

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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"Sure, I'll send it to your cellphone, but boss,' Jones couldn't help but warn, "That town is pretty rough, quite the mix of folks.

There's a flea market there where you can find all sorts of rare stuff, so it attracts all kinds.

Robberies aren't uncommon. You could get robbed in the morning and again in the evening. It's not exactly a rare occurrence."

Arabella raised her perfectly sculpted eyebrow at this. A place that chaotic, really?

"Boss, if you're going to drive, don't leave your purse in the passenger seat. It's an easy target for a smash and grab. If you're on foot, dress as plain as you can. Avoid anything with a designer logo. It's just asking for trouble."

Arabella seemed intrigued by this, a wry smile playing on her lips. "Is it really that bad?"

"No joke, boss. And don't carry anything in your hands, especially not your phone. You'd be an easy target."

Arabella just chuckled lightly, "That bad, huh?"

"Boss, remember a few years back when I told you about a situation I had. You sent me to Dawnstar's border for a job, and as I was driving through that town, a group of ragtag folks stopped my car. They surrounded the vehicle, asking for money. I didn't have any change on me, and they threatened to damage the car, even break the mirrors. It really got under my skin! If it wasn't for the fact that the job required me to keep a low profile, I would've given them a piece of my mind!"

"And then?" Arabella asked with a smirk.

"Well, I showed them my piece and they backed off. But not before they broke my side mirror and scratched up my car. It really ticked me off!"

Arabella seemed to vaguely remember Jones complaining about such an incident a few years ago.

"Anyway, they're just a bunch of thugs. Reporting them to the police doesn't do much good. The law enforcement there is lax at best, so they're pretty fearless."

Jones paused, taking a deep breath, "Boss, even if you don't flaunt your wealth, I'm still worried. Just by your looks, you're bound to attract attention. I fear there will be a lot of people following you. If they just take your money it's one thing, but if a group of brutes were to hold you down, frisk you, considering how beautiful you are."

"Do you think they'll hold me down?" Arabella laughed, "Don't worry, I'll keep a low profile."

"Why not ask Jack and the others to come along?"

Jack was also in Dawnstar, helping Arabella interrogate a few men in black, still no results.

"If I can't handle a small thing like this without calling him, then what's the point in being the boss? Don't worry, I can handle it.

Goodbye."

Arabella put away her phone and walked into the hospital room, saying to the bodyguards there, "I'm stepping out for a bit. Take care of my Grandpa."

"Rest assured, Ms. Bella, we'll protect Mr. Darren with our lives if we have to."

Arabella nodded, gave her grandpa a glance, and seeing his peaceful face, she finally left.

Meanwhile.

Gordon approached Bard, "Sir, our men have checked. Bowen, Arthur, and the other four maids, none of them have a wolf tattoo below their collarbone"

Bard's eyes deepened. So they were not from that group.

"I told you to get some rest. Why are you back here?"

"Sir, I've rested from the morning till the afternoon. Five hours of sleep is enough. Thank you for your concern."

Bard was surprised at his dedication, his impression of the young man increased, "What else did you find out?"

"In the afternoon, I used some persuasive means. At first, they wouldn't say anything, but when I threatened their families, one of the maids broke. She said they had all been taken care of by Mr. Elliot before, so they were willing to work for him."

"Did you manage to find out where Elliot is hiding?" Bard asked calmly.

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"No, it's always been Mr. Elliot who took the initiative to contact them. They only had Mr. Elliot's mobile number.

When I used their phone to call him, it was switched off."

Gordon paused before he continued, 'I sent a message to Mr. Elliot from their WhatsApp, tricked him into thinking we have Ms.

Bella, but he didn't respond"

"From what you're saying, he probably guessed that Bowen and his team have fallen into our hands. He won't respond anymore."

"Wait, what?" Gordon was taken aback, "You mean, I blew our cover?"

He had hoped to lure Elliot out, but it seemed he had been discovered sooner than expected.

And here he was, thinking he had pulled it off without a hitch.

"The hospital called to inform that Bella left, follow her but don't let her come to harm,' Bard instructed casually, "As for Elliot, I'll have someone else look into this matter."

"Yes, sir!"

Gordon took his leave immediately after receiving his orders.

Arabella took a taxi to Wach Town. The driver kindly warned her to be careful as it wasn't a safe place for a young woman.

Arabella thanked him for his caution, paid the fare, and got out of the car. The sky was dark. It looked like a storm was about to hit.

The town looked run-down and dilapidated, the narrow streets were messy and chaotic. Straggling pedestrians, who looked poor and weather-beaten, walked by. There were beggars too, unlike the typically pitiful ones, these beggars were aggressive, snatching things from the weak and elderly.

Arabella didn't want to stir up unnecessary trouble so she decided to mind her own business.

After exiting the cab, she put on her hoodie to blend in with the crowd and followed the signs into a dark narrow alley.

The alley was dim and decrepit, the dirty cobblestones were covered in green moss. There was a drunken husband yelling at his wife, a group of young men stealing from an elderly person, and a man beating a child.

As Arabella walked past each house, she could hear different sounds and see different scenes.

Some elderly people, starved and frail, sat in front of their homes begging for food.

There were also children who had died from illness, wrapped in a blanket and left on the doorstep, their family members crying around them.

The narrow alley ended with stone stairs that led upwards. After about a dozen steps and a left turn followed by another seven or eight steps, she was in another dimly lit alley.

The town's alleys were intricate and labyrinthine, exuding a sense of antiquity and nostalgia.

Arabella followed the worn and broken house numbers and continued forward.

A group of smoking young women noticed her clean clothes and shoes. Even though they couldn't identify the brand, the clothes looked nice. So, they decided to follow Arabella.

Arabella pretended to take out a pack of tissues from her pocket and something fell out. One of the women quickly picked it up, saw a note about late-stage cancer and a debt of twenty thousand euros, and instantly signaled the others to abandon their pursuit.

Arabella walked into another alley. A few young men saw her fresh and refined face under the hat and started following her.

One of them whistled and asked, "Are you from Solterra? I'm from Solterra too."

Arabella ignored them and didn't look back. She was just seven or eight houses away from the hiding place of Cornell, the husband of the female stall owner. But the young men didn't seem to want to give up.

Especially the scruffy blond at the front, he blocked Arabella's way with a pose he thought was charming and suave. He raised

his chin and asked, "What's your name?"

Arabella resisted the urge to punch him and coldly said, "I don't have any money. Get out of my way."

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The blond man chuckled, "I ain't asking for your money. Now your face, that's a different story. Think you could keep us company for a bit?"

"Sure, I'll join you later."

Arabella planned to give them a beating they wouldn't forget, but she had more pressing matters at hand.

Just as she tried to walk away, the man moved to block her path again, "Hold on, doll. Do you think you can just slip away without even giving us a good excuse?"

He reached out to cup her chin, but Arabella quickly dodged his grasp.

The other local boys closed in, their laughter ringing out as they reached out to touch her. Just as Arabella was about to take them on, a person dropped from the eaves. With a swift kick, he sent one of them flying, then plunged a fist into the others, placing himself protectively in front of Arabella. Arabella looked up, a smile tugging at her lips, Gordon?

"Ms. Bella; Gordon said, standing firm, "I apologize for the fright."

"You think you're some kind of hero?" the blond man was fuming, "This is our turf!"

The boys instantly pulled out their knives and lunged at Gordon.

Gordon, with his professional training, clearly had the upper hand.

In no time, the boys were beaten down, begging for mercy, pleading with Gordon to let them go.

"Fuck off."

At Gordon's command, the boys scrambled away. Turning to Arabella, Gordon asked, "Ms. Bella, are you alright?"

Mr. Bard sent me. He was worried."

"I know," she replied, "You've been following me ever since I got off the car"

Gordon was taken aback; he hadn't realized that Arabella had detected his presence so early.

"Ms. Bella, why are you here? What are you doing here.?"

Before Gordon could finish, the sound of shattering glass reached their ears. Arabella reacted instantly, "Oh no."

She ran towards the door labeled 6-498, which had been locked from the inside. Unable to open it, she stepped back to kick it

down, but Gordon rushed over, "Ms. Bella, let me."

Before he could finish, Arabella kicked the door open and strode in.

Gordon was shocked. He hadn't expected Arabella to be so strong. The door had been locked from the inside, even he, a grown

man, might not have managed to kick it down in one go.

How did Arabella do it?

Inside, Arabella found a dim and untidy living room.

A bowl of porridge sat untouched on the coffee table, indicating that the

occupant had fled through the window without finishing their meal.

The skylight was small and made of sealed glass. In order to escape through it, one would have to smash the whole thing to

provide enough space for an adult.

It was clear that Cornell had fled when he realized someone was coming.

Arabella was about to follow when Gordon suddenly grabbed her arm, "Ms. Bella, wait" He cleared away the shards of glass on the edge, and only when he was sure there was no danger did he crouch down, "Ms. Bella, step on me to get up." "No need; Arabella pushed him away, took a few steps back, and with a swift run-up and a jump off the wall, she easily reached the skylight and exited through the window.

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Cornell was in such a rush that he tumbled down from the roof, landing onto someone else's rooftop and rolling onto a sundrenched terrace.

The terrace was littered with clothes hanging on wooden pegs, and he landed in a pile of these, taking a while to regain his footing.

Arabella was swift on his heels. Gordon was just about to warn her to be careful when he saw her leap from one rooftop to the next, sliding down to the terrace, hot on Cornell's trail.

Gordon couldn't believe it. The distance between the rooftops was substantial, yet Arabella made the leap effortlessly. More unbelievably, she was incredibly fast.

Seeing that someone was actually pursuing him, Cornell was enraged and descended into the labyrinthine alleyway, desperately trying to evade capture.

Arabella kept pace, and it seemed like she was about to catch up.

Just then, a toddler, barely a year old, was toddling on the cobblestone path. Cornell picked up the child and threw him behind him.

The toddler's mother let out a scream.

In the blink of an eye, Arabella deftly leapt off a wall, catching the child in mid-air. The toddler, oblivious to the danger he was in, beamed at Arabella, seeming to find the whole episode amusing.

The mother, on the other hand, was terrified, rushing over, tears streaming down her face, as she took her child from Arabella, thanking her profusely.

Noting the inhumanity of the man she was pursuing, Arabella quickened her pace. There was an elderly woman sitting on a porch, and Cornell, without a hint of remorse, knocked her and her chair down. The woman fell to the ground, crying out in pain.

Arabella rushed over to help her up. The woman was cursing, a gash on her chin.

"Ms. Bella, let me handle this." Gordon quickly helped the elderly woman, pulling out his wallet and handing her some cash.

Seeing the generous amount of money, the woman's first instinct was to pocket it quickly, before locking her door, fearing that someone might see and try to rob her.

Gordon didn't offer any further assistance, instead, he turned and caught up to Arabella.

From a distance, he saw Arabella hurl an alleyway bamboo pole like a javelin, hitting Cornell square in the back.

Cornell let out a cry of pain and fell face-forward. Arabella quickly caught up, and a fight ensued. Gordon rushed forward to lend a hand, but Cornell, outmatched and outskilled, pulled a knife and scattered some powder, but to no avail.

Arabella grabbed his hair and slammed him against a wall, "Try moving again, see what happens."

"So can't you guys from Mafia Rock keep your word? You said you'd spare me, and now you're trying to kill me.

What's the meaning of this?" Cornell, unable to break free from Arabella's grip, gritted his teeth and questioned.

Arabella and Gordon exchanged glances. Mafia Rock?

Wasn't Mr. Elliot also from Mafia Rock?

"Whoever made that promise to you, you should find him." Arabella decided to play along, refusing to let go.

Cornell let out a cold laugh, "Why bother pretending? Wasn't it your boss who made the promise to me?"

Arabella wondered, was he talking about Mr. Elliot? Or someone else?

"I can spare you, but I need to know the whereabouts of the woman who played your wife."

Arabella stated coldly.

Cornell laughed mockingly, "Are you testing me? What, you suspect she's not dead? Didn't she die at your hands? And you didn't even spare the child. Wasn't that your style to kill all the related people? Even when they died in front of your eyes, you still don't believe. If she's alive, she wouldn't let this go so easily."

Arabella hadn't expected to get so much information from him. It seemed that the woman, and the child who played their son, were indeed dead.

Cornell was indignant, "You promised, once we played out the act, each of us would receive twenty dollars, and you guaranteed you'd let us go. But you broke your promise, killing the two of them, and now hunting me down."

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He had thought they would honor their promise. But, seeing them hell-bent on wiping him out, he took to his heels in a frenzy.

Finally, having nowhere else to run, he sought refuge in the unlikeliest place, this intricate little town. But, not even a month in, they had found him again.

"I'm not with the Mafia Rock," Arabella finally confessed. "I just want to know why you deceived my grandpa. If you spill what you know, I can spare your life."

At this, Cornell's shock gave way to panic.

So, these two weren't with the Mafia Rock. He was done for.

"Tell what I know? That'd be signing my death warrant. I know all too well how ruthless they can be. You might as well kill me now than have me spill!"

Either way, if the other side found out, he was a goner.

Gordon was at a loss when this stubborn mule refused to talk. Then, Arabella cut in with her icy tone.

"Speak up, and I can keep you alive. If you don't, I'll use you as bait to lure them out. They're after you, their bait, and will definitely show themselves. Then, nabbing any one of them would give us the truth. It's just a matter of time."

This made sense to Cornell.

Gordon hadn't expected Arabella's sharp wit, threatening him into compliance.

"You know their methods. What would happen to you if they knew you've sung like a canary, I needn't say.

Whether you want to live or not, that's up to you."

Cornell hadn't imagined this young lass could be so ruthless.

"What good does my death do you?" Cornell asked, unwilling to give in.

"I'm not known for my patience. I'll count to three. If you refuse, then you really won't have any way out." Arabella said, her face expressionless. "One, two."

Caught off guard by her quick counting, Cornell blurted out at “three,” “I can tell you, but how can you guarantee my safety?”

“If the ones after my grandpa are them, not you, I’ll settle the score with them. And if they’re gone, who’s left to threaten you?”

“Your word means nothing. How do I know you’re capable?”

It wasn’t that Cornell didn’t believe her, but she was too young, as was the boy by her side.

They were going to take down the other side, just the two of them?

Impossible!

“Your only choice is to believe.”

And if he didn’t, what then?

Biting the bullet, Cornell finally said, “Alright, I’ll take your word for it, just this once.”

He spilled all he knew, not for any other reason, but because he was done fleeing.

He wanted to live his life in the daylight, free and honest.

He would no longer be threatened by anyone or anything.

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Upon concluding her conversation with Cornell, Arabella casually instructed Gordon, "Spread his current location as soon as possible"

"Roger that." Gordon whipped out his phone and immediately disseminated the information.

Cornell, who was just pinned against the wall by Arabella by his hair, rubbed his sore scalp and cautiously asked, "Are you guys working for Darren?"

"That's not for you to ask, Arabella retorted coldly.

"What should I do next?"

"Go to the corner store, pick up some stuff, and then go home. Wait for the fish to bite."

With no other choice, Cornell complied.

"We'll head to his place first."

Arabella deliberately chose to part ways with Cornell. Gordon, feeling anxious, quickened his pace to catch up with Arabella and whispered, "Ms. Bella, are you sure you trust him? What if he uses the excuse of going to the store to bolt?"

"He's more afraid of us bolting on him."

Gordon glanced back and sure enough, Cornell was constantly looking back, evidently worried they'd vanish.

Gordon decided to let it slide.

"If he wants to stay alive, he'll cooperate.' Arabella confidently declared.

Ten minutes later.

Cornell returned home with a pack of cigarettes. Not long after, there was a knock at the door.

Cornell didn't dare to answer it, looking to Arabella for guidance. Arabella motioned for him to ignore it.

The person outside hammered on the door for a while, eventually losing patience and kicked the door open.

About a dozen masked figures flooded into the room, their arrival as chilling as the grim reaper's descent.

Cornell, pretending to eat his porridge, was so scared that his spoon slipped from his grasp. He stumbled back, pleading, "Elliot,

Mr. Elliot, you promised to spare me."

The group's leader, Mr. Elliot, stared at him coldly, "Finally gotcha."

He lunged forward, clutching Cornell's throat, "Didn't think you'd have the guts to hide right under our noses.

Since we're acquainted, I might as well send you off myself.

Cornell desperately slapped at Mr. Elliot's hand, but the latter's grip was as tight as a vice.

He was quickly running out of air.

Just then, a slender hand swiftly appeared. Mr. Elliot tried to block it, but Arabella managed to shield

Cornell in a flash. Mr. Elliot

squinted, recognizing her, "You again?"

Suddenly, the door was locked from the inside.

Everyone turned around to see Gordon blocking the exit.

It was then that they realized they'd walked into a trap.

"Well, well. Setting a trap to lure us in. You're getting bolder. Mr. Elliot sneered.

Cornell gasped for breath, trying to soothe his aching throat. He'd almost been strangled by Mr.

Elliot, and initially thought

Arabella wouldn't save him. But the young girl proved to be more reliable than he'd thought.

“Little girl, you're quite capable, finding him before us and convincing him to turn. You've certainly changed my perception of rich

girls,” Mr. Elliot sneered at Arabella, “Unfortunately for you, you're not getting away today!”

“Less talk, more action.” Arabella lunged forward, prompting Mr. Elliot to quickly draw a switchblade. The others joined the fray, and seeing Arabella in danger, Gordon rushed over to protect her.

Mr. Elliot was forced back a couple of steps by Gordon's blow. He sneered, “Forsaking the comfortable life of a rich heir to be

Bard's lackey, are you tired of the easy life or just itching for a fight?”

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"Mr. Bard's honor and integrity are an inspiration. You, on the other hand, have betrayed the trust bestowed upon you and attempted to harm Mr. Darren. Today, I'll bring you before him for justice."

"I'd like to see you try!"

A brawl broke out between the two sides. Suddenly, lightning flashed and thunder roared, followed by a downpour. The skylight's glass was broken, allowing the rain to fall into the small living room, making the floor even more slippery.

One of the henchmen pulled out a knife, aiming for Cornell. Arabella kicked a wooden stool at him, hitting him square in the face.

Another tried to take Cornell's life by throwing a switchblade like a dart. Arabella quickly pulled Cornell aside, and the knife embedded itself in the wall, exactly where Cornell was crouching moments ago.

Cornell was drenched in cold sweat. Arabella shoved him into the corner and found herself surrounded by henchmen. Cornell

grew anxious as the fight seemed to be in a deadlock.

The henchmen drew their switchblades, aiming for Arabella.

Gordon, who was intent on capturing Mr. Elliot, was slashed in the arm by him. As Gordon clutched his wound, he noticed two men taking advantage of Arabella's distraction. They raised their knives, ready to strike.

In the blink of an eye, Gordon charged at them, kicking one away and using his back to shield Arabella from the other.

The sound of the blade slicing through Gordon's back reached Arabella's ears. At the same moment, the door was kicked open,

and a flood of men dressed in black swarmed in.

They swiftly split into two lines. A man stood at the entrance, exuding an aura of icy superiority. An assistant held an umbrella for him. When he saw Gordon injured while protecting Arabella, his gaze darkened.

Gordon didn't recognize the man, but Mr. Elliot did. He panicked. How come Romeo had shown up personally?

Since when did he meddle in such trifles?

Could it be that the Griffith family had Romeo's backing?

They were in deep trouble now.

The men Romeo brought were clearly superior in combat skills. With their superior numbers, they effortlessly apprehended Mr. Elliot and his men.

Arabella was about to step forward when Gordon grabbed her. "Ms. Bella, we're still not sure if they're friend or foe. It's better to be cautious."

Arabella noticed Gordon's lips were turning pale. His back was soaked in blood. She took out a small vial of medicine from her pocket. "Stay still. I'll stop the bleeding."

Romeo stepped forward. "I'll do it."

Arabella handed him the medicine, sensing his intentions. "What are you doing here? Who told you I was here?"

Upon hearing this, Gordon realized that they knew each other. And it seemed that they were quite familiar.

"I found out." Romeo poured the powdered medicine onto Gordon's wound. Gordon winced in pain. This man seemed to harbor some hostility towards him.

That was when Arabella made the connection.

Could it be Jack who had informed Romeo?

That guy had started to treat Romeo as one of their own, reporting everything to him.

He was bypassing her, the boss.

"It seems he needs to be taught a lesson." Arabella was planning to deal with Jack when she got back. She had been too nice to him lately, so nice that he had lost his bearings. "Aren't you happy that I'm here?" Romeo asked. "I could handle this small matter on my own." Arabella didn't want to involve Romeo and his men. It was probably Jack who had leaked the information, fearing she couldn't handle it herself. "Ms. Bella, Mr. Romeo has been missing you. He talked about you countless times back home, and on the plane too. On our way here, he was worried about your safety and even asked us to speed up."

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Carl's words were cut short by a glare from Romeo. Suppressing a laugh, Carl quickly stepped back.

"Ms. Bella,' he said, "I have something to tell you.

Mr. Romeo can't sleep. He's

been thinking about you every second, constantly checking his phone to see if you've contacted him.

He's worried about your

safety and wonders what you're up to."

"Get out" Romeo warned. "Who asked for your opinion?"

Carl retreated to the door, still laughing, "If Mr. Romeo won't say it, I have to say it for him."

His tone was a bit innocent.

Arabella smiled at Romeo, "So you didn't listen to me. You haven't rested properly today."

"I was worried about you,' Romeo touched her face.

"Let's talk about it when we get home."

"Okay: Everyone around them was stunned.

Mr. Elliot had not expected Romeo to be here for this young woman. Were they dating?

Romeo was actually obeying a girl's words and looking at her with such indulgence.

Gordon was also surprised to find out that Ms. Bella had a boyfriend, and he was none other than the famous Romeo, the man in charge of the McMillian Corporation.

His gaze darkened momentarily.

Mr. Elliot knew that falling into Romeo's hands would be worse than death. As he stepped out of the room, he saw rusty nails on the wall of the dilapidated alley and suddenly rammed his head into them.

Arabella, noticing his intentions, quickly reached out to stop him.

The rusty nail scraped the back of Arabella's hand. At the same time, Arabella kicked Mr. Elliot to the ground.

"Bella." Romeo's heart jumped as he grabbed her hand. A small cut had been made on the back of it. His heart seemed to have been cut as well, suddenly aching.

He asked if the medicine in the bottle could stop the bleeding, and, receiving an affirmative answer, quickly applied it to

Arabella's wound, his movements light and quick.

Gordon looked at his concerned expression, and then thought about his rough movements when he had poured the medicine on

his own back.

He seemed like a completely different person.

"You want to die? It's not that easy!" Carl had Mr. Elliot tied up and gave him a few hard hits. "You've hurt Ms.

Bella. Now it's your turn!"

"Try it!" Mr. Elliot shouted.

He knew that falling into their hands would be worse than suicide.

After bandaging Arabella's wound, Romeo shot him a cold look, "I don't know if your family shares your disregard for life. It's

been a long time since you've had a family reunion. Why don't we gather everyone tonight? Before death, you can enjoy being together, and it will be less lonely on the way to the underworld"

"What do you want to do?" Mr. Elliot hadn't expected Romeo to threaten him with his family's lives. "They have no idea about my identity and work. My actions shouldn't affect them. If you dare hurt them, I will never forgive you, even as a ghost!"

Carl punched him, "You dare to threaten our boss? You're not even worthy of being his opponent alive, let alone as a ghost."

"What do you want to do? Come at me! Don't hurt them!" Mr. Elliot was terrified for his family.

"You don't have the right to negotiate with me, especially after you hurt her' Romeo extended his hand, and Carl immediately placed a small knife in it.

Whoever dared to hurt Ms. Bella was clearly tired of living.

As Romeo approached Mr. Elliot step-by-step, Gordon was worried that the man Arabella wanted might be killed by Romeo in advance.

Arabella just stood aside as if this was a common occurrence, her expression somewhat cold.

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In the pouring rain, Romeo's henchmen held an umbrella over him, while others formed a human barrier behind him, blocking Arabella's line of sight.

Almost instantly, the bloodcurdling scream of Mr. Elliot reverberated through the air.

Romeo discarded the bloodstained switchblade to the side.

Carl handed him a disinfectant wipe, and after Romeo cleaned his hands, he tossed that aside as well.

"You should consider yourself lucky that I only severed tendons in your hand. If any harm comes to Ms. Bella, your whole family will pay the price."

Mr. Elliot's entire hand trembled with pain, his nerves screaming in agony that almost led to him blacking out.

It was at this moment that he truly witnessed the ruthlessness of Romeo. His gentle, devoted, and doting demeanor within the confines of the house was solely reserved for Arabella.

Outside, he remained as cold-blooded and brutal as ever.

Romeo glanced at his men, who quickly seized Mr. Elliot and forced him to move forward.

Taking the umbrella from his henchman, Romeo approached Arabella, drawing her into his embrace, "Move closer. Don't get wet."

Upon seeing the man wrapping an arm around Arabella and slowly walking away, Gordon paused for a moment before catching up with them.

In front, Mr. Elliot kept looking back, "Please, don't harm my family. I will tell you everything I know. Please spare them."

His family was his weak point.

But no one responded to him.

Romeo and Arabella continued forward, their silhouettes perfectly matched, causing Gordon's gaze to darken even further.

The rain was relentless, keeping people indoors. Seven or eight black sedans were parked by the street, Carl respectfully opened the car door for Arabella.

"Carl, take him to my uncle's place. Let him handle it, Arabella instructed.

"Yes, Ms. Bella."

As Arabella got into the car, Romeo followed suit.

After Carl closed the door behind them, he looked at Gordon with a puzzled

expression, asking, "Are you with Ms. Bella?"

"Yes." Gordon was planning to hail a cab back home.

But the man in the car spoke up, "Carl, let him in."

Carl was surprised. Romeo was actually letting an outsider interrupt his time with Ms. Bella.

Without a second thought, Carl opened the passenger door, gesturing respectfully for Gordon to get in, "Please."

Gordon obliged, getting into the car and looking towards the rearview mirror.

Romeo, holding Arabella, looked at her hand with concern, "Does it hurt?"

"This little scratch is nothing," Arabella shrugged it off, laughing, "If you had been any more forceful just now, I would have lost my lead."

"I know he's valuable to you, so I spared him. Don't worry. He won't die" Romeo reassured, still looking at her hand, "Once he's of no use, he won't get off easy."

Gordon felt like he was seeing Romeo for the first time, as ruthless as rumors suggested.

"I missed you," Romeo whispered in her ear, "Did you miss me?"

"I've been busy lately" Arabella responded, causing Romeo to feel a pang of disappointment.

"I haven't missed you as much as before"

Her next sentence, however, brought a smile back to Romeo's face.

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Chapter 1300

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1300

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Chapter 1300

"I haven't asked who the hero who saved you is."

Romeo's eyes twinkled as he glanced at the passenger seat.

"My name is Gordon, I'm Mr. Bard's servant, tasked with ensuring Ms. Bella's safety"

"Gordon." Romeo repeated his name, "You risked your life today to protect my fiancée, I appreciate that. You must come to our

wedding feast."

Gordon was speechless.

"I'll have an invitation sent to you."

At this, Arabella jabbed him with her elbow, her eyes flashing a warning. Would he ever drop it?

"Thank you for the invitation, Mr. Romeo. I'll be there on time. I wish you and Ms. Bella a lifetime of happiness and unity in advance."

"Thank you." Romeo said, turning to the girl in his arms.

She seemed used to his childishness and jealousy, not bothering to entertain him, and handed the pill bottle in her pocket to the man in the passenger seat.

"Take it twice a day. You can stop after three days."

Gordon was taken aback, his eyes dimming again in gratitude, "Thank you, Ms. Bella"

The rain was heavy just now, Arabella's hoodie was slightly wet, Romeo took out a tissue to wipe it off for her and draped a blanket from the car over her.

This blanket was specially prepared for Arabella.

"Sleep on me for a while. We're not there yet."

Romeo volunteered to be her pillow, allowing the girl to adjust herself comfortably.

"I'll stay in Dawnstar for a few more days this time. Call me if you need anything"

"Mm." Arabella responded lazily.

"Let me know if there are places you want to visit, or food you want to try."

"Mim "Did you have to fight a lot just now? Is your hand sore? Let me massage it for you." Romeo offered again.

Listening to their conversation, Gordon felt even more bitter.

His love seemed to have come and gone.

Half an hour later.

The car stopped at the entrance of the mansion, Romeo got out of the car, holding an umbrella for Arabella, "You should rest early. I'll come see you tomorrow when I have time."
"Okay."

Although Romeo was reluctant to leave, he handed the umbrella over to her.

Watching her and Gordon each holding an umbrella and walking into the mansion, Romeo stood for a while before getting into the car to leave.

Inside the mansion.

Bard was sitting on the sofa, looking up with a gentle gaze as his niece returned.

"Bella, Carl just brought Elliot and his men here. He told me you're dating Romeo from the McMillian family and he ran all the

way from Solterra for you and helped you catch these guys."

"Yes." Arabella was surprised that Carl had arrived before they did.

Bard motioned for his niece to sit down, asking gently, "When did you two get together? Your mother never mentioned it.

Arabella answered honestly, "Not long after I returned to the Collins family."

"So, the engagement is no longer with Serena?"

"It's with me."

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