

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 890



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"But just let us know anything you can,' Arabella said softly, "I believe we can find Carol soon."

Arabella paused for a while, then continued, "Carol lied to you that she had found her biological parents and was going to live abroad with them. But we checked all the flights in the past year, and there is no record of her leaving the country."

At those words, Logan and Taylor were taken aback.

"I knew Carol couldn't be so heartless. Something must have happened to her,' Taylor, who had been with her daughter for years, had a telepathic connection with her. Ever since Carol mentioned finding her biological parents and leaving them, Taylor had had a nagging feeling that something wasn't right and that she was hiding something.

Seeing Taylor wiping away her tears quietly, Logan felt a lump in his throat, his voice slightly hoarse, "I rather hope she really found her real parents, and she's not in any danger."

If they could, they'd rather have their daughter happy for the rest of her life, even if they could never see her again.

"Your neighbor mentioned that a few months ago, a group of people visited your house. It was raining, but they kept walking around your yard,' Arabella looked up at them.

It was said that after that day, the Earwood family didn't open their doors for about four or five days. When their neighbors saw them after a few days, they inquired about the situation. The Earwoods simply said that they had relatives visiting but didn't elaborate any further.

"That time." Logan hesitated, unsure if he should disclose the matter.

"Tell them, they are good people. They really want to help us,"

Taylor urged.

Eventually, Logan decided to spill the beans, "It was a rainy night. I was asleep when I heard some noise in Carol's room. At first, I thought I was hearing things. But then, I heard it again, and this time, Taylor heard it too. We both thought Carol had come back.

We were so excited that we got up to check it out. However, the storm was so loud that it made us nervous. The door to Carol's room wasn't fully closed. I saw two or three people sneaking around, going through her stuff. At the time, I thought we had a break-in. I held Taylor's hand, and we tiptoed downstairs, hoping to ask the neighbors for help. But to our surprise, there were also people in our living room, rummaging through our things. Once we got down there, we walked right into their hands. They saw us, rushed over, and we got hurt while resisting. Afterward, we somehow managed to escape to the yard, but they caught us and knocked us out."

Arabella nodded in understanding. No wonder there were so many blood stains on the living room floor and a few in the yard. As she had suspected earlier, Mr. and Mrs. Earwood had also been in danger.

"When we woke up, we were tied up. There were a few people in the living room, guarding us. They were all wearing black masks and black clothes, so we couldn't see their faces clearly. They kept asking us the same question over and over again — where is Carol? But we had no idea where she was. At first, we thought Carol had been targeted by some gang because she's young and pretty. But as time went on, we realized things weren't that simple."

Arabella then asked, "How long did they keep you?"

"Three days,' Logan replied truthfully.

"Did they mention anything else other than Carol?"

"No, Logan recalled, "They wouldn't answer any questions we asked. Oh, they also went through our cell phones, looking at our chat history. It seemed like they wanted to know if we had been in contact with Carol privately. They even took pictures of us injured and sent them to Carol. We think they were using us as bait to lure Carol out."