

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 894



Chapter 894

The anonymous figure in black was ready to bite his own tongue off but Arabella, with a casual flick of her wrist, sprinkled a white powder that filled the room.

One by one, several people dropped to the floor unconscious.

By the time Romeo's men arrived at that place, the room was littered with bodies, more than a dozen of them sprawled in every direction.

Their masks had already been removed, revealing unfamiliar faces, and there were no tattoos or markings on their bodies.

"The rest is for you to deal with."

Arabella knew that those men were notoriously tight-lipped, and it would take days, if not weeks, to extract any useful information from them.

"Just be careful not to attract attention."

"Yes, Ms. Bella. We will take care of it from here on."

The lead bodyguard watched Arabella's retreating figure, pulling out his phone, intending to sneak a picture of Arabella.

But Arabella noticed it, turning back to ask, "What are you doing?"

Startled, the bodyguard's hand trembled, "I was taking a picture for Mr. McMillian to prove that Ms. Bella is safe."

God, Ms. Bella's aura was intimidating. Even after years of navigating through the underworld, he found himself a bit unsettled.

Clark was also stunned. He thought the man had taken a liking to his sister and wanted to sneak a picture of her as a memento, but he didn't expect that it was Romeo's idea.

Arabella was likewise at a loss for words. Before she left that place, she instructed, "Clean up this mess as soon as possible."

"Yes!" The man blushed, feeling somewhat embarrassed.

Clark picked up a bag from the ground, opened it, and found a scarf and some other personal items.

It must be the bag Mrs. Earwood had mentioned earlier.

A car was waiting outside to take them to meet up with Jerry.

As soon as Arabella got into the car, she asked, "Clark, any new discoveries?"

After they had taken down those men, they confiscated their phones and discovered their conversation was coded with special terms. There was even a picture of Arabella, apparently, they were planning to capture her.

The picture was a screenshot from a surveillance video. Clark knew that his sister was being targeted and the situation was very dangerous.

He had tried to decipher the codes in the room but didn't find anything new.

"Once I decode these messages, I'll try to trace them remotely and see if we can find any leads;" Clark said.

Arabella leaned back, exuding the aura of a boss, "If that doesn't work, we'll wait for the next batch to come, and I'll pretend to be overwhelmed and let them take me."

In that way, they could locate their hideout, find out what kind of organization they were.

And even uncover the truth about Carol's past in the process.

"No, I won't let you take that risk!" Clark immediately rejected the idea, "If anyone's going there, it's going to be me!"

"Do you think you can get away?" Arabella raised an eyebrow.

Clark was at a loss for words. He knew that those men were skilled fighters. If it wasn't for Arabella, he would have had a hard time facing them alone.

"Anyway, this is not open for discussion. I won't cooperate with you on this, nor will I allow you to take the risk." Clark was unwilling to let his sister go on a dangerous mission alone.

"Clark, I Know what I'm doing."

"No! There's no room for negotiation; Clark knew that his sister was stubborn. Even if he disagreed, she would carry on with her plan secretly.

"Clark, you should give me those phones."

"Do you think I won't tell you once I decode the messages?"

"But you will go alone, won't you?"

Clark was stunned. He didn't expect his sister to be so perceptive.

Arabella was clearly a better hacker than he was. If he gave her all the phones, she might decode them first and go there alone.