

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 907



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They were, in all likelihood, not going to make it to the plane. "Come on." Clark had no time for lengthy discussions. Grabbing each other by the arm, they had barely made it out the door when a knife came slashing down. With a swift kick, he sent the knife-wielding assailant sprawling and urged them towards the plane.

Blood stained his arm, and his clothes were already soaked in crimson.

Taylor was in tears, and Logan found a bitter taste in his mouth. If it weren't for Carol, this young man wouldn't be risking his life to protect them.

He was indeed in love with Carol, so deeply that it extended to those she cared about.

The goons from Romeo were badly injured, but seeing Clark trying to escort the elderly couple to the plane, they gritted their teeth, rose from the ground, and fought to protect them.

Taylor looked at the carnage, unable to comprehend who her daughter had crossed. It was terrifying.

They were still some distance from the plane, and Romeo's men, already injured, were dropping like flies. Soon, a dozen or so attackers were rushing towards Clark.

One of them drew a knife on Taylor.

They didn't want to kill them but to trap them so they could be taken back to face their fate.

Seeing the threat to Taylor, Clark pulled her to his side. A knife came down on his shoulder, making him gasp in pain.

"Clark." Taylor was terrified. The young man was clearly in agony but was still hanging on.

Logan saw another attacker aiming for Clark and pushed him away with all his strength, oblivious to the danger behind him. He was kicked to the ground.

"Logan. Taylor wanted to help him, but more attackers were coming. She closed her eyes in fear.

Clark pulled Taylor aside, evading several knives, kicked away the attacker going for Mr. Earwood, and then shoved both Taylor and Mr. Earwood behind him. "Run!" he shouted.

Left alone to face the two dozen attackers, Clark knew he might not make it out alive.

Thankfully, his sister had yet to return. Otherwise, he would be filled with guilt for the rest of his life.

He wondered what treats she might bring him and whether he'd have the chance to enjoy them.

Taylor was frozen in place. Clark was clearly no match for the attackers, especially injured as he was. His blood stained the grass beneath him, making him look like a tragic hero.

"Go!" Logan knew that they would only hinder Clark if they stayed. With a tug, he got Taylor moving. "Clark will find a way. He loves Carol. He will find a way to survive."

"Clark." Taylor cried out in pain, tears blurring her vision. "You have to protect yourself. We're waiting for you to celebrate your wedding. You have to live!"

Hearing this, Clark broke into a smile, both charming and enigmatic.

Did this mean he had the approval of his future in-laws?

If so, he could die without any regrets.

"Run!" Logan urged, pulling Taylor along.

Glancing back, Taylor saw a dozen attackers rushing at Clark. A silver flash and a knife sliced open Clark's back, leaving a stark trail of blood.

As Clark staggered under the pain, more fists and blades were aimed at him.

"Clark." Taylor could run no further. She couldn't let Clark sacrifice himself for them. How could she live with that for the rest of her life?