

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 865



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Aside from drugging, did she have any other means of protecting herself?

She was so frail, there couldn't be.

"Not necessarily.' Arabella overturned his assumption again, "Didn't those four guys inside say Carol was a traitor? If Carol was one of them, then her skills could conceivably be on par with theirs."

That didn't seem to align with her being "as weak as a kitten'.

Whether she had skills or not and how good those skills were would need further investigation.

"No, it can't be." Clark recalled his previous interactions with Carol, and there was no indication that she was a skilled individual. She was probably afraid of even cockroaches.

"We can only continue to investigate." Arabella checked the time, "Clark, it's getting late, it's almost eleven, let's head home."

It was late; their parents would be worried.

"Mom and Dad have already called me a few times, and I don't know if they called you."

Clark checked his phone. Not a single call.

"Worrying about it now won't help, let's go."

Seeing his sister had been busy all day, Clark didn't want to trouble her any more. He nodded and drove her home.

On the way, Clark heard a rumbling sound from his sister's stomach.

He realized something, "Bella, are you hungry? Did you have dinner?"

"I had." Arabella lied.

Her stomach rumbled again. Clark glanced at her, "Still lying to me.

Did you skip meals today to catch those guys?"

"I had lunch."

"So you skipped dinner." Clark felt guilty, "You silly girl, I will be worried. You have to take care of your health first."

"I'm not hungry."

Just as Arabella finished speaking, her stomach rumbled in protest again.

Clark felt both distressed and amused, "What do you want to eat?

I'm also hungry. Shall we grab some late-night snacks on the way home?"

"Okay.' Arabella thought momentarily and blurted out, "Let's get some pastries."

It was so late. Better avoid anything spicy.

There were other things to take care of later so it wouldn't be good if she upset her stomach.

"Alright, I know a place that makes amazing pastries. They specialize in late-night snacks. We can buy a bunch to take home."

"Okay.

Reflections Villa.

Serena checked the time, and it was already half-past eleven. Why hadn't Clark returned yet?

There was no sign of him downstairs, she sat at her vanity, waiting impatiently. She was eager to know where Clark and Arabella had gone! Why were they taking so long?

It wasn't until she heard the sound of a sports car outside the villa that she looked out the window. Sure enough, it was Clark's car!

Clark was finally back!

Hmph, that Arabella, monopolizing Clark until so late, was she afraid that if they returned earlier, Clark would have time to accompany her.