

Arabella 741

Chapter 741

Her grandpa was the one who taught her all her skills.

Arabella finished the painting in just an hour. There was no signature on it, but Romeo had someone send an expensive frame, planning to hang it on the wall of his study.

Just then, Arabella's phone vibrated again.

[Arabella, there's another order! Someone wants you to write an uplifting song, and you can name your price.]

Could it be Romeo?

Thinking about this, Arabella glanced at Romeo.

Romeo was still admiring her painting, looking at her with eyes full of affection and gentleness.

It couldn't be him.

Arabella no longer had any doubts. [When do they want it done?]

[Tomorrow or the day after is fine.]

Without thinking much, Arabella named her price at ten million dollars, hung up the phone, and told Romeo, "I need to go to the piano room."

Arabella was going to play the piano?

Such a great opportunity, of course, Romeo wouldn't miss it. He followed Arabella to the piano room, watched her sit down at the piano, open the cover, think for a moment, and then start to play.

It seemed like she was tuning, or maybe composing, stopping now and then. Romeo wondered if she had received some big order. Was she writing a song for someone?

Arabella recalled many things, those beautiful images turned into jumping notes, and she quickly composed a song.

Romeo looked at the time, it was only an hour, and Arabella had composed such a beautiful song.

Her musical skills had improved again.

"How do you think?" Arabella stopped and asked him.

"Good, it's relaxing."

That's exactly the effect Arabella was aiming for, but she always felt that something was not good enough. After playing it a few more times, she found the problem and made improvements.

"I'll play it one more time for you."

Romeo didn't expect that he would have the honor to be her first audience. He nodded, his eyes full of admiration and love.

Arabella played the improved piano piece one more time. Romeo praised, "It's even better than the one just now. You added a new melody, it makes me remember the good old times."

That's exactly the feeling Arabella wanted. She took out her phone and sent a message to Jack, [Done.]

Jack sent a string of question marks: [????]

Just a few hours passed, Arabella's work efficiency was too high, right?

A painting, a song, just like that, done?

"I'll contact them." Half an hour after Jack left, he called Arabella again. "Arabella, the person who ordered the piano piece specifically wants to meet you and hear you play it in person."

Did he not believe she was the composer just because she composed too quickly, doubting her identity or abilities?

"And the person who ordered the painting said he wants to give it to someone very important, so if the painting can't satisfy him, he hopes you can modify it in person."

Arabella asked again, "Are these two orders from the same person?"

"No." Jack, worried about upsetting the boss, hurriedly flattered, "Boss, we've got twenty million dollars. Why don't we take a trip? It's better than staying at home and watching Romeo, right?"

Arabella: What's wrong?

"After all, watching Romeo not only doesn't make us money but also wastes our time."

Arabella glanced at the gloomy man next to her and replied, "Romeo heard it."

"Oh my." Jack didn't expect Romeo to always be by the boss's side.

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He explained, "I mean, you've got plenty of time to hang out with Romeo, now make a little more money, so that those medical projects can start."

"It's too late," Arabella said. "He's already pissed."

"I'm screwed now; he's definitely going to punish me, Ms. Bennett, you gotta help me!" Jack sent out a bunch of SOS emojis, whether he was crying or laughing was hard to tell. He had once praised Romeo, why didn't Romeo hear it?

"Don't scare him off," Romeo patted Arabella's head. "Where's the meetup? I'll accompany you."

Arabella asked for the location again, but both were very cautious, saying they'd provide her with the location tomorrow.

If they didn't know the situation, they'd think they were up to no good.

In the evening, Arabella received a call from Jack.

"Ms. Bennett, is Romeo still mad?"

"You're calling just to ask that?" Arabella didn't expect it, he was actually scared shitless and then she started laughing.

"Can you just tell me if he's still mad? I'm mainly worried he'll be mean to you." He remembered Ms. Bennett once saying that Romeo was a hard person to console. Ms. Bennett wouldn't be accompanying him from afternoon till night, would she? If so, he'd be giving Ms. Bennett trouble.

"He's not mad anymore," Arabella told the truth.

"Really?"

"Mm-hmm."

Jack was relieved and hurriedly got to the point: "Oh, right, someone wants you to compose a piano piece, but he can only afford three million."

"Really?"

With her popularity, the price of the tasks she accepted was definitely more than three million.

Was this guy deliberately lowering the price, or could he only afford that much?

"That person did ask a lot of people, from a starting price of one million to three million, it seems like he doesn't understand the market."

"Is it for tomorrow as well?"

"Ms. Bennett, how did you know?"

"I'm not doing it." Arabella glanced at the time. Tonight, she still had to check the experimental data sent by Grandpa Beck, and she didn't have much time to handle tasks.

"Then I'll reject him. Ms. Bennett, you should get some rest."

"Mm-hmm."

After hanging up the phone, Arabella was checking data in the lab when she suddenly found a problem. The fourteen drugs Grandpa Beck had combined, after synthesis, surprisingly released a new toxin.

The concentration of this toxin was low, but it was spread out, making it difficult to extract completely. Arabella tried several methods, none of which worked. Romeo, who was outside the lab, noticed this and knocked on the door.

"Romeo?" Arabella saw the man walk in with a late-night snack, and her tone was somewhat heavy: "There's a problem."

"What's the problem?"

Arabella told him the results of her findings: "I've never seen this kind of toxin before. If it wasn't for the advanced equipment you sent, it wouldn't be detectable by the previous methods."

Now, if this toxin wasn't extracted and it entered the human body, who knew what reaction would occur.

"Let me give it a shot."

"You can?" Arabella was a bit surprised, even a little incredulous. From the time they met until now, she didn't know this man had knowledge about making drugs.

"I only have some theoretical knowledge."

Previously, Romeo had envied Caden and Arabella because they could perform surgeries together and discuss the patients' conditions.

Although he couldn't perform surgery or make drugs, he did have some understanding of different types of equations.

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As he typed away, Arabella looked at him, her eyes filled with surprise and admiration.

After a while, Romeo asked her to take a look at the screen. Seeing the final equation, Arabella suddenly thought of a new solution.

"I've got it," she said, seemingly inspired and started to work on the separation experiment again.

In the meantime, Grandpa Beck made two video calls to discuss the progress with her.

At around three in the morning, Grandpa Beck said, "Alright. Consider my old bones, that's enough for today. Don't forget Romeo. Without his help, we wouldn't have found a way. Go get some sleep."

"Just a bit longer."

"No more waiting! Romeo, take her away. She used to stay in the lab for days, treating it like home. I'm telling you, I'm going to cut the power!"

Romeo laughed. "Okay, grandpa."

"Don't spoil her too much, just because she's young doesn't mean she can abuse her health. I'm hanging up."

After hanging up, Arabella continued with her experiment. Romeo didn't rush her but quietly stayed by her side.

After a while, Arabella wondered why he hadn't rushed her.

"If you're inspired, work a little longer."

Hearing Romeo indulge her like this made Arabella feel a bit guilty. Looking at the time, it was almost dawn.

"Let's continue this tomorrow." Arabella took his hand. "Let's go. Time to sleep."

Romeo even forgot to take his tablet, letting her lead him away as he tightly held her slender fingers.
The next morning.

Jack had sent the time and location for the meeting.

[Painting, 8 p.m., old warehouse.]

[Music score, 9 p.m., private club box.]

[Ms. Bennett, we can't find any background on these two. Want me and Jones to tag along for protection?]

[No need. Not many can pose a threat to me back home.]

[I'm worried that they're from those organizations, trying to lure you out.] said Jack, sounding regretful.

[I saw so much money last night and didn't think too much. Ms. Bennett, maybe I can try to delay the delivery?]

[Do you think they figured out that Dr. Bell and Melody are the same person?] Arabella countered.

[Well, that's unlikely.]

After all, no one would associate Dr. Bell and Melody.

Plus, Ms. Bennett was always careful. Not many knew about her identity.

But better safe than sorry, right?

Jack had met the people from those organizations. If they set a trap for Ms. Bennett, even she, as capable as she was, wouldn't be able to escape.

[Don't worry, I can handle it.] Arabella didn't take this seriously and went downstairs after replying to the message.

At seven in the evening, Romeo asked, "Are you sure you don't need me to accompany you?"

"Yeah, I can handle it myself."

If the other party had a simpler identity without much background, then Romeo's presence would be unnecessary. Arabella didn't need his protection.

But if the other party was a member of a powerful organization or multiple organizations, then Romeo would be in danger if he went.

So, from any angle, it was best for Romeo not to go.

Thinking about this, Arabella comforted him: "It was the same when I took jobs before, and I'll be back soon after a quick trip."

Chapter 744

"I'll be waiting at home for you." Romeo didn't put up a fight, going along with Arabella's plans.

"You can't sneakily follow me or send anyone to guard me." Arabella seemed to see right through him:

"Don't think I don't know what you're up to."

Romeo didn't expect Arabella to be so sharp, seeing through his plans in a heartbeat.

He pulled Arabella into his arms, looking into her eyes and asking, "Are you forbidding anyone from following you because you're in danger? Are you worried I might get caught up in it? Are you worried about me?"

Before Arabella could even answer, Romeo asked again, "Who's the other party?"

"I have no idea yet, but they've asked for discretion." Arabella was trying to reason with Romeo: "If they find out I went back on my word and brought a bunch of bodyguards and you, will I have any business left?"

Romeo kissed her, amazed by how articulate Arabella was.
He turned around and fetched a black hairpin, pinning it to her hair.

"This is the latest tracker. If you stay still for too long or if your location is off, I'm coming for you."
Arabella didn't expect him to have such a thing. A seemingly ordinary hairpin turned out to be a tracker.
"I had it specially developed." Romeo saw her confusion and explained, "All for your safety."
"Guess I should thank you then." Arabella stood on her tiptoes and gave him a kiss. She wrapped her arms around his neck, looking at his worried face, and chuckled, "Don't worry, I'll be back soon. I'll be fine."

"I sure hope so." Romeo pressed his forehead to hers, kissed her lips, and watched her leave. He felt a tinge of sadness, as if something was missing.

As agreed, Arabella arrived at an old warehouse on the outskirts of Summerfield ten minutes early. There were about a dozen bodyguards stationed outside the warehouse. Seeing a young girl getting out of the car, they were all a bit puzzled.

"I'm here to deliver the painting." Arabella walked up to the head bodyguard and calmly said,

The head bodyguard looked her up and down and said, "Sorry, you can go tell Mirabelle that our boss wants to see her in person."

"I am Mirabelle."

The head bodyguard took another look at this young girl. Impossible.

The master of Oriental ink painting, known as Mirabelle, was actually just an eighteen-year-old girl?

Who in their right mind would believe that?

"Sorry, I'm not joking." The head bodyguard seriously said.

"Neither am I. It's the truth."

Seeing the serious look on Arabella's face, not like she was joking, the head bodyguard was half convinced and went in to report to his boss.

After a while, he came out and invited her in, saying, "Please come in."

Just as Arabella was about to enter the warehouse with the painting, the head bodyguard suddenly put out a hand to stop her. "Sorry, please take off the hairpin."

Arabella: Was she busted so soon?

"It's safe inside." Seeing that Arabella wasn't making a move, the head bodyguard explained, "Our boss won't do anything to you."

"If he won't do anything to me, then whether I wear this hairpin or not shouldn't make a difference."

"Our boss doesn't want his whereabouts known by others. We're very sorry and hope you can understand."

Seeing no malice in his words, Arabella took off the hairpin and handed it to him. The head bodyguard accepted it and made a respectful invitation gesture: "Please, this way."

Arabella entered the warehouse. The place was spacious and bright. There was only a large desk in the middle of the warehouse with brushes, ink, paper, and ink stones. There was no one around, but Arabella still spotted several cameras, some facing the desk, some facing her.

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"Sir, Ms. Mirabelle has arrived," the head of the security team said, speaking into his earpiece.

Arabella stood before the desk with an air of aloofness about her.

Upon receiving instructions from the earpiece, the head of security politely requested, "Ms. Mirabelle,

could you please unroll this scroll?"

Arabella spread the artwork across the table. On the camera feed, it was a majestic and vibrant traditional oriental ink painting.

The mountains in the painting were steep, trees lush, streams winding, and clouds wafting. The few cottages nestled within the valleys added a sense of tranquility to the scene, while the birds flying through the hazy clouds hinted at the profound depth of the painting, adding a touch of ethereal quality.

The head of security heard the continuous praise from the earpiece. Without a doubt, this was an authentic piece.

"Ms. Mirabelle, how can you prove that this is your work?"

In the past, Arabella might have simply retorted, "Believe it or not, I don't care," but now, eager to finish this task and head home, she picked up a brush and started recreating a part of the painting on a prepared piece of paper.

This portion, taking up a tenth of the entire piece, was completed in less than five minutes.

The security head was stunned, as was the person on the other end of the earpiece. They couldn't believe a young woman could complete a tenth of the painting in such a short time. And the thing was, this painting was really hers!

She was indeed Mirabelle!

Seeing their silence, Arabella asked indifferently, "Any other questions?"

She had another place to get to and didn't want to waste her time here.

"Ms. Mirabelle, please wait a moment. Our boss would like to meet you personally."

Hearing this, Arabella waited quietly. A middle-aged man descended the metal stairs briskly, followed by a group of bodyguards.

He was not decked out in gold or sporting any designer watches. Dressed casually, he looked like a successful man ready for a round of golf at any moment.

From his youthful face and demeanor, Arabella could tell he was an important figure in some industry.

"Ms. Mirabelle, it's an honor to meet you," the middle-aged man said as he extended his hand first.

Arabella shook his hand.

His fingers were soft and broad, further evidence of his affluent lifestyle.

"I've always thought that Ms. Mirabelle was a man, and yet you're so young and beautiful," he said respectfully. "Both my mother and I are big fans of your work."

"Thank you."

The middle-aged man picked up the piece on the table and said, "The landscape rendered in light ink, combined with the strong brushwork, gives the canvas a broad sense of space. It seems realistic yet surreal. The creek is gentle. Ms. Mirabelle, you paint so beautifully!"

Suddenly, he felt that ten million dollars might be too little.

Such an artwork was worth at least fifty million!

"Do you need me to make any changes?" Arabella asked abruptly.

This caught the middle-aged man off guard. He looked a bit puzzled, then turned to the head of security. Changes?

He wasn't quite sure what she meant.

The head of security explained, "When we were communicating with Ms. Mirabelle's team earlier, we

were concerned that she may not want to make an appearance, so we suggested that if there were any dissatisfaction with the painting, she would need to make the corrections in person."

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"What a load of hogwash!" The middle-aged man suddenly scolded loudly, "This is a downright disrespect to Ms. Mirabelle, you folks are going off half-cocked. You should apologize to Ms. Mirabelle right away."

The head of the security immediately dropped his gaze, apologizing to the middle-aged man and Mirabelle, saying that even though the idea wasn't his brainchild, he needed to shoulder the blame.

"Ms. Mirabelle, I'm sorry for the misconduct of my team." The middle-aged man again shook hands with Arabella, expressing his deep apology.

"Your interpretation of the artwork is spot-on. I thought you'd use conventional symbols to denote longevity and peace, but you chose such a unique path, it's really striking and top-notch!"

In this painting, there were two special birds, a species native only to eastern countries.

The long tail feathers of the birds looked like ribbons, and they had the longest lifespan among small birds. Hence, they symbolized longevity.

The two birds were flying through the clouds, their motions intricately depicted.

Every element in the painting, be it the birds, the landscapes, or the flora, came to life under Arabella's brush, captivating the viewer.

"There are many good painters in the art world, but no one can compare to you when it comes to capturing the hardest elements of form and essence."

Other artists' works either lacked depth in the ambiance or didn't adequately represent the form.

But Arabella was hailed as a master of oriental painting art, not only because she brought a fresh style to the art form, not only because each of her works had a distinct personal touch, but crucially, because she could capture the hard-to-grasp essence and form in her art.

This exquisite skill was beyond the average artist.

"Ms. Mirabelle, could I ask for your autograph?" A middle-aged man, looking like a fanboy, gazed expectantly at Arabella.

"Sure." Arabella remained calm. "Where should I sign?"

"Here." The man opened a cherished notebook he carried with him, handing it over with both hands.

Arabella picked up the pen, writing a line on the first page: May you seize favourable opportunities and circumstances, brave difficulties, and stride forward to realize your lofty aspirations.

She signed her name in the bottom right corner: Mirabelle.

The man didn't expect Ms. Mirabelle to include a blessing for him, he was touched and unexpectedly noticed that Ms. Mirabelle's handwriting resembled that of a calligrapher he admired. Before he could think more, Ms. Mirabelle spoke.

"I have other matters to attend to, unless there's anything else, I'll take my leave." Arabella was about to leave.

The man hurried, "Ms. Mirabelle, please wait."

Arabella was puzzled, was there something else?

"I just wanted to ask, Ms. Mirabelle, do you have a boyfriend? My son is about your age."

Arabella caught his drift and replied lightly, "I have a boyfriend."

She has a boyfriend?

A hint of regret flashed in the man's eyes, but he quickly said, "That's alright, I'll walk you out, Ms. Mirabelle."

"No need." Arabella said lightly, "Please hold."

She nodded and was about to leave the warehouse when she saw a security guard quickly approach the middle-aged man, whispering something in his ear.

The man looked towards Arabella's retreating figure, asking with some surprise, "Ms. Mirabelle, do you know Romeo from McMillian Corporation?"

Arabella stopped in her tracks, turning to look at him.

"My man here tells me that you're driving Romeo's car."

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Arabella frowned slightly. She had this feeling that someone was sneakily watching her from upstairs. Calmly, she said, "If you need anything in the future, just talk to me directly. Don't bother him."

The middle-aged man looked a bit confused. Was she worried about him bothering Romeo?

Just as he was about to explain that she might have got it wrong, he saw the girl glance upstairs, walk out of the warehouse, take a hairpin from the bodyguard's leader, get into a car, and leave.

She was young, but had such a strong personality and presence.

The woman upstairs only came down after Arabella had left. "Do you think she noticed me?"

"Nah, she just casually looked up. Probably because the light above was too glaring." The middle-aged man pulled her into his embrace, "After we deliver the painting tomorrow, let's leave this place."

"Alright." The woman looked at Arabella's retreating figure with a hint of regret in her voice, "It's a shame. She already has a boyfriend."

If that wasn't the case, Arabella's aura, age, and painting skills would have been a good match for her son.

Arabella drove to her next destination and called Romeo to update him on her situation.

Having anxiously waited for nearly an hour at home, Romeo finally heard her voice and felt a weight lift off his heart.

"Does anyone else know that the hairpin you gave me is a tracker?" Arabella suddenly asked.

Romeo was a bit puzzled, "Did you get caught?"

"Yeah."

"Did they give you trouble?"

"No."

Romeo heaved a sigh of relief and began to ponder.

"Only my development team and I have seen the hairpin. It hasn't been leaked, and it's not available on the market." Romeo said, "The development team is loyal to me, and they wouldn't betray me."

Their wealth wouldn't be enough to buy a painting priced at ten million either.

So, how did the fact that the hairpin was a tracker get leaked, and why was it spotted instantly? It almost caused trouble for Arabella.

"Well, you better check. There might be a mole." Arabella said while driving, "I'm almost there. I'll call you when I'm done."

"Alright." Romeo cautioned, "Be careful."

"Yeah, don't worry."

Arabella parked her car in the private club's garage and saw two pretty girls getting out of another sports car.

One of them, with her beautiful features, had an air of arrogance about her.

Alma Collins? What was she doing here?

Alma had also noticed Arabella. She didn't expect Arabella to come here, let alone in Romeo's car!

"Bella," Alma smiled, "Are you alone? Want to hang out with us? We have a class reunion tonight."

Arabella glanced at the friend next to Alma, who was acting as if she was top dog. With her arms crossed over her chest, she looked at Arabella with a condescending gaze.

"No need. I have things to do."

Arabella shut her car door and headed for the club, with Alma trailing behind her. She asked, "Why are you here alone? Why didn't Romeo come with you?"

Arabella turned to look at her, and Alma felt an inexplicable pressure from that glance. She didn't expect her cousin, who just came back home, to have such a strong aura.

There was an elevator in the garage that led directly to the first floor of the club, and there were four attendants standing outside.

Alma asked again, "Bella, do you have a membership card? Only members with a five-star rating or above can park their cars here and take this elevator."

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"I get it."

If it wasn't for her uncle and aunt, Arabella really didn't want to have anything to do with Alma.

Still, Alma stuck to her like glue, even speeding up just to walk side by side with her.

"Bella, do you come here often?"

Alma knew that this club was later taken over by Romeo. She often came here, partly hoping to bump into Romeo, and partly thinking that if she splurged enough to hit five-star status, Romeo would notice her.

Seeing that Arabella didn't respond, Alma asked again, "Does Romeo bring you here often? Or do you come by yourself?"

"Your bumpkin cousin doesn't even have basic manners." Alma's friend Cherry Evert couldn't help but scoff. "Alma, just let her make a fool of herself later. Why waste your time?"

Alma didn't want to deal with Arabella, but she needed to know if Romeo would be at the club tonight.

Arabella had arrived in Romeo's car, was she here to meet him?

If so, she had to wreck it.

Seeing the three women approaching the elevator, a staff member quickly radioed in some words.

Soon, over a dozen staff members came down by elevator to the garage, standing neatly in front of the elevator, blocking their path.

"Someone got recognized who's not a member, so they won't let us in."

At this, Cherry pulled Alma to stand next to her, then lifted her chin arrogantly, looking at the dozen or so staff members in front of her.

"I haven't been here for a while, and you guys don't recognize me anymore?"

The head waiter quickly bowed in greeting, "Ms. Cherry." Then he turned to Alma and politely greeted, "Ms. Alma."

"You know who we are. Why don't you step aside?" Cherry said, then gave Arabella a haughty look and

coldly said, "Just so you know, we don't know this person. Whatever you want to do with her is your business."

Cherry, arm in arm with Alma, planned to walk past this wall of people.

The head waiter respectfully said, "I'm sorry, Ms. Cherry, Ms. Alma, could you please wait a moment?"

"Wait?" Cherry found this ridiculous, "I've lived all these years, and no one can ask me to wait!"

"I'm really sorry, but it's the club's rule."

Just then, the elevator door opened, and the manager came out.

The dozen or so waiters lined up on both sides, and the manager quickly walked past, ignoring Cherry and Alma. He went straight to Arabella, bending over to greet her respectfully.

"Ms. Bella, you didn't even give us a heads up that you're coming. Please wait a moment, we've already sent someone to get the red carpet."

"No need for such a fuss."

Arabella stepped forward. The manager hurried to keep up, and the waiters on both sides maintained their bowing posture.

"Ms. Bella, I'm sorry for our lack of hospitality. All your expenses in the private room tonight are on the house."

Cherry and Alma were shocked. What the hell was going on?

"I'm not the one spending tonight, no need to be so formal."

"Ms. Bella, you're too understanding. It makes me feel even more guilty."

The manager pressed the lift open button, blocked the door with his hand until Arabella got in, and then he followed, all the while bowing, as if Arabella was the owner of the club.

Finally, Cherry realized that the manager and these dozen or so waiters were here to welcome Arabella. They were the five-star members, but they were left waiting on the side. The lift was only for Arabella's use. Weren't they worthy to share a lift with Arabella?

"Alma, what's the deal with your cousin?" Cherry was a bit pissed.

Even their five-star membership, with annual consumption of over a million, had to give way to her.

Chapter 749

"Did her family seriously start throwing pocket change at her the moment she came back?"

Was she spending more here than both of them combined?

No way.

Arabella just got back to the Collins family and she was already dropping millions here?

Even if she was a big spender, the club shouldn't be making such a big fuss over her.

There were plenty of other big spenders who didn't get this kind of treatment when they came in.

"I have no clue," Alma said, feeling a touch green with envy. The only people who got this kind of welcome were the McMillians, as far as she knew. Could it be because of Romeo?

Did Romeo arrange this grand welcome?

The more she thought about it, the more she saw Arabella as a bit of a show-off.

Meanwhile, Arabella had no idea that Romeo owned the club now. She took the VIP elevator as agreed and arrived at the top-level suite 901.

She'd been to the ninth floor plenty of times, but this was her first time in suite 901.

She knocked on the door and a woman's elegant voice came from inside.

"Come in."

Arabella pushed open the door, only to find a quiet café waiting inside. In a place where booze and nightlife were the norm, a café was certainly a surprise. The woman sitting at the coffee table was elegantly dressed and had a dignified aura. Seeing a young girl of about seventeen or eighteen walk in, she was surprised, "Is Maestro Melody not coming?"

"I am Melody."

The middle-aged woman looked Arabella up and down, seemingly interested. The girl had a refined face, with an air of cool elegance in her brow and eyes. It was stunning. Girls her age rarely had such grace and beauty. Arabella was also sizing up the lady. The lady's eyes were captivating. Even though she was in her thirties or forties, her beautiful face still radiated a charming allure.

"Please, have a seat." The lady pointed toward the piano stool. Arabella understood. This was her chance to prove herself. Arabella sat at the piano, her slender fingers dancing across the keys, playing a beautiful melody. The lady stopped making coffee, quickly drawn into the pleasant atmosphere created by Arabella. She was deeply moved. The tune echoed in the air, with Melody's unique style, becoming more enchanting the more she listened. The lady didn't even feel like making coffee anymore. She stopped and lost herself in the wonderful piano music, completely entranced. As soon as Arabella finished playing, she handed the sheet music to the lady, "This is what you asked for." The beautiful lady's skin was incredibly smooth. Her smile was like melting ice and snow, bringing everything back to life. It added to her charm. "How long have you been playing the piano?" she asked, her voice gentle. "For several years now."

Chapter 750

Arabella couldn't recall exactly when, but the piano had always been her companion during those tough times. "Such depth in just a few years? You're indeed a genius." Who would have thought that the widely acknowledged piano master, Melody, would turn out to be a girl in her late teens? What a surprise! "Was that the piece you were playing just now?" The lady inquired, flipping open the sheet music, her eyes filled with admiration and love. "I heard you composed this piece in less than a day." The melody was so pleasing to the ear. It was delightful and even better than she had anticipated. The ten million was well worth it. "I just happened to be inspired," Arabella modestly replied, not daring to reveal her rapid speed of composition for fear of people thinking she made money too easily. "You're incredibly talented. Would you be interested in signing with our agency? We can arrange performances for you every year and promote your music online. You'll definitely become more famous than you are now."

"Thanks for your kind offer, but I'm not considering it at the moment," Arabella responded. She had too much to handle privately, and those power mongers were constantly on her tail. A public appearance at this point would be like revealing her whereabouts.

She could easily dodge them alone, but it could lead to collateral damage if it happened at a concert with tens of thousands of people.

"What a pity," the lady expressed her regret. "Can we exchange contact information so we can easily reach each other in the future?"

"Sure." Arabella took out her phone and opened the QR code.

From the moment she walked in, the lady had a warm smile on her face, like a bright moon in the night sky. She seemed like a positive and optimistic person.

After scanning the QR code, the lady saved her contact as 'Melody'.

She was quite fond of this girl. It was a pity she wouldn't sign.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way," Arabella was about to leave.

"Wait a moment," the lady said. "Stay for a cup of coffee?"

She made coffee gracefully, her eyes clear, her demeanor elegant. Even though she was in her thirties or forties, she was still beautiful and elegant.

Arabella watched her make coffee and found it a pleasant sight.

"Try it." She placed a cup of coffee in front of Arabella.

As soon as Arabella picked it up, the aroma of the coffee wafted into her nostrils. This was high-quality coffee.

"Can you tell what kind of coffee this is?" The lady smiled, looking at her expectantly.

"It's Blue Mountain coffee, isn't it?"

Now it was the lady's turn to be surprised. Arabella hadn't even taken a sip. With a sniff, she knew the type and origin of the coffee.

This type of coffee was not something ordinary people would buy, let alone end up in the hands of a girl.

"Blue Mountain coffee is rare because there's a country that has the first dibs on it, practically monopolizing the market."

The lady couldn't believe that this young girl knew this much, her admiration for this girl deepened.