

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1511

• • •

"Mr. Jarvis, the duet you and Jamie Noelle played was absolutely enchanting. I'm still lost in the melody."

"It was truly memorable."

"Given your close relationship with Jamie, do you know if she's considering taking on a protege?"

"Yeah, Mr. Jarvis, since you've already got someone in mind, we can only hope Jamie Noelle hasn't found one."

Regan said with a grin, "Honestly, it doesn't matter who you learn from. As long as you've got the drive and the right guidance; if you're gold, you'll shine eventually."

When Alma heard the music earlier, she knew Jamie Noelle had arrived. Even though the hall was dark, she made her way to the front of the stage, guided by the faint moonlight from outside, and could just make out Mr. Jarvis's silhouette.

But there was no Jamie Noelle on stage! Where could she be?

With this question nagging at her, Alma pricked up her ears and followed the music through the crowd.

When the lights came on, the person closest to her was Arabella!

Although Arabella wasn't holding a violin, a servant rushed past her, clutching one.

Of course, Alma didn't think Arabella was Jamie Noelle. After all, she was already Dr. Bell and Maestro Melody, not to mention the chess master Queena. If she added Jamie Noelle to her list of personas, wouldn't that just send her ego through the roof?

With that thought, Alma approached Arabella, taking advantage of the fact that all the guests were preoccupied with Regan and not around her. She tilted her chin up arrogantly and challenged, "Arabella, dare you compete with me?"

Arabella, curious about her intentions, drawled, "Compete in what?"

"Isn't your violin playing supposed to be top-notch? Let's have a showdown to see who can impress Jamie Noelle enough to take them as a protege."

Arabella found it amusing, her lips arched upwards, "Did Jamie Noelle mention she's looking for a protege?"

"Whether she is or isn't, making her want to teach us would be quite the feat. Let's see who can win her favor, her guidance, or even become her protege first."

Arabella looked at her with interest, "Aren't you afraid Jamie Noelle might ask you to perform on the spot and you'll embarrass yourself?"

"How do you know I haven't improved these days?" Alma retorted with a sneer, "Not everyone remains stagnant, afraid to move forward. So, do you dare to take the challenge or not?"

In preparation for tonight, Alma's mother, Beverly Collins, had hired a couple of top masters to ensure her

daughter would shine in Jamie Noelle's presence.

She had practiced tirelessly for this moment.

"And what if you lose?" Arabella asked nonchalantly.

"Stay out of the violin scene for life and don't touch any career related to it. Do you dare?"

"That's quite a gamble," Arabella responded, unfazed.

Just then, Regan popped up behind Arabella, "What's this? What's the fun? Can I join with you?"

"Mr. Jarvis," Alma seized the opportunity to ask, "is Jamie Noelle really looking for a talented student or protege?"

"Well, I'm not entirely sure. You want to study with Jamie Noelle?" Regan seemed perplexed. Wasn't Jamie Noelle already within reach?

"That's right." Alma looked confidently at Arabella, "I want to know if Jamie Noelle will choose her or me."

"Hmm, well, I can have a look for Jamie Noelle. Each of you play a piece. The guests can help judge who's more qualified."

Alma had lost to Arabella in a school competition before and had never gotten over it.

To turn the tables, she had been honing her skills and techniques diligently.

Her new mentors advised her to practice with *The Life*, a piece composed by Jamie Noelle and Regan, as no one else dared to attempt it.

"How about *The Life*?" Alma said, chin held high, certain that Arabella wouldn't have practiced such a difficult piece in private.

Having prepared it in advance, Alma felt she had a better chance of winning.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1512

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1512

• • •

"I'm okay with that," Arabella said nonchalantly.

"Then I'll borrow a violin from someone here."

Alma hadn't brought her fiddle today, worried that others might think she had an ulterior motive, so she left it at home on purpose.

"I've got one."

From within the crowd, Eugene's voice emerged. Though he was a whiz at chess, his house had quite a collection of musical instruments.

"Speaking of which, this violin was a gift from Jamie Noelle," Eugene asked someone to hand it over.

Regan, seeing the exquisite and familiar violin, couldn't help but ask, "Is that the one Angus made in 1716, which Jamie Noelle snapped up at a high price? When did she give it to you?"

Eugene looked smug, "A small token like this really shows who's more valued."

"Why did she give you that? Did you coerce or bribe her?" Regan was obviously a bit jealous.



Arabella knew he had a passion for music, yet she gave such a precious thing to Mr. Albright, the chess nut. And she didn't even think of him! As he wallowed in self-pity, he caught sight of Alma's amused smile and had an epiphany, "I get it now. It must be hers, and you're just trying to pull one over on me!"

Eugene didn't expect him to see through the ruse and stubbornly retorted, "Can't you just admit Jamie Noelle favors me over you?"

"I'll go first," Alma took the violin, which seemed to bear the traces of Jamie Noelle's touch.

She mustered her courage and stepped onto the stage, brewing her emotions for a moment before pouring them all into *The Life*.

Lately, she had watched countless movies about love and loss to fully convey the rich emotions within the piece.

With her eyes closed, her mind was filled with cinematic scenes of joy, reunion, happiness, and sorrow. A myriad of feelings coalesced into *The Life*. All the guests were taken aback by the skill with which she played Regan and Jamie Noelle's signature piece.

"Beverly, I've always heard your daughter had a knack for the violin, and seeing her play today, it's clear it's true."

"How long has Alma been studying the violin? To play at this level, I'm truly impressed."

"Not only is your daughter beautiful, but she also excels in the arts. You've got it easy in this lifetime."

Beverly grinned graciously, "You flatter her too much; there's still plenty she has to learn."

"Still needs to learn? Can't you leave some room for the rest of us?"

"With that level of skill, I dare say you won't find a second like her among her peers."

"Indeed, I think Alma's already quite accomplished. Don't be too harsh on her. Why not use this birthday celebration to find her a proper mentor? If Mr. Jarvis is already taken, look to Jamie Noelle."

"Absolutely, Jamie Noelle's performance earlier was breathtaking. If Jamie Noelle would take your Alma as a mentee, then she'd surely become a rising star in the world of violin."

On the stage, Alma played with abandon, her eyes closed.

She expressed everything she'd learned recently through her music - her insights into films, into life, and into humanity.

As the piece concluded, she bowed gracefully, eliciting a thunderous applause.

"It's rare for someone to perform *The Life* by Mr. Jarvis and Jamie Noelle in public because it's so demanding. One wrong note, and it can turn into a farce."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1513

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1513

• • •

"I've heard that even renowned violinists shy away from performing this piece in public, you know? They're afraid of being compared to the likes of Mr. Jarvis or Jamie Noelle. But young Alma here, bless her heart, she's got guts. And tonight, she didn't just step up to the plate - she knocked it out of the park."

"Absolutely. To coax out such sound and feeling at her age? It's quite an accomplishment."

"And if Jamie Noelle were in the crowd, I bet she'd scoop Alma up as a protege in a heartbeat. Looks like our chances are slipping away."

Alma, absorbing the praises from the stage, could feel she had improved leaps and bounds over her last performance. She locked eyes with Arabella, a mix of confidence and pride in her gaze.

"Your turn," she passed the violin to Arabella.

That was when many of the guests realized - a duel of the strings was about to unfold.

"Boy, Alma's really putting it all on the line, eh? Facing off against that girl, knowing full well she's Queena."

"Sure, Queena's a whiz at chess, but her violin chops? That's anybody's guess."

Arabella took the stage, bow in right hand, fingers dancing on the strings, and spun an enchanting melody that gripped everyone instantly.

"That sound, isn't it eerily similar to Jamie Noelle would produce?"

"We just had Jamie Noelle's rendition of this piece, and now hearing Arabella's take, it's like they're cut from the same cloth - their skill, tone, the sheer presence."

"I'm floored. I thought Alma played beautifully. However, same rhythm, same violin, yet Arabella plays better than her."

And not just a rung or two higher - Arabella's playing was in a different league altogether!

Her music, pure and crystalline, seemed to elevate the room, whisking the guests away into the heart of the composition, leaving nothing but the image of a girl and her violin, narrating the joys and sorrows of life through her strings.

Alma had only seen life through the lens of cinema, while Arabella had truly lived every bit of joy and pain over the years - emotionally, Alma could never surpass her.

As the final note hung in the air, a stunned silence lingered before the room erupted into fervent applause.

"This birthday bash has been a blast, especially with Arabella's performance. It's beyond impressive."

"So young, yet she plays the violin like a seasoned maestro."

"Such a treat for the ears."

Arabella's music had taken the audience on a journey through life's highs and lows, its loves and its losses, and they couldn't help but buzz with excitement.

"That performance could hold its own against any violinist out there today."



"Only Mr. Jarvis and Jamie Noelle playing a duet could convey the depth of emotion in that piece, but tonight, Arabella showed she could do it solo!"

"Just one listen, and it leaves you with a heart full of feelings, craving more."

"It was sublime."

It was a soul-stirring performance that seemed to cleanse everyone's hearts.

"I've lived many years, and this is only the second time I've been so moved by a live performance - the first being earlier tonight with Mr. Jarvis and Jamie Noelle."

"Same here. Rarely does a live performance resonate with me like this."

Alma's face turned ashen. She couldn't believe that after all her hard practice on *The Life*, Arabella had effortlessly outshone her.

Could Arabella have been secretly mastering this piece all along?  
How else could she have played with such finesse?

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1514

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1514

• • •

Beverly stood among the audience, her face carved into a gracious smile, but only she knew the gulf between her daughter and Arabella was more than just a slight gap.

Arabella's talent was leagues beyond her daughter's - a hundredfold, easily.

After years of attending violin concerts, Beverly had heard melodies that paled in comparison to even half of Arabella's prowess.

It was clear that Louisa's daughter was something special, indeed.

In the crowd, someone complimented Arabella, "I had no idea you were as skilled at chess as you are with the violin."

"You've blown me away just like Jamie Noelle did. If you weren't so young, I'd swear you were Jamie Noelle herself!"

"You've truly captured the soul of the piece. The last person to do so was Jamie Noelle."

"And if Jamie Noelle isn't looking to take on any protege, would you consider being mine?"

The last to speak was the violin maestro Megan, who had been devoted to the violin since she was four and, even at sixty-five, set aside two hours every day for practice.

Her obsession with the violin had made it as integral to her daily routine as brushing her teeth or washing her face.

Everyone was surprised by Megan's offer. Countless had sought her tutelage in the past, only to be turned away.

"I've lived my life without kids, without attachments, content to pursue my passions, unconcerned with

whether my legacy would be carried on by a protege." Megan said, her smile warm as she looked at Arabella, "But today after hearing you play, I'm moved. I have this desire to take you under my wing. You have raw talent, and with the right guidance, you could surpass everyone to become the most revered name in the world of violin."

The guests were stunned by Megan's high praise towards Arabella.

Was she suggesting that with hard work, Arabella could eclipse even the likes of Mr. Jarvis and Jamie Noelle?

"I know you're also known as Queena, and following me might feel beneath you, but that's okay. We can work together as friends, as equals."

Alma, standing nearby, clenched her fists. During the last prestigious school competition, her own teacher, Oswald, had openly asked Arabella to become his private student right in front of her.

Oswald had always been strict with Alma, yet he'd been all smiles with Arabella, persistently asking her WhatsApp number even after several rejections, desperately trying to keep in touch.

Why did everyone seem to be fighting over Arabella?

Alma had only landed her teacher after her parents made a few personal appeals, pulling in favors from their international contacts. And even then, Oswald merely offered her some pointers, never teaching her all techniques he possessed.

Now, Megan was fawning over Arabella, just like Mr. Oswald had. It was as if Arabella was the only person in the world who mattered.

"She's got experiments to run with me, no time for this," a breathless voice cut in.

President Barton of Westerly College emerged from the crowd, "This student of mine has grand ambitions, you see. She's studying medicine, aiming to save lives. The violin, chess, those are just hobbies, not her career path."

Megan sighed, "That's a real pity."

She looked at Arabella, not wanting to miss out on such a promising prospect, and whipped out her phone, "Let's exchange contacts, just in case. If you ever change your mind, give me a call."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1515

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1515

• • •

Arabella had no intention of taking on a formal mentorship, but her passion for the violin and her respect for the elders led her to leave her cell number anyway.

"Do you dare to play another impromptu piece?" Alma challenged Arabella, mustering all her courage for a



rematch, "Perhaps you've practiced that last piece in secret. Let's see who's the real prodigy with a oneminute violin improvisation."

Megan frowned upon hearing this. What was this girl thinking? Couldn't she accept defeat?

A smirk played on Arabella's lips, and she was about to decline when she caught Beck winking furiously at her, as if to say, "When someone's practically begging for a whooping, you better deliver."

"I'll go first," Alma declared without waiting for Arabella's consent and snatched the violin from her hands to perform her so-called spontaneous composition.

Although it was billed as improvisation, the piece was actually the result of two months of meticulous work and countless revisions.

"Not bad at all."

"It's got that youthful defiance. She's young, full of dreams and fight. Makes me somewhat envious."

"The tune is so positive; it's oddly uplifting."

Although it was meant to be a minute-long duel, Alma played her piece in its entirety, taking up two minutes.

"If we must compete," Arabella took back the violin, "half a minute is all I need."

Anger flashed in Alma's eyes, as if she wanted to protest Arabella's perceived slight.

But then, a majestic melody poured from Arabella's strings, grander, more powerful, and more melodious than Alma's.

A sinking feeling hit Alma. Could it be that Arabella also composed violin pieces in her spare time, keeping

them ready for moments like this?

Arabella played only the climax of her piece, leaving the audience craving more, and then she stopped,

"You lost."

The gap between their abilities was clear.

"Was that really an improvisation?" Alma asked, unable to conceal her disbelief.

Beverly felt a twinge of embarrassment for her daughter. Arabella's piece, *The Life*, had already

demonstrated a master's prowess. Yet her daughter was still wallowing in defeat, foolishly hoping for a comeback.

"In this lifetime, you're barred from the world of violin; you agreed not to touch anything related to it. That's your words," Arabella's remarks caused Alma staggered back, nearly losing her balance.

"They were playing for keeps."

"It was just a friendly match; why make such a hefty bet? Having two talents in the violin world is better than one, right?"

"But next to Arabella, Alma really does fall short."

That last comment was like twisting the knife in Alma's wound.

"A bet's a bet. From now on, Alma will steer clear of the violin and its related fields. Let's consider tonight's farce as a bit of added entertainment for the birthday bash."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1516

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1516

• • •

Arabella watched as Beverly stepped forward to speak, choosing to remain silent herself. Instead, she turned to Eugene, "Grandpa Eugene, I reckon it's about time we got this birthday shindig started."

It was already half-past eight in the evening.

"Right you are, time to cut the cake."

Eugene glanced around the gathering,

"Haven't seen Charles and Nelson yet, have we?"

"Should be here any minute now."

"Alright then." Eugene gestured invitingly, "Let's all head to the garden, folks. That's where we'll be slicing into the birthday cake tonight."

His spirits were high; seeing his darling girl, who he had cherished since her childhood, utterly captivate the crowd brought a smile that stretched from ear to ear. It was a feeling of pure thrill.

Meanwhile, Alma stood rooted to the spot, her steps heavy as if her feet were filled with lead, unable to move.

"You've bit off more than you can chew," Beverly tossed these cold words at her, her expression icy, her gaze not that of a mother looking at her daughter, but rather at something worthless.

If Arabella's performance was truly improvised, her talent wasn't just a hundred times better than Alma's - it was beyond measure.

"Given her skills, you could practice for another ten years and still not even come close to her."

Alma looked at her mother in disbelief, not expecting such high praise for Arabella.

"You lost the battle at The Life music contest. Normally, I could have pulled some strings, especially since it's Mr. Eugene's birthday bash. That girl might have cut you some slack, and you wouldn't have to say goodbye to your violin. But you just had to be stubborn, challenging her to an impromptu composition. Did you see Nathan's face darken? He thinks you're a sore loser, causing a scene for no good reason."

Alma flushed with shame, "I just couldn't accept it."

"Your improvisation took two months to polish, and you still lost to her. It proves she's out of your league.

When you meet a superior opponent, you should reflect and learn, not be blinded by jealousy. How are

you any different from Serena then?"

Hearing her mother's words, Alma's face reddened even more.

"Do you think you're entitled to every championship in the world? Can't someone else have their moment?

Those with too much pride never go far."

Beverly said coldly, "Even if you've lost, walk out there with your

head held high. You're my daughter; you can't let people say you can't handle defeat. And from now on,

you're not to touch the violin again."



With that, Beverly made her way to the garden in her heels.

Suddenly, Alma felt small, realizing it was her own insistence on competing. Having lost, she needed to accept defeat gracefully.

She blamed herself for letting her competitive spirit cloud her judgment.

"How does it feel to be outplayed?" came a voice from the corner.

Serena emerged with a smirk of schadenfreude.

"Back at Summerfield College, you insisted on that violin showdown and ended up humiliating yourself in front of everyone. I thought you'd learned your lesson, but no, here you are tonight, making a fool of yourself in front of esteemed elders. No wonder Aunt Beverly is livid. If I had a daughter as foolish as you, I'd be beside myself with frustration."

Even though Beverly had just likened her daughter's poor sportsmanship to Serena, implying an insult, Serena couldn't help but revel in Alma's downfall.

Alma, with nowhere to direct her anger, faced Serena and slapped her across the face, "You can't even hold a candle to me in violin; what gives you the right to talk smack?"

"You dare hit me?" Serena clutched her face.

"Yes, I hit you. So what?" Alma grabbed her hair, warning her, "You think I'm afraid of you, a foster kid?"

Just because I've been nice to you, you think you're better than everyone? You better watch yourself. You don't want to mess with me - I can make your life a living hell in a heartbeat!"

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1517

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1517

• • •

"Then come at me!" Serena glared, her defiance as clear as day, "After living in this house for eighteen years, I refuse to believe that mom and dad would stand by if you try to mess with me."

Alma's grip on Serena's hair tightened, as if she longed to rip it out by the roots, "Well, they'd need proof, wouldn't they? If they start slinging mud at me without cause, do you think my parents would just sit back and watch?"

Serena struggled in vain against Alma's hold, her frustration boiling over.

"Even someone of my level isn't allowed to touch a violin again, let alone a piece of trash like you."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means if you dare enter a violin contest, or dare to study under some maestro, if you even think about walking down that musical path, I'll make sure you never play the violin again in your life. When I say something, I mean it."

"What are you going to do?"

"You know exactly what!" With that, Alma flung her hand away violently.

Staggering back, Serena seethed with rage. What was this, some kind of low blow? Was she planning to sabotage her future with the violin, to make sure no one could play if she couldn't?

Alma dusted off her hands as if touching Serena had contaminated her, her expression one of disgust, and she turned to leave.

"Alma, this isn't over," Serena had always thought it best to keep the peace in the family, but over the last few months, Alma's tyranny had escalated. Ever since she found out Serena wasn't the true Collins, she had been relentless.

Did Alma really think Serena was a pushover?

"You'll regret this. You'll be the one running home to mommy and daddy," Serena spat before turning on her heel and walking away.

Alma scoffed. As if Serena, with her simple mind, could ever come up with a scheme to get the better of her.

Just as Alma took a few steps, she heard something behind her. Turning around, she saw Serena, who had somehow procured a full glass of champagne and hurled it directly at her. The bubbly liquid splashed over Alma's face and drenched her gown before she could react.

Serena set down the glass with a satisfied smirk, "Just getting started, Alma. You'll see. Oh, by the way, I might have spit in that champagne before I threw it."

Alma was livid, storming off toward the restroom to clean up.

Serena, feeling victorious, strutted off to the garden, bathed in the comforting glow of the warm lights among the trees and flowers.

"Finished in the restroom?" Martin's arm wrapped around her waist, searching her face for any sign of distress, "No tears?"

He had been worried when Serena falsely claimed to be Queenena's protege, which led to a confrontation and apology to Arabella. The last thing he expected was for Serena to sound so cheerful about it.

On the contrary, Serena seemed delightful, replying, "Why would I cry over something so trivial?"

Instead, the sight of Alma in utter disarray had filled Serena with a gleeful satisfaction.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1518

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1518

• • •

The birthday song started to play, and a towering six-tiered cake being wheeled by someone in their direction.



Serena was bursting with curiosity to see who was behind the cake, but as it drew closer, her eyes widened in shock. That beautiful, radiant face, could it really be Arabella? Arabella was Jamie Noelle?? Impossible!

"Didn't Mr. Jarvis say that Jamie Noelle would personally deliver the cake to Mr. Albright? Could Queena actually be Jamie Noelle? That's just too surprising."

"Maybe Jamie Noelle stepped out to the restroom and asked the girl to wheel the cake in for a bit?"

"Or perhaps Jamie Noelle's gotten too old to walk, so she needed this young lady to help push the heavy six-tiered cake. It does require extra care."

"No way, I can't believe she is Jamie Noelle. She's just a teenager."

"Yeah, how could she be both Queena and Jamie Noelle?"

Amidst the stunned and speculative gazes, Arabella pushed the birthday cake forward, stopping in front of Eugene.

Eugene was surprised by the cake because it wasn't the one he had ordered. It must have been a surprise Arabella had prepared in secret. The six tiers represented his six decades of life. Each layer was a celebration, the bottom five showcasing their shared memories - like the times they played chess, now depicted in a cartoonish style by Arabella, and the trophies they had won over the years, each carefully crafted and adorning the cake.

The sides of each tier bore different inscriptions: one with "Good Fortune," another with "Longevity," and

others with "Prosperity" and "Good Wishes."

The largest inscription was on the bottom tier, reading, "Health, Prosperity, and Happiness." And on the top tier, a little girl sat surrounded by eight smiling elders, each holding a peach with glorious smile.

Eugene's eyes moistened at the sight, for the cartoon images were so vivid, so lifelike.

There was Beck, Charles, Tanner, Nelson, and himself. Alberto had passed away, chasing after his beloved into the next world, but Arabella included his cartoon image too, his hand gently cradling a peach, his smile as warm as ever, invoking a feeling of fond nostalgia.

Warner, Uriah, and Thomas couldn't make it; Arabella added them to the scene nonetheless.

Their group had once been eight elders looking after Arabella. And now Alberto had left them too soon.

His WhatsApp profile picture was still in their chat, and sometimes the others would @ him, chatting as if he could still reply, though they knew he never would.

With these thoughts, Eugene's eyes grew even wetter.

"Hey, hey, I'm not even there yet, and you've already rolled out the cake."

The speaker was Nelson, who had hurried over and finally made his way to Eugene's side, "I gotta say, Jamie Noelle's hands were made for playing the violin, not for wheeling out cakes for you."

"That's right, Mr. Albright." panted President Charles, who had arrived just after, with a big smile on his

face, "You're really putting those valuable hands to mundane use. Jamie Noelle's talent is precious, and here you have her playing errand girl." The crowd took in the arrival of these two venerable elders with surprise and shock. Could Arabella really be Jamie Noelle? It just didn't seem possible!

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1519

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

## Chapter 1519

• • •

"What's this about running errands? The kid's just sensible, volunteered on her own. Besides, I'm pushing sixty - how many more birthday cakes will I get to share with her? And you have the nerve to call me out?"

We agreed on a 7 o'clock start for the birthday bash, and look what time it is now!" Eugene feigned indignation.

"We were halfway here when we realized we'd left the birthday present behind and had to double back."

Nelson explained, handing over a wrapped gift with a grin, "Wish you endless happiness and prosperity."

"It wasn't my fault; it was Nelson's car I was in. If he's got to go back for the gift, I've got to tag along."

President Charles chuckled as he presented his own offering, "Here's a little something from me. Wish you a long, healthy and joyful life."

Eugene beamed with delight, "Now that we're all gathered, before we cut the cake, I just have to say -

Jamie Noelle, this cake you've made is truly a masterpiece. It's both creative and meaningful, a real treat

for the heart. Thank you, my pumpkin.

You must've put a lot of time into this surprise, didn't you?"

As he spoke, he patted Arabella on the shoulder with such fondness, as if he was speaking to his own

granddaughter.

His words landed like a bombshell, leaving everyone in profound shock.

"She really is Jamie Noelle."

"When she played The Life earlier, I suspected she might be Jamie Noelle, but given her young age and how she admitted she's Queena, I dismissed the thought as quickly as it came. And yet, she is Jamie Noelle herself."

"My goodness, she's incredible."

"I've always imagined Jamie Noelle to be some venerable old man; never would I have guessed she's so young and pretty."

"What a rare gem."

Alma, having fetched a backup dress from the car and freshened up, had barely stepped into the garden intending to have a word with Serena when she overheard Mr. Albright reveal Arabella as Jamie Noelle.

Her steps halted, her mind reeling.

Arabella, with all her impressive titles, a top scholar, Dr. Bell who cured



grandparents' ailments, Maestro Melody, and Jamie Noelle as well as Queena revealed by Eugene tonight.

It was as if a bolt from the blue had struck her, she couldn't fathom that this long-lost true daughter of affluence harbored such formidable talents.

Beverly had recognized Arabella's violin skills as masterful when she played, but she had never anticipated a figure as illustrious as Jamie Noelle.

Jamie Noelle, along with Regan and Pagonana, were considered the three living legends of the international violin scene, epitomizing the pinnacle of the 21st-century violin mastery.

This enigmatic maestro, a mere girl, was Louisa's daughter.

Both had daughters, yet her own Alma couldn't hold a candle to a single one of Arabella's achievements!

The same instrument, the same piece, but Arabella's rendition was clearly superior to Alma's.

She was Jamie Noelle.

She actually was Jamie Noelle.

In the crowd, the esteemed violinist Megan finally understood why Arabella had declined to be her student.

The girl was Jamie Noelle herself, her prowess far exceeding Megan's own.

Jamie Noelle taking Megan as a student would have been more like it - Megan had neither the skill nor the authority to offer guidance.

The embarrassment was palpable, but then she thought about how Arabella had responded to her offer:

without revealing her identity, without condescension, and with impeccable politeness throughout the evening.

Whoever had raised this child had done so exceptionally well. Megan's heart softened, finding the girl ever so endearing. If only she could claim such a granddaughter.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send •

Chapter 1520

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

## Chapter 1520

• • •

But all Megan could do was daydream. After all, the girl was Jamie Noelle. How could she possibly be her granddaughter?

She could only envy the family in her heart; having such a remarkable and talented child must be like waking up smiling from a dream.

"Jamie Noelle is so skilled, not only at chess and playing the violin but also at baking birthday cakes."

"To make a birthday cake so excellent, even a professional baker would feel inferior."

"It's incredible. I don't know whether to envy Mr. Albright for having Jamie Noelle bake him a cake, or to envy the special bond between Mr. Albright and Jamie Noelle."

"Indeed, they seem to get along as harmoniously as a grandfather and granddaughter, which is truly enviable."

Arabella placed a birthday hat on Eugene's head and lit the candles herself, "Shall we all sing Happy Birthday?"

The guests around them nodded, their faces beaming with smiles as they began singing together.

Even Nelson, who had declared he would never sing Happy Birthday to Eugene, was now belting it out with gusto. The other elders joined in as well.

Surrounded by everyone, Eugene felt so blessed that his eyes brimmed with tears. The birthday song was sung not once, but three times before they stopped.

Arabella looked at Eugene with gentle eyes, "Make a wish, Grandpa Eugene."

For the first time, Eugene realized that having a birthday bash could be such a blissful event. He used to avoid people for fear they'd pester him to take on any protege or ask for networking favors. But tonight, he could celebrate openly and joyously. He closed his eyes, taking the wishing seriously for the first time and greedily made a few extra wishes.

"His wishes definitely include that one," President Barton chuckled, whispering to President Charles beside him, "The thing of passing on the mantle."

"As if we need to guess. If it were me, that would be my first wish too, hahaha."

Everyone watched with a smile as Eugene finished making his wishes.

"Let's blow out the candles together," Eugene and everyone else blew out the candles.

All the servants popped the birthday confetti cannons, and a shower of colorful streamers burst and floated down.

The crowd playfully urged Eugene to cut the cake.

Arabella helped to remove the candles, and Eugene passed the first slice of cake to her, "This birthday bash wouldn't have happened if not for you, kiddo."

If it weren't so difficult to see her, Eugene wouldn't have used his birthday as an excuse, waiting for Arabella to show up on her own.

Everyone could tell Eugene's fondness for Arabella, and they envied the girl countless times. Not only was she capable, but she also had the endorsement and affection of an esteemed elder, which was truly rare.

Over the years, whenever any of the elders celebrated their birthday, the first slice of cake would always go to Arabella, so she was used to it. She waited until everyone had their slice before starting to eat.

"This is so delicious; it even has my favorite fruit in it, simply scrumptious," Eugene praised after just one bite, savoring the taste with closed eyes, "Bella, this cake you made is even better than the one you made for Beck."

"There he goes again," President Barton knew Eugene all too well, "To the uninitiated, it would seem Bella added an extra spoonful of sugar or a few more pieces of fruit for you. Look at how smug you are."

"Anyway, this taste is just better than yours," Eugene replied, his face radiating satisfaction and



happiness.

"Alright, alright, it's his birthday. Why are you competing with him?" President Charles intervened with a smile, playing peacemaker.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·