

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 884



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Once they were inside the plane, the lavish interior was a sight to behold, with attendants offering them coffee, pastries, and fruits.

“Clark, grab a bite first, then you can retire to the bedroom for a rest.”

There were four separate rooms on the plane. The master suite was hers, and of the three guest rooms, only one had been used before by the injured Jack. The other two remained totally untouched.

However, they were regularly cleaned and maintained, leaving them spotlessly neat.

“You don't seem tired, Clark. But you, after staying up late last night, waking up early this morning, and conducting experiments for hours, should rest.”

Clark felt guilty, yet admired his sister, who was unlike any other rich young lady he knew, always committed to her business.

Most heiresses would be impeccably dressed, attending all sorts of parties, pampering themselves with spa treatments, and indulging in shopping sprees.

Compared to them, Bella's life was more fulfilling and meaningful.

“Oh, I just remembered something,’ Arabella said, sitting on the single-seater sofa, sipping on her lemon water, “I didn't find anything related to you in Carol's room.”

Upon hearing that, Clark's eyes darkened.

Arabella guessed what he was thinking and explained herself, “They said she's a traitor. I was wondering if she was afraid to involve you, so she erased everything related to you. If that's the case, she must love you a lot”

Clark looked up abruptly, his heart pounding at the thought.

“She was protecting you in her own way,’ Arabella added, trying to comfort him.

Ever since Carol left, Clark had been desolated for a year. At that moment, hearing that possibility, his heart seemed to revive, full of life again.

“We have about ten more hours before we reach our destination.

Let's rest for a while,” Arabella suggested, standing up and heading to the master suite.

Under the guidance of a subordinate, Clark went to the guest room.

With the possibility offered by his sister, his mood lifted, and he soon fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Arabella busied herself with her own affairs in the master suite until the plane landed hours later.

Clark had a good, long rest, and woke up feeling refreshed and full of energy.

It was only ten in the morning there, twelve hours behind Solterra.

As soon as Arabella got off the plane, someone sent by Romeo came to pick them up.

“Are you Ms. Bella? Mr. McMillian sent me. I'm Jerry, responsible for your and Clark's transportation.”

“Hello.”

Just as Arabella was about to get in the car, Jerry beat Clark to it, opening the car door for her first.

It was quite considerate of him.

They followed the address to the apartment rented by Carol's parents. It was on the first floor of a small apartment complex, complete with a small yard where laundry was hung out to dry.

Arabella rang the doorbell and waited. A woman came out to answer the door.

It was Carol's mother, Taylor Earwood. She looked at the unfamiliar young woman with curiosity before her eyes landed on Clark. She immediately understood that they were together.

“How did you find us?” Taylor had a strong impression of Clark.

After her daughter left the Earwood family, that young man would show up at their doorstep every now and then, clearly a love-struck fool.

“Hi, Mrs. Earwood, we didn't mean to disturb you,’ Clark feared leaving a bad impression on her.

“We've told you earlier we don't have any news about Carol,’ Taylor was almost about to close the door.

Arabella spoke softly, “Carol might be in danger. We're here to help her.”