

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1041

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Chapter 1041

Arabella found herself puzzled. She skimmed through their past conversations, but couldn't find any agreed-upon secret code.

Could it be that they had arranged it privately without her knowing?

[Please state the code.] The stranger sent another message.

Arabella suspected that they might have sensed her confusion. She handed the photo to Romeo, "Can you figure out where this place is?"

"Let me see." Romeo took her phone. The photo captured a lakeside setting, with no other significant clues except for a single pink camellia.

Using an app developed by his company, he managed to narrow down the location to Summerfield. After he searched for similar sites, a few potential matches appeared on the screen.

"These two locations are too far. From Summerfeld College, it would take at least two hours to reach, so we can rule them out."

Arabella analyzed, "Of the remaining three, two have camellias. Where could Joyce and Mavis be?"

It was hard to tell.

"We should get on the plane first." Romeo took her hand, leaving the masked man for Carl to handle.

Meanwhile, on the other side.

The henchmen waited but received no code from the masked man.

Suspecting that he might be in danger, they decided to stick to the original plan and brought Joyce and Mavis to the lakeside.

Tied up and dragging stones, the girls struggled to move, constantly stumbling and falling.

With a shaky voice, Mavis pleaded, "Sir, we have no grudges against each other. Why are you doing this? If it's money you want,

I can call my family for a ransom of \$1,000."

Joyce was also scared, "If we're to die, at least let us know why.

"Where have we offended you, or what is it that you want? At least tell us."

The masked men ignored them, pulling them up and forcefully pushing them forward each time they fell.

"Ouch." Mavis fell again, her knee grazed by the stones. Another masked man roughly pulled her up. Although her arms and legs were bound, Mavis instinctively clung onto the man's clothes, "Please, tell us the truth before we die"

"Is someone ordering you to do this? Who is it? We're about to die, we won't be able to hold anyone accountable, just tell us."

No matter how Joyce and Mavis pleaded, the men remained silent.

Mavis was dragged to the lakeside, despite her struggles. "Let me go!"

Joyce darted forward and knocked the man aside.

"Mavis, don't be scared"

"Joyce, I don't want to die." Mavis sobbed, but then a sound echoed from the sky.

The noise startled the masked men. They looked up to see a helicopter.

Could it be a rescue team?

The system on the helicopter quickly detected seven or eight figures on the ground, indicating the presence of people.

“Could it be someone here to rescue us?” Mavis didn't care anymore and screamed at the top of her lungs, “Help! Please, help us!”

Her cries were drowned out by the noise from the helicopter, but it reminded the masked men that they were running out of time.

As the helicopter was about to land, the strong wind forced the men to shield their eyes. The wind was too strong, and the noise was deafening.

One of the masked men picked up Mavis' stone, ready to throw it into the lake.

"No!" Joyce quickly got up and knocked him down. He was furious and punched at Joyce, but Mavis saw it and rammed her head into him. “How dare you hit my friend! I'll kill you!”

Seeing the girls become more and more defiant, the masked men threw their stones into the lake.

Mavis and Joyce were immediately dragged into the water by the weight of the stones.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1042

• • •

Chapter 1042

The chopper was hovering just above the lake when Arabella, without a second thought, ordered the cabin door to be opened and jumped out.

Joyce and Mavis were sinking fast, weighed down by rocks.

Arabella swam with all her might towards the deep, soon spotting the familiar figures of Joyce and Bella sinking further into the lake.

Both Joyce and Mavis were bound by ropes, their struggle to stay afloat becoming more and more futile as they held their breaths for what seemed like an eternity. Would they die here?

Tears sprang to Joyce's eyes. She had no understanding of how she ended up in such a situation.

Her distress caused her to involuntarily gulp in a mouthful of water. The suffocating feeling overwhelmed her, she was desperate for help, anyone to save her.

Just when she had given up hope, she felt a tug on her rope. She widened her eyes to see Arabella! Arabella was cutting the rope that bound her to the rock, but the water slowed her movements.

Tears streamed down Joyce's face. She couldn't believe Arabella was risking her life to save her. She wanted to cry out but held back, fearing it would make their rescue more difficult.

Suddenly, several people dived into the water, swimming towards them.

The fastest swimmer was Romeo, who helped cut the ropes off Joyce and then tried to pull Arabella to the surface. But Arabella was insistent on saving Mavis.

Meanwhile, Romeo's men swam towards Mavis, cutting her ropes and pulling her away from the lake bed.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, they all managed to reach the surface, gasping for fresh air. Joyce was a whirlwind of feelings, her head spinning.

“Let's get to shore first,’ Arabella said, guiding her towards the shore with Romeo close by, offering help when possible.

Back on solid ground, Joyce was shivering from the cold and Mavis, who had swallowed a lot of water, was still unconscious.

After chest compression from Arabella, Mavis coughed up water and clung to Arabella, crying uncontrollably.

"Bella." Mavis seemed oblivious to the others, sobbing, "Those men were so cruel, tying rocks to us, punching us. Joyce's face is all swollen."

Looking at Joyce's swollen face and broken lips, Arabella felt a pang of sympathy, "Don't worry, we'll get back at them for this."

“Who were they? They wouldn't tell us anything, just pushed us towards the lake. I even scraped my knees and they just grabbed me and then they hit us.” Mavis was crying her heart out.

Arabella comforted her like a child, speaking softly, “It's over now, let's get out of here.”

“Thank goodness you came, thank you for saving us.” Mavis clung to her, crying.

Romeo noticed the deep trust and affection the girls had for Arabella. And the way she comforted them was so gentle.

“Alright now, it's okay. Don't cry.” Arabella finally managed to soothe them.

Joyce threw herself at Arabella, "Bella, you came just in time. Thank you for saving us"

If Arabella were a minute late, they would have drowned.

After they had calmed down, Arabella led them to the helicopter.

Romeo draped a blanket over Arabella, helping her dry her hair, “Be careful not to catch a cold”

“I'm fine”

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1043](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1043

• • •

Chapter 1043

"First, let's get you to my place to change your clothes. You don't want to catch a cold."

The helicopter wasn't like their private jets. It didn't come with private bedrooms or wardrobes. Romeo had them fly to the nearest resort at breakneck speed.

It was a resort owned by McMillian Corporation. The helicopter landed directly at the resort, where staff members were already waiting in droves.

"Mr. McMillian, Ms. Bella!"

Each staff member had a clean, plush towel at the ready.

Romeo took a towel, draped it around Arabella, and whispered, "You go take a hot shower and change your clothes. We've sent some up to your room already"

Knowing that she still had friends to look after, Romeo didn't accompany her.

"Ms. Bella, ladies, please follow me," the resort manager personally escorted them to the presidential suite.

On the way, Arabella called Mya, "We found them." Mya was so ecstatic she nearly jumped for joy, her eyes welling up with tears.

"It was Mr. McMillian who found you, wasn't it? I knew it. With his resources, he's bound to find a way. Are they okay? Are they injured?"

"Just a few minor injuries" Arabella replied softly, "You're clever. You guessed what I was implying" "At first I was completely stunned, I couldn't remember what you had scribbled on my back. It took me a while and several attempts to finally decipher it."

"So, the real savior is you."

Mya gripped her phone tighter, moved by the sentiment, "When are you guys coming back? Are you on your way now?"

"We'll be back in a bit? Arabella whispered, "You go ahead and grab something to eat at the cafeteria, and remember, don't leave the campus."

Even though the bad guys were either dead or injured, it was always better to be safe than sorry.

"Alright, I'll stay on campus and wait for you guys."

"Good, I'm hanging up now."

Arabella arrived at the presidential suite, the manager bowed slightly, speaking in an ultra respectful tone, "Ms. Bella, should you need anything at all, please don't hesitate to ring the bell. I am at your service 24/7. Here is the first aid kit you requested."

"Thank you,' Arabella nodded, accepting the first aid kit and ushering the girls into the suite.

Mavis was still shaken from the earlier scare. She saw the luxurious suite, and remembered the man who was with Arabella

earlier, who looked a lot like the world's richest man, Romeo.

And then she recalled that this resort was a McMillian Corporation property.

"Bella, that man earlier, could he be your boyfriend? Is his name Romeo?"

Mavis asked, still stunned by the presence of such an influential figure.

"Yes, you girls sit down, I'll tend to your injuries, Arabella motioned for them to take a seat on the couch.

Mavis was utterly shocked, "You're dating Romeo?"

"What's so surprising about that? Bella's awesome, who else is more deserving to be with Romeo than her?" Joyce chimed in

before adding, "Bella, how did you know we were in danger? And how did you know we fell into the lake?"

As Arabella dressed their wounds, she explained what happened.

But she left out the parts that involved Doom.

The fewer people who knew, the safer they were.

"So that's what happened." Joyce seethed after hearing the story, "To force you to show yourself, they'd stoop so low."

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1044](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1044

• • •

Chapter 1044

"Bella, you said you inadvertently spoiled their plans, so they're looking for payback. They can't find you, so they nabbed us to force you out."

Joyce fretted, "Are you in some sort of danger then? What should we do?"

Should we call the cops?"

Arabella wanted to tell her that things had escalated beyond the point where a simple call to the police could fix everything. But

some things were meant to be kept to oneself, so while tending to Joyce's knee wound, Arabella reassured her, "Dont worry, this will all blow over soon."

"With Mr. McMillian around, there's nothing we can't handle. Let's just leave it to him!"

After her declaration, Joyce turned her gaze back to Arabella, "Mr. McMillian seems to care about you a lot. He was wiping your

hair the whole journey, afraid you'd catch a cold. He even wrapped you up in a blanket and had us flown to the nearest resort. He

wanted you to take a hot shower. Why don't you go freshen up?"

"Yes, my knee isn't that serious.' Joyce didn't want Arabella to catch a chill while tending to her wound. But Arabella, feeling a bit guilty, started to apologize, "All this happened because of me."

"No, no, no. Don't think like that. If they captured us, that means they see us as a threat to you. That means we're good friends!

Being seen as your friends is something to be proud of. We are not ashamed!" Joyce laughed, showing no signs of blaming

Arabella.

"Exactly, friends share the good times and the bad. Yes, I was scared and felt hopeless when they threw us into the water. But when I saw you swimming towards me, I was moved to tears."

Joyce added, "The bad guys are at fault, not you. Don't take this to heart."

Arabella gave a grateful smile, deeply moved by their understanding.

After tending to their wounds, Arabella went to take her shower.

As the hot water cascaded over her, she noticed a few cuts on her arms and legs. The pain was negligible to her. Looking up, she let the water wash over her face.

On the surface, it seemed like Doom's influence was nearly eradicated. But how many more hidden threats were there? How

many more incidents like today's would occur?

She could save them once or twice, but could she do it a hundred times?

It was time to take quicker action.

However, some people were so well hidden that until they revealed themselves, she wouldn't know if they were friend or foe.

When Mavis was about to take a shower, she noticed the presidential suite had a large outdoor hot spring tub.

The sight of the misty hot water and the beautiful mountain scenery left her stunned.

This was too beautiful!

If it weren't for the wound on her knee, she would have loved to soak in the tub.

“Living like this is just too enjoyable.” Mavis was rooted to the spot, completely mesmerized.

“If you want to take a bath, you can. Just keep your injured leg out of the water”

“Right, why didn't I think of that? Joyce, come with me!”

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1045](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1045

• • •

Chapter 1045

Finally, unable to resist Mavis's pleas, Joyce agreed to join her for a dip in the hot tub.

"This is so relaxing." Mavis closed her eyes, savoring the moment, "When I make a fortune, I'm definitely bringing my mom here."

Joyce chuckled, "You are a good daughter ."

"But my mom's best friend conned her into being a guarantor for her loan.

She ran off with five hundred thousand dollars, and my mom's factory was taken away to pay off the debt. My mom had to pay

back three hundred thousand herself, "You know, when I was ten, three hundred thousand seemed like an astronomical figure.

My mom couldn't reach her friend, so she had to work multiple jobs to pay back the debt. It took a toll on her health. That's why I

want to become a doctor, to help my mom get better."

Hearing this, Joyce asked softly, "Did you manage to pay off the debt in the end?"

"We paid back a little over a hundred thousand. Her friend was arrested for fraud, and the loan company was exposed for shady

dealings. So, the debt was eventually written off.

Later, my mom started an online shop, selling clothes she designed. In my free

time, I help her pack orders and model her designs on social media. Last month, I managed to give my mom a hefty bonus from

my earnings, and this month, I treated myself to a Louis Vuitton bag."

Her cherished LV bag was left behind in a restroom at Summerfield College when she was held hostage. She wasn't sure if she'd ever get it back.

"Don't worry, Mya will get it back for us. I left my keychain in the bag."

"By the way, Joyce, what do your parents do?"

Upon hearing this, Joyce turned gloomy.

"My dad runs a food company, mainly producing cookies and candies. My mom passed away when I was very young."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to bring up a sore subject."

Mavis apologized, "But your family seems well-off."

Joyce always dressed modestly, so everyone assumed she came from a modest background.

"Since I turned eighteen, I haven't used a cent of my family's money, including my college tuition. I earned it all through part-time jobs."

"Why?" Mavis asked, puzzled.

"My dad married a new wife the year my mom passed away. She brought along a pair of twins, who were the same age as me.

That's when I found out they'd been together before my mom died. The twins are studying at our college."

"What? Your dad was cheating even before you were born. That's awful!"

Mavis was shocked and sympathetic, "You must really hate your dad, that's why you're adamant about not using his money"

"Not exactly. That woman controls my dad's money. When I was in high school, paying tuition always involved listening to her nasty comments."

Mya felt even sorrier for her.

"So, I don't go home anymore and don't ask them for money. I don't even consider that man my father.'

After sharing her story,

Joyce felt a sense of relief.

Apart from Mya, she had never told anyone else about this.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• Home / The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella) / Chapter 1046

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1046

• • •

Chapter 1046

Arabella and Kelly were often not in the dormitory, so Mya became her best confidante.

If anything happened, she would be the first one to tell Mya.

“So why did you choose to study medicine?” asked Arabella.

“Because my mother passed away due to unsuccessful resuscitation. That feeling of losing a loved one and being in deep

sorrow was painful. I hope as few people as possible have to experience it. If I can learn more skills, I can save more people, and there won't be more families torn apart by illness."

"You're just like Bella, aiming so high." Mavis sincerely admired, "I believe in you, you will definitely become an amazing doctor in the future!"

"You too, let's work hard together." Joyce encouraged her.

After taking a shower, Arabella stood by, hearing their conversation, she was reminded of a long time ago during military training, when Joyce had red eyes and seemed absent-minded.

Had Joyce been bullied back then, but chose to bear it in silence?

If that was the case, her situation was somewhat similar to what Arabella had experienced in the Murphy family.

Arabella couldn't help but feel sympathetic. Gently, she knocked on the glass door.

"Bella!" Joy saw her and instantly lit up, "Do you want to join us in the hot tub?"

"Come on, it's so relaxing here. Let's chat!" It was a rare opportunity, so Mavis extended an invitation to Arabella.

Arabella gave a light smile, "I've showered"
"You can still join us after your shower. We just finished sharing our secrets"

Before Mavis could finish, Arabella interrupted with a smile, "I heard everything."

Mavis was surprised but also laughed, "You've been standing there since the beginning? Now it's your turn. What does your family do? Any secrets you can share?"

Joyce, knowing Arabella's special status, promptly changed the topic, "I bet you want to dig into her relationship with Romeo."

"Exactly, I'm dying to know how you and Romeo ended up together. Did you chase after him or did he pursue you? Who fell in love first?"

Mavis could barely contain her curiosity, "Someone like Romeo, a big-shot, actually appearing in our lives and he's so close to me! The key point is, he's nothing like the rumors. He's so attentive and gentle towards you."

Arabella sat next to the hot tub, smiling, "What are the rumors about him like?"

"I heard he's quite stern and strict with his subordinates, not really amiable"

Joyce added, "It must have been Romeo who fell in love first! With Bella's personality, there's no way she would chase after him."

Just look at how Romeo dotes on her, Bella must have been so outstanding that Romeo couldn't resist falling for her."

"So how long have you and Romeo been dating? When will you meet the parents? If the relationship is stable, would you marry him?" Mavis couldn't help but ask.

Marry him??

Arabella hadn't thought that far ahead, but if the relationship was stable, "I suppose I would"

Upon hearing Arabella's answer, Mavis burst into mischievous laughter, "Bella, you're blushing. Have you never thought about marriage?"

"Really?" Arabella touched her face, which didn't feel hot at all, it must be the heat from the hot tub.

"You are indeed blushing! You look so cute when you blush. If I had my phone with me right now, I'd snap a picture of you and sell it to Romeo!"

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1047

• • •

Chapter 1047

"Mavis, you're such a tease,' Joyce splashed her with water.

"So, when are you guys meeting the folks?" Mavis couldn't help but ask.

"They've already met. But remember, it's a secret. You can't tell anyone when we get back,' Joyce warned.

"Relax, I won't spill the beans about Bella's love life. But I'm curious, what's it like to date a billionaire? Do you dine in upscale restaurants, booking the whole place, and take spontaneous romantic trips?"

As Mavis was daydreaming, Bella chuckled, "Pretty much."

"Did I really guess it?"

Just then, Bella's phone vibrated. She pulled it out and was surprised to see it was a voice call from Barry. He rarely contacted her.

When she picked up, she heard Barry's voice on the other end, "Bella, I heard Joyce got into some trouble. You went to save her, is she okay? I tried calling her multiple times but she didn't answer."

Bella could hear the worry in his voice. She smiled, "She's right here, I'll let her talk to you."

"Okay."

Bella handed the phone to Joyce. After their conversation, Bella teased, "So, are you two dating?"

"No way." Joyce quickly explained, "It's just that during the military training, Noreen pushed me into the water, and Barry saved me. We added each other on WhatsApp and have been chatting quite often."

"I heard Barry's family is super rich, they have deep roots in Summerfield. So many girls in our school fancy him! He's tall, handsome, cool, and aloof. He's like a dreamy prince charming. When are you going to date him?" Mavis gossiped.

"He hasn't pursued me." Joyce's face turned a deep red.

“He's so concerned about you. He even called Bella when you didn't answer.

This shows he cares about you a lot. If he asks you out, would you go?”

Joyce confessed, "I've never thought about that."

“Well, you better start thinking,” Mavis couldn't help but say, “He's a keeper.

Rich, handsome, and genuinely cares about you.

Those are rare.”

“We'll see.” Joyce's face turned even redder.

Mavis burst into laughter. Arabella joined in with a soft chuckle. She saw a WhatsApp message from

Romeo and stood up, “I'll

step out for a bit. You guys carry on.”

“Must be Mr. McMillian. those in love are so lucky.

Having someone think about them all the time.”

Mavis sighed, "Makes me

want to be in a relationship too.”

Joyce's face was still burning. She remembered

Barry messaging her on WhatsApp every day for the past month, inviting her

out.

Could he be interested in her?

Meanwhile, Arabella had just stepped out of the presidential suite when she was lifted up by Romeo.

Before she could understand what was happening,

Romeo said, “I should've noticed sooner. I didn't realize you were injured.”

Arabella thought about the small cuts on her leg and arm. She laughed, "I must've grazed some rocks when I was getting out of the water. No big deal"

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1048](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1048

• • •

Chapter 1048

"I'll take you to get this sorted." Romeo cradled her in his arms as he made his way to another penthouse suite.

The manager on duty this floor caught sight of them, his eyes bulging in surprise. Mr. McMillian was rumored to be a private man, so it was quite a shock to see him so affectionate with a young girl.

Could the whispers be true? Was Mr. McMillian secretly dating someone?

Was this girl the one he was rumored to be dating? She didn't look more than seventeen or eighteen, probably still in high school.

Mr. McMillian certainly didn't seem to mind.

Not having time to contemplate the situation further, the manager hastily walked over to them, pulling out his master key card to unlock another suite.

"Fetch the first-aid kit," Romeo instructed, his voice calm.

"Yes, sir"

Only then did the manager notice the faint scratches on the girl's shin. Upon closer inspection, they seemed to be just a few

minor cuts, probably from small stones or the like.

The manager thought, "Oh, how vulnerable these young girls were nowadays.

A tiny scratch and she needed Mr. McMillian to carry her. She couldn't even walk on her own. Such a spoiled girl."

As Romeo entered the room, he noticed the manager's lingering gaze and turned back to ask coldly, "Still staring?"

"I was just checking Miss Bella's injuries to see if we need more medical supplies. I'll go get them right away." The manager, scared out of his wits, hurriedly left.

Romeo placed Arabella gently on the couch, noticing the scratches on her shin and arm.

This girl was always getting hurt. He would have to look into getting some sort of on-the-go first aid kit.

"Don't worry, they're just minor scratches, Bella assured him with one glance.

"It's nothing serious"

"You always say it's nothing." Romeo looked at her injuries, his mind flashing back to when she'd plunged into the lake to save someone. Despite his frantic efforts to reach her, she'd swum faster than him. Thankfully.

He remembered the fear that gripped him as he chased after her, terrified that at any moment she might disappear from his sight.

"Next time, try not to get hurt, okay?" Although Romeo knew that Arabella always put herself in harm's way without a second thought, he still wanted to hear her promise to be more careful. Every scratch avoided was a victory.

Arabella smiled at him. "Are you worried?"

"Yes, every time I see you hurt, I wish the injuries were on me instead"

Romeo crouched down, cradling her injured foot.

"Look at your soft delicate skin. These cuts will take days to heal."

"This kind of pain is nothing to me. It's like a tickle. If it worries you, I'll be more careful next time."

"Really?"

"Yes.

Moved and overjoyed, Romeo leaned in, gently pressing his lips against hers.

"Mr. McMillian, I've got the first-aid kit!" The manager burst in like a whirlwind, stopping short when he saw Romeo and Arabella

kissing. He regretted his hasty entrance, realizing he'd interrupted a tender moment.

Romeo glared at him mildly. "You're quite quick."

"I, Lwas just concerned about Miss Bella's injuries."

The manager quickly set down the first-aid kit. "I'll leave you alone now. Call me if you need anything."

Watching the manager retreat hastily, Arabella

couldn't help but laugh. "You scared him off again"

"He has no sense of timing." Romeo opened the first-aid kit and carefully placed Bella's injured foot on his lap. He attentively cleaned and bandaged her wounds.

Watching him diligently tend to her injuries, Bella teased, "You're getting quite good at this."
"That's because you keep getting hurt." Romeo was gentle and careful with his ministrations. He looked up at her, his handsome face filled with concern. "Does it hurt?"

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send •

• [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1049](#)

fl

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1049

• • •

Chapter 1049

Arabella shook her head.

"The resort stocks only the usual over-the-counter medicines. They don't have any special stuff. Some might sting your wound, if it hurts, let me know. I'll have someone fetch some different ones."

"No need to go to all that trouble." Arabella smiled, "I'll be heading back soon."

"You're already here. Why don't you invite your friends for dinner before you leave?" Romeo wrapped up the wound on her calf, then disinfected the one on her arm.

Holding her soft hand, he couldn't help but feel a pang of discomfort seeing the wound on her delicate fair skin.

Arabella thought of her two friends enjoying the hot springs. By now, they must be starving.

"Alright, we'll grab something to eat before we leave."

There probably won't be much to eat when they return to the campus.

After Romeo finished dressing her wounds, he pulled her into a warm embrace.

"I haven't seen you much these past few days." He looked into her eyes, a hint of regret in his voice.

"You've been really busy."

"Aren't we together now?" Arabella smiled at him.

"Get up. The floor is cold."

Romeo remained kneeling on the floor, greedily inhaling her scent, unwilling to let her go.

Arabella lightly patted his back. "The hairpin you gave me is really useful. I'll always keep it with me." "I'd prefer if you kept me with you." Romeo lowered his gaze to look at her, once again succumbing to the urge to kiss her lips.

"Bella."

Joyce, helping a limping Mavis, found them in this intimate moment, and was instantly stunned.

She quickly recovered and said, "We must have gotten the rooms mixed up.

Manager, could you show us the way? We were enjoying the hot springs in which room again?"

The manager outside the door was confused.

Weren't these girls just asking him for directions to find Ms. Bella?

Ignoring Joyce's frantic eye signals, he heard Arabella's voice from inside the room.

"Let's all go grab a bite to eat."

Romeo looked at the girl in front of him, struggling with a sudden longing for some alone time with her.

"No need, we're not hungry." Mavis didn't want to intrude. She realized now why Arabella had excused herself from the hot springs earlier. She'd come to be with Romeo!

The image of Romeo kneeling and kissing Arabella filled Mavis with a rush of envy. She had no idea the two were so attached in private.

And the surprising part was, Romeo wasn't the overbearing CEO type, but more like a lovestruck puppy in private. His affectionate demeanor was incredibly charming. In comparison, Arabella was like a queen, sitting back and enjoying his adoration.

"You guys carry on, we'll head back. We haven't finished our hot spring bath."

Mavis, still limping, hurriedly pulled Joyce away.

"Your friend said we could continue." Romeo once again leaned in to kiss Arabella, their passion deepening.

Meanwhile.

Joyce and Mavis returned to their presidential suite, hearts still racing.

For the uninitiated in love, the scene they'd just witnessed was shockingly intimate and sweet.

"Bella is so impressive, capturing such an outstanding man. Romeo's eyes were full of her just now. It's clear, he really likes her."

Mavis commented sincerely.

• • •

Comment...

0/255

Send ·

· [Home](#) / [The Princess and the Pauper \(Arabella\)](#) / [Chapter 1050](#)

fi

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1050

· · ·

Chapter 1050

"I think it's Bella's own excellence that attracted the equally remarkable Romeo to her. Haven't you noticed? They both surpass their peers by a mile; Joyce shared her perspective. "Bella certainly outshines us all. How does she do it?" Mavis couldn't help but wonder. "For me, trying to carve out a future in medicine seems so challenging, like there's no end in sight. Yet, Bella already demonstrated her surgical skills in today's

competition: This only happened because the med students from Summerfield College baited Arabella into showing off her skills on stage.

Who knew what other skills she was keeping up her sleeve.

"Bella is unique and talented. She was spotted by a mentor at a very young age and she's put in more effort and time than most people, which is why she's achieved so much. If you ever need help with anything medical, don't hesitate to ask her. She's always happy to share her knowledge."

Hearing Joyce say this, Mavis couldn't help but say, "I'm so envious that you get to share a dorm with her. My roommates are the

worst. One of them constantly watches reality TV shows on her tablet at full volume, another never does her laundry or showers,

leaving her clothes to rot and stink in the bin, and yet another loves to gossip behind people's backs."

"Well, why don't you ask your advisor to switch dorms? I find our roommates quite easy to get along with. Although Bella and

Kelly are usually not in the dorm, leaving just Mya and me, we make a great team when it comes to tackling any problems."

Hearing this, Mavis became even more envious, "Can I come hang out with you guys for dinner or class when Bella and Kelly are not around?"

"Absolutely!" Joyce enthusiastically invited her.

"Even when Bella and Kelly are back, you're always welcome."

Just then, Arabella knocked on the door and smiled, "Let's go grab something to eat."

"Bella, are you done?" Mavis' eyes lit up when she saw her, "Is that a hickey on your neck?"

Joyce also couldn't help but laugh and added, "And your lips are swollen."

"Romeo really went for it, huh? Didn't leave anything behind. Impressive."

"Do you guys enjoy gossiping?"

"With you like this, It's hard not to." Mavis couldn't help but hold Arabella's hand like a concerned parent, "Romeo's feelings for you are obviously intense. I think you two should get engaged. He's Romeo after all. Someone might snatch him up."

"So you're saying I'm not as good as him? Should I propose to keep him?"

Arabella raised an eyebrow, intrigued.

"Of course not, I'm just saying in case. In case some vixen tries to seduce him, using some underhanded methods. You can

guard against one or two, but not hundreds. It's always best to strike first."

"That's up to him to decide,' Arabella said with a smile, "No amount of guarding can prevent that."

"No, no, no, I still think."

"Why don't you worry about yourself!" Joyce interrupted her, taking Arabella's other hand and continued the gossip, "Come on, tell us. Who made the first move."

Just as they were leaving the penthouse, they saw Romeo standing outside, seemingly waiting for a while.

Mavis and Joyce's faces froze instantly. Why was Romeo here?

They all turned to look at Arabella, who had a sly smile on her face. Was Romeo waiting outside since Arabella showed up?

Mavis was at a loss for words. She had just told Arabella to get engaged to Romeo in order to prevent any vixens from snatching him away.

Had Romeo heard everything?

And Joyce was also feeling a bit embarrassed. She had just asked Arabella who made the first move when they were kissing.

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