

Chapter 2882 Arabella Yarwood's Plan To Sacrifice Herself

Arabella knew that King Gawain I would not disclose any information about the master. Therefore, she shifted her attention to the divine object.

"Your Majesty, what exactly is this divine object you mentioned? It sounds quite mysterious."

King Gawain I shook his head helplessly. "It is said to be a divine stone. Anyone who possesses it, even without any prior skills, can quickly become a skilled master. However, you should not get your hopes up. The divine object disappeared after the great war. For several years afterward, the three forces searched tirelessly for it, but unfortunately, they found nothing."

Arabella silently took note of this information and proceeded to flatter him.

"What a pity. If only I had been born a few years earlier, I might have witnessed Your Majesty's heroic feats in slaying the demons." As she spoke, her lively eyes revealed a deep longing.

King Gawain I playfully tapped her nose. "You certainly have a way with words."

"I am simply speaking the truth! Stop teasing me."

Seeing her feigned anger, he wanted to tease her further, but a sudden wave of fatigue caused him to yawn repeatedly.

Arabella understood that he needed rest. "Your Majesty, you should rest. I will take my leave."

Before she left, she made sure to tuck him in with a warm blanket, planted a gentle kiss on his forehead, and quietly exited the room. As she stepped out of the door, the sound of snoring echoed in the air behind her.

"Greetings, Princess Consort!"

The guard respectfully saluted Arabella, King Gawain I's new favorite.

"His Majesty is asleep. Ensure that no outsiders disturb him."

After giving instructions to the guard, she left at a leisurely pace.

When she returned to her boudoir, Rocco was leisurely savoring his tea. Arabella was not surprised to see him. Instead, she calmly removed her dignified and gorgeous coat to reveal her exquisite figure.

Her opportunity to enter the palace and get close to King Gawain I was entirely due to the support of Rocco and Prince Toby. Without them, she alone would not have been able to accomplish such a significant task.

"Mr. Rocco, it is quite audacious of you to enter my chamber in broad daylight. If His Majesty were to find out, you might be in danger!"

Rocco showed no concern, "No worries. If I can rest beside a Princess Consort before my final breath, life would be well-lived."

Arabella smiled charmingly, and her eyes lit up.

"Is that all you aspire to, Mr. Rocco? Should I make it more worthwhile for you?"

With that, she gently adjusted her thin dress to reveal her fair shoulders and the subtly defined curves of her breasts.

Rocco rose from his seat and let his fingers lightly glide over her smooth, ivory skin. He couldn't deny that, after a few days of being under the influence of the royal ambiance, Arabella had become even more captivating. Coupled with her commanding presence, ordinary folks would find it challenging to resist her allure.

Unfortunately for Arabella, he was not one to succumb easily.

"Princess Consort, you do possess a beautiful body. It is no wonder His Majesty is so fond of you."

Arabella blushed and smiled shyly as he held her chin.

"But can I win your favor, Mr. Rocco?"

With a seductive expression, it seemed as if she was inviting him to take advantage of her.

Arabella was not joking. If he made a move, she might pretend to resist, arousing his desire to conquer. Ultimately, she would surrender willingly.

Out of all the members of the royal family she had encountered, none could compare to Rocco. This had nothing to do with their status, appearance, or temperament. It was simply because he felt more like a strategist to her.