

Chapter 47 Isabel Plays the Piano

In that moment, Rachel felt as if her eyes were going to pop out of her head.

What is going on? Xander and Isabel are locked in a gaze so intense, they were practically on the verge of kissing.

And they continued to stare for what felt like an eternity!

Rachel's heart pounded with fury; the word "jealous" was not enough to describe how she felt.

After taking a few moments to regain her composure, Rachel stood up, forcing a strained smile as she approached Isabel.

"I've heard you have quite the talent for playing the piano, Ms. Zimmerman. May I have the honor of hearing you perform a piece today?"

Xander's expression darkened, his eyes glinting like ice.

The chill emanating from his stare sent shivers down Rachel's spine, quickly replaced by an overwhelming wave of jealousy.

If looks could slay, she would have gladly turned Isabel into a pincushion on the spot!

Samuel, observing the scene unfold, could clearly see Rachel was trying to provoke Isabel.

While he acknowledged Isabel's beauty, he knew she couldn't compete with Rachel's prowess.

Rachel was the pride of the Lawsons, excelling in everything from music to art. Her talents, especially at the piano, were remarkable, and her third-place finish in the Daytonia Piano Competition spoke volumes about her abilities.

As Samuel pondered this, he noticed Isabel rising to her feet.

What is she planning to do?

"Sure," Isabel responded with a confident nod, a fire of determination sparkling in her eyes.

Rachel had constantly goaded her, and Isabel guessed the maids in the villa had likely sided with Rachel as well.

She decided not to retaliate out of indifference, but Rachel seemed blissfully unaware of her limits, continuing to stir the pot.

Does she take me for a pushover?

As Isabel moved forward, Xander gently grasped her wrist, pulling her back.

She looked down at him, her brow furrowing in confusion.

"You don't need to go, and you definitely don't have to engage with her," Xander said, his piercing gaze deliberately passing over Rachel, as if to send a silent warning.

Rachel instinctively clutched the hem of her evening gown, her jealousy bubbling over, though she forced herself to maintain an air of sophistication.

"Xan, I mean no harm. I just don't play very well and wanted to ask Ms. Zimmerman to teach me," Rachel said while biting her lower lip, her eyes shimmering as if she had been deeply wronged.

"Yeah, you really don't play well. Since you're so eager to learn, I'll play the same piece as you, and you can learn from me," Isabel replied.

Rachel opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words in response to Isabel's challenge.

"Ha!" someone in the crowd laughed uproariously.

"This is priceless! She actually thinks she can compete with Rachel at the piano? Who does she think she is? Rachel's talent is so impressive, she could perform in a concert hall effortlessly."

"Shh! Keep it down! She's still Xander's wife. Aren't you worried about being overheard?"

"Pfft! Who cares?" Frank Bennett scoffed dismissively. "Xander doesn't even pay attention to her. I bet she'll be out of the family soon enough."

As Frank spoke, Xander's gaze subtly shifted back to Isabel. "Are you really going to play?"

Isabel smiled at Xander, her eyes sparkling with assurance.

Seeing that glow of confidence radiate from her, Xander instinctively released her wrist, watching as she confidently strode toward the piano.

Could it be that she actually has the skills to play well?

In that moment, as Isabel sat poised at the piano, all eyes were on her.

However, many attendees were merely eager to witness her fail, waiting for the inevitable moment of embarrassment.

Christian shook his head in disappointment. "What a pity, what a pity."

"What do you mean by 'what a pity'?" Calvin asked, looking confused.

"It's a pity that such a lovely face comes with such a lack of intelligence." Christian's interest in Isabel seemed to fade as he spoke.

"Absolutely. Compared to Rachel, it's obvious she doesn't have the same level of smarts," Calvin agreed just as the enchanting notes of the piano filled the room.

Isabel's fingers danced over the keys, producing beautiful melodies that flowed like a gentle stream at times and roared with the force of a mountain river at others, captivating the audience and tugging at their heartstrings.

As the last note lingered in the air, Xander watched Isabel with a look of astonished delight, struggling to articulate his feelings.

Samuel, standing nearby, was left in awe, gazing at Isabel on stage in disbelief.

Rachel, on the other hand, was completely stunned. No matter how hard she tried to deny it, the truth was impossible to ignore.

Rachel had played very well; she wasn't boasting, but she genuinely possessed exceptional talent. Meanwhile, Isabel's skills could only be compared to those of an international piano virtuoso, making Rachel's abilities seem trivial. They were in entirely different leagues.

Suddenly, Rachel recalled Isabel's earlier remark about her piano playing.

Isabel had claimed Rachel really didn't play that well ...

Just moments ago, Rachel had chuckled to herself, convinced Isabel was utterly out of touch with reality.

Now, the roles had completely reversed, and it was clear who the real fool was!

The more she contemplated it, the more heat rose to Rachel's cheeks; she wished desperately to find a hole to crawl into.

At that moment, murmurs began to ripple through the crowd.

"Oh my goodness! I can't believe Mrs. Bennett's piano skills are so impressive!"

"I'm just as stunned! Am I imagining things, or does her playing rival the masterful performances I've heard at the Voanna concert hall?"

Meanwhile, Christian stroked his chin thoughtfully, observing as Isabel gracefully returned to her seat. He mused to himself, This is a woman I need to have.

Isabel walked back to Xander and shot a glance at Rachel. "You have some talent, but you're not applying yourself enough; you really need to practice more. People on the outside may not see it, but anyone with a bit of experience can tell you're not that impressive."

Rachel, who had already been wishing to hide, felt a fresh wave of embarrassment and irritation wash over her at Isabel's words, as if she had been slapped twice, the sting still palpable.

As they made their way back, Isabel caught Xander staring at her.

She raised a hand to her face and playfully teased, "What's wrong? Is there something on my face? Why do you keep looking at me?"

In the passenger seat, Samuel instinctively glanced into the rearview mirror and was struck by Isabel's breathtaking beauty, his thoughts a whirlwind of confusion and admiration.

"Who did you study piano with? It wasn't mentioned in your background," Xander asked, puzzled.