

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1003



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Who didn't know the wealth of the Collins family? They indulged in only the best.

"It's no problem," Arabella said, clutching her violin as she ascended the stage.

The crowd's jeers escalated. They hadn't expected the straight-A scholar to have such courage to accept the challenge so readily.

This competition was shaping up to be quite the spectacle.

The applause from the audience was like a wave, one crashing after another.

Perhaps not expecting Arabella to accept the challenge, Alma seemed even more smug.

It wasn't enough to be brave on such a grand occasion. The potential humiliation could spread to her family, to Westerly College, people would laugh at the straight-A student, wouldn't they?

The host introduced Arabella, and she began to perform.

Serena, amongst the audience, knew of Arabella's fame as a piano master, but Alma didn't.

Serena thought Arabella was proficient in piano, but not necessarily in violin.

To lose to a college student on the violin as the renowned Maestro Melody, wouldn't that be the real humiliation?

She didn't care who won or lost. Whether Arabella or Alma lost, it would be a pleasure to watch.

Arabella, already strikingly beautiful, stood on the stage. Under the spotlight, she was incomparable.

Her right hand, holding the bow, was incredibly steady. Her left hand was precise, her bowing even. The melody she played was beautiful, and her tone was impeccable. Her music was as clean and beautiful as she was.

Just standing on stage, she emanated an air of sophistication and artistic temperament far above the rest.

Everyone was stunned. They hadn't expected the straight-A scholar to play the violin so well.

They even less expected her incredible composure. Standing on stage, she seemed like an untouchable dream.

Her performance was pure and incisive, noble yet fierce. Her unparalleled tone and powerful interpretation had an epic quality, representing nobility and resilience.

The joy and sorrow of life, the abundance of emotions, the icy cold and fiery heat, under Arabella's passionate interpretation, swept over everyone like a tornado.

The word 'stunning' was not enough to describe the impact of her performance.

Alma, standing to the side, was frozen. She was completely drawn into the world created by the music.

It felt as if the world only contained the girl on stage, her music leading everyone through the peaks and valleys of life.

When the music ended, everyone was lost in the wonderful melody. It was a while before thunderous applause broke out.

The applause lasted for a while. The girl on the stage bowed, her posture elegant and beautiful.

The violinist and music professor from Summerfield College, Professor Antonio, applauded enthusiastically, praising, "Your bowing skills and performance technique are not inferior to any master of your generation."

Such high praise led to another wave of applause.

Another judge picked up the microphone, emotionally asking, "I want to ask, where did this piece come from?"

It was so melodious and pleasing to the ear!

Just listening to it once was enough to leave a lasting impression.

"It was an improvisation," Arabella truthfully answered.

The audience was once again shocked. Even the judges thought she was a prodigy. That such a beautiful piece of music was an improvisation by her!