

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 984



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"If the friendship between us gave you the wrong idea, I'm truly sorry' he admitted, his voice sincere.

"No worries; Crystal replied, her laughter echoing with grace and dignity. "I know Carol holds your heart, and you could never love anyone else. It was my foolish hope that perhaps I could sway your feelings."

As she spoke, her laughter grew, radiating warmth and kindness. "I truly do like you, and yes, I did use our friendship as an excuse to get closer to you.

But now you and Carol are back together, and I genuinely wish you both happiness."

She paused, a hint of sadness in her eyes, but her smile never wavered.

"Even though I can't be with you, and it'll take some time to let go, knowing that she's back and your smiles will be more frequent than before, that's enough for me."

At her words, Clark felt a pang of guilt.

"Clark, as long as you're happy, it doesn't matter if it's with me or not,' Crystal continued, miming a tiny space between her fingers. "Though it does hurt a little bit." Her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

Clark tried to comfort her, but she cut him off with a laugh. "I came today to tell you you're a wonderful person, truly likable. That's part of your charm, so don't ever change. This breakfast, she gestured to the bag of food, "is my goodbye to this unrequited love."

She opened the bag and took out the food and cutlery. "Will you try some?"

Clark didn't really want to eat, but seeing her on the verge of tears, he reached for the silverware.

"Hold on."

Her eyes caught sight of a slim silhouette at the window upstairs. Was that Carol?

Realizing Carol was watching, Crystal chuckled, "You don't have to eat it. Just smell it"

She didn't want to cause any misunderstandings or trouble.

Clark was a bit confused, but he leaned in and took a whiff of the food.

"Smells good, doesn't it?" Crystal asked, a hint of laughter in her voice.

"Mmm, smells great,' Clark noted that the food was all his favorites. Crystal must have gone out of her way to learn how to make them.

"Getting your praise is all these dishes needed; she said, packing up the food to take away. She left only a gift bag behind. "These clothes and dresses were gifts from your mom. Given my current status, it's not really appropriate for me to keep them. Please pass them on to her and thank her for me."

Clark, feeling even guiltier, didn't take the bag. "If my mom gave them to you, you should keep them. You've bought plenty of things for us in the past."

"That was out of respect for your parents, not an exchange of goods! It's only right to bring gifts when visiting. And please tell them not to worry about accepting my presents. I just want to be of help. If my gifts make them uncomfortable, then I'm the one at fault."

Crystal gave him a small smile and handed him a tiny notebook. "In here are details about your parents' preferences, their favorite places to spend money, etc. I got them VIP memberships to these places, which are very handy. The passwords and security questions are also written down. Last time, when your dad was complaining about a sore shoulder, I arranged a massage for him. He really liked the masseuse, so I've included their contact details."

Despite its small size, the notebook felt incredibly heavy in Clark's hands.