

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 962



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This artifact had been a cherished heirloom passed down from the vicinity of Inferno Clan for the past century.

It's not only the elders who crave for it. Even other internal factions were longing to get their hands on this gem.

“So, are you planning on facing this with Carol alone and keeping us out of the loop?”

Arabella finally understood, “You want to shoulder the danger yourself, thinking that would keep me and Romeo at ease?”

“Clark, we're all family here. Whatever comes, we face it together.” Romeo chimed in.

“And what if this thing not only drags us down but everyone else around us? Not just you guys, but friends and family as well. They might never recover from this. Would you be willing to drag them down with you? Don't you care about them?”

“We'll take care of it” Arabella stated confidently.

“You're only eighteen, Romeo's just twenty-two, and you've both already shown exceptional promise in multiple fields. Why ruin your bright future by stepping into this mess?”

This matter involved Carol hence, he was duty-bound to stand by her side.

But it had nothing to do with his sister and brother-in-law. Hence, Clark wanted them to stay out of harm's way.

“Clark, regardless of whether you agree or not, we're getting involved.” Arabella seemed determined, “Leaving you and Carol to face this alone, me and Romeo can't do that.

Whatever the faction, if they dare harm us, we'll root them out entirely.”

No matter who it was, if they dared to cross them, they would ensure they wouldn't have a place to rest in peace.

“Lagree with Bella.” Romeo nodded, “Clark, you guys can't handle this alone. We need to join forces to stand a chance.”

“Romeo!” Clark was surprised that this guy took things so lightly, always going along with Bella's whims. He was hoping he'd talk some sense into Bella, but it turns out he was on her side...

“Lagree with what Romeo said, and this matter is settled.” Arabella didn't entertain Clark's objections any further, “Carol should wake up soon. According to her, she probably wants to make the evidence public. I have an idea.”

Before Arabella could finish, her phone started buzzing.

“I got it.” Romeo swiped the screen for her, answered the call, and held the phone to her ear so she wouldn't have to lift her hand.

It was Edith calling.

Arabella was about to greet her when a hushed, frantic plea for help came from the other end.

“Ms. Bella, something's wrong at home.”

Before Edith could finish, the call was abruptly cut off. When they tried calling back, the line was already switched off.

“Edith called. Something must've happened at home. I'll send someone over to check.”

Arabella sensed the urgency, her eyes darkening.

She planned on contacting their other folks to head over and check.

Romeo immediately said, “I'll send my people. They're closer.”

“Alright.”

Dare to lay a finger on their family? Did they have a death wish?

“Something happened at home? Was it Edith who called? What happened?” Clark was taken aback by how quickly they had been targeted for revenge, and a wave of anxiety washed over him.

“We don't know yet, but it seems something's wrong.” Arabella, judging by Edith's tone, didn't seem like she was joking. Edith wasn't one to joke around.

If she made the effort to call, it must be serious.

At that moment, Romeo called, instructing his people to get there as fast as they could.

Clark wanted to call Louisa to check in, but Romeo advised him not to alert the enemy and to wait until his people arrived.