

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 959



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"Don't worry about comforting me. I know it's my fault for making so many calls."

His little sister had suffered so much because of him and endured so much pain.

If he had known, he would have controlled himself better!

He was just too selfish!

"Clark, they are not ordinary people. Whoever went would have been hurt."

She would rather be the one hurt than to watch those young ones suffer the same.

A single punch from them was enough to cause pain for weeks.

"It must hurt a lot." Clark looked at her with a pained expression, "What can I do to help?

Get you some medicine or something?"

'I want to eat something.'

'I'll go get you something from the kitchen.' Clark quickly stood up and headed towards the kitchen.

Arabella lifted her eyes to look at Carol, who was lying quietly, not far away. There were no new injuries on her.

On the way back, Arabella was barely conscious, afraid she couldn't protect Carol and add to her injuries.

Fortunately, everything was okay.

'Here's the food.' Clark wheeled over a trolley filled with all kinds of delicious food, "They made all these before they left. They've been kept warm on the heated table."

Arabella recognized who made the food just by looking at them. Given their temperament, seeing her in this state, they had probably wanted to grab a knife and fight.

"When I found out they were planning to avenge you, they begged me not to stop them."

Clark pushed the trolley next to the sofa and chuckled, "Your little gang is really loyal."

He was much more loyal than any he had seen.

"It's a bond forged through life and death," Arabella explained.

Moreover, in her heart, she never really saw them as subordinates.

Even though they called her boss, she never saw herself as one. She treated them as equals and always shared everything with them.

"There aren't many 'bosses' like you." Clark looked at his sister gently, his eyes full of approval.

Even though Serena had been with the Collins family for eighteen years and he had only known Bella for a month.

Deep down, he didn't want to compare his two sisters, but he had to admit Bella was much better than Serena.

This was not just about being academically excellent or talented but about her character, her magnanimity, her courage, and her charisma.

These qualities not only made her stand out among her peers but also made her unique in the world.

Even he was attracted to her character and personality.

She was truly exceptional, truly deserving of the admiration she received.

"Bella"

At that moment, a handsome figure rushed over.

Arabella barely had time to lift her gaze before she was swept up into Romeo's arms.

Romeo knew she was injured, so he held her gently, carefully.

Arabella could smell his familiar scent, "Finished with work?"

"Just one more thing left to do. [left it to Jack and the others." Romeo bent down to kiss her, holding her for a while before he asked softly, "Hungry? I'll feed you."

Clark silently moved aside. Romeo gave him a look, "Clark, thank you for taking care of her.

'It's okay"

She's his sister, after all. It's only right that he should take care of her.

'Only a few of your people got hurt. The rest are fine.'