

Chapter 1521

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1521

• • •

"Bella, my birthday's just a couple of months away. I want you to bake me a cake, but it's gotta be bigger and grander than the one you made for Eugene."

Before Nelson could finish his sentence, President Barton chimed in, "Why don't you just let her whip up a spaceship for you?"

Arabella couldn't help but laugh as she watched the two of them bicker.

Distracted, she glanced over and

spotted Alma, carrying a cake and heading straight for Serena who was swinging nonchalantly on a garden swing, blissfully devouring a slice of cake, oblivious to the world around her. The corner was secluded, with no guests around, so Alma took advantage and smashed the cake right onto Serena's face.

Before Serena could even cry out, Alma had mashed the rest of the cake, smearing it everywhere.

Serena hadn't managed to remove the plate from her face before Alma stomped on her foot and shoved her off the swing with astonishing speed. The back of Serena's head and her spine thudded against the ground, pain shooting through her body, her elegant looks now ruined.

Cake filled her eyes, nose, and mouth, muffling her attempts to call for help. She didn't even get a good look at her assailant.

Alma had brought a glass of red wine with her and now splashed it mercilessly onto Serena's expensive dress. She stomped on Serena a few more times before turning to leave.

Covered in cake and wine, Serena finally managed to wipe her face clean enough to open her eyes, but

her attacker was already gone. Yet, she had a hunch - it was Alma's doing.

"Serena??" Martin, who had just finished mingling with the guests, turned around to look for Serena and

was shocked by the scene. He rushed over to help her up.

"What happened? Who did this to you?"

He immediately took off his blazer to drape over her and used his

shirt sleeve to wipe her face.

Furious, Serena pushed him away and ran for the restroom.

Amidst the commotion, Phillip appeared, leaning on a cane, grinning ear to ear.

"Is that Phillip McMillian? He's attending Mr. Albright's birthday party also?"

His presence was significant, a man looked up to by all.

Rumors had swirled that he was unwell, needing hospital rest, but here he was, looking spirited and dapper in a black suit. Despite the cane, he radiated vitality.

Guests flocked to greet him.

"Phillip, good to see you! I'm the head of Aubrey Electronics, Aubrey. My father's Bancroft. It's an honor to meet you tonight. May I shake your hand?"

"Phillip, do you remember me? I'm Vivian, and this is my daughter Roxanne. You held her when she was just a little girl."

Roxanne had not expected Phillip to make an appearance, given the rumors of his illness and withdrawal from social events.

In the elite circles, everyone knew Phillip's grandson was Romeo, a man of almost divine allure.

Her mother nudged her, and Roxanne stepped forward with a smile, "Mr. McMillian, it's a pleasure to see you. I'm Roxanne."

"Hello, hello." Phillip tried to make his way toward Eugene, but the crowd was thick, blocking his path.

"Phillip? Is it really you? Do you remember me? I'm Bluno. We met at a charity gala three years ago. My

dad and I were seated right behind you, and we even exchanged greetings."

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1522

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1522

• • •

Bluno was a businessman, not forgetting to introduce her daughter to him, wearing an ingratiating smile,

"This is my daughter Lindsay, just started her freshman year at college. I'm a bit embarrassed to say, while my kid's still hitting the books, your grandson's already running the whole show at the corporation, haha, quite the prodigy!"

Lindsay knew exactly what her father was aiming for with his words. She played along, gracing Phillip with a sweet smile as she said her hellos.

"Hello, Mr. McMillian, I'm the unfilial daughter, Lindsay."

"Unfilial? No way! Nice to meet you."

Phillip had no clue who the people around him were. His plan for the evening was simple: to bring a birthday present for Eugene, have a slice of birthday cake, and most importantly, to see his darling

granddaughter-in-law. He hadn't expected to be swarmed by guests, packed tighter around him than sardines in a can, leaving him gasping for air.

It was his own fault for not bringing the butler. Had the butler been there, at least a few eager faces might have been kept at bay.

"Phillip? Is that you, or are my old eyes deceiving me? How long has it been since we last caught up?" Mr.

Gardner barged in, elbowing Bluno aside. He stretched out a hand and shook Phillip's whether he wanted to or not, chuckling, "We used to play chess together, remember?"

Actually, Phillip had no memory of it, but considering everyone present had been invited by Mr. Albright, he nodded politely, "It's been ages, hasn't it?"



"Yeah, ages! Our last game must've been seven or eight years back. You were vacationing at the McMillian Corporation's villa resort, staying in the presidential suite. I was right next door. I happened to be carrying a chess set as you were heading out, and we ended up playing a few rounds."

This jogged a vague memory for Phillip, but it was a distant memory, one he wouldn't have recalled without prompting.

"Look at how big my granddaughter has gotten. Sylvia, where are you? Come say hello to Mr. McMillian, would you? Kids these days, no sense of propriety." Mr. Gardner said, eyes crinkling with a smile, "This is Sylvia, my granddaughter. If I remember correctly, you mentioned having a grandson about her age?"

"They do seem to be peers," Phillip replied, looking to move on.

"Phillip? Is that you?" A well-dressed elderly lady with a kindly face approached him, "It's been so long. I'm Amanda, Ted Remington's wife. Do you remember me?"

Phillip did remember Ted - a well-known chess master. While not as famous as Eugene, Ted was still beloved by many.

"How has he been?" Phillip inquired with genuine interest.

He remembered watching Ted win championships and had even played chess with him a few times. Their longest game had stretched from dawn until dusk, with meals eaten over the chessboard. They had shared a certain camaraderie.

"He passed away." Amanda's voice trailed off as her eyes welled up, and she dabbed at the corner of her eyes with a handkerchief, her act so overdone that even Bluno wanted to curse out of sheer irritation.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have asked."

"It's okay. He passed away happy. Before he left us, he passed on all his chess knowledge to his granddaughter. Oh, speaking of which, this is my granddaughter, Mabel. Come and say hello to Mr. McMillian," Amanda called out.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1523

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1523

• • •

“Pleasure to meet you, Mr. McMllian.” Mabel greeted with a well-mannered smile that seemed to convey a depth of knowledge, “My granddad used to speak so highly of you. Now that I see you in person, you indeed carry yourself with such distinction. He always regretted not having the chance to play another game of chess with you. If you find the time, may I have the honor of playing in his stead?”

Bluno, who stood nearby, couldn't hide his disdain as he snorted in amusement, sparing no mercy as he exposed her, "If I'm not mistaken, that's exactly what you said to Mr. Albright just a moment ago."

She had claimed that her grandfather's biggest regret was not having the chance to play another game of chess with Mr. Albright.

"Young lady, it's not good to fib at such a young age."

"What fib? My dear departed husband always kept two chess companions closest to his heart: Mr. McMillian and Mr. Albright. What would a youngster like you know? Now step aside," Amanda retorted with a mix of scorn and dissatisfaction that only someone of her advanced years could get away with when addressing a man of Bluno's stature.

However, when she turned to Phillip, her tone softened considerably, “Phillip, let me raise a toast to you on behalf of my late husband, shall I?”

“Oh no, no need. I can’t partake in spirits anymore; my personal physician has forbidden it. No alcohol, no spicy food. I must stick to the doctor’s orders.”

“It seems this young doctor of yours knows their stuff, to keep you so in line.”

Amanda didn’t press the issue further, but added, “Speaking of which, I’ve been feeling quite worn out lately, as if my body can’t keep up. Perhaps when you’re free, you could introduce this doctor to me?”

“She’s very busy, and it was a huge favor to have her treat me.” Phillip was reluctant to burden his

precious granddaughter-in-law with more work, “I think it's just your age catching up to you. If there's no serious ailment, any general practitioner should suffice.”

A tad embarrassed, but still smiling, Amanda conceded, “You're right.”

“I better go greet the birthday boy; I've already arrived late as it is. Please excuse me.”

Despite Phillip's words, a number of guests were still eager to hobnob with him, seizing on this rare opportunity. His presence was a golden chance they didn't want to miss.

Phillip quickened his pace, wishing he could fly over to Eugene's side, all the while wondering where on earth Romeo was. It was already late, and he was nowhere to be seen, not there to offer him some muchneeded assistance.

“Alright, break it up. Don’t scare Phillip away now. We’re here to celebrate Mr. Albright’s birthday, not to talk shop,” President Barton knew exactly why these people were hounding Phillip - they were hunting for a chance to collaborate with the McMllian Corporation. Crowding around Phillip would only annoy him.

“President Barton, we just wanted to say hello to Phillip,” a persistent guest insisted, champagne glass in hand.

“Yeah, just a quick word, and then we’ll be on our way.”

“We haven’t had the chance to thank Phillip properly for the big favor the McMllian Corporation did for us.”

“The McMllian Corporation isn’t under his management anymore. If you have business, go talk to Romeo.”



President Barton steered Phillip away by the shoulders, “If I hadn’t spotted you from afar and come to your rescue, you’d still be stuck in the same spot.”

“Yes, yes, you’ve got the keen eye. Where’s my darling granddaughter-in-law?”

“There you go, just as I thought. You’re here to see Arabella,” President Barton chuckled, well aware that the presence of these old timers was due in no small part to that young lady.

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1524

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1524

• • •

"Hey, kiddo, take a peek at who's coming our way," President Barton, with a grin stretching from ear to ear, strolled over with Phillip in tow.

Arabella, catching sight of the duo, was somewhat taken aback, "Grandpa Phillip? You two know each other?"

"Hahaha, talk about serendipity!" Phillip approached Arabella, his smile beaming, "Back in the day, I was tight with Tanner. You know, one thing led to another, and I got to know all his pals." It all clicked for Arabella then.

"Tanner used to brag about having this grandkid who was a real firecracker, even more so than my own.

Said you were so out of this world, and I thought he was just blowing smoke."

Phillip had never met Arabella, only hearing about her through Regan's tall tales, so he never took it seriously.

"Turns out, his grandkid is you! And here I was thinking there was no meat on that bone of a story. Tanner, you sure do talk a big game." Phillip couldn't stop smiling, "Bella's not just your granddaughter; she's gonna be my granddaughter-in-law, and that's a done deal."

"Whoa there, hold your horses! That's the real pie in the sky. Whether she becomes your granddaughter-in-

law is still up in the air. Look at you, all puffed up with pride," Regan roared with laughter.

Phillip, bearing a gift, chimed in, "Mr. Albright, no need for a long speech. Today's your birthday, so here's to eternal bliss and a life as long as the heavens. Let's both make it to a hundred, watch Bella walk down the aisle, tie the knot, have kids. And if she has a little Bella, we'll all be there to help raise her."

"That's what I'm talking about." Eugene laughed heartily, his only wish in life being to see his dear Arabella wed, "But is your grandson reliable? My precious Arabella can't be mistreated by anyone."

"If my grandson dares to treat her poorly, we'll each break one of his legs."

Arabella's ears perked up: That harsh??

"Haha, that's the spirit!" Eugene grabbed a glass of wine to toast Phillip.

Phillip glanced at Arabella reflexively and started to wave off the offer, "The doc told me not to drink; I'm not fully recovered yet."

"Well, Bella told me the same, but this is only elderflower wine, 0.5%." Eugene finished, looking at

Arabella, "Your Grandpa Phillip came all this way and even brought me a gift. Don't you think it's only polite to let him have a glass?"

Phillip also looked for Arabella's approval, "They're toasting to me; would it be rude not to drink?"

"Go ahead."

Hearing Arabella's consent, the two old men were over the moon. They clinked glasses and downed their drinks in haste, as if afraid Arabella would change her mind.

"Wine approved by the doc is just exquisite."

"You bet it is. It's got a taste of happiness, hahaha."

Other guests, seeing Phillip enjoy his drink, eagerly approached Arabella, keen to get their moment.

"Mr. McMillian, I'm thrilled to see you tonight. Allow me to offer a toast." Mabel stepped forward, draining her glass with poise and asked, "Might I have the honor of challenging you to a quick game of chess? Just a minute of your time."

A minute was such a fleeting window that if Phillip refused, he'd seem ungracious.

"Mr. McMillian, are you fond of chess? I've liked it since childhood, not quite as skilled as Jamie Noelle though." Lindsay glanced at Arabella as she spoke, "But my mentors always said I had a unique style. If

you ever get bored and need some company, I'd be delighted to join you." Phillip was taken aback, his gaze fixed on Arabella for a moment, "Jamie Noelle??" He then turned to the other gentlemen, "Bella's Jamie Noelle?" How was he not aware of this? The group of elders nodded, observing him with an amused look that seemed to say, "You're just finding out now??"

• • •

(0)

0/255

Send ·

Chapter 1525

fl

# The Princess and the Pauper (Arabella)

Chapter 1525

• • •

Philip recollected the memory of long ago, when Enid had gifted his spouse a set of checkers. Arabella

had immediately spotted them as knock-offs. Enid was relentless, refusing to believe her gift was not

genuine. Arabella, without missing a beat, had presented a real set and graciously passed it on to Shirley.

That set had been a gift from Eugene to Arabella, who then re-gifted them to Shirley.

The whole affair had tugged at Eugene's heartstrings for quite some time.

It never crossed his mind that she was Jamie Noelle.



How come she was Jamie Noelle.

"My girl, you've really impressed me!"

Philip said with admiration, clapping Arabella on the shoulder. "You should join me for a game or two sometimes and keep me company."

Lindsay, overhearing this, saw an opportunity for Arabella and quickly chimed in, "Besides checkers, I also enjoy playing the piano and composing lyrics. If Grandpa Philip would like some music or to dabble in some creative writing, I'd be more than happy to share."

"When it comes to the arts, Mabel's no slouch either," Amanda interjected, emerging from the crowd with a kindly smile. "Don't let her young age fool you. She's already passed grade eight piano exam, and she spends her time painting."

"My Sylvia is just as talented," Mr. Gardner piped up, stepping forward, ready to boast about his own granddaughter's prowess. But before he could continue, a murmur spread through the crowd.

Romeo had arrived!!

Dressed in a sharp suit, he exuded a remarkable presence, with his lean figure cutting a dashing silhouette,

His entrance alone captivated the attention of many.

"Is that Romeo??"

The cluster around Philip dispersed as everyone made a beeline for the newcomer.

Philip explained to Eugene, "I thought I'd have my grandson give the other parents a once-over, that's all right with you, isn't it?"

Eugene's invitation had been for Philip alone.

But Philip had brought Romeo along. Eugene, seeing through the ruse, said with a grin, "I suspect you're just trying to play matchmaker, giving the young couple a chance to spend time together."

Philip's scheme had been spotted sooner than he expected, and he beamed with delight.

Meanwhile, Arabella watched her fiancé surrounded by a crowd, a sly smile playing on her lips.

Phyllis had always dreamed of marrying Romeo, and as she spotted him, she dashed forward to take the lead. Just as she neared him, she stumbled, poised to fall right into his arms. Whether Romeo caught her or not, she was destined to end up in his embrace.

But in the next second, Romeo smoothly sidestepped, avoiding her fall perfectly. Phyllis crashed onto the lawn, in so much pain she couldn't get up. She hadn't anticipated that Romeo wouldn't even pretend to catch her! Roxanne, delighted at Phyllis's embarrassment, quickly picked up a piece of cake from nearby and trotted over to Romeo. "Hi Romeo, I'm Roxanne. Grandpa Philip used to carry me when I was little." She handed him the cake with a smile. "You just got here and I guess you haven't tried the birthday cake yet. It's quite delicious tonight. Give it a taste."

• • •

(0)

Send ·