

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chaper 966



Chapter 966

"I'll take you back to your room to rest, Romeo knew Arabella was still hurt, so he's careful as he carried her. "Take a snooze, and when the plane arrives, we'll head back."

Arabella wrapped her arms around him, "Clark when Carol wakes up, have someone inform me"

"Alright."

Watching their intimate interaction, Clark suddenly felt a little lonely.

"I know it hurts," Romeo murmured, carrying Arabella upstairs, his lips brushing against her tenderly. "I wish I could rip those who hurt you limb from limb, grind their bones to dust"

How dare they hurt his girl!

He can't even bear to say a harsh word to her, let alone see her treated so brutally.

Seeing the wounds on Arabella's arms and legs, Romeo's heart ached. He wished he could bear the pain for her.

"Dr. Klein said he has some pain relief cream for you once you wake up. I'll help you apply it," Romeo told her as they reached the second floor. "Where's your room?"

He's never been to her room, so he didn't know which way to go.

"Over there." Arabella pointed with her chin, a faint smile on her lips as she looked at his chiseled jawline. "Those guys are like Chester. They've been pumped with all sorts of drugs since they were kids. It's normal for them to be strong."

"That's no excuse for them to hurt you," Romeo carried her in the direction of her room. "I've had a similar acupuncture mat made for you. I'll give it to you when we get back home."

Arabella hadn't expected him to be so thoughtful, even considering such a detail. "Acupuncture mat? I have plenty here."

"But the one I've got for you is special.

Romeo remembered the patterns on it, so he had one made to match.

Although it might not be a perfect replica, it's close enough.

Arabella smiled softly at him, her eyes tender.

When Romeo carried her into her room, the housekeepers who had returned were stunned.

They can't believe their eyes. Mr. McMillian was in the boss's room, and the boss didn't seem to mind.

They exchanged glances. The boss seemed to treat him differently!

Romeo gently set Arabella on the bed, "Where's the pain relief cream?"

"I'll have someone help me apply it later."

"No." Romeo looked at her insistently. "Let me do something for you."

Otherwise, he would feel terrible.

"The room at the front, the second drawer from the bottom on the left"

"Okay."

When Romeo walked into that room, he realized it's practically a "pharmacy"

connected to the bedroom. There were at least a hundred drawers.

All were filled with medicines, a faint medicinal scent permeating the room.

Romeo opened the second drawer from the bottom. Inside were not just pain relief cream, but also pain relief capsules and tablets, all of them were not available on the market.

They must be concoctions of her own making.

Romeo picked up a jar of pain relief cream and headed back to Arabella, "Did you get hurt often before?"

So she had stored so many medicines in this room, ready to treat her own wounds at any time?

"Just a bit when I first arrived."

Arabella's reply was brief, but Romeo recalled what her subordinates had said, that she nearly lost her life when she first arrived, and it was Dennis who saved her.

So, how many times had she been injured? How many times had she hidden in this small pharmacy to treat her own wounds?

How much had she been through to become this strong?

Romeo's heart ached. He sit down, his voice filled with worry, "Let me see the wound on your back."

"It really doesn't hurt."

"But it's split open." Romeo had heard it from Jack, who had heard it from the doctor.