

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 937



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Arabella stepped inside and saw the silhouette of a girl sprawled on the ground, seemingly reaching for a necklace.

Arabella moved closer and picked up the necklace.

Just then, her mobile phone vibrated in her pocket. As she took it out of the pocket, a small silver key and a symbolic necklace unexpectedly fell to the ground.

Seeing those two items, the girl on the floor instantly narrowed her eyes, her suspicion and alertness towards Arabella growing.

"Spit it out," Arabella said, answering the call without first noticing the girl's face.

"Boss, the results of the second phase of Project P3 have been released."

"I don't have time for this right now, Arabella said, ending the call. She picked up the two little items on the floor and put them in her pocket before handing the fallen necklace back to the girl.

The girl's cold, pale face caught Arabella's attention, causing her to freeze momentarily as she was stunned, "Carol?!"

That face was identical to the one in the photo Clark had shown her earlier, except it was a shade paler and looked a bit sickly.

Withstanding the pain, Carol made a swift move towards Arabella, who managed to dodge it. Just as Arabella was about to speak, Carol gritted her teeth and asked, "Why do you have those two things on you?"

Arabella was a bit puzzled as she curiously asked, "Are you talking about the things I just dropped?"

"Exactly!"

The silver key was a gift Carol had hidden in her mother's scarf. And the symbolic necklace was a significant item she had entrusted to Clark, hidden inside his amulet.

But why were those two items in Arabella's possession?

Was Arabella a part of the organization? Had the old men sent her?

Understanding dawned on Arabella. She smirked, pulling out her phone and turning on the video recording function to document the upcoming scene.

"Since you've guessed it, I won't hide it from you. Yes, Clark is dead"

Carol's beautiful eyes widened in disbelief, "What did you just say?"

Clark was dead?

The person she cared for the most was dead!

When did that happen!

The sudden bad news made Carol's heart clench; the pain became even more intense than before.

"Clark was an obstacle in your path. I had to remove him for you."

Carol's thin body trembled in anger. She glared at Arabella, "Who gave you the right to decide for me? Who allowed you to lay a hand on him?"

Her last sentence was filled with rage. Anyone could easily tell that she cared deeply for him.

Good, the poison within her body would soon be forced out.

"Is it Mathew? Or one of the other old men? Who gave the order? Who allowed you to touch a hair on his head?!"

"It doesn't matter," Arabella said indifferently, "What matters is that Clark is dead. The obstacle has been removed."

"I told you, none of you were allowed to touch him! Are you all deaf, not one of you heard me clearly?"

Carol's enraged appearance bore a striking resemblance to her own.

Arabella smirked as she continued to tease her, "You're like a completely different person now. I must say, I quite preferred your gentler side. It's just a man, if you return to the organization, I can easily find you another one.

"You could search the world and not find another like him, Carol retorted disdainfully, "Besides, I don't even want one. I won't be returning with you. Today, I'll take your head first, then send the rest of the old men to hell to repent to him".