

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 941



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How did she manage that?

The weary masked man quickly pressed a button on his wristwatch, and soon, a squad of loyal operatives appeared at the door.

They seemed like they'd just arrived from the Underworld, each exuding an intense chill. The cold wind from the window poured in, sending shivers down one's spine.

Upon seeing this group, Carol's eyes dimmed slightly. She knew that today could very well be her last. She glanced at Arabella and said quietly, "You go first."

She'd provide cover for Arabella.

Arabella merely arched an eyebrow, "Finally, some useful help?"

"They've received special training from a young age, impervious to poison and invincible to weaponry."

They were also injected with all sorts of drugs, their muscle strength and power far exceeding that of a regular human.

Carol's current skills were honed through countless battles with these freaks from a young age.

Of course, she suffered numerous injuries in the process.

Because these men had "indestructible bodies", blades struggled to pierce their skin. The toxins within their bodies were complex, making them seem less than human. Even their complexions were an eerie, sickly green.

"Take him away."

The 'him' Carol referred to was naturally Clark.

If the organization had dispatched this group, it meant they were close to finding Mafia Flame. It wasn't safe for Clark to stay here. He needed to return to his homeland. The sooner, the better.

"He must be taken away." Carol lunged at one of the operatives first, "Now's the chance."

But her strikes and moves seemed to merely tickle operative 1107.

1107 stood still, unmoving like a statue.

After Carol had attacked seven or eight times, he retaliated with a swift punch.

With just one punch, Carol stumbled backward, clutching her stomach in pain.

Arabella quickly supported Carol. She had clearly seen the speed of the man's punch. It was indeed faster than both of theirs, even the force of it was stronger.

Realizing the severity of the situation, Arabella whispered, "What's their deal?"

"Over the years, they've been injected with all sorts of drugs." Carol gritted through the pain, "They've become monstrous, half-man, half-ghost, unrecognizable"

They were like emotionless puppets, only knowing how to complete their tasks and never giving up until they do.

"Do they have any weaknesses?" Arabella asked again.

"After all these years of fighting them, I've yet to discover any."

Arabella looked at the thirty-odd eerie individuals before her and felt the pressure mount.

What she didn't expect was more reinforcements to arrive.

As far as the eye could see, the crowd was a sea of black, like soldiers sent by the Grim Reaper.

The organization was pulling out all the stops, determined to bring them back.

"Arabella, find a way to escape." Carol straightened her frail body despite the pain, whispering, "I'll hold them off

for a while. You help me get him away."

Looking at the dense crowd before her, Arabella replied, "There's no way out."

Carol knew the chances were slim, but what if there was a chance to escape later?

"I won't leave you behind." Arabella added, "I wouldn't be able to face Clark if anything happened to you, let alone your Dennis."

So what if they were just a bunch of half-human, half-ghost monsters?

She pulled out a slender stick from her bag, extending it to about a yard long.

"Tasers won't work on them."