

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 957



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“He's gone off to fight your battles with your little ones by his side.”

Arabella raised an eyebrow, having anticipated this. She was about to reach for her charging phone when Clark quickly interjected, ‘Let me do it. You're still injured. Don't move unnecessarily.’

When she had returned earlier, her phone was out of battery, and one of the guys had set it aside to charge.

‘I'll send him a message,’ Arabella said as she took the phone and opened WhatsApp.

Fearing that her movements might aggravate her wounds, Clark quickly offered, “Don't move. I can send it.”

‘It's different when you send it and when I send it.’

He had to agree.

Romeo would definitely prefer to see her message.

After Arabella sent the message, she heard Clark ask, “How are you feeling now?”

“Who dressed my wounds?”

“Dr. Nolan took care of the wound on your leg, Dr. Borg handled your arm, and then,” Clark relayed everything he knew.

Arabella raised an eyebrow. Just as expected, these two, Nolan's and Borg's medical skills were still subpar. Even after all this time apart, there was little improvement, they had bandaged her up like this.

“Who on earth hurt you guys like this?” Clark questioned further.

He knew his sister's capabilities. In Lidaria, she had no trouble handling any miscreants.

“A bunch of freaks, Arabella began recounting the ordeal.

A sudden realization dawned upon Clark, “It's Chester.”

Since childhood, they had been injected with all sorts of drugs, altering their physical functions and turning them into grotesque creatures.

“How did you manage to escape?” Clark asked, anxious.

Arabella initially didn't have any surefire plan.

No matter how much she fought, she couldn't injure these freaks.

It wasn't until she was trying to save Carol and they both fell to the ground that she saw a first aid box. It was then she thought to use the needles to hit them.

Later on, she accidentally discovered that these people had chips implanted in their brains.

The needles she inserted had inadvertently damaged these chips.

“So, the organization is controlling their consciousness through these chips?” Clark was stunned, finding it hard to believe.

“Actually, implanting chips in the human body is not something new. About a decade ago, the older man who taught me medical skills tried this method. At the time, he wanted to use the chip to help himself quit drinking”

Of course, he couldn't bear it later and started drinking again.

He felt that life was short, so why deprive oneself.

Clark couldn't believe that such technology was already so advanced a decade ago.

“It's just not widely used in our country”

In fact, in some other countries, some companies and regions have already started implanting chips.

In Switzerland, the number of people with implanted chips exceeded ten thousand two years ago.

Such tiny chips were only the size of a grain of rice, and the implantation process was also convenient, much like a vaccine injection. The whole process took less than a minute and was painless.

“But I didn't expect that this technology would be used for evil by Mount Doom.” This was something Arabella hadn't anticipated.

‘So, when you came back and said ‘head’, you were referring to their weakness in the head?’ Clark suddenly understood.

‘Right.’ Arabella had wanted to say the key point was on the head, but she had fainted before she could finish.

She had also mentioned this in the message she sent to Romeo earlier.