

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 879



Chapter 879 "Clark, you're here?"

This was Clark's first time seeing his sister, Arabella, dressed in a lab coat, "I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

"No, Arabella motioned to a chair close by with her eyes. "Sit for a while, and I'm almost done."

Stepping in, Clark surveyed the lab. It was filled with advanced medical equipment, some of which he had been hoping to get hold of but couldn't find anywhere.

He hadn't expected his sister to have such a vast collection.

Just this one lab, he guessed, must have cost at least a million in dollars.

He had heard from Jack earlier that this entire floor housed 11 labs.

Sitting down, Clark quietly watched his sister, her face concentrated. She looked radiant under the sunlight as if a painting had been brought to life.

He couldn't resist taking out his phone for a picture, but he didn't share it with his brothers out of respect for Arabella's privacy in her lab.

Just then, there was a knock on the door, "Boss, the results from phase three of the P-project are ready."

The person who entered, also dressed in a lab coat, paused when she saw Clark sitting there.

Why was there a man in the boss's lab?

Could he be the boss's boyfriend?

"Yes."

Before leaving, he took another look at Clark. He was so handsome, and the boss sure had good taste.

Half an hour later, Arabella's face looked rather grim.

Clark couldn't help but ask, "What's wrong?"

"Clark, we've made an unsettling discovery.' Arabella stared at the data, her voice serious, "Our previous hypothesis might be wrong."

Clark's heart clenched, "Which hypothesis?"

"We thought that the powder we found in Carol's vitamin C bottle was a potent poison, possibly used by someone to harm Carol, or perhaps used by Carol herself for self-protection. But now, I've "That's a possibility."

If that's the case, she must have suffered so much for the past year.

Clark's heart sank as if it had fallen into an icy cave. No, it couldn't be true. His Carol was too kind-hearted to endure such agony.

"Those people called her a traitor, right? Could this be a way to punish her?"

Clark hadn't thought about this possibility, but hearing Arabella's words, it seemed highly likely.

"Bella, I need to find her.' Clark was desperate, "I need to find her soon."

Clark finally understood why Arabella looked so grim, "You're suggesting that Carol might have been poisoned, and without an antidote, she had to use this deadly poison to neutralize the poison in her system?"

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