

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 906



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Out on the ranch, Romeo's men formed a straight line, vowing to protect the folks inside the house at all costs.

Dozens of men clad in black approached them rapidly like bolts of lightning.

Some of them slipped through the gaps, heading straight for the door. Clark was there, standing firm, not allowing them to cross the threshold.

"What do we do? Is Clark in danger?"

Taylor hid by the window, peeping out. He was worried but also impressed by the kid's loyalty. He'd risked his life again and again to protect them.

Given his character, Taylor secretly vowed that if they could find Carol unharmed, he'd be all for this match.

"We're causing trouble for them again,' Logan said, his worry apparent. The fight outside was fierce. Clark's arm had already been slashed. Blood was gushing out.

"Clark." Taylor's heart ached at the sight of all that blood. The kid must be in so much pain.

But Clark didn't stop. Two of the men in black tried to take advantage of his injury to break in, but he deterred them once again.

Things were looking grim.

Just then, the sound of rotor blades came from above.

Both Taylor and Logan noticed the helicopter. Their rescue was here!

Some of the men in black fired at the helicopter, but it didn't prevent it from landing smoothly.

The sound startled the cattle, causing them to scatter.

"We have to take Clark and Arabella with us." Taylor started to say but then remembered that Arabella hadn't returned yet. She quickly pulled out her phone, hands shaking as she dialed the number she remembered.

"Auntie," Arabella's voice came from the other end of the phone.

For some reason, hearing Arabella's voice caused Taylor to break down in tears. All the worry, fear, and anxiety seemed to lessen at the sound of her voice.

"Arabella, come back quickly. The helicopter is here,' Taylor said, her voice choked with tears. "The situation has changed. We all have to leave together. Hurry up."

"I'm on my way; Arabella said, her voice calm and comforting. "Don't worry."

Although it was just two words, Taylor broke down crying again, "Okay, be careful on your way back. We are surrounded. When you get here, get on the helicopter first. Don't foolishly try to rescue us. Remember."

"Is Clark okay?" Arabella asked gently.

As soon as Clark was mentioned, Taylor looked outside again. Clark had been wounded by another man in black. It seemed like he was a bit outnumbered.

Romeo's men were tough, but they were outnumbered, and some had already fallen.

Taylor's voice broke even more, "He's hurt."

"Don't worry, I'll be there soon." Arabella had already floored the gas pedal. Speeding was a small matter that Romeo's men would handle.

After a while, Clark managed to take down seven or eight of the men in black outside. Panting heavily, he opened the door, "Quick, I'll cover you. Get on the helicopter."

Seeing the blood-soaked figure before her, Taylor's tears flowed freely, "Clark, forget about us. You go first."

More men in black were appearing wave after wave. There was no way to hold them off.