

The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1501

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Reporters had tried to interview the elusive chess prodigy's opponents, but no one spilled the beans. The identity of Queena had become something of an enigma.

Some said she was a beautiful girl, while others insisted she was a weathered old woman.

Regardless of her age, the world never stopped speculating about her.

"If she were here, Arabella would surely be no match for her, right?"

"I wonder if we'll get the chance to see her today."

"Serena, has Queena arrived yet?"

Suddenly, Lindsay's voice cut through the murmur of the crowd.

She asked Serena curiously, arm-in-arm with her, "Didn't you say Queena once gave you some pointers?"

That kinda makes you her protege."

It was too late for Serena to silence her.

All eyes turned to Serena, filled with shock, surprise, and disbelief.

"Isn't that Serena Collins, the daughter of the Collins family?"

"She's a protege of Queena?"

"I can't believe Queena actually mentored her."

"It's not strange at all, given her status. It's no wonder Queena chose her as a protege."

After all, she was Serena Collins.

Setting aside talent and potential, the sheer influence of the Collins family spoke for itself. If her parents had intervened, it wouldn't be strange for Queena to take Serena under her wing.

"Serena, do you know if your mentor Queena is here today?"

"As the protege, you must be pretty skilled at chess, right? Why not challenge her to a match?" They were

talking about Arabella. As Serena's gaze met Arabella's, the former became suddenly sheepish. That was

ridiculous; how could she actually face off against Arabella in such a setting?

She had seen Arabella's prowess with her own eyes! Even Mr. Albright had been bested by her.

Serena had merely been boasting to Lindsay, confident that no one would question the connections and

power of the Collins family. But she hadn't anticipated Lindsay blurting it out in front of everyone.

Since when had Lindsay become such a blabbermouth!

"You're Queenena's protege?" Arabella's lips curled into an amused smile as she looked at Serena, "When did that happen?"

"Serena is not just Queenena's protege, Queenena likes her and has even gifted her the priceless chess set she received from someone seven years ago!" Lindsay added, looking to Serena for confirmation, "Right, Serena?"

The guests were even more astounded!

"Are you referring to that legendary chess set that made headlines around the world?"

"Rumor has it that the board was handcrafted from a millennium-old tree, and the pieces were carved from 300-year-old seashell fossils buried underground. It's a one-of-a-kind set; losing even a single piece would make it irreplaceable."

Each piece was crystal clear and felt amazing to the touch.

When Queena won the championship, a collector felt she deserved such a magnificent set and offered it as a gift.

Who would have thought she'd pass it on to Serena.

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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The last time anything caused such a stir was when Mr. Albright unveiled his outrageously expensive set of chess pieces at a high-society gathering. Rumor had it that just selecting the materials took three years, and another three years were spent meticulously crafting the pieces by hand, each valued at a whopping 20 thousand dollars.

And now, the owners of the world's two most extravagantly priced chess sets stood among them.

"Serena, why don't you show us your prized chess set?" Lindsay attempted to put Serena in the spotlight.

After all, the woman who had snatched away Serena's fiancé was right there; it was time to overshadow her rival's prestige!

Serena forced a polite smile, tugging at the corner of her mouth, "That thing's massive; how could I possibly carry it around with me all the time?"

"But you just showed me a photo on your phone, didn't you? Such a valuable chess set is a rare sight for many. Come on, give us all a little treat and show it."

Lindsay meant no harm, but Serena inwardly cursed, wishing she could just rip Lindsay's mouth off.

"Did Queena really give you such an expensive gift?"

"Then you must be her favorite protege."
The crowd internally sighed with envy; it seemed they had no hope of becoming Queena's protege.

"Why not bring out the chess set for us to see?"

"I'd love to have a peek, too."

"I've only heard about its worth but never seen it in person."

"This would be the perfect chance for me to lay my eyes on it."

Serena maintained her smile, "My phone's about to die. If you guys really want to see it, I'll post it on my social media later, and you can all take your time admiring it."

The crowd thought she was reluctant to share and were about to drop the subject. Unexpectedly, Eugene had his set of costly chess pieces brought out and, in full view of everyone, asked,

"Serena, is this the set you were talking about?"

Everyone stared, one by one their faces registering shock.

How did Mr. Albright come to possess this chess set?

"I've seen this set before when it was with the collector Tobias. I saw it at his place, and after Queena won the championship, Tobias gifted it to her!"

"Mr. Albright, wasn't this set given to Serena by Queena? How come it's in your possession?"

"Did Serena give it to you?"

"What on earth is going on here?"

Serena's face went deathly pale; she couldn't believe what was happening before her eyes. How could this expensive chess set appear here?

"Ha, what a coincidence, this set was indeed a gift from Queena to me!"

Eugene's words sent shockwaves through the crowd, who instinctively turned to look at Serena.

Serena feigned composure, despite the panic flooding her inside.

"Queenena knew of my love for chess and gifted it to me the very day she acquired it!"

The crowd was hit with another round of disbelief, their eyes darting back to Serena.

Where did Serena's supposed pricey chess set come from?

Was she lying?

She actually didn't have a chess set, and Queenena had never given her one; was she deceiving them?

Even Lindsay looked at Serena in confusion, wondering what the real story was.

There was only supposed to be one set of such valuable chess pieces, right?

"The set I have," Serena maintained her composed facade, trying to smile appropriately, and calmly explained, "is different from this one. It was personally crafted by my mentor Queena. It's priceless to me, so when I spoke of it to my friends, I referred to it as a 'priceless chess set', not the one you're thinking of." The guests had their moment of realization; it all made sense now.

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"Can't believe Queena can make chess pieces and is so kind to her protege."

"Serena, you really struck gold with a mentor like that."

"Did your mentor show up today?"

"Will she even come?"

Serena had no clue who Queena was.

She had just wanted to show off in front of her friend, not expecting to stir up such a fuss.

But she wasn't foolish. Seeing that no one mentioned Queena's arrival, she smiled and said, "She's not here yet."

"So, when is she coming?"

"Since she's not here, how about you have a little match with Arabella? It'll be a sight to see!"

"You're Queenena's protege; it's bound to be a thrilling game!"

Right then, Eugene chimed in with a mischievous grin, "Let's have a match, as a special treat for this birthday celebration. No refusals! I've got the itch to see some chess tonight, and I want to know who's the real talent between you two!"

Hearing this, Serena felt like she was in deep trouble.

Though she could play chess, she was no match for Arabella. To be honest, she couldn't even beat others in the room like Phyllis or Lindsay.

She was here to meet Jamie Noelle, hoping to become her protege, not to play chess and embarrass herself.

"Serena, don't push yourself if you're not feeling well."

That was when Martin, noticing her discomfort, stepped in to help, "Sorry everyone, Serena mentioned earlier that she had a headache. We were planning to leave after Mr. Albright blew out the candles and we cut the cake. Looks like we'll have to excuse ourselves a bit earlier."

"No, don't go so soon. Isn't your mentor Queena almost here?"

"She's Queena's protege; she should at least wait for her own mentor before leaving, right?"

"The party's barely started. Just play a few moves; let us in on the action!"

"Yeah, it's just a few moves. Serena seemed perfectly spirited just now; how come she's suddenly got a headache?"

Clearly, some were skeptical.

Serena had no choice but to rub her temples, feigning discomfort, "I just didn't want to dampen Mr. Albright's spirits."

"Well, don't spoil the mood now." Alma said with an innocent laugh from the crowd, "Last time you had a stomachache, and you still easily won the match! Don't be so modest; Mr. Albright and everyone else are waiting for you!"

Serena couldn't believe Alma was butting in now. When had she ever had a stomachache, and when had she ever 'easily' won a match? Alma was making things up! That was just unfair!

"And the time before that, you had a fever, and someone insisted on challenging you to a game of chess. You beat her in less than a minute." Alma continued to egg on, "And the time before that, you were in the

hospital, one hand under an intravenous drip, and some chess fanatic came looking for a match. Despite being unwell, you still managed to wipe the floor with him!"

The crowd was impressed; was she that good?

"Don't worry about beating Bella. She's got a strong mind. It's such a rare opportunity to meet your match."

Everyone thought Alma was being respectful by calling Arabella "Bella". She continued, even pulling Serena to the chessboard and making her sit, "Bella, she's not feeling well; so just play for a minute or two, okay? Don't tire her out."

Arabella could see right through Alma's act; she was just setting Serena up for embarrassment.

"Serena, if you're not feeling well, I'll take you home to rest."

"Come on, no need to rush off this minute or two."

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"Let's get this show on the road!" Eugene announced as he activated the stopwatch app on his phone.

Serena felt like she was caught between a rock and a hard place. All she had to do was drag out the game for two minutes. Even if she lost a piece or two, she could just play it off as a headache-induced slip; no harm done.

Arabella, seeing Serena make her move, casually picked up a checker and dropped it nearby without much thought.

Serena pondered her next move, trying to keep a distance from Arabella. The further away, the harder it would be for Arabella to corner her.

"Lindsay, is she really Queenena's protegee? She's taking forever just to make one move."

"She isn't just stalling, is she?"

"She doesn't seem very skilled at chess."

"Remember she had a headache."

Lindsay made a shushing gesture toward the others and whispered,

"You all insisted on this match. Give her a moment to think, for heaven's sake. Keep it down, or she'll hear us and it'll throw her off."

"Right, I almost forgot about her headache," The onlookers fell silent once more, only to start murmuring among themselves again after a short while.

"Her moves are all over the place."

"Could this be some newfangled strategy?"

"I'm starting to think so. Maybe Queenena taught her this style to confuse her opponents?"

Arabella played her pieces with a nonchalant air. One minute ticked by. Despite Serena's scattered

approach, Arabella began to close in. The crowd watched in stunned silence as the black pieces dwindled on the board, devoured by Arabella.

On the entire board, Serena was left with only two lonely black checkers.

And Arabella, representing the white side, was clearly the victor.

"Time's up." Eugene stopped the stopwatch.

The crowd was in utter disbelief.

"This is the level of Queena's protege?"

"We thought it was some innovative strategy, but she truly seems clueless!"

"It's not that she's clueless; she's just been thoroughly outplayed by Arabella."

"Is this really all she's got?"

"She's really letting Queena down."

"I was expecting her to be formidable."

Lindsay hadn't anticipated such a complete defeat for Serena and tried to offer an excuse, "It must be her

headache. She's not at her best today." Martin, who was watching from the side, could see that although Serena knew how to play chess, her skills were nowhere near Arabella's level. "Well, well, well, this year's birthday bash is quite the spectacle, isn't it? Let me see who's got the guts to challenge Queena."

A playful voice echoed through the crowd. Arabella looked towards the source of the voice and smiled, "Grandpa Regan, you're here."

"Lucky me for arriving early, or I would've missed this thrilling scene. To think someone dared to challenge you at chess these days, who could be so audacious?"

The speaker was Regan Jarvis, a world-renowned musical maestro.

A virtuoso of various instruments, he was a legend in both the piano and violin worlds.

Speaking of the violin alone, he was counted among the three legends of the international violin scene, alongside Jamie Noelle and Pagonana, revered as the three pillars representing the pinnacle of the 21st century violin realm, not to mention his achievements in other musical domains.

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The arrival of such a masterful figure naturally turned heads.

What stunned the crowd wasn't just his appearance but his affectionate demeanor towards Arabella, treating her with the warmth and tenderness akin to a grandfather doting on his favorite granddaughter.

The real shocker, however, was his words that set the whole room abuzz. This teenage girl was

Queena??

Impossible!

"Mr. Jarvis, you're saying she's Queena? The whiz at chess?"

"Wasn't Queenena supposed to be a senior? How come it's a young girl, and such a pretty one at that?"

"Didn't Serena claim Queenena was her mentor? If her mentor is right here, how come she didn't recognize her?"

"What in the world is going on?"

Serena's face went as white as a sheet, utterly astonished as she gazed at Arabella before her.

Arabella didn't deny being Queenena. Could it be true that she was indeed the person??

Martin was equally taken aback. Who would have thought this unassuming girl harbored such a formidable identity?

During a casual visit at the Bard's residence in Dawnstar, he had by chance heard about Arabella's

miraculous medical skill and her musical talents under the name Melody. Today, it was as if he was meeting her all over again - this time, as a chess master.

This was a status many professional chess players strove for years to achieve yet never reached, and yet, this young girl, it was almost too astounding to believe.

Alma was just as surprised. She had just asked Mr. Albright when Queena would arrive and had insinuated Arabella's chess setup was far too simplistic, wondering if Queena would find it overly elementary.

Little did she know that the creator of the chess setup was none other than Queena herself, closer than anyone could imagine!

"Somebody asked me earlier if I would accept Queena as my protege." Eugene spoke with a chuckle, "I believe everyone now has the answer to that question, don't you?"

The crowd was too shocked to speak. If Arabella was Queena, with her current achievements, how could she so readily agree to become

Eugene's sole protege and carry on his legacy? She was more than capable of founding her own school and passing on her knowledge!

"Queenena is not just a chess master; she's proficient in all sorts of board games,"

Eugene's words left the audience in awe once again, as they looked at Arabella with immense shock and admiration.

So young, yet so skilled in so many board games - it was truly admirable.

"When have I ever given you advice?"

Arabella's gaze fell upon Serena, asking nonchalantly, "And when have I ever given you chess set?"

Serena's face turned even paler.

She hadn't seen Lindsay in years and thought a little boast wouldn't hurt. After all, she had made Lindsay promise not to tell anyone.

She figured that if she left before Queena arrived after a brief match with Arabella, her ruse wouldn't be

exposed. But to her horror, Arabella was Queena! She was Queena.

How could she be Queena?

Impossible.

"Serena, is she really Queena?" Lindsay asked in disbelief.

Serena was her good friend; she had no reason to lie, but Mr. Jarvis had no reason to claim Arabella was Queena either.

So, what was the truth?

Someone from the crowd stepped forward to question Arabella, "So, you're not Serena's mentor, nor did you personally craft chess pieces for her. Then where did that photo of the chess set on her phone come from?"

"Is she lying?"

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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“The real chess set is now held firmly in Mr. Albright's hands. Queenena said that she had never gifted

Serena with a chess set, let alone mentored her, so all the time it's Serena who lied and made a fool of

us?” The room seemed to swell with disbelief. Could Serena, the daughter of the Collins family, have woven such a deceitful tale?

The revelation was nothing short of a bombshell.

"Indeed, Queenena is quite the craftswoman. She once made me a set," Eugene's voice was laced with a touch of pleasure.

The set had been a playful project for Queenena at the time, but from the very first glance, Eugene had

coveted it for himself. Fortunately, the generous young lady had presented it to him on the spot.

That particular chess set, her maiden creation, was still treasured in the safe confines of his vault.

"Serena, say something." Lindsay pressed, her patience waning; what on earth was going on?

"Queenena, is she really your protege or not?"

"Is there some feud between you two that led to this mess, or have you never actually taken her under your wing? Is she lying?"

Everyone seemed to be looking to Arabella for the truth of the matter.

Before Arabella could respond, Jarvis chimed in with a sly smile, "Knowing Queenena as I do, she's far too busy to tutor anyone, let alone take on a protege."

The crowd was struck by yet another wave of astonishment. Mr. Jarvis' words implied that it was indeed Serena who had been weaving lies all along. Queenena had never had the time to guide her.

"A lady from a rich family, lying through her teeth."

"Is it really necessary to puff herself up like that?"

"I can't believe how vain she is."

"She didn't think Queenena would be here to call her bluff. It's utterly laughable."

Alma, though shocked and surprised at Arabella being Queenena, couldn't help but revel in Serena's embarrassment. It seemed Serena's arrogance was finally being met with the slap of reality it so deserved.

In the crowd, the renowned professional chess player Mona suddenly understood why Arabella had not offered her an opportunity to learn, not taken her as a protege. She stood before Queena herself! How could she, even with her credentials, hope to catch the eye of such a master? The Chess Association's Secretary-General, Atwood, felt a burning sensation creep across his cheeks. He had been oblivious to the young woman's true identity and had foolishly hoped to add her on WhatsApp to bridge a connection. The other guests who had been vying for Arabella's mentorship for their children now felt a sense of embarrassment. Arabella was Queena, a name that stood shoulder to shoulder with Mr. Albright, who had

even hinted that Queena's skill surpassed his own.

How could such a distinguished master randomly take on a protege or casually provide guidance?

At that moment, Serena massaged her temples and said weakly, "I apologize. I'm feeling a bit unwell. I must excuse myself."

As she attempted to leave, a couple of guests blocked her path.

"You spread rumors about being Queena's protege, and now that you're caught, you think you can just walk away?"

"Your chess skills are so lacking, and you almost tarnished Queena's reputation. It's generous enough that she hasn't held you accountable; don't you think you owe her an apology?"

"Not even a simple 'sorry'? It's hard to believe how the Collins family raised you."

"Do your parents even know about this?"
Serena's eyes flickered with concern at the mention of her parents, fearing the scandal might reach them.

"I'm sorry."

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

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At that moment, Martin stepped in front of a flustered Serena and shielded her with his body, offering an earnest apology on her behalf, "Serena really admires chess and holds Mr. Albright and Queena's skills in high esteem. She just never had the chance to study under them. She got a bit carried away boasting to her friends, without realizing it would spread like wildfire. It's her first time being in the hot seat, and she was unsure how to handle it, failing to clarify the situation right away. I'm truly sorry for the trouble caused. Queena, I apologize to you on Serena's behalf."

Martin's gesture won him some admirers among the crowd, but there were still murmurs of discontent.

"And who are you to apologize for her? Can't she speak for herself?"

"If anyone should be apologizing, it should be Serena to Queena."

"Just because she's a Collins, does she think she doesn't have to humble herself and can have others do her bidding?"

"Even for an apology, someone else has to step in. Serena must be too precious and too grand, huh?"

Serena knew playing the victim card was futile. Although she hated to admit she might be seen as inferior to Arabella, with so many eyes on her, there was no escaping the inevitable apology.

In the end, she bit her lower lip and approached Arabella.

"I'm sorry for showing off earlier. I didn't realize that one lie would need a web of lies to support it."

Her admission sent shockwaves through Lindsay. The stories Serena had spun - about being Queena's protege, about owning expensive chess sets - all of it was just hot air.

Since when had Serena become so vain??

Had Serena changed, or had she never really known her at all?

"Please forgive me," Serena bent forward in a sincere gesture of apology.

Arabella saw right through her, "You've certainly spiced up the birthday bash."

Serena stayed bowed, not straightening up, her nose tingling with the onset of tears and a sense of

humiliation spreading through her heart.

This was the first time in years that she had faced such embarrassment in front of so many esteemed

seniors, and to make matters worse,

Martin was right there, witnessing it all.

Martin didn't just stand by idly; as she bowed, he bowed with her.

In that moment, Serena's eyes caught sight of Eugene's feet beside Arabella, and she felt an intense irritation.

Eugene had known all along that Arabella was Queena, but he had deliberately kept quiet, even

encouraging her to challenge Arabella.

Wasn't that just a ploy to make her embarrass herself in front of all the guests?

Such a heavy-handed old man, with such deep scheming - just because Arabella was a favored junior

didn't mean he had to let others lose face, and he had even pretended he wanted to see who was more

talented.

It was too much!

And then there was Alma, stirring the pot and making things worse, leading all the guests to believe

Serena was a chess prodigy.

"Do you admit your mistake?" Arabella asked, her voice lazy.

Serena kept her head down, "Yes, I do. I shouldn't have falsely claimed to be your protege, nor should I have made up such stories."

"Tonight is Grandpa Eugene's birthday. You should stay until the party is over."

The crowd couldn't help but admire Arabella's magnanimity. Only Serena knew that Arabella's request for her to stay was just another way to increase her discomfort.

After all, she already felt utterly out of place, yet Arabella insisted she stay and leave after the end of the birthday bash.

Who knew what else was waiting for her!

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Chapter 1508

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Phyllis was kicking herself. Tonight Gramps had brought her to the party with high hopes of becoming protege under the renowned Mr. Albright, but it turned out he already had his eye on someone else. After a quick huddle with Gramps, they decided to pivot and seek the mentorship of Queena instead. But they had absolutely no clue that Arabella was Queena!

Recalling Arabella's entrance earlier that evening, Phyllis remembered feeling a pang of jealousy at her beauty. And when Arabella had solved that chess puzzle, Phyllis couldn't swallow her pride and had challenged her to a match, only to be utterly trounced.

Now, she glanced at Gramps, and they both shared a look of regret. They had failed to recognize Arabella for who she really was, and as a result, they hadn't made the best impression. The chances of Arabella taking on a protege now seemed slim to none.

Roxanne was in the same boat. When Arabella showed up solo at the birthday bash, Roxanne figured she was a gatecrasher with no real backing and had bombarded her with a string of impolite questions.

Roxanne had even boasted about her granddad being chums with Mr. Albright, claiming she was practically like his granddaughter.

Now, with her cheeks burning in embarrassment, she realized that title was never hers for the taking, especially given Mr. Albright's fondness for Arabella, while she had only met Mr. Albright today, after all.

But he had been teaching Arabella chess for over a decade.

Madeline was also feeling the sting of regret. When her friend Lindsay had bumped into Arabella not once but twice, and an altercation ensued, Madeline had tried to mediate but inevitably sided with her friend.

She worried that she hadn't made a strong ally in Arabella, making her own chances of being Arabella's protege slim.

The most crestfallen of them all was Lindsay.

Before heading to the shindig, Bluno had made it crystal clear that she should do whatever it took to catch

Mr. Albright's eye as a potential protege.

When Mr. Albright announced he already had his favorite, she and her dad had switched gears, aiming to win over Queena.

Little did she know Arabella and Queena were one and the same. Fueled by the desire to avenge Serena, she had deliberately collided with Arabella twice and picked a fight.

Now, the thought of Arabella taking her on as a protege was laughable.

"Dad, I kinda had a run-in with Queena."

Lindsay confessed to her father in a hushed tone, "It's a lost

cause now. Anyway, my heart's really in the violin. Let's see what Leonard or Jamie Noelle think later."

"That's the only way forward, I guess," Bluno sighed with regret.

"Queenena, you're so young; surely you're not thinking of taking on any protege yet, right? Maybe you could just give my kid a tip or two? He seems to be hitting a plateau."

"Queenena, how come we've never seen you in the news before?"

"Yeah, you've won so many championships. They've been covered a lot, but there's never a photo of you. It's our own fault we didn't recognize you tonight."

"I'm so sorry, Queenena. I actually thought that chessboard of yours was just some doodle. I apologize."

"Don't feel bad; you're not the only ones. I've been in the same tournaments as Queena and never recognized her."

During the preliminary rounds, Arabella would dispatch her opponents in under two minutes and then leave early.

In the finals, no one could match her, so she was never there long.

Plus, she always wore a mask and a wig, only showing her eyes, which made it tough for anyone to identify her.

And then there were the old friends of Eugene's - a powerful bunch who didn't want young Arabella swarmed by paparazzi. They feared the more exposure she got, the more danger she'd be in. So even if a

journalist snapped a photo of her in disguise, they'd think twice before publishing it.

That was why, in some videos, they'd only see Arabella's hands moving the chess pieces, her face never revealed.

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Chapter 1509

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1509

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"She's busy, probably doesn't have time to coach you guys." Mr. Albright explained for Arabella, "Even I can barely get her to play a game of chess with me."

"Mr. Albright, could you introduce some masters to us if possible?"

"Actually those masters in the circle are all pretty good."

Meanwhile, a different sort of hustle surrounded Regan Jarvis.

"Mr. Jarvis, my name's Lindsay. I'm in awe of your musical talent. Is there any chance to learn from you?"

"Mr. Jarvis, my kid's been playing the piano for years, and every mentor has admitted defeat, saying she needs someone better, someone like you. She always admires you. Could she have the honor?"

"Mr. Jarvis, hi! I'm Dolores, and I just like you so much."

"Mr. Jarvis, a pleasure to meet you. I'm Bob, last year's Solterra violin competition champion, just turned eighteen. Your music's inspired me since I was four. I would love the opportunity to study with you."

As an increasing amount of guests surrounded him, Regan, with his warm chuckle, said, "I'm sorry, but I've already got someone in mind."

The crowd started feeling regretful; some of them couldn't help but ask, "And who might that be, Mr.

Jarvis? Someone we know?"

"There was that duet you played with Jamie Noelle, 'The Life' - it was exquisite. Might Jamie Noelle be here today?"

"Today's Mr. Albright's birthday bash. Any chance we'll be graced with another performance from you and Jamie Noelle?"

"If so, we'd be the luckiest crowd around." With a twinkle in his eye, Leonard replied, "I'd be delighted to play a few tunes for Mr. Albright. As for Jamie Noelle, we'll see if she decides to join us later."

"Does that mean Jamie Noelle's here? Or on her way?"

"Are you suggesting we might be treated to a performance right now, Mr. Jarvis?"

"That's fantastic! We're all ears. Thank you, Mr. Jarvis!"

Regan looked to Eugene, "What'll it be, Mr. Albright? What do you fancy?"

"Do you even have to ask? It's got to be what everyone's been waiting for."

"So, 'The Life' it is?"

Stepping up to the stage, Regan was handed a violin. The lights dimmed, and within moments, his unmatched tone filled the room, captivating everyone in a spellbinding trance.

This was the mark of a master - immediately immersing the audience, striking a chord with their emotions. The joys and sorrows of life played out in his rendition like a movie flickering through their minds.

The rich and subtle emotions, conveyed through the twists and turns of the melody, tugged at every heartstring.

As the crowd was lost in the enchantment, another voice joined the symphony, a rapid, whirlwind-like performance that swept through the room. Could it be Jamie Noelle?
Jamie Noelle had arrived?!

Her violin roared with majestic and powerful rhythm, yet flowed like a gentle stream, reaching into the souls of everyone present.

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Chapter 1510

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The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1510

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The crowd was buzzing with excitement, convinced it must be Jamie Noelle.

Only Jamie Noelle could infuse such rich, full-bodied emotion into a performance; only she could master both the rhythm and the power so seamlessly; only she could bring out the majestic grandeur of the piece in its entirety.

Jamie Noelle was here!

She was really here!!

Guests craned their necks towards the stage, peering into the darkness. Though they couldn't see a thing, the melodious and captivating sounds of music had them utterly enthralled.

Some guests couldn't help the acidic sting in their noses as their eyes moistened.

They had loved this piece for years, and now, at long last, they were listening to it live!

What was key, the rich and nuanced emotions woven into the music, conjured up a flood of memories -

some joyful, some sorrowful.

Eugene closed his eyes, savoring the beauty and the overwhelming power of the moment.

Ordinarily, he didn't even have the chance to listen to a duet, let alone for the guests in attendance.

As the piece concluded, everyone was still immersed in the impact of the music. It took a moment before a wave of warm applause broke the silence.

The performers had captured both the fiery passion and the piercing clarity of the emotions meant to be conveyed.

Their refinement, scope, pitch, technique - all were laid bare in the execution of the piece.

"That was incredibly moving!"

It was something to relish over and over again.

"It was totally worth coming today."

"It brought back memories of summers at my grandparents' house. They've passed on now, but their lessons still live in my heart."

"This piece, honestly, is the most beautiful I've ever heard. It recalls every moment of joy and sorrow in my life."

"Same here, it reminds me of my mom, who's been gone for many years now."

Tears welled up in the eyes of many guests, moved by the music.

As the lights brightened, Regan had already descended from the stage.

People looked around, wondering where Jamie Noelle was. They couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Jarvis, didn't Jamie Noelle come?"

"I swear I heard her playing just now. Could I have been mistaken?"

"No way, Jamie Noelle definitely joined in. That piece has been on loop in my head for years. I can tell the difference between a solo and a duet, and I'm certain Jamie Noelle was part of it!" Only together could they create such a harmonious sound; alone, neither could evoke such rich and full emotions.

Regan, smiling at the crowd, assured them, "She did come."

"Where is she, then?"

"Will there be a chance to meet her?"

"We've got a few questions we'd like to ask her."

Seeing the gathering crowd, Regan said with a beaming smile, "I bet everyone's eager to know who she is. She'll be presenting Mr. Albright with his birthday cake shortly, and then everyone will get to see her."

Many in the crowd anticipated that this Jamie Noelle, capable of such a moving and beautiful performance, must surely be like Regan, a kindly elder.

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