

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 952

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Dr. Shawn looked perplexed.

"Dr. Shawn, take us with you. We want to avenge the boss, to give vent to our wrath!"

The cook was still holding a frying pan, while others carried their own makeshift "weapons": a broom, pruning shears, a telescopic rod for cleaning high ceilings.

Back in the day, they were no strangers to real weapons!

It was only after the boss "tamed" them that they each took on their roles as cooks, gardeners, and the like in this household.

Now, seeing the boss in such a state, they couldn't just stand by idly!

'Who's going to cook for the boss if you all leave? Who's going to do her laundry? Who's going to clean her room?' Dr. Shawn confronted them, "All of you, get back to your duties!"

'The boss's meal is ready, and it's in the kitchen staying warm. She can eat it as soon as she wakes up.'

"The clothes she'll wear next have already been ironed. Even if I die on the battlefield, there's enough for her to wear for a month."

'The plants have all been trimmed, and they won't need any attention for two weeks.'

'Dr. Shawn, take us with you. We can't bear to see the boss in this state'

"We want to do something for the boss. Otherwise, we'll regret it for the rest of our lives."

"Don't underestimate us. Back when we were running the streets, you were still a kid!"

"Yeah."

Seeing their loyalty, Dr. Shawn finally relented, 'Just make sure you can handle it. If it gets dangerous, run. The boss will need you when she wakes up. I can't explain it to her if you all get killed.'

'Don't worry, Dr. Shawn, we won't die!'

They were determined to survive and continue serving the boss.

They owed the boss a debt of gratitude that they hadn't yet repaid.

Meanwhile.

Upon receiving the message from Dr. Shawn, Jack cursed, then turned to Romeo, 'The boss has a wound on her back. It's ripped open. Her abdomen has been hit, too. Who did this? I'm going to chop off his hand and tear him to pieces.'

Ripped open?

Romeo's heart ached again, his dark eyes chilling.

He was standing at the entrance with two gangs, their intimidating presence threatening to swallow the landscape.

The three elders who had received the message appeared with a hundred men. Mr. Benson, the oldest among them, remained unfazed, even managing to maintain a benign smile.

*Mr. McMillian, Mr. Bryant, are you sure you want to make an enemy of our Mount Doom for a woman?"

They thought that Arabella was Mr. Bryant's woman.

And Romeo was leading the charge to avenge her.

Jack laughed at the idea, "So, we need to consult the expert before becoming enemies with you?"

Who do you think you are?"

They were just a ragtag organization, yet they dared to act so arrogant.

'More than half of our Mount Doom men have been lost.' Mr. Benson said with a smile.

First, Romeo and Arabella had infiltrated Mount Doom by themselves, taking out Mathew and dozens of his men.

Then, a group of kamikazes had tried to surround Arabella and Carol, only to be defeated.

'Now, we only have a little over a hundred men left.'

Before Mr. Benson could finish, Jack laughed, "What, are you scared now? Too late!"

Anyone who dared to lay a finger on their boss wouldn't be let off easily!

Mr. Benson laughed lightly, "I was going to say, with only a little over a hundred men left, it would be quite embarrassing if you lost. It would be the talk of the entire Triangular Zone."