched.” Clark pecked her cheek and rose to pour her a drink, intending to help her sit up.

Carol kept her gaze fixed on the snowflakes outside the window, her voice cooling as she spoke, “Clark, there's something I need to tell you.”

She didn't call him darling or even look at him.

Her tone was even somewhat chilly.

A sinking feeling washed over Clark as a sense of foreboding bubbled up.

“Carol, do you know how you woke up? It was Bella and her talented Grandpa Beck who concocted the vital antidote, which you took in time. By the way, I haven't told Bella yet that you've woken up. She'd be thrilled. I should tell her right now.”

Clark hastily retrieved his cellphone, but in his haste, it slipped from his hands and clattered to the floor.

As he bent down to pick it up, a hint of sourness tinged his nostrils, "Do you have any idea how critical your condition was? You stopped breathing for a whole 30 seconds during treatment. It scared the hell out of me."

Carol finally tore her gaze from the window and settled it on him.

Clark forced a smile, "Bella said that as long as you woke up, the rest of the treatment wouldn't be a big issue.

You can finally break free from your past life."

Could she really break free?

With her status, it was destined to be a lifelong burden.

Just as Carol was about to speak, Clark cut her off, "I need to text Bella first. This is undoubtedly fantastic news, a significant breakthrough in her research."

Typically, Clark was a fast texter, but today, it seemed to take him forever to type, constantly making errors or forming incoherent sentences.

He joked, "I was so excited to see you awake that I forgot how to type."

Carol could see the heartache and avoidance in his smile. She knew him so well. Every subtle change in his expression didn't escape her scrutiny.

"Yesterday at the door."

"Carol, you haven't told me how you're feeling. Is there anything uncomfortable?" Clark interrupted her again after sending the message, holding her hand and asking, "Like body aches, dizziness, nausea? If so, you must tell me so I can call the doctor."

Carol shook her head again.

"That means Bella and Grandpa Beck's antidote is working. Congratulations, you won't have to suffer from the affliction anymore." Clark took her hands in his, raising them to his lips for a gentle kiss, "By the way, are you hungry? I'll ask the doctor if I can get you something to eat. Just wait here for me." Seeing him rise to leave, Carol wanted to stop him, but he seemed to flee before she could.

Clark finally stepped out of the ward, his eyes reddening. He knew what she was going to say next, and he couldn't accept it. He had only just managed to bring her back, and he would never let go.

Not even if it killed him.

Clark asked the doctor, who said she could have some light gruel. Just then, Arabella texted back that she'd be at the hospital in

a while. Clark quickly asked, [Can Carol have some gruel?] Arabella replied in four words: [Yes, in small amounts.] With his sister's assurance, Clark purchased some food from the hospital cafeteria and hurried back to the ward, only to realize that Carol was gone.

The breakfast he held dropped to the floor, the hot gruel splashing onto his ankle and dirtying his pants. But he didn't notice, standing stunned for a moment before rushing to check the ensuite bathroom.

"Carol?"

She was not in the bathroom, not in the ward, he even checked under the bed and tossed the curtains.

No one was there.

All that was left on the bed was a pillow and a drawn back blanket.

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Her IV drip had been removed.

Where was she?

“Carol.” Clark burst out of the room, immediately rushing to ask the nurse on that floor, ‘Where did the patient in bed 308 go?’”

“I have no idea.”

Carol had already been out of danger since last night, shifted from the ICU to a regular ward. It was the early Morning shift change, and no nurse had noticed where she had gone.

Clark was anxious, suddenly remembering what Carol had mentioned earlier. She'd said: Yesterday at the ICU door.

Even though she hadn't finished her sentence, Clark had a bad feeling. She must have overheard his conversation with his

parents and decided to leave.

He frantically hit the elevator's down button, but seeing it still stuck on the 21st floor, with no sign of moving, he ran down the stairs, searching everywhere once he reached the ground floor.

"Carol.

People were everywhere, the falling snowflakes as dense as feathers, obstructing his vision.

Clark's eyes turned red, and among the crowd, he couldn't find his Carol.

Ignoring the biting cold wind that made his wounds ache, he pulled out his cell phone, repeatedly dialing Carol's number.

The automated voice just kept saying: I'm sorry, the number you have dialed is switched off.

She had turned off her phone.

She was missing again!

Tears started to fill Clark's eyes, this feeling was too similar to when she had disappeared before.

He was desperate, not knowing where to find her. Would Carol go back to the Mystic Oak House to pack her things if she was leaving?

Thinking of this, Clark rushed out of the hospital, nearly getting hit by a taxi. He opened the passenger door, "Mystic Oak House, fast!"

The taxi driver looked puzzled, "Sorry, sir, there's still a passenger in the backseat."

Clark turned to see a woman holding her feverish child, on their way to the hospital.

The young mother, startled by Clark's urgency and red eyes, quickly got out of the car with her child.

"Please step on it." Clark, suddenly recalling something, pulled out his phone again, calling the staff at Mystic Oak House, "Has Carol returned?"

"Huh? Has she returned? I haven't seen her." The housekeeper sensed something was off in Clark's tone, quickly responding, "I might have been busy and didn't notice. I'll get some people to look around."

The mansion was huge. If Carol wanted to avoid the staff, with her agility, it was entirely possible.

"If you see her, you must stop her."

"Yes."

After hanging up, Clark urged the driver again, to which the driver responded helplessly, "I'm already going as fast as I can"

Finally arriving at Mystic Oak House, Clark dashed in, grabbing the first staff member he saw, "Has Carol returned?"

"No, I've checked the surveillance. She didn't come back."

"She's not here."

Clark rushed to the bedroom. Everything was as usual.

The mention of "surveillance" by the staff reminded him of something he had overlooked in his panic! He immediately accessed the hospital's surveillance for that floor, discovering Carol had left by herself, pushing open the fire escape door while he was out getting breakfast. No one in the corridor had noticed her then.

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There was no CCTV in the fire escape.
But he didn't see Carol on his way down.
So, where did Carol go?
Clark could only hack into the first-floor surveillance,
but at that time, Carol was nowhere to be found.
Neither was she on the rooftop.
The more Clark investigated, the more anxious he
became. There were blind spots in the hospital's
CCTV coverage. With
Carol's skills, if she wanted to leave, avoiding all
cameras wasn't impossible.
Clark called his subordinates again, "Keep an eye
on the train station, bus station, and the airport for
any sign of Carol. If you
see her, stop her. She might be in disguise or using
a new ID to buy tickets. In any case, remember her
face, don't let her leave
Summerfield!"
"Got it"
"Don't hurt her when you stop her. We'll discuss
everything when I get there."
"Understood."
After hanging up, Clark suddenly thought of Logan
and Taylor in the morgue.
Would Carol go to see them?
With that thought, he rushed back to the hospital in
his car from the garage. But when he pushed open
the morgue door, there

was no one inside.

Tears welled up in his eyes.

Where on earth did Carol go?

Despair, pain, and fear all surged up at this moment.

Clark didn't know how he managed to pick up his phone and dial his sister's number.

"Bella, did Carol contact you?" Clark's eyes were brimming with tears, "She..."

"Carol? She's right in front of me. What's going on?"

Arabella noticed Clark's voice was choked with emotion.

Hearing this, Clark asked in disbelief, "Where are you?"

"we're in the small pavilion in the hospital's first-floor garden." Arabella had noticed Carol standing alone in the pavilion when she

arrived at the hospital. She wanted to ask what was going on, but just as she greeted Carol, Clark's call came in.

"Wait there for me, I'll be right there." Before hanging up, Clark added, "Keep an eye on her for me. Don't let her leave"

Arabella was a bit confused but she guessed something was going on. After ending the call, she put her coat on Carol.

"You're still recovering. Don't catch a cold, otherwise, Clark will be worried."

Carol tried to take it off to give it back, but Arabella forcibly put it back on her, pretending to be serious, "I don't have time to save you again."

Carol couldn't help but give a weak smile, "Thank you."

"It's Grandpa Beck you should be thanking. He did us a huge favor."

Arabella remembered that night, Grandpa Beck rushed to the ICU door with the antidote, saving Carol's life in the nick of time.

If it weren't for that antidote, the outcome would have been unthinkable.

"What happened with you and Clark?" Arabella looked at her gloomy face, "Did you two have a fight?"

Carol gave a pale smile and shook her head.

She was willing to explain, but Clark didn't give her a chance.

"Carol"

From afar, Clark saw Carol, draped in Bella's coat, standing in the pavilion.

In the midst of falling snow, Clark put his coat on his sister, then turned to Carol with tear-filled eyes, "You silly girl, where did you run off to? Do you know how worried I was?"

Before Carol could say anything, Clark scooped her up in his arms.

“It's freezing out here. What if you catch a cold?”
Clark carried her towards the ward, his eyes red and teary, even his voice was choked up, “If it wasn't for Bella finding you, where would I even begin to look?”
Carol looked into his eyes, “Are you crying?”

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“Could you at least let me know where you're going next time?” Clark's eyes were even redder, his voice rough and strained.

Carol gently wiped away the tears that had fallen from his eyes. "You're a grown man. Why are you crying?"

The moment she wiped his tears, fresh ones welled up, rolling down his face. His voice choked with hurt, "Why weren't you answering my call?"

He looked at her with red-rimmed eyes.

Each time the busy tone beeped, it felt like his heart sank a little further.

"I don't even know where my phone is."

She hadn't touched her phone since she woke up. In fact, she didn't even know where it was.

"Where did you go?" Clark asked, cradling her into the elevator, drawing the attention of many.

People watched as he inquired about the girl in his arms with teary eyes, his puppy-like demeanor tugging at their heartstrings.

With several pairs of eyes on them in the elevator, Carol didn't respond.

"You're dressed so lightly, and it's snowing outside. You're still recovering. What if you get a cold?"

"I can accompany you wherever you want to go, do whatever you want to do, but you can't just disappear without a trace." his heart couldn't take it.

“Do you know how worried I was when I came back from grabbing breakfast and found the whole room empty?

The nurses hadn't seen you and your phone was off. I didn't know where to find you”

An elderly woman nearby was moved to tears, "Young lady, you scared this handsome young man. He cares so much about you, don't break his heart. Where else can you find such a good man?"

“Indeed. Someone who is willing to hold you like this in public, who cares about you so deeply, is hard to come by,’ another

woman chimed in. "If you don't cherish him, many others will. You need to hold onto him."

Caught off guard, Carol didn't know what to say.

Clark quickly added, “Thank you both for your kind words. I still need to improve."

The elevator dinged open, and Clark thanked the kind strangers, before turning to Carol again, "You still haven't told me where you went."

“The morgue."

Clark was taken aback, "I've been there too. Did you go while I was getting breakfast?"

So they had missed each other?

“Mhm."

Carol figured he wouldn't be back for a while, so she decided to visit her foster parents.

Seeing their pitiful state, she felt suffocated and wanted to get some fresh air and see the snow.

She hadn't expected him to be this worried.

Seeing his reddened eyes, Carol felt a pang of sympathy, "I was only gone for a while and you're like this. What if"

What if she couldn't be saved?

What if the antidote wasn't developed, or she didn't take it in time?

What would he do then?

Clark thought she was about leaving him.

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Clark gently laid the girl on the hospital bed, his hands braced on the side, eyes reddened from unshed tears, observing her closely.

"Did you overhear what my folks told me?" "Mmhm," Carol didn't deny, quietly meeting his gaze.

"So, are you planning on leaving? Just like last time, leaving me in the lurch, disappearing off the face of the Earth?"

Clark stared into her eyes, a raw mix of hurt and indignation in his voice, "You know I can't live without you.

What am I supposed to do if you leave? Did you even consider my feelings? The last time you left me like discarded trash, did you ever think about how heartbroken I would be, how I'd miss you?"

Seeing his tears fall once again, Carol tried to wipe them away, but Clark turned his face, a hint of petulance in his voice, "If you truly cared about me, you wouldn't even think about leaving."

Carol's hand froze mid-air.

“Aren't you going to wipe them?” Clark turned his gaze back to hers.

Carol was at a loss for words, reaching to wipe his tears, only to have her hand caught by his.

“You just went ahead and removed your IV. Bella barely managed to save you, and you treat your health like it's nothing, going out into the cold.”

“Are you done?”

“No.” Clark was looking into her eyes, a hint of anger in his voice, “Do you think if you disappeared without a word, I wouldn't be able to find you? I could search for ten, twenty, thirty years. As long as I'm alive, I won't stop until there's nowhere left for you to hide”

He looked into her eyes, emphasizing each word, “Listen to me, no matter what happens, I won't let go of your hand. We're in this together. I'll handle my parents. Once all potential dangers are eliminated, they'll naturally accept us. Trust me and give me some time.”

Carol just looked at his sincere expression, not saying a word.

“Everything that happened to your parents, I grieve for them too. I know you feel guilty for Crystal's death. What we can do now

is to seek justice for them, to comfort the Temple family, to bring these criminals to justice so they can't hurt anyone else."

She remembered what Logan had said at the Riverside Villa: parents would do everything for their children's welfare. They just want their children to live well, otherwise, how could they justify their own sacrifices?

Looking at Clark, Carol said softly, "I'm not planning on leaving."

Clark was surprised.

"I just wanted to see them in the morque." Carol's voice fell, "I didn't want to cry in front of you, or worry you."

That was why she went to the morgue alone, and cried her heart out.

When she was young, she was taught to not show weakness, to not cry. So during training, no matter how much she bled or how badly she was hurt, she'd grit her teeth and never let a tear fall.

But seeing her foster parents' bodies today, she couldn't help but weep. She missed them so much and wished they could come back to life.

"It's normal that your parents can't accept me. As parents, they naturally want their child to live a peaceful life. I understand. If it

were my child, I wouldn't want them to be with someone with a complicated background. I don't blame them."

Carol's words surprised Clark even more.

"I'll do my best to earn their approval." Carol looked into his eyes, her voice serious, "My parents haven't been buried yet. I

haven't avenged them or Crystal yet, so I can't leave. I can't let those people get close to the Temple family and you."

Standing at the door, Arabella heard this, a smile playing on her lips as she walked towards the head doctor's office.

Seeing her approach, the head doctor stood up as if he was greeting an esteemed person in the medical field.

"Dr. Bella, welcome! Please, come take a seat!"

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"No need for formalities, just call me Arabella."

"Nonsense, that wouldn't be right. Your medical skills surpass mine. It's already a disservice to call you 'Doctor'.

Please, have some tea. This is the best we have."

The attending physician prepared the tea and carefully handed it to Arabella, saying with the utmost respect, "It's a bit hot, take your time."

Arabella accepted the tea and stated her purpose, "I'd like to see all the real-time data from the medical equipment monitoring

the patient who was moved into room 308 last night, as well as any issues identified by the doctors and nurses."

"Please, give me a moment. I'll fetch it for you." The doctor quickly accessed the system, turned the computer screen towards

Arabella and said respectfully, "Here it is, four pages in total. Take your time."

After Arabella finished one page, she clicked to the next.

"No adverse reactions were observed. The patient didn't ring for assistance, there were no complaints from family members, and our staff checked on her every hour for five consecutive hours from late night to early morning, without finding any issues.

The doctor paused, then asked humbly, "Dr. Bella, may I ask where you sourced the medication? Could it be introduced for medical usage to save more patients?"

"Not yet."

It was too expensive for the patients.

Moreover, it was not fully tested yet, there might be side effects.

"Oh." The doctor nodded carefully, not daring to ask more, "The patient's recovery is going quite well."

After reviewing the four pages of data, Arabella admitted, "Indeed, it's better than I expected."

"if she doesn't experience any discomfort, she can be discharged in three days. If there are any complications, feel free to

contact me." Arabella handed over her personal QR code.

The doctor was taken aback, then ecstatically scrambled for his phone, excited to add the esteemed Dr. Bella to his WhatsApp

contacts.

"I'll be busy in the next few days and won't be able to visit often. I'm counting on you"

"No, no, it's no trouble at all. I'll take good care of the patient.' The doctor was still thrilled to have added the revered Dr. Bella's contact.

"I'll be leaving now."

Seeing her stand up, the doctor immediately picked up the tea cup, "Dr. Bella, your tea."

"No, thank you."

Watching her leave, the doctor thought to himself how polite, young, beautiful, and skilled she was. He wondered who would be the lucky person to win her heart.

After leaving the hospital, Arabella remembered that she'd been neglecting Romeo recently, so she bought some items and drove to the McMillian Corporation.

In the office.

Carl reported, "Mr. McMillian, our clothing brand can launch hundreds of new designs each month. Our new designer is very

talented. Our brand's popularity is on par with QY's."

"Reduce the new designs to eighty per month."

Romeo casually instructed as he flipped through documents, "Our focus isn't on the clothing industry."

Carl understood that Romeo wanted to let QY dominate the market, but he couldn't help saying, "Mr. McMillian, you could also make money with Ms. Bella." There was no need to "yield" to her.

"Isn't the money I make going to be hers in the future?" Romeo asked, lifting his gaze from the documents.

Carl couldn't argue with that. "Oh, by the way, there's a new competitor this quarter. They're tailing QY closely, copying their style. Each design is unique and priced lower than QY's, they're stealing customers."

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The designs were nearly identical to QY's but at a cheaper price, so the sales were quite good.

“Take it from the fabric of the clothes, the price, the style, the design, try to find a way to knock them off the market.” As Romeo

spoke, there was a knock at the door. With a poker face, he uttered a single word, "Come in,

“Mr. McMillian-’

A woman entered, balancing files in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other. There was a mix of admiration and eagerness in her eyes that she couldn't hide.

Romeo looked at her, "I asked for the head of HR."

Carl, who was standing beside him, couldn't help but speak up, "Mr. McMillian, she is the new head of HR, Belinda.”

Belinda, her wavy hair falling over one shoulder, handed him the coffee with a smile, "Mr. McMillian, I'm Belinda.

It's nice to meet you. Your secretary sent this coffee, and I brought it in. This is the file you requested about this quarter's staff

changes. Some of the reasons are related to a decision made by one of our group's decision-makers. I wanted to discuss it with you."

Romeo inspected her meticulously made-up face, glanced at Carl, and Carl quickly bowed and left. As soon as he stepped out of the office, the elevator doors opened with a ding sound, and Arabella walked out with a bag in her hand.

"Ms. Bella?" Carl was taken aback and rubbed his eyes, doubting if he was seeing correctly, "Why are you here today?"

Arabella smirked, "Can't I come?"

"No, no, I'm just surprised. Mr. McMillian will be thrilled to see you!" Carl hurried forward, "Let me help you with that. Is this for Mr. McMillian?"

"Yes." Arabella handed him the bag, "Is he still busy?"

"There have been a lot of staff changes recently, and many people have resigned. It's said that there's a reason behind it, and

Mr. McMillian is investigating'

"Then I'll wait here for a while."

"Ms. Bella, why don't you come in and sit in my office?"

Romeo's office was right next door, and this room was Carl's workspace. Arabella entered and found the environment quite pleasant.

She suddenly felt she had been underappreciating the hardworking people who had been managing her corporation.

Their offices were not even half as large as this one.

"It's a little messy, Ms. Bella, have a seat. I'll make some coffee." As Carl was speaking, he added, "We can finally use the coffee

beans Mr. McMillian bought. If you didn't come, the coffee beans would have expired. And the snack cabinet that's only for you,

those things have been sitting there for quite a while."

Arabella felt a warmth inside, and was about to speak when she heard the sound of a cup shattering from the next room.

Following that was the irate voice of a man.

The specifics of what was said were unclear, but it was obvious that Romeo was very upset.

"Ms. Bella, just sit tight, I'll go check it out." Carl quickly opened the door.

"Is he always like this?"

"No, no, no, Mr. McMillian is very considerate of his staff, very easy to talk to. Maybe something today hit a

nerve.” After knocking on the door next door, Carl pushed it open, only to hear Romeo angrily say, “Get out.”

Carl shut the door in fright.

Seeing Carl's scared, shrunken figure, Arabella, out of curiosity, knocked on Romeo's door.

"Didn't you hear me? I said."

His sentence was cut off when he saw the person who pushed the door open was Arabella.

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1180

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Chapter 1180

Romeo's anger quickly simmered down as he moved towards the girl, his eyes filled with surprise and joy.

"Hey." Arabella smiled at him, "What did you ask me to do again?"

"Come in? Romeo swiftly pulled her into his arms, greedily inhaling her scent. "You finally came to see me."

"Ms. Bella also brought quite a few things for you."

At the doorway, Carl carried a large bag.

"What is it?" Romeo asked excitedly.

"Food, necessities, all sorts."

"Well, bring it in then.' With just a glance from Romeo, Carl immediately brought the bag in.

"I'll open this surprise later"

After saying this, Romeo happily looked at the girl in his arms, "Why didn't you tell me in advance? I could come down and meet you."

"I wanted to surprise you"

"Indeed, it was both a surprise and a joy."

The displeasure from before had completely dissipated, replaced by a warm feeling of gratitude.

"You haven't visited me in a while,' Romeo said, cherishing the girl in front of him. "Will I get more surprises like this in the future?"

"Of course."

On the side, Belinda watched their interaction in disbelief, unable to trust her own eyes.

One minute he was furious with her, the next he was so tender with another girl.

His joy at the girl's sudden visit was something she had never seen.

Who was this girl?

Could she be Mr. McMillian's secret girlfriend?

But she looked so young, probably still in high school.

How could Mr. McMillian like such a girl?

"What happened?" Arabella asked, looking concerned.

"The coffee she made for me had something in it."

Following Romeo's gaze, Arabella noticed the woman on the side looking somewhat disheveled.

Her white blouse was stained

with coffee, and three of her buttons were undone, as if deliberately so.

There were broken pieces of the coffee cup on the floor, along with black coffee.

Arabella squatted down, dipped her finger into the coffee on the floor, and smelled it, "Magic Elixir?"

A drop was rumored to make one feel euphoric. It was newly released on the market.

Belinda's expression was slightly taken aback. She couldn't believe the girl had such a keen sense of smell. But she would never

admit to it, shaking her head, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

"Weren't you just discussing personnel changes?"

Arabella stood up and walked over to Belinda, her calm eyes radiating

confidence. "Did you need to unbutton your shirt for that?"

"I don't know why my buttons were undone."

In the face of Arabella's strong presence, Belinda was somewhat lacking in confidence.

"Anyone who is not properly dressed will not be allowed in this office.' Arabella was firm about this.

"You unbuttoned your shirt after you came in."

Belinda hurriedly buttoned up her shirt, not daring to look into Arabella's eyes.

"Do you like him?" Arabella asked preemptively.

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