

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1341

• • •

Chapter 1341

"Are you Mr. Collins's daughter?" Burnell was taken aback by her identity.

Ever since the Sullivan family moved to Dawnstar, it had been seven or eight years since they last visited their homeland. At a

charity gala almost a decade ago, Burnell had the good fortune of briefly meeting Mr. Collins, and he was astonished to find that

his daughter had grown into such a stunning woman.

"What's your name?" Burnell was eager to get to know her.

"Is there something else you want?"

"I'd like to get to know you. Can I have your contact information?" Burnell pulled out his smartphone, his gaze filled with genuine interest and nervous anticipation.

At that moment, Arabella noticed a maid nearby clenching her fists with her thumbs tapping against her forehead as if signaling to a butler across the room.

The butler caught on immediately.

After a few seconds, several other maids replicated the gesture.

The butler nodded and discreetly walked away.

"If it's not too much trouble, could you tell me where you live? Who did you come with? How can I get in touch with you usually?"

Burnell didn't want to miss this opportunity to connect with her.

But Arabella replied coolly, "I'm already engaged."

Burnell watched her walk away, stunned for several seconds before he processed what she had said.

She was engaged? She had a fiancé?

But then, he thought it made sense. A woman as beautiful and spirited as her, and the daughter of a wealthy tycoon, was bound to be spoken for early on.

Still, why did he feel a pang of disappointment, as if he'd just gone through a breakup?

Arabella followed the butler, noticing him glancing back to ensure no one was following. Along the way, he exchanged knowing looks and nods with other butlers.

Arabella watched him ascend a secluded spiral staircase in the garden, leading to a large circular balcony on the second floor, guarded by several bodyguards.

The butler whispered something to the guards, who immediately let him through.

As Arabella caught a glimpse of what looked like a study through the door the butler opened, it closed before she could see more.

Scanning the surroundings, just as she was about to find a spot to leap up from, she realized someone was behind her.

Turning around, she saw Burnell standing not far behind.

Perhaps not expecting her sudden turnaround, Burnell grew even more nervous but mustered the courage to say, "Sorry, I don't know if I'm acquainted with your fiancé. May I be so bold as to ask who he is?"

Arabella, realizing that the people in the study must have been reporting for quite some time, simply said to Burnell, "Romeo McMillian."

Hearing the name "Romeo McMillian" Burnell knew he had no chance left. He apologized for the intrusion and hastily retreated.

Arabella noticed a narrow path to the right of the mansion, a strip of land about three feet wide bordered by the villa's fence and wall, unguarded.

She easily scaled the side using the railings and the wall for support and slipped through a window into a second-floor restroom.

When she cracked the door to peek outside, she saw no guests, just bodyguards filling the second-floor hallway.

Venturing out now would surely raise an alarm. Arabella gently closed the restroom door, but this action caught the attention of a keen-eyed guard. Perhaps because he noticed the restroom door moving, the guard approached, swung the door open, and finding it empty, his eyes darted to the open window. He strode over to investigate.

Arabella seized the opportunity, descending from above to knock him out, then donned his uniform and stepped out of the restroom.

Just then, an elderly person arrived by elevator, prompting all the guards, including Arabella in her disguise, to bow their heads in respect.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1342

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1342

• • •

Chapter 1342

Everyone murmured in a hushed yet coordinated tone, "Mr. Clarence."

Mr. Clarence nodded slightly, "Everyone, spread out and keep watch."

"Yes, sir"

All the bodyguards dispersed in unison, and Arabella, taking their lead, bowed slightly and stepped back a few paces.

She watched as Mr. Clarence pushed open a door, revealing an interior with decor and lighting similar to what she had seen downstairs.

A bodyguard caught her gaze, but just as he looked in her direction, Arabella lowered her head and followed the other guards out of the room.

After a while, Arabella circled back alone. She pulled out her phone, which had a special system she had been working on, and pressed it against the door. Soon, she could hear the conversation inside.

“Eunice only brought that girl, and none of the bodyguards Bard arranged for her. Also, those guys she hired from Alexander are all holed up in the villa; none of them stepped out. Our men have patrolled the outskirts a few times, and there's no sign of anyone suspicious.”

“That's out of character for her, almost doesn't seem like her’ mused Mr. Clarence in a reflective tone.

“Maybe she thinks tonight is just an ordinary birthday party, and besides, she rarely takes bodyguards when she goes out.”

“No, you don't understand her. She used to go out without bodyguards because Bard was there, and Bard could protect her,” Mr.

Clarence said gravely. “I suspect she might have guessed something, so she deliberately didn't bring her men, aiming to bait us into a trap”

The servant found this hard to believe.

"If she's as smart as you say, why would she bring along a liability? That girl looks young, a Collins heiress at that. If anything goes wrong, how is she going to handle it."

"Appearances can be deceiving," Mr. Clarence replied thoughtfully, recalling the girl, "You didn't see how she could recover deleted surveillance footage. Plus, with that demeanor, she's definitely not ordinary. Moreover, her status is her best protection."

"So, in your opinion, should we call off tonight's operation?" The subordinate felt it was a shame, given the time they had spent planning.

"Let's wait for news from the other side. If that man is taken care of, even if Eunice is prepared, we will have nothing to fear"

Arabella listened intently. Who was 'that man'? Her grandfather? Or her uncle?

Suddenly, Arabella remembered whether her family had enough people to ensure her grandfather's safety.

And her uncle was on a business trip. Was he in danger on the road?

Suddenly, footsteps approached quickly. Arabella turned and immediately countered the incoming attack.

"Who are you? I've seen you skulking around."
Before the bodyguard could finish, Arabella subdued him with a swift combination of moves.

Those inside the study heard the commotion, exchanged glances, and opened the door to find no one outside.

"Go check it out," Mr. Clarence ordered with an icy tone.

The servant promptly obeyed, returning after a while to report.

"Mr. Clarence, no abnormalities were found."

By this time, Arabella had already dragged the unconscious bodyguard to the adjacent master bedroom, which seemed austere and majestic—likely Arlen's room.

His room was off-limits to the servants.

Mr. Clarence glanced at Arlen's bedroom door but lacked the audacity to enter, ultimately just instructing coldly, "Find out who has left the ground floor just now, and report back to me immediately!"

"Yes, sir"

After hearing this, Arabella looked around Arlen's room and found a computer.

She booted it up and hacked into the system, only to find it devoid of anything useful.

She decided to sabotage some of the ground floor surveillance and then left, returning nonchalantly to the garden.

The bodyguards checked the main hall and found all the quests accounted for, except for Eunice and Arabella.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1343

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1343

• • •

Chapter 1343

They found themselves strolling back into the garden, and there was Arabella, seemingly lost in the beauty of the night.

Their gaze was tinged with surprise, as more than one had speculated that she had sneaked upstairs with Eunice.

Yet here she was, taking in the scenery, while Eunice had been cornered by a gaggle of nosy socialites.

The head of the security team quietly reported to his earpiece, "Everyone's on the ground floor; no one has left."

Mr. Clarence, through gritted teeth, asked, "Have you checked the cameras?"

"We've sent someone to look into it."

"Tonight must go off without a hitch. I want a thorough check, not a single detail missed!"

"Understood."

From afar, Arabella noticed her aunt had triumphed once again, leaving the women red-faced and huffing away in defeat.

"Aunt Eunice, Arabella greeted with a smile.

Eunice returned the smile warmly, "You're here."

"I've sent what I overheard to your phone, but about Grandpa and Uncle Bard."

"No worries, I have everything in hand." Eunice's smile was radiant, "I've sent you what I've found as well."

Arabella checked her phone and saw that her aunt had observed through the kitchen's bay window a suspicious exchange

between a servant and the chef. Concerned they might tamper with the food.

With such an array of dishes, identifying the compromised from the safe was a daunting task. Just then, a maid passed by with a tray, and Arabella asked for two glasses of mint lemonade. Seizing a moment when no one was looking, she dropped something into the drinks.

Eunice took the glass offered by Arabella, recalling that Bard had mentioned his niece's medical prowess. The pills she dropped must be an antidote?

"Drink this to stay sharp,' Arabella clinked glasses with her aunt, speaking casually, "Whatever they've slipped in, it won't affect us."

Eunice's smile broadened. Bringing this niece along had been a stroke of genius.

As the two sipped their mint lemonade, a figure watched and signaled to an accomplice.

"I'll find a spot to listen to what you've sent me."

Eunice knew she was being watched and couldn't openly listen to the recording there.

"Alright."

Arabella hatched a plan to extract more clues from Mr. Clarence.

So far, the evidence could only implicate Mr. Clarence and the manservant in a sinister plot against her aunt. As for the true mastermind and the myriad details behind it all, they were still submerged beneath the surface.

Mr. Clarence was already on his guard, having sent people to check the surveillance. Arabella knew her time was running short.

Although she had erased parts of the surveillance footage, Mr. Clarence's suspicious nature would lead him to suspect foul play, and inevitably, to her.

If he started having her followed, she'd be hampered in her movements.

She set her glass down, intending to head for the main hall.

But she was blocked by a group of girls, led by Rose.

Arabella met her gaze, and Rose sneered, "We meet again. Arlen wanted a word, and everyone went inside.

Arabella, you dared to hit me yesterday, and today you've embarrassed me in front of all those people. I won't let you get away with it!"

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·