

My Dreamy Old Husband

Chapter 343

Because this was the first time she was performing on stage, Sophia was trembling slightly, and her back was covered with sweat. This was an important occasion, and there were thousands of people watching her now from the live broadcast. She took a glance at Michael, who blinked at her, telling her to relax.

Though her idol was here with her, Sophia was still frightened. After all, there was Harry in front of them, who had just turned Natasha's supposed-to-be-spectacular performance into a primary-level student's performance. Forget it. I should be content that I could perform with Taylor. I just have to do my best!

The spotlights hit the stage one after the other. It had first cast on Sophia, who was still in her school uniform. No one was surprised since they knew that her clothes had been sliced into pieces. The spotlight then fell onto Michael, who was in the DJ position. The moment the vision of the idol came into sight, the audience went crazy. Even the live comment section exploded.

Michael was wearing the punk rock leather jacket Stanley had taken off for him. It showed off the skull pendant dangling around Michael's collarbone. His hair, which had been neatly styled, had suddenly turned into a crew cut. He also had an ear stud on one of his earlobes. Without the suit and the gold-framed glasses, the once-gentleman had turned into an energetic punk-style youth.

Taylor rarely appeared in front of the public. Though this year he had been more active—since he got married and might wanted to earn more money for a living—many photos of the live show had been uploaded onto the internet, and everyone was once again overawed by his beauty.

He had always been the gentleman with a prince-like glamorous style. With the cropped punk rock leather jacket, a crew cut, a skull pendant, and the ear stud, he was totally rocking the non-mainstream dark style look, making one wonder whether this was still the gentleman from earlier.

Even Sophia gulped. My idol's new look is extremely hot! She really wanted him to conquer her against the wall. It would be better if he were to spank her in the a*s too! But these dirty thoughts had been frightened out from her mind by the screaming coming from the fans.

“Oh, my gosh! My idol! Taylor's new look is out of this world!”

“I'm gonna love him forever!”

“This look is definitely worth a 101 marks. The extra one mark is for Miss Taylor—no, Mr. Taylor, to boast!”

Grabbing the microphone, Michael said, “I've cut my hair short for a shoot. This is how I actually look like. Do you guys like it?”

Together, the fans in the audience responded, “We love it!”

Before the performance even started, Sophia's points were rising and had outperformed Natasha's with tremendous speed. Within a short amount of time, Sophia was leading by a thousand votes.

Backstage, Natasha's face turned pale as she checked the votes on her phone. However, she was still comforting herself, assuring herself that her performance was impeccable, and there was no way that Sophia would trump over her! It was useless for Sophia to rely on an idol's fame. What she needed was to impress the judges in the panel!

Michael let go of the microphone and was ready to play the turntable. At this moment, the spotlight hit again, falling on the third person onstage.

It was a woman, who was extremely captivating with a tall and graceful figure. The woman did a catwalk as she waved at the audience. Her blonde hair was like a flash of gold, accentuating her powerful stage presence. Her long legs were slender, comparable to the figure of a supermodel.

Who is this? The audience was looking at each other confusingly. If there truly is such a beautiful girl on campus, she should be very famous. Look at those legs—she must be at least 180cm! Not to mention her pretty face! Nevertheless, no one in the room could tell who she was.

Finally, someone in the live comment section recognized her.

“Damn! Isn’t that the freshman Sean Mitchell? He is a boy! A boy!”

“So cool! A drag queen?”

“Are you kidding me? That’s a boy?”

“But look at the figure, the face, the vibe, and the super long legs! She’s so cute! How can she be a f*cking boy?”

The appearance of the drag queen, Sean, had astonished the audience in the room. He was a man, but he was even more glamorous and outstanding than the female contestants today; even the judges in the panel were in disbelief. Harry was also surprised by the drag queen. He looked way better than Michael in a lady’s outfit!

The music started as Michael turned on the turntable. A very upbeat song was played, and Sean began to dance along the music. Because Sean had been dancing since a very young age, his body was a lot softer than a girl’s. But at the same time, he still retained the strength of a boy in his moves.

The moment the dance began, the audience was in a dead silence. A man is now dancing in such an alluring manner! Is he trying to turn the guys here gay?

Although Michael had not played the turntable in more than ten years, he still had the skills. The mixes he made were very contagious; alongside the hot dance by the drag queen, the audience was already more worked up than what one would see in a nightclub—Sophia hadn't even started her performance yet! Everyone seemed to have forgotten that this was the stage of the Miss Misty Pageant, and the contestant, Sophia, had not yet started her performance.

Michael had not rehearsed the performance with them, but he only needed to grasp on to the tempo. Following the tempo given by Stanley, he composed new music with his experienced technique. The professional aura surrounding him made him seem like an expert DJ.

After the intro, Sophia saw Stanley's signal from the side of the stage and knew that she should start her performance now. Holding her breath, Sophia caught up with Michael's tempo and started her rap. "Yo, yo! Today's atmosphere is very exciting; everyone has their own liking, and guess what? I'm presenting a Pi for ya!"

The atmosphere was very enlivened, but Sophia's rap was so unprofessional that the mood instantly fell. What's with those lyrics? Some of the judges were shaking their heads in disappointment and had started to evaluate Sophia's performance. This kind of performance shouldn't have been on such a formal occasion, let alone such a bad one!

Backstage, Natasha was scoffing, "How disgraceful!"

Even Sophia was looking at Michael nervously. But all Michael did was nod at her with reassurance. Hence, Sophia took a deep breath and continued with her trembling voice.

Proceeding with the performance, she rapped, "What is that pie? It's not an apple pie nor a strawberry pie, but Pi! Which Pi, you ask? That Pi is 3.1415926535 8979323846 264338327950288419716939937510..."

At the same time, the big screen on the stage began to put on a quick play of a series of numbers. Those who learned Mathematics instantly recognized the meaning of the string of numbers. It was the legendary Pythagoras Theorem— π ! So the so-called “Pi” was actually “ π ”!

Out of nervousness, Sophia decided to shut her eyes and continued with the rap, “5820974944 5923078164 06286208998628034825 34211706798214808651...” She was reciting Pi in the form of a rap performance!

Every student in the audience was stunned; even the judges lifted their glasses upon realization. Natasha, who was watching from the backstage, strode two steps forward suddenly while looking at the girl who was reciting the Pi with her eyes closed in disbelief. She is actually... reciting the Pi?