

Boss Mommy 261

Chapter 261 Music Festival

Yun Yiheng's eyes opened wide.

He stared at that draft in disbelief.

Zither music scores, especially incomplete historical pieces like this one, were recorded using ancient methods. The words were hard to understand, let alone write. Hence, many people who had played the zither for many years couldn't understand them either.

But right now, on that piece of paper, a huge chunk was written in numbered musical notation.

He took it over and had a look, only to discover that Shen Ruoqing had switched over the two pieces of the score that seemed wrong to him.

At that moment, Yun Yiheng suddenly understood something!

The connection between both pages was so worn out that they couldn't be seen clearly, causing him to keep on trying to patch up the piece. However, no matter how hard he tried, he kept finding it very strange. It turned out that the front and back pages of the score had been stapled in the wrong order!

With the switch, the entire score was complete.

This zither score was an ancient artifact that had been lost overseas, and it was returned by a kind-hearted individual to their country many years ago. After that, it was placed in the museum, so it was normal that the pages had been put in the wrong order.

That meant he had put himself in a blind alley unnecessarily!

He immediately took out his zither and placed it on the table. He then attempted to play the piece.

As expected of an ancient music score, he only casually strummed the strings and could already sense the charm of the [Coldness of Plum Blossoms]. It would definitely take the entire festival by storm.

Outside the door.

An hour had passed and Wen Yuyi brought people here once again, planning to see Yun Yiheng make a joke of himself.

The group then arrived at Yun Yiheng's activity room.

They had just arrived at the door when they heard bits and pieces of Yun Yiheng's unpolished zither playing!

Everyone was stunned.

Someone called out in surprise, "You've mended the score?"

Yun Yiheng stopped in his action and turned to see the group of people. He didn't beat about the bush and raised his chin to say to them arrogantly, "The activity room can't be handed to you guys for now."

Wen Yuyi narrowed her eyes. "Yun Yiheng, even if you've mended the score successfully, you're still alone. You don't need an activity room to practice by yourself, so you should give it up to us!"

Yun Yiheng sneered. "I'm not alone."

After saying that, Yun Yiheng looked at Fatty and the other three, still wearing the joy of having completed the score. He called out, "Fatty, the score is mended! You guys can come back now!"

There were still a few minutes to the deadline for submitting the name list of participants. He only needed to add the number in for everything to return to how they were before.

The moment he said this, everyone from Wen Yuyi's band turned to look at the four of them in unison.

Yun Yiheng stood up, his figure upright and lean. He ran up to Fatty excitedly. "Let's not dilly-dally anymore and hurry up to start practicing! There are still two more days until the competition and there isn't much time for us to practice..."

After saying that, he reached out his hand to Fatty.

This was their band's habit.

Each time, before and after their practice, everyone would slap their hands together as an encouragement to each other.

He reached out his hand to Fatty, but the latter's hand didn't slap his hand even after very long...

Only then did Yun Yiheng notice that something wasn't right.

He looked at the four of them, only to see that their expressions were very awkward and grim. They stood there silently, not saying anything.

Yun Yiheng was stunned for a moment and he suddenly understood something. "You guys don't wish to come back?"

The four of them exchanged glances and eventually pushed Fatty out to represent them. Fatty's gaze was darting around and he coughed. "Bro Yun, we won't be coming back."

"Why? Although time is a little tight, with our tacit cooperation, two days is enough for us to learn a piece. You don't have to worry about there being any problems during the competition..."

Fatty finally couldn't hold it in anymore. "Bro Yun, can we just go our separate ways peacefully?"

Yun Yiheng clenched his fists tightly. "Did Wen Yuyi threaten you guys? Or what is it?"

Hearing this, Wen Yuyi suddenly smiled. "I don't ever threaten people. The four of you can go back anytime. I won't force you. After all, there are still a few more minutes before the cut-off for registration. There's enough time to change the band's name list."

After she said this, Fatty's expression stiffened up. He immediately smiled in a flattering manner to Wen Yuyi. "No, no, why would we go back on our words?"

Wen Yuyi said calmly, "Then why are you not making things clear with Student Yun Yiheng?"

Make things clear...

Fatty's gaze flickered. He understood what Wen Yuyi meant.

The few of them were already feeling guilty after betraying Yun Yiheng. If they were to hit him when he was down...

But he didn't dare to not say it.

Fatty immediately looked at Yun Yiheng, his voice filled with grievance. "Do you have to force me to make things clear? Bro Yun, let me ask you. In so many years of music festivals in our school, when has the folk music department ever won first place? If Old Master Shen didn't come, we could play with you and mess around! But things are different now!"

Old Master Shen's arrival made this music festival even more competitive and intense.

Many people wanted to join Wen Yuyi's band. After all, she had strong individual capabilities and her violin skills were well-known in the school. Moreover, she also won first place last year.

How were Fatty and the other three worthy of being selected by her?

It was all because she and Yun Yiheng were fighting each other!

Fatty could see things very clearly. Although they had betrayed Yun Yiheng, the reason Wen Yuyi was willing to accept them was also because of Yun Yiheng.

Yun Yiheng was stunned and he only reacted after a very long time had passed. He wore a cold face and said, "So in your eyes, the reason why I've created this band is to fool around? Does that mean that even if I had mended this score long ago, once she beckoned to you guys, you'd still betray me?"

Since things were already at this stage, Fatty knew that Wen Yuyi wouldn't be satisfied if he didn't make things clearly.

He said without any hesitation, "That's right! I've long since felt disappointed in this freaking folk music! Even I feel that folk music is in poor taste and can't get to more high-end stages!

"And do you really think that Teacher Anonymous meant it when she said that she admired folk music? She was just consoling you! If she really had respect for folk music, then why didn't she learn folk music? Why did she study orchestra music instead?!

"Bro Yun, do you really think the reason we made a band with you is because we like folk music and believe that folk music has a future? No, you're wrong. It's because you're rich! The reason the four of us were with you is because you're rich!"

Yun Yiheng took a step back in disbelief.

Ever since he entered university, he had been speaking up for folk music. He knew that other people didn't understand him, but he had always thought that at least his band members understood and supported him.

However, at this moment, he felt that all his persistence had become a joke.

A wave of coldness shrouded him.

Wen Yuyi was very satisfied by Fatty's agitation after seeing Yun Yiheng's countenance.

She knew that it didn't hurt to be stabbed by an enemy. But being stabbed by a teammate would bring both physical and mental pain.

She smiled and said, "Yun Yiheng, since your members aren't returning, then can you leave now? We're still waiting to practice in the activity room!"

Fatty immediately chimed in, "Your family is so rich, so you definitely don't care for this activity room. Since that's the case, why can't you let us have it? You're alone, so you don't need such a big activity room. Bro Yun, after we've gotten first place, we'll be thankful to you."

Yun Yiheng looked at Fatty.

His gaze suddenly turned cold.

He then took two steps back, his voice suddenly turning very composed. "Do you really think that you guys will be able to get first place?"

He had confidence in folk music. Especially after seeing the complete version of [Coldness of Plum Blossoms], his confidence was unprecedented!

He believed that anyone who listened to this piece would believe that folk music was good. It was a pity that Fatty and the others didn't give him the chance to play the piece for them.

Fatty couldn't wait to cling to someone else and had chosen to betray him ruthlessly.

Yun Yiheng lowered his gaze. "I hope that you won't regret this on the day of the competition."

He turned and placed his zither into its bag. He then carried it on his back and left.

Fatty suddenly shouted out with a savage expression, "Bro Yun, don't worry, we'll never regret it! We'll only be thankful for the decision we've made today!"

However, Yun Yiheng didn't halt his footsteps at all.

The young man's back view seemed frail, but the way he walked away gave people an indestructible feeling.

Wen Yuyi narrowed her eyes.

She had snatched his activity room and his band members, but why did she suddenly feel a little uneasy?

Two days later, the music festival began just as planned.

Chapter 262 Watch Him Get First Place

In the past two days, Yun Yiheng had been practicing in his music room at home.

And no one in the family had gone to disturb him.

On the day of the music festival, after Shen Ruoqing got up, she faintly heard zither sounds coming from Yun Yiheng's music room. There was soundproofing cotton laid out inside, so the sound was very soft. It wouldn't disturb other people's rest.

Shen Ruoqing then took a look at her phone. It was only six in the morning...

She got up and moved her body after washing up. After that, she went downstairs to practice Taichi as usual.

It was just that when she was practicing Taichi today, she was a little distracted.

When she went to Ford City Music Academy the other day, she had clearly seen Chu Cichen. However, when she went to look for him later on, he was nowhere to be found.

Over the past two days, he hadn't come to bring her breakfast either. If it wasn't because Chu Xiaomeng had said in their video calls that her daddy would go home every night to accompany her to sleep, Shen Ruoqing would suspect that this man had disappeared again.

She had no idea what he had discovered to be so busy.

She had a vague feeling that the man must have found out the truth, but for some reason, he hadn't told her.

This woman who had a chill mentality wasn't anxious. He would explain things sooner or later anyway.

However, Even though she wasn't anxious, someone was.

Matriarch Chu wore a casual outfit and walked over pretentiously. "Jingjing, what a coincidence. Are you exercising here too? Let's do it together!"

"..." Shen Ruoqing's lips twitched.

Madam Chu's acting wasn't good at all. She moved her arms and then pretended to ask casually, "I don't know what Cichen has been doing these past two days. Why didn't he come?"

Ever since Shen Ruoqing was chased out of the Chu Family by Chu Cichen, Matriarch Chu might look calm on the surface, but she was very anxious in her heart. Otherwise, she wouldn't have come to Ford City.

During this time, Matriarch Chu had been shopping and drinking tea with Madam Yun every day while laughing, but she had been observing them.

A few days ago, when Chu Cichen came to deliver breakfast every day, Matriarch Chu was about to cry.

Her son, who was too deeply rooted in male chauvinism, suddenly understood and knew how to woo his wife. She felt that the day for the family of five to reunite was not far away, and she had even thought of where to hold the wedding. But why did he suddenly stop coming?

Was Chu Cichen being silly again?

Matriarch Chu went to ask Chu Cichen, but he always told her to stay out of this matter. Hence, she had no choice but to come to her daughter-in-law to ask.

Shen Ruoqing smiled. "Yes, he's indeed busy. Xiaomeng said that he goes back very late every night."

Hearing Shen Ruoqing saying this, it meant that the two of them were fine.

Matriarch Chu heaved a sigh of relief and immediately stopped what she was doing. "I'm done exercising. You can continue..."

Shen Ruoqing. "... Could she be any more perfunctory in her exercising?!

After Shen Ruoqing finished a set of punches and was sweating a little, she walked upstairs, preparing to take a shower, change her clothes, and have breakfast.

However, when she went upstairs, the door to the music room opened, and Yun Yiheng walked out with a zither on his back.

When the two of them met face to face, Yun Yiheng's footsteps froze.

Shen Ruoqing passed by him and said, "You play well."

Yun Yiheng didn't look like a profligate second-generation heir. He had dreams and knew how to persevere and work hard.

He used two days to practice this [Coldness of Plum Blossoms], waking up early and staying up late. There would definitely be no problem with the competition.

Shen Ruoqing comforted her younger cousin and was about to return to her room when she suddenly heard the youth's voice behind her. "Hey."

But Shen Ruoqing did not stop walking.

The youth could only call her, "Um... Cousin."

Only then did Shen Ruoqing stop and turn to look at him, smiling.

The youth looked awkward, so he coughed and asked, "Will you come to watch our school's music festival?"

Shen Ruoqing raised her eyebrows. "No."

If she had the time, wouldn't it be good for her to go fishing?

Yun Yiheng immediately said, "Why aren't you coming? Are you afraid that our folk music will beat your orchestral music?"

Such an obvious provocation... Her little cousin was still too inexperienced.

Shen Ruoqing nodded. "Yes, yes. I'm afraid that I'll lose face if you win!"

Yun Yiheng. "..."

He wanted to say something but hesitated.

Looking at him, Shen Ruoqing couldn't help but say, "But if you want me to see you play, I can consider it."

Yun Yiheng was dumbfounded.

The music score was mended by Shen Ruoqing, so Yun Yiheng did indeed want to invite her to admire it, not as Anonymous, but as his cousin... However, how could he possibly say this?!

After she finished speaking, she said, "So that's not the case. Looks like I was imagining things."

She then turned around and walked into her room.

Yun Yiheng said, "Hey... Cousin, I want you to go, okay?"

Only then did Shen Ruoqing turn around and smile at him. "Alright, since you've invited me so warmly, I'll go to see how you win first place."

Yun Yiheng's face turned red. He handed her a ticket and immediately added, "That's not how it is. I just... I just want you to see how amazing China's music culture is. I want you to know that Qing Dai is a hundred times better than you!"

"Yes, yes, yes, you're right!" Shen Ruoqing liked to tease him and see how awkward he appeared when he tried to be an arrogant Chūnibyō whose words and actions didn't match.

Only then did Yun Yiheng realize that he had been tricked by her. His face suddenly turned red. "That's what it is. Alright, we still have rehearsal. I'll go first. The official competition for that music festival is at 6 pm. I'm the 16th program scheduled, so don't be late."

Suddenly, he realized something and shouted, "By the way, our band's name is Qilin* Band. Remember this."

Only then did Shen Ruoqing's Chūnibyō cousin slip away to run downstairs.

Shen Ruoqing stood on the spot and stroked her chin.

Qilin... He really liked Chinese culture. Even his band name was so eastern-sounding.

She then looked down at the ticket in her hand.

A great event like Ford City's Music Festival would invite many famous people. The ticket in her hand was actually in the top VIP area, seat number 10 in the first row.

Not only was she Yun Yiheng's older cousin, but she was also Anonymous. Therefore, after the school found out that Yun Yiheng had asked for a ticket for her, they gave her the seat with the best view of the entire venue.

Shen Ruoqing was not shocked at all. After putting down the ticket, she went in to take a shower and change her clothes. While drying her hair, she saw Shen Qianhui instructing Chu Tianye and Chu Yu to tidy the books in the study.

She flipped through the books with the two children, wanting to find more information about her father.

Jing Zhen had gone to the film city again, but Shen Qianhui was staying at the Yun Manor because she wanted to look for clues.

Chu Tianye said, "Grandma, I've flipped through 50 books, but there's nothing."

Then, he took out his phone and opened up his QR code. "50 dollars."

The corners of Shen Qianhui's lips twitched. After she transferred the money to Chu Tianye, he continued his search.

Shen Qianhui couldn't help but say, "You're such a money-grubber and are a far cry from Little Yu. You're asking me for money just to help me with some work."

After being praised, Chu Yu looked at Shen Ruoqing with bright eyes.

However, Chu Tianye curled his lips. "Even biological brothers have to settle accounts clearly! Besides, flipping through books is too boring. Grandma, why do you have to look for your father?"

Shen Qianhui sighed. "He's a farmer. It's fine if he's gone, but if he's still alive and his family background isn't good, I wonder if he'll suffer."

Shen Qianhui's mind was already filled with the image of the pitiful old man who had been abandoned by the children at home because he was old and could only lie alone in a cold room, enduring hunger and thirst.

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At the Ford City Airport.

A private plane slowly landed. After that, an old man with a scorching gaze got off the plane.

He looked up at the sky of Ford City, his old face revealing a hint of nostalgia that others couldn't detect. This person was the Shen Family's old master, Shen Yuansong!

He was wearing a Chinese tunic suit and holding a ticket to the Ford City Music Academy.

The print on it was: row one, seat number 09, VIP area.

Chapter 263 Maternal Grandfather

The study was extremely messy.

Shen Ruoqing decided to enter and sat down. She first patted Chu Yu's head and asked, "Are you tired?"

Chu Yu immediately smiled at her. "Mommy, I'm not tired at all!"

Being able to be together with his mommy and having his head patted instantly made Chu Yu feel fully recharged!

Chu Tianye's lips twitched. "Bootlicker!"

Hearing this, Shen Ruoqing cast a sharp glance over.

Chu Tianye immediately looked at Chuyu who was lying by his side. "Mommy, I'm scolding the dog!"

Chuyu immediately barked, "Woof!"

Shen Ruoqing. "..."

She couldn't be bothered with him and decided to help out by flipping through the books.

After searching through another fifty books, Chu Tianye sighed and stood up. "I don't want to search anymore!"

Shen Qianhui started. "You don't want to earn money anymore?"

Chu Tianye replied, "It's too much of a waste of time. I have to spend an hour searching through fifty books. I can use this time to swind...I mean to earn even more money!"

Shen Qianhui was a little angry. "Jingjing, can you talk to him?"

Chu Tianye immediately put on an aggrieved look as he turned to Shen Ruoqing. "Mommy, I'm still young and my body is still growing. It isn't too good to keep searching here in that posture~"

Shen Ruoqing touched her chin. "Since that's the case, you can go down to play."

"Yay!" Chu Tianye stood up and wanted to lead Chuyu out.

Shen Ruoqing then continued, "Little Yu, search well. Who knows... your maternal great-grandfather might have left a lot of inheritance here."

As the sound of her voice rang out, Chu Tianye's body froze.

He suddenly turned and sat back down. "Grandma, I think I'll help you search through the books! No need for any money, I'm doing this for free!"

Shen Qianhui couldn't help but laugh. "No need, we have to bear in mind that your body is still growing. It isn't too good for you to hunch over in that posture while searching."

"It's fine~my body isn't going to grow so quickly anyway!"

"..."

The four of them then searched the entire morning but found no clues.

At 4 p.m., Shen Ruoqing prepared to head to the music festival.

So, she stood up and glanced at the book [Red and Black] on the table. It was currently open, and the photo that was kept within appeared before her eyes.

Although the photograph was black-and-white, she could tell that her maternal grandfather was a handsome guy when he was young.

She wondered what he looked like now that he was old.

However, she shook her head slightly and left after changing her clothes.

At this moment, at the Ford City Music Academy...

The music festival was a once-a-year event that was organized at their school. It was also the most famous program of the academy and could be considered a grand occasion. Even the headmaster would be present.

In fact, the school even specially built a music hall just for the music festival.

Shen Ruojing arrived at the academy at 5 p.m. After that, she headed for the music hall directly.

Although the festival would start at 6 p.m., there were already many people here.

Just when she was preparing to enter, a row of imposing-looking cars drove over.

The car in the middle was surrounded by bodyguards. It directly stopped before the entrance of the music hall, and the headmaster personally welcomed the personage within. After that, an old man with a head full of white hair stepped down from the black-colored luxurious car.

Shen Ruojing was quite far from him. As she glanced over, she saw the headmaster ardently leading the old man into the music hall.

And as for that old man...

With just a single glance, Shen Ruojing could see that there were many wrinkles on his face. But for some reason, when she saw his features and nose bridge, she felt a faint sense of familiarity.

Just as she was preparing to observe more, that old man and the headmaster entered the VIP resting room in the music hall. Those with VIP tickets could wait in the resting room until it was 6 p.m. before they entered the hall.

Shen Ruojing touched her chin.

It was unknown why, but she felt that the old man resembled her maternal grandfather from the photograph she saw.

It would be great if she could observe him at a close distance.

But after that, she laughed.

Since that person was personally welcomed by the headmaster, he was definitely a major character.

Maybe it was better if she just minded her own business.

In any case, how could that person be her maternal grandfather? It would simply be too coincidental.

Shen Ruojing discarded this notion and stepped into the music hall.

The ticket in her hand was a VIP one. She then cast a few glances in the direction of the resting room before checking the time again.

Forget it.

She should just go to her seat.

She took her ticket and headed to the VIP area before sitting down in her seat.

There weren't many VIP seats in the music hall and they were all leather chairs, completely different from the plastic chairs in the rows behind. In addition, the visibility here was extremely good, making people able to appreciate the performances on the stage at a close distance.

However, the number of people seated in this row wasn't a lot.

People who could get VIP tickets were either very rich or had very high statuses. No one would bother coming so early.

In the VIP resting room.

The headmaster of Ford Academy was currently showing Shen Yuansong tonight's performance list.

He behaved very humbly before Old Master Shen.

It was because the identity of the person before him wasn't simple.

Other than being the head of the Shen Family, he was also a scientific researcher that was worthy of everyone's respect! It was said that back then, he had done agricultural research on a piece of land in Ford City and made outstanding contributions to agriculture.

Shen Yuansong glanced at the performance list and frowned. "There's only a single Qilin Band for folk music?"

The headmaster immediately nodded. "Correct. Nowadays, everyone prefers the orchestra and western musical instruments. In addition, folk music has no way to make it to the international stage."

Shen Yuansong sighed. "The music culture of our country has truly declined."

The headmaster also sighed deeply. "Right. Actually, our school encourages everyone to learn folk music, but there are simply too many people applying to join orchestra music every year. Very few people would take the initiative to register for the folk music department, and many students in the folk music department would also request to be transferred out as time passes."

After hearing this, Shen Yuansong placed the performance list to the side as he stood up. "Time is almost up, let us head into the venue."

The headmaster also stood up, and a group of guards escorted them to the VIP seating area.

Shen Yuansong stared at the ticket which showed 09 in his hand and found his seat. After that, he subconsciously glanced at the person seated on the number 10 seat...

Chapter 264 Impulse

There was no one seated in the 10th seat. He could only see a name tag: Anonymous.

Shen Yuansong then retracted his gaze.

The headmaster sat on the other side of Shen Yuansong and accompanied him.

At this moment, Shen Ruoqing had coincidentally left her seat to get a cup of warm water.

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When outside, she would never purchase mineral water for drinking.

She would always bring along a thermal flask filled with wolfberries with her, strictly adhering to her concept of a healthy lifestyle.

After she got the hot water, she returned to the venue and walked toward the VIP area. She then discovered that the number of people in the VIP area had increased.

She didn't really care. Her gaze swept past those in the first row, and she saw that old man who was wearing a Chinese tunic.

Shen Ruoqing lifted her brows, not expecting to run into him again here.

Just when she was preparing to head over, two staff members at the side chatted with each other as they walked.

"Yun Yiheng is so pitiful. Everyone in his band was snatched away."

"I just came back from the make-up room backstage and heard that he was afraid people might tamper with his zither, so he insisted on carrying it with him even when he went to the toilet..."

Shen Ruoqing halted her steps.

She pondered for a moment before turning and heading backstage.

Inside the make-up room backstage...

Yun Yiheng carried his zither and sat on a sofa with a cold expression.

Wen Yuyi had brought her band and already occupied a large area. At this moment, many other bands in the competition went to greet her, and the atmosphere was very lively.

The differences between the two sides were extremely clear.

The door was suddenly pushed open by someone. After that, Qian Nanyin strode in with huge steps.

A few waiters followed behind him, pushing a trolley of snacks along with milk tea and cake.

Once he entered, he immediately said, "Everyone has worked hard. Please enjoy these snacks. There are all sorts of flavors, so feel free to take them."

Hearing this, everyone looked at the snacks trolley before heading over to take their drinks and cake.

The show would begin at 6 p.m. and they just had a rehearsal earlier. As none of them had eaten dinner yet, they were indeed feeling a little hungry now.

After taking the food, all of them turned to Qian Nanyin and spoke.

"Thanks, Mr. Qian!"

"Mr. Qian is so generous!"

"This is all thanks to us being Miss Wen Yuyi's classmates!"

Qian Nanyin took a piece of black forest cake and a cup of milk tea to Wen Yuyi. He smiled. "This can be considered my thanks to everyone for taking care of Yuyi. Please feel free to eat!"

"Yuyi, your fiancé really treats you very well!"

"He is rich and handsome. How can we find a fiancé like that?"

But there were also others who hesitated. “Why do I recall that Mr. Qian seems to be Yun Yiheng’s future brother-in-law?”

As these words rang out, the atmosphere fell silent.

Qian Nanyin sighed. “Miss Yun aspires to date those of higher birth, so how would she have me in her sights? Currently, she is already engaged with someone from the Bai Family of the capital.”

Someone at the side immediately spoke, “Isn’t that too much?”

Qian Nanyin lowered her eyelids. “There’s nothing wrong with this. All humans aspire to climb higher, so her actions are understandable. But I have to thank Yuyi for not abandoning me during my darkest times when I felt the most depressed.”

This sentence immediately let him claim the moral high ground.

The people in the room were also moved by their beautiful love.

Everyone began congratulating them, and someone even said, “After tonight, Student Wen Yuyi will definitely enter the sights of Old Master Shen. The Bai Family is inferior to the Shen Family. Mr. Qian, you have tossed away a sesame seed only to find a melon!”

Wen Yuyi had a smile on her face.

She suddenly glanced over to Yun Yiheng. She walked over and said, “Yun Yiheng, you have not had your dinner yet. You should go and grab something to eat.”

Yun Yiheng carried his zither as he icily rejected, “No need.”

Wen Yuyi sighed. “Actually, you don’t have to carry your zither everywhere. No one will damage it. In addition, there are many zithers here. Everyone couldn’t possibly destroy all of them, right? There’s no need for you to be so cautious.”

Yun Yiheng sneered. “Can trash be compared to the zither in my hands?”

This zither in his hands was created by Qing Dai!

But after saying that, someone immediately replied in a strange tone, “I really don’t understand some people. They seem to have psychological illnesses as though they are deeply afraid that they would become victims for no reason at all. In addition, they are not capable, yet they are still afraid of people damaging their musical instruments...No one in our school would employ such despicable methods!”

“Even if that person has the best zither in the world, if he cannot get first place, he simply wouldn’t! I really don’t understand what he is thinking. Why is he assuming everyone to be evil?”

Yun Yiheng lifted his eyes as he looked at the people who spoke. He then sneered, “What I am doing now is just for the sake of cautiousness. Why are you guys so agitated? Don’t tell me that some of you are really planning to damage my zither?”

These words caused everyone to choke.

The people from the other bands couldn’t help but say.

“Yun Yiheng is simply fond of his zither, so what if he is more cautious?”

“Yeah...there’s nothing wrong with it.”

Qian Nanyin sneered. “Yun Yiheng, what sort of zither is worth you treating it like a sister? Did the Yun Family reserve all their money for your sister’s dowry so you have none? Tell me, I can buy ten zithers for you.”

Yun Yiheng narrowed his eyes. “You have eyes but are blind. No wonder my elder sister doesn’t want you.”

Qian Nanyin’s expression immediately turned dark. “Yun Yiheng, you are trash. No one knows what sort of methods she used to entice the young master of the Bai Family. What are you acting so arrogantly here for?”

Yun Yiheng’s countenance turned black. The hot-blooded youth stood up and rushed to Qian Nanyin before punching his nose. “Your mouth is too filthy!”

“F*ck!” Qian Nanyin was enraged that he got beaten up in front of so many people. “You dare to hit me?!”

Yun Yiheng sneered. “So what? Do you want to fight solo?”

Although Yun Yiheng was skinny, he was tall and had been training his body. On the other hand, Qian Nanyin had been doted upon since he was young and lived a life of indulgence. How could he ever be a match for Yun Yiheng?

He immediately choked after hearing that.

At this moment, Wen Yuyi suddenly called out, “Stop fighting, there are so many instruments here. What if some got damaged from your fight?”

Hearing this, Qian Nanyin immediately thought of something. He abruptly grabbed a chair from the side and rushed toward Yun Yiheng’s zither. “This daddy is going to smash your zither today!”

Before Yun Yiheng went over to hit Qian Nanyin, he had placed his zither cautiously on the sofa.

Right now, since Qian Nanyin had moved first, even if Yun Yiheng managed to stop Qian Nanyin, the chair in his hand would still be able to smash the zither if he threw it.

As things were happening too quickly, Yun Yiheng instinctively stretched out his arm to protect his zither.

Bang!

The wooden chair smashed into his arm and hand, causing him to feel a surge of intense pain. He then forcibly endured the pain and pushed Qian Nanyin away.

But in the next instant, someone at the side screamed, “Yun Yiheng, your hand!”

Hand...

Yun Yiheng lowered his head and saw drops of blood flowing from his fingers.

“Pitter patter.”

The red blood fell onto the ground, and this scene caused his mind to explode in shock.

A staff member subconsciously called out, “Yun Yiheng...how can you still play the zither with your hand in this state? Can you still compete?!”

Shen Ruoqing saw this scene the moment she entered. She hurriedly rushed to Yun Yiheng’s side and inspected his wound...

Chapter 265 Making Up for the Numbers!

The entire dressing room was silent. Everyone stared at Yun Yiheng’s finger and revealed a concerned gaze.

Shen Ruoqing immediately went to check his hand...

The nail on his right index finger was turning blue and swollen at a rate that could be seen by the naked eye. There must be blood clots inside. Shen Ruoqing then pinched it slightly, and Yun Yiheng felt so much pain that he wanted to withdraw his hand.

Shen Ruoqing’s heart sank slightly.

The tip of his right index finger was fractured. Although the fracture was relatively light, the injured finger would feel intense pain. Moreover, he had to restrict his movements and slowly recuperate.

!!

Even if she had medicine that worked quickly, he would have to rest for at least ten days.

However, there was less than half an hour left until the competition.

The school doctor also rushed over and checked his fingers. He immediately heaved a sigh of relief. “He has a slight fracture. His condition isn’t serious, but he can’t play the zither today.”

When playing the zither, one would use their nails, so Yun Yiheng had always maintained his nails two millimeters longer than the flesh part of his fingers. But now, some of his nails had clearly been split open. He would feel intense pain when he strummed the zither strings.

And the ten fingers were connected to the heart...

Shen Ruoqing pursed her lips.

Qian Nanyin calmed down and looked at Yun Yiheng’s hand in a daze. “I didn’t do it on purpose. I just wanted to smash his zither...”

Wen Yuyi said hypocritically, “Brother Nanyin, even so, you shouldn’t have smashed his hand. What should we do now? Should we call the police?”

Call the police?

If they were to call the police, Yun Yiheng and Qian Nanyin would be taken away, and Yun Yiheng would miss tonight’s performance.

Moreover, Yun Yiheng was the one who started the fight.

And even if there were any punishments, Qian Nanyin would just be fined for the medical expenses. Also, Yun Yiheng's injuries were not considered serious, so Qian Nanyin might not even be detained.

After Yun Yiheng thought this through, he immediately refused. "I won't call the police."

Qian Nanyin was also in the wrong. Although he really wanted to make Yun Yiheng unable to participate in the competition, the latter's hand was already injured. Also, if the police were called, the matter would blow up and he wouldn't be able to answer to the Yun Family. Therefore, Qian Nanyin didn't make a fuss again.

Everyone wanted to make peace.

A staff member immediately said, "Then the competition..."

"Continue!"

Yun Yiheng said with a cold expression, his eyes red and swollen.

He was wrong.

He shouldn't have acted so impulsively and ended up falling into someone else's trap!

No matter what, he had to go on stage!

He was the only pure folk music band tonight. He wanted to speak up for folk music!

Wen Yuyi persuaded, "Yun Yiheng, give up. Your health is more important."

Yun Yiheng suddenly looked at her. "Are you satisfied with how things are now?"

Qian Nanyin was simple-minded. If not for Wen Yuyi's reminder, why would he think of smashing Yun Yiheng's zither?!

The surrounding students immediately looked at Wen Yuyi.

No one was stupid. It was indeed Wen Yuyi and Qian Nanyin who had provoked Yun Yiheng first.

So, Qian Nanyin had really done it on purpose?

When Wen Yuyi saw that everyone was suspicious of her, tears immediately welled up in her eyes. "Yun Yiheng, what do you mean by this? You were the one who raised your hand first. Brother Nanyin only retaliated."

She glanced at Fatty.

Fatty immediately understood and said, "Bro Yun, how can you say that about Senior Wen? Oh, I understand now. Could it be that the mending of the score isn't complete and you're just giving yourself a way out?!"

Everyone was stunned when they heard this.

Someone asked, "What's going on?"

Fatty said, "Previously, Bro Yun spent a month but still couldn't mend the score. However, that day when the registration was about to end, he was able to complete it in an hour? He must have forcefully pieced it together for the sake of participating in the competition. After all, when I heard him play the zither that day, it was very incoherent!"

Wen Yuyi was stunned for a moment before frowning. "Is that so? But previously, Student Yun Yiheng said that there are no more problems!"

Fatty immediately sighed. "That's right. He already boasted about it but is unable to present it on stage today. That's why he deliberately raised his hand first and had someone hurt his hand. This way, even if he can't play on stage, it can only be because he's injured and not because the music score hasn't been mended. Or the mended music score is a mess and is unpresentable..."

Yun Yiheng said angrily, "Don't spout nonsense! [Coldness of Plum Blossoms] is definitely the most amazing tune I've ever seen!"

"Is that so?" Fatty said regretfully, "But you suddenly went home to practice these past two days. None of us has heard it before. We'll just take whatever you say then."

His words were filled with mockery.

Qian Nanyin immediately sneered. "Yun Yiheng, it turns out that you're the one who feels guilty and wants to scam me? Speaking of which, I hate the zither the most. That sound is like crying. How can it be as satisfying as the violin and piano?!"

The surrounding students didn't know who to believe.

"Could it be that Student Yun Yiheng is really trying to scam us?"

"It doesn't look like it. He was hugging his zither just now and seemed to be guarding against people..."

"..."

As everyone discussed, Yun Yiheng was infuriated by their shamelessness. He said angrily, "Don't worry, as long as my fingers aren't broken, I'll definitely participate in the competition. I'll show you the breadth and profoundness of Chinese culture!"

The youth's face was as pale as paper from the pain, but he gritted his teeth and said these words firmly.

Wen Yuyi watched from the side.

His hand was clearly injured, and ordinary people definitely wouldn't be able to withstand that kind of pain. However, this youth was giving her inexplicable pressure. The best solution was not to let him go on stage.

Wen Yuyi narrowed her eyes and suddenly looked at the teacher in charge of tonight's music festival. "Teacher, Yun Yiheng is angry with everyone now, but his fingers are injured. If he doesn't go for treatment and plays the zither instead, his injury will worsen. Hurry up and persuade him!"

The medical staff at the side also said, "In his current situation, it's impossible for him to play a complete tune! Moreover, if he forcefully plays the high notes, it might cause his nerves to necrotize and he won't be able to play the zither in the future anymore."

The teacher didn't care about the win or loss of a competition, but he cherished a zither genius like Yun Yiheng.

Therefore, he frowned and said, "Yun Yiheng, withdraw from the competition."

However, Yun Yiheng's attitude was firm. "Teacher, it's my freedom to participate in the competition!"

Wen Yuyi pretended to be anxious. "Don't harm yourself for the rest of your life because of a moment of loss! Teacher, I recall that only bands can participate in the competition, right?"

The teacher understood something and immediately said, "Yun Yiheng, only bands can participate in the music festival this time, and each band must have at least two or more people. You're the only one left in your band and you don't meet the participation criteria. Therefore, you're disqualified!"

Taking the initiative to give up was different from being forced to give up.

Even if word got out in the future, Yun Yiheng would only be seen to have done this out of helplessness.

The teacher would rather use this method than see a student regret it for the rest of their life because of a moment of impulse.

Yun Yiheng became anxious. "Teacher, I'll call for people now!"

Wen Yuyi immediately said, "Yun Yiheng, don't be stubborn. No one has seen the [Coldness of Plum Blossoms]'s score before, so how can they know how to play it? Who can help you make up for the numbers?"

Yun Yiheng was stunned.

The sharp pain in his fingers made his eyes turn red, but at this moment, his heart hurt even more.

Youngsters were often hot-blooded and impulsive.

When Qian Nanyin humiliated his sister, he was so angry that he didn't have time to think about the consequences.

It was only at this moment that he realized how helpless he was.

There was no one to help him make up for the numbers. This was because other than him, no one in school knew how to play [Coldness of Plum Blossoms].

His raised head suddenly drooped.

He felt disheartened...

However, at this moment, a faint and cold voice sounded in the room.

"Me."

Chapter 266 Reversal

Everyone was stunned and stared at the woman in disbelief.

Her peach blossom eyes were filled with calmness. This woman was none other than Shen Ruojing!

Someone exclaimed in surprise.

“Teacher Anonymous?”

“Teacher Anonymous, what did you say? You want to join his group to make up for the numbers?”

“My heavens, how can this be possible?”

“I thought Teacher Anonymous is only skilled in the piano and violin? She knows the zither too?”

“...”

Everyone was dumbfounded. Even Yun Yiheng was stunned and could only stare dumbly at her.

Shen Ruojing slowly walked to his side. “Do you want my participation, so you can make up for the numbers?”

“...Yes.”

Yun Yiheng felt as though a warm feeling filled his heart.

He always felt that Anonymous didn't disparage folk music for the sake of giving him face. She had always been encouraging him and had never said anything bad about Qing Dai before.

But never in his wildest dreams would he have imagined that Anonymous would actually join his band for the sake of making up for the numbers.

Sadly, even if she was here, it was fated that he had to be the one playing the main melody. After all, Anonymous wasn't a professional in playing the zither. Even so, the weightage of his band would surely be heavier with Anonymous as a member.

Shen Ruojing nodded and glanced at the surroundings. “Is there anyone willing to lend me a zither?”

The Qilin Band was the only band that focused on pure folk music, and other bands emphasized on combining eastern and western musical instruments. In addition, the zither was the most classic and best-sounding instrument among eastern musical instruments, so there would be someone among all the bands that was proficient in playing the zither.

After she said this, someone immediately acknowledged it.

“Teacher Anonymous, I can lend you my zither!”

“Me too!”

The thoughts of university students were still relatively simple and pure. They didn't understand the grudge between Wen Yuyi and Yun Yiheng, so they were easily swindled by Wen Yuyi's performance.

After all, Wen Yuyi always had a smiling face in the academy and looked very easy to talk to. As for Yun Yiheng, he would always act cool and arrogant, exuding a lofty demeanor. Hence, his relationships with his schoolmate weren't that good.

But even so, quite a lot of people were willing to show him kindness and offer help.

“Teacher Anonymous, our band is the first one on stage. After we are done with our performance, I can lend you my zither.”

Shen Ruoqing stared at the person who spoke and nodded to her. “Okay, thanks.”

They had enough people now and she also had a zither...

Yun Yiheng then looked at the teacher. “Now, you cannot cancel my qualification to participate, right?”

The teacher hesitated before finally sighing heavily.

Wen Yuyi looked at Shen Ruoqing and said, “Miss Shen, do you think you are helping him by doing this? Don’t you know that you are actually harming him instead? Look at his fingers! If he persists in joining the competition, they might become crippled!”

Yun Yiheng coldly laughed. “Wen Yuyi, please don’t put up an act before me. Let me tell you this, even if my fingers are crippled, I’ll still be on the stage today and let everyone know the charm of zithers, allowing everyone to see the splendor of China’s music culture!”

Wen Yuyi seemingly wasn’t able to maintain her fake smile anymore.

She narrowed her eyes.

However, she soon collected her thoughts and smiled. “I’m doing this for your own good. Since you don’t need it, just forget it.”

Wen Yuyi had tried playing the zither before and understood a little bit.

Hence, she knew very well how painful it was when one tried playing the zither with injured fingers.

Also, as for Shen Ruoqing making up for the numbers...that was simply ridiculous!

Wen Yuyi smiled. “Let us meet on the stage then.”

The Music Festival began at 6 p.m. sharp!

The first band on the stage performed the song [Castle In The Sky]. The melody was pleasant to listen to and had a high performance value. However, because the difficulty was low, it didn’t get a very high score.

They purely wanted to contribute to a performance.

The first performance ended and someone sent the zither over to Shen Ruoqing.

At this moment, the medical team of the school was dressing Yun Yiheng’s wound.

The tip of his right index finger was smashed and bruises covered it as it swelled up. However, Yun Yiheng didn’t want to bandage it because playing the zither required one to use their fingertips and nails!

He only requested a cold compress and ice pack to reduce the swelling. At the very least, he couldn’t allow the flesh of his finger to be so swollen that its size surpassed the fingernail.

When applying the cold compress, his fractured fingertip caused him great pain whenever he lightly touched something.

Cold sweat was dripping from Yun Yiheng's forehead. However, he was staring at Shen Ruoqing. "Try out the zither's tunes first."

Every zither had its own personality and natural disposition. The player was required to adapt to the zither.

Shen Ruoqing's dainty fingers strummed the strings, producing a clear sound.

Yun Yiheng frowned and sighed. "This zither is ordinary."

"It's fine, it won't affect the results," Shen Ruoqing calmly spoke before looking at his hand again. "Can you still endure it?"

Yun Yiheng gnashed his teeth.

Actually, he was at his limit and his body was trembling from the pain uncontrollably.

However, he had to endure it.

He wasn't afraid of pain and only afraid that he couldn't play well this time around. If he wasted the chance, he might no longer have an opportunity to play the zither again in the future...

As he pondered, Shen Ruoqing seemed to read his thoughts. "I've checked your injuries. Don't worry, it will recover."

"..."

Yun Yiheng pursed his lips and suddenly asked, "Are you really fond of eastern music?"

Shen Ruoqing. "Naturally."

Yun Yiheng lifted her eyebrows. "In that case, I'll teach you the zither after the competition is over. However, you are already quite old and might not be able to reach Qing Dai's height in your entire life."

Shen Ruoqing. "..."

Her lips twitched. "Let's talk about that after we are done with the competition."

Yun Yiheng still wanted to say something, but his vision suddenly darkened.

He lifted his head and saw Fatty standing before him. Fatty had a complicated look on his face and his eyes were flickering with puzzlement. "Bro Yun, why did you have to make such a choice? Don't you know that if you don't go for treatment now, you might not be able to play the zither in the future?"

Yun Yiheng pursed his lips. "Because this is my dream."

Fatty mumbled, "Are dreams so important? You clearly know there's an iron wall ahead, yet you don't give a damn about your life and want to ram headfirst into it?"

Yun Yiheng mocked, "The path of chasing dreams is filled with thorns. If you don't even have this courage, what qualifications do you have to speak of dreams? Fatty, those who give up halfway are trash!"

Fatty's face was red.

The more Yun Yiheng persisted, the more it seemed that the four of them who turned traitors and left Yun Yiheng were shameless.

This feeling of shame caused Fatty to involuntarily come over and ask Yun Yiheng.

But after being scolded as 'trash', Fatty grew infuriated. "What do you know? You were born with everything, so you naturally don't have to care about anything. However, we still need to survive!"

"But surviving isn't the reason why you betrayed me." Yun Yiheng stared at him. "Fatty, you can quit if you cannot persist anymore. I don't think anyone will blame you. However, you chose the path which you should have never walked! Do you believe me when I say that someone as cowardly and shameless as you is destined to never achieve anything in their life?!"

"Achieve nothing in my life?" Fatty stomped his feet and shouted, "How would I fall into that category? I'm going to win the championship with Sister Yuyi and will be heading to Vienna Music Hall to perform! On the contrary, you are the one who will achieve nothing. Tell me, what do you hope to achieve?"

"Your fingers are injured and no one knows if you can even play a complete music piece. Do you think that with Anonymous helping you to make up for the numbers, your band would be able to reverse the tides? She is only skilled in orchestra music, so how would she understand anything about folk music? In the current situation, you would only be able to reverse the situation if Qing Dai was here!"

Chapter 267 Fatty's Ending!

Yun Yiheng looked at him and no longer spoke, but his face was filled with mockery.

His look of indifference made Fatty even angrier. So, he turned and left, following Wen Yuyi and the others to the venue.

The tenth band already went out to perform. Hence, a staff member walked over and looked at Yun Yiheng. "Student Yun, you are scheduled to be the sixteenth performance. You should head to the venue now."

"Sure."

Yun Yiheng stood up and subconsciously took his zither.

!!

But the instant his fingers came in contact with the zither, he hurriedly retracted his hand back.

His movements froze slightly as his face darkened.

He stared at his hand. There was an instant where he doubted whether his moment of impulse earlier was something good or bad...This was because he knew that he might not be able to endure playing through a complete song.

He lowered his eyelids, and as he was pondering, his zither bag was carried by a fair and slender hand.

Shen Ruoqing then carried her borrowed zither while casually slinging Yun Yiheng's zither bag over her shoulder. She lifted her peach blossom eyes and said, "Let's go."

Yun Yiheng followed her.

When the two of them arrived at the venue, Yun Yiheng's finger was still swollen.

The surrounding students and backstage staff members looked at him and subconsciously opened up a path for him.

Some students even took out their phones and snapped his photo, posting it onto the academy's intranet. [Boohoohoo, Yun Yiheng's love for the zither is true. I'm someone who doesn't care for folk music, but my heart is now filled with respect for him.]

Yun Yiheng could be considered a legendary character in school. So, once this post was published, everyone on the school's web immediately came to inquire about what happened.

After the poster replied and described what he saw, this post immediately became trending.

Students that learned folk music already felt a sense of inferiority. But after seeing Yun Yiheng's persistence, everyone began to jump out and comment.

— I never knew about the meaning of learning folk music and would frequently be ridiculed by others. But after seeing him, I suddenly know in which direction I should work hard in the future.

— I'm bawling my eyes out.

— I suddenly feel very touched. Even if he isn't the champion this time, he is already the champion of my heart.

— I agree with the previous poster.

Such words immediately poked those that learned orchestra music the wrong way.

— How ridiculous, he won't be able to win right from the start, but now he is going to claim that he is injured to gain sympathy?

— Can those learning folk music only play such tricks? I'm too disappointed!

...

...

Everyone was arguing on the school's intranet, and it caused many students to head to the music hall. Even for those who didn't purchase the tickets, they were gathering in the corridors and stood at the back of the row to watch.

Also, the folk music and orchestra music department were clearly distinguished. Someone even created a banner saying: [Wen Yuyi's orchestra band is the winner for sure!]

Yun Yiheng's side wasn't so fancy, but the students from the folk music department all raised their phones with self-awareness, typing out a sentence [Yun Yiheng, you are the champion in our hearts!]

The dispute between these two bands led to the dispute between the two departments in the school.

But at this moment, a few bands backstage still had no idea about what had just happened.

When Shen Ruoqing and Yun Yiheng went to the venue, they saw that the bands before them were already queuing up and waiting for their turn to go up the stage.

It might be a coincidence, but the next band to perform was the eleventh one. This was precisely Wen Yuyi's band, which was named Lakeside Band.

Wen Yuyi carried her violin and was currently speaking with her band's members.

Fatty and the other three carried their musical instruments such as the erhu and guzheng, standing at the very back of the band. The four of them did their best to smile fawningly, wanting to meld into the band. However, those with eyes could all see that they were very inharmonious with Wen Yuyi's band!

After the tenth performance concluded, the MC on the stage called the eleventh band's name, "Let us invite the Lakeside Band on stage!"

Wen Yuyi immediately stood at the side and let the other members head up first. As the leader, she would appear last.

The members of the band headed up one by one, and it was finally Fatty's group turn.

Fatty lifted his head and puffed his chest out. He then suddenly turned and cast a glance at Yun Yiheng.

After betraying Yun Yiheng, he had been mocked and ridiculed by other students of the folk music department.

However, he had no regrets.

Because a glorious future was waiting for him!

After Wen Yuyi became the champion, he would be able to follow her to the Vienna Music Hall in the capital. After returning, he would no longer be the same.

Those who despised him now would envy him ultimately.

For the sake of success, so what if his methods were a little despicable?

Fatty lifted his chin slightly and just when he was preparing to walk toward his glorious future, he was stopped by Wen Yuyi.

Fatty started. "Sis Wen? What's the matter?"

Wen Yuyi smiled. "Earlier, the teacher informed me that the number of members in a band cannot exceed ten. We already have eight people, so there's no need for the four of you to get on the stage."

"..."

Fatty was stunned.

He was still basking in joy earlier, but right now, all he felt was emptiness.

He panicked and his voice trembled. "Sis Yuyi, d...don't joke with us."

"I never joked." Wen Yuyi was still smiling.

Fatty suddenly understood something. "I understand, so from the beginning, you have never added us to your band's name list, right?!"

Wen Yuyi sighed. "I know that recently, the four of you are under great pressure, and students from the folk music industry kept criticizing you. If you guys get on the stage with me, I'm afraid you all will never be able to mingle around in the folk music department ever again. So, I'm only doing this for your own good."

"...F*ck you! Wen Yuyi, you are abandoning us after exploiting us!" Fatty raged.

The other three who betrayed Yun Yiheng were also stunned.

Wen Yuyi's expression sank. "This palace is the performance venue. If you guys want to make trouble, you all will only be chased out. I'm sure you guys don't want to make the scene so ugly, right?"

Fatty choked. His eyes were red and his entire body was trembling. "Sis Yuyi, w...why did you do this?"

Wen Yuyi slowly spoke, "Because we are an orchestra band. If you guys who learn folk music join us, you will only lower our standards."

After saying that, she turned and carried her violin up the stage.

A wave of cheers then rang out from the audience.

After the cheers ended, magnificent music suddenly rang out. The violin was the main instrument of this performance, and the performance had officially started!

Wen Yuyi's violin skills were quite impressive. Even backstage, the other competing bands couldn't help but agree that Wen Yuyi's band was really capable.

On the other hand, Fatty stood there dumbly and felt that he was a joke!

There were many other participants here, and all of them were pointing at him, whispering to each other. Some of those words caused him to feel ashamed and annoyed, so he suddenly shouted in a horse voice, "I'm not wrong!"

Everyone backstage fell silent.

Fatty's eyes were bloodshot. "How can it be wrong for us to chase after strong teammates?! At the very least, we had a chance. But Yun Yiheng, following you was our biggest mistake! You will never be able to lead us into the Vienna Music Hall!"

Chapter 268 Go On Stage!

As if to prove Fatty's words, the music from the stage suddenly became passionate. Coupled with his madness, those who didn't know better would think that he was the person who had been let down.

However, in Yun Yiheng's eyes, the current Fatty was just a joke.

Fatty still wanted to say something, but someone from the folk music department couldn't stand it anymore. "Fatty, don't you think that you're being ridiculous? After being abandoned by Wen Yuyi, you didn't blame her. Instead, you are flaring up at Student Yun Yiheng?"

"That's right. What right does a traitor have to say harsh words in front of the victim?"

"..."

!!

With so many people criticizing him, Fatty became even angrier and more indignant.

He felt that the word 'betrayal' was like a humiliation stake! And he was viciously pinned onto it!

He mustn't be the only one blamed...

Fatty suddenly looked at Shen Ruoqing and shouted, "That's right, I betrayed folk music. But what about Anonymous? Didn't she betray western classical music too?! Why are you guys only scolding me and not her?!"

"..."

Silence filled up the place and everyone looked at Shen Ruoqing.

Of course, the people from the folk music department wouldn't reproach her.

However, students from the orchestral music department did feel uncomfortable when Shen Ruoqing said that she was going to join Yun Yiheng's band and be an accompaniment.

They viewed Anonymous as their idol, the pride of western musical instruments. Yet, she went to play the role of an odd-job worker for a folk music band?!

She was simply stepping down on the face of western classical music!

Just then, the music on the stage was finished and a round of applause rang out.

Wen Yuyi was under the spotlight. She stood up proudly as she bowed. When she led her band off the stage, there were still students shouting out:

"Wen Yuyi! Lakeside Band!!"

"Forever the goddess of orchestral music!"

"You're our pride!"

"..."

Wen Yuyi returned backstage, shrouded in glory. She had just come back when she heard everyone reproaching Shen Ruoqing. She then lowered her gaze slowly and said, "Everyone, don't blame Anonymous anymore. I've said it from the beginning. It's impossible for her to go against the Yun Family. We have to understand her..."

The hidden meaning behind her words was blaming Shen Ruoqing for choosing to be Yun Yiheng's lackey, for the sake of currying favor with the Yun Family.

Some students from the orchestral music department couldn't take it anymore.

"Teacher Anonymous, I'm your loyal fan. But this time around, I'm really disappointed in you!"

"Back then, you and Qing Dai appeared out of nowhere, and we revered you as our goddess, viewing you as our pride. But now, you're willing to be a sidekick for the eastern music department. What do you expect us to think about you?"

Someone's eyes had turned red. "You're really smacking the faces of our orchestral music department."

"I've always felt that Anonymous is stronger than Qing Dai. Back then, after Qing Dai appeared, she retired straight away. It must be because her talent was weaker. But now, I suddenly feel that Qing Dai is quite good. She came out to prove how amazing eastern musical instruments are. But Teacher Anonymous, what about you? You only made us see that western musical instruments have no backbone!"

"..."

Everyone chimed in, blaming Shen Ruoqing.

Suddenly, someone brought a phone to Wen Yuyi, showing her a post.

The title of the post was: Wen Yuyi can't win against Anonymous in music, but she wins in character.

As there were many people paying attention to this music festival, this post was immediately reposted on Weibo right after it was published.

When Wen Yuyi saw this, her gaze flickered a little. She suddenly took out her phone and messaged Shen Wanxian who had returned to the capital. [Mother, help me make this into a trending post on Weibo.]

Anonymous's popularity was off the charts in the music world.

She, Wen Yuyi, might not be bad at playing the violin, but she was nothing in front of a music big shot like Anonymous. She wouldn't be able to get a place in the top rankings in the country either.

So, right now, she felt really thankful to Shen Ruoqing. She was stepping on Anonymous's fame to climb up!

Wen Yuyi believed that if this post was to go on trending, her status in the music festival would soar!

Shen Wanxian understood very quickly. In just two minutes, the post was trending and became one of the top 50 popular posts.

This matter started up within a small group in a school, but it was soon blown up and became known to the public.

The people on the internet also started a commotion.

Those from the folk music department didn't dare to say anything.

People who liked western musical instruments, on the other hand, were scolding away, saying that Anonymous had betrayed them.

People who were in a neutral stand started to question too. There was even a famous verified influencer who had reposted the Weibo post and commented.

[Teacher Anonymous is a musician that I liked a lot in the past. Ever since she came back, I have been very elated. I'm not a fan of western musical instruments and I like folk music. I'd occasionally play the guzheng too. Therefore, I'm not averse to her dabbling in folk music. I even welcome her to do that. However, to think that she lowered her head in front of power, playing the role of a sidekick. This is something I cannot understand. Teacher Anonymous, where is your pride?]

Most people liked this comment.

For a time, the Internet was filled with scolding voices.

Ford City's Music festival was considered the biggest event in Ford City Music Academy. There were reporters reporting the event. Now that the matter had blown up, all the major news companies immediately sent people over.

The reporters who were here were immediately tasked with heavy responsibility. They must film the situation and post it live on the Internet!

There was a commotion at the venue. Everyone didn't even have the mood to watch the other bands' music anymore. They were all looking forward to seeing the sixteenth band go on stage!

Backstage.

Although Shen Ruoqing hadn't seen the news on the Internet, the accusations at the venue were already piling up.

However, Shen Ruoqing's expression was calm and she paid no heed to the students' words.

It wasn't that she didn't want to explain, but based on experience, even if she were to say anything now, these people wouldn't believe her. On the contrary, things might become even more troublesome. Anyway, it was their turn to go on stage very soon. She would just show them with her actions.

Yun Yiheng stood in front of her to defend her. Seeing how nonchalant she looked, he couldn't help but ask, "Aren't you angry?"

Shen Ruoqing. "Why do I need to be angry? Would I lose a piece of flesh from the things they say?"

Yun Yiheng. "?"

However, he clenched his fists tightly. "I'm sorry. It's my fault that you're getting scolded."

He thought about it before suddenly saying, "Why don't you just give up? I'll find someone else to make up for the number."

"No need."

Shen Ruoqing said indifferently, "They will stop scolding after the competition ends."

Yun Yiheng. “??”

He had no idea where she got her confidence from.

After Wen Yuyi got off the stage, she didn't return to the dressing room like the rest of her band members. Instead, she stayed in the waiting area to wait for the final results.

Very soon, the fifteenth performance ended.

Yun Yiheng then put down the ice bag he was holding and picked up his zither. He stood next to Shen Ruoqing and looked at the stage.

“You can just sit there and look pretty later on. There's no need to be nervous.”

Yun Yiheng calmly continued, “With that, even if we were to lose, people would only scold me and not you. I'll also explain things after the competition, saying that I begged you to help me.”

Hearing this, Shen Ruoqing looked at him. The young man's fingers that were holding onto the zither were trembling from pain. She then replied with a calm, “Hmmm”.

The MC's voice came from the stage. “Next, let us welcome Qilin Band on stage! They will be performing [Coldness of Plum Blossoms]!”

Chapter 269 Championship!!

Shen Ruoqing and Yun Yiheng walked to the stage.

The two of them then separated, standing on the left and right respectively before sitting down on the stage.

Seeing this, the students from the folk music department immediately held their breaths.

As for students from the orchestra music department, they suddenly booed and some even pointed middle fingers before reversing them. Their meaning was clear. They wanted the duo to get off the stage.

Yet, for these two on the stage...one had always been careless, while the other didn't give a damn about the words said by others.

!!

Yun Yiheng then nodded to Shen Ruoqing. After that, he placed his swollen fingers on the zither as his fingertips began to strum.

A beautiful note rang out and at the same time, Yun Yiheng felt intense pain coursing through his body, making his finger spasm!

But he endured it.

He had to finish playing this music piece!

The gentle and soft zither music slowly flowed through the music hall. It made everyone subconsciously turn quiet, and those students who were pointing middle fingers at the stage also felt their emotions calming as they listened to the music.

It was as though all emotions had been calmed by the zither music at this very moment.

Anxiety, grievances, pompousness, and the compromises people were forced to make in their lives no longer seemed important at this moment. The zither music was like clear water, cleansing their bad emotions. It felt like the gentle, warm hands of a mother consoling their unease.

It was unknown why, but everyone suddenly recalled the words Anonymous once said.

The zither was created for the sake of curing illnesses.

The sound of it truly gave a different feeling compared to the one produced by western musical instruments.

Even students from the orchestra music department subconsciously stopped feeling restless and calmed down.

Wen Yuyi stood backstage and clenched her fists tightly when she listened to the music.

This music piece was so strong.

No wonder Yun Yiheng was so confident before the competition!

After that, her gaze landed on Shen Ruoqing again.

The latter lazily placed her fingers on the zither and would only occasionally produce a note or two.

Because the zither music was melded together, no one in the audience had discovered anything.

But when Yun Yiheng played, not only did he have to exert force, but he also had to endure the pain from his finger.

So, not a single person on the scene realized that although Shen Ruoqing seemed casual, a few notes that Yun Yiheng failed to play from the pain were 'filled in' by Shen Ruoqing!

A reporter below immediately turned the camera to them and turned the livestream on. "Teacher Anonymous seems as though she has never learned the zither before. She would casually play a random note. This is just too perfunctory."

Everyone began to scold her online:

—Although the music is nice, Teacher Anonymous's attitude is simply too infuriating!

—I truly don't know why she wants to go on the stage despite knowing nothing about the zither. Is it for the sake of smacking the faces of us, who are from the orchestra music department? I turned from a fan into a hater!

—Bowing her head for the sake of power and authority...I can no longer see the pureness toward music from her body.

...

...

Only people on the scene could feel the resonance produced by the zither, allowing their minds and the music to match frequencies, calming them down.

Those online could only hear the music from the livestream and didn't experience this effect. Hence, the discussion grew increasingly intense. On the intranet, all students who were not present in the music hall were cursing with anger.

— I'm a student from the folk music department. Honestly speaking, I am touched by student Yun Yiheng's persistence, but Teacher Anonymous's actions only make me feel that she's insulting folk music!

— She is also insulting western classical music!

— Ahh~ I'm so moved by Yun Yiheng but so angered by Teacher Anonymous. I'm listening to the music while trying to balance my emotions!

...

The two on the stage completely had no idea about the situation online.

Yun Yiheng was playing the zither seriously.

He managed to control the audience after playing the prelude. The reactions from the crowd allowed him to know how many people had been convinced by this music piece!

Such an emotion caused too much dopamine to be produced in his body and for a time, the dopamine suppressed the pain from his fingertip and gave him strength and hot-bloodedness.

It was as though the pain of his hand getting smashed was nothing...

His finger overcame the pain and all other difficulties. The speed and frequency of his strumming grew quicker and quicker as he approached the climax!

But at this moment, a variable suddenly occurred!

As the last note prior to the climax approached, he exerted force and picked the string, causing a 'dang' sound to resonate through the entire area!

But then, a minute cracking sound could be heard. A piece of nail from his right middle finger broke after he played the note and fell onto the ground!

Simultaneously, his finger was painted red!

As a result, a lot of blood spurted out furiously, landing on his zither and flowing down to the ground onto the stage.

Yun Yiheng was stunned.

He stared at his finger in disbelief!

When his hand was smashed by the chair, part of his nails was already loose. Earlier, he used too much force due to being excited and his nail broke directly... But then, one needed their nails to play the zither.

Without one of them, how could he still continue playing?

He had a powerful will and belief, but all of these couldn't stand up to reality at this moment!

His eyes gradually turned red.

He then lifted his head blankly and looked at the audience.

Everyone saw the blood from his fingernails...and instantly understood what happened. For a time, everyone fell silent.

Even students from the orchestra music department were shocked.

The banner of victory that they lifted high for Wen Yuyi was subconsciously lowered. All of them then glanced toward the folk music department respectively.

Although it was only for a short minute, all of them were convinced by Yun Yiheng's prelude.

So, the zither truly had such charm!

So, the music culture of the East was so vast and profound!

However, a competition was a competition, and things were very cruel. Those who gave up halfway would never become champions. Without his nail, it was impossible for him to continue playing.

Students from the folk music department suddenly lifted their phones even higher and clearly typed out a row of words: Yun Yiheng, you are the champion in our hearts!

These words were originally to console him. But at this moment, everyone believed these words!

Online, there were suddenly many voices appearing. All of them felt sympathy for his situation.

Although those who were scolding Anonymous were still present, there were more who typed the sentence: 'Yun Yiheng, you are the champion in our hearts', spamming the comment section.

Backstage.

Wen Yuyi clenched her fingers tightly and finally heaved a heavy sigh of relief at this moment.

Luckily...

Luckily, she had invited Qian Nanyin over and intentionally baited him to smash Yun Yiheng's hand. If not, she might really have lost this competition to Yun Yiheng.

Now that his nail was broken, he had no way to continue playing the zither. In that case, he would surely have to give up.

Giving up halfway would be seen as forfeiting. So, the championship would still belong to her!

On the stage, Yun Yiheng felt his eyes burning as tears streamed down his face.

Men only shed blood and not tears, but he couldn't endure it anymore.

So in the end, it was still a failure?

At this moment, intense pain flooded him, causing his finger to spasm uncontrollably!

He pursed his lips and wanted to stand up to apologize.

But at this moment, zither music filled with passion abruptly rang out!!!

Chapter 270 Climax, Losing Another Sock Puppet Account!

Yun Yiheng paused in his motion of standing up and was confused for some time.

As he had lost too much blood and was suffering from intense pain, his mind became sluggish.

Where did the zither music come from?

The way the music was played was just right! For this music piece, a pause was needed between the intro and the climax. Only then would it be able to cause the listeners to feel a void in their hearts, allowing them to become more immersed during the climax.

He had practiced unceasingly for two days straight just to ensure he got the pause correct.

!!

But no matter what he did, he wasn't able to grasp the exact timing.

However, at this moment, this pause was done perfectly!

In addition, the climatic notes were played better, with greater familiarity and forcefulness compared to his! The rhythm produced also caused one's feelings to soar more!

The same music piece had a different strength when played by a different person.

He was shocked. In his half-standing motion, he slowly turned his head stiffly. After that, he saw Anonymous who supposedly 'didn't know eastern musical instruments' strumming the strings of the zither rapidly.

The climatic music seemed to lead everyone back into a primeval jungle where humanity returned to its most original form.

The clear air, the beautiful sounds of birds chirping, the fragrance of flowers, the sound of the flowing creek...all of these instantly made everyone feel a feeling of 'floating clouds and rootless willows'. They were floating around with the wind in the vastness of the sky.

The climatic portion soon passed and the zither music turned more rhythmic.

It would sometimes sound as gentle as a flowing spring and sometimes as fierce as a raging waterfall. It also alternated between the sounds of large pearls and small pearls falling onto a jade plate, while occasionally sounding as low as a whisper. The pure music seeped deep into the depths of everyone's soul, allowing them to find their original selves.

Not only did this baptize the soul, but it even caused everyone to feel the resonance produced by their inner organs...

Everyone on the scene was stunned by the music and even more shocked by the person on the stage. Everyone's gaze was currently fixated on Shen Ruoqing!

Some of the students who didn't manage to enter the music hall were currently paying attention to the performance outside.

They nervously refreshed the school's intranet and wanted to hear timely first-hand news from the live audience.

But why was no one posting?

Also, they could faintly hear the sound of music drifting from within the music hall.

They immediately began to refresh the webpage like crazy as they spammed questions.

—What's going on exactly? Didn't someone say that Yun Yiheng's finger was injured and couldn't play? Why was there still zither music?

—Can a live audience member say something?

Sadly, none of them replied to these comments.

After that, someone mentioned this: I saw a livestream shared by a reporter on WeiBo. Let us go and check it out.

Everyone immediately left the intranet and logged into WeiBo, entering the livestream shared by the reporter.

At this moment, there were over tens of thousands of people in the stream.

Because Wen Yuyi had spent money to make the earlier post trending, a lot of people came to check the livestream out.

The instant the students clicked in, they immediately saw Yun Yiheng sitting dumbfoundedly on the stage as he stared at the person beside him in shock.

And the female seated beside him had very good looks, even more beautiful compared to celebrities. At this moment, her dainty hands were currently strumming the zither strings.

The students. "?"

Everyone posted their comments on the bullet screen.

—Is this Teacher Anonymous? She knows the zither too?

—How are her skills in the zither? The melody sounds pretty good when listening to it on the web, but it isn't so impressive that it can be compared to the symphony...

—Indeed, the feeling of impressiveness cannot be compared to the eleventh band's symphony, but this is the difference between eastern and western musical instruments. You won't be able to feel the

resonance of the zither strings because you are not at the scene. So, we should just wait for the live audience's reactions...

—Anonymous is actually skilled in playing the zither? She looks like she knows what she is doing. Look at Yun Yiheng, he seems dumbstruck.

There were also mocking voices who objected to this:

—She is Anonymous, a representative of western musical instruments. Yet, she's actually playing such decadent music here?

—Look at Teacher Anonymous's stance. Have we misunderstood her? She has never said western musical instruments are better before. It has always been us boasting about it...

—We can wait for the live audience's reaction to see if she plays well or not. Speaking of which, why hasn't any of the live audience members helped us with the answers yet?

—Waiting for the live audience to comment.

—Waiting +1

...

It was a pity that at this moment, none of the live audience was willing to take out their phones to make a comment. They wanted nothing more than to sink in and immerse themselves in the melody forever.

At this moment, they completely understood Teacher Anonymous's words.

The zither was truly used to cure illnesses!

They felt that their body was undergoing purification!

Backstage.

Wen Yuyi stared at the stage in disbelief.

(How can this be...this is impossible!)

As she was shocked, the sound of someone sobbing rang out behind her abruptly.

"Boohoohoo, I was wrong..."

Fatty fell onto the ground. His gaze was sluggish and there was no longer any resentment for Yun Yiheng within it.

The zither melody on the stage used its strength to make him understand how foolish his actions were!

Regret, hatred, and reluctance filled his heart and caused him to cry out loudly and uncontrollably. How good would it be if he hadn't betrayed Brother Yun? He would then be one of the people performing on the stage now!

Sadly, there were no 'ifs' in this world.

Traitors ought to be punished. In the future, he most probably would regret his choice forever. He had personally buried his glorious future.

Thinking of this, he clutched his face and howled in despair, "I WAS WRONG!"

Wen Yuyi frowned and looked at him.

Fatty was wrong but wasn't she wrong as well?

If she hadn't poached Yun Yiheng's people and actually allowed them to compete, Yun Yiheng's band would definitely not become the champion based on the way he was playing earlier.

But Shen Ruoqing was now the one playing the zither...

At this moment, Wen Yuyi felt as though she was crushed on all fronts!

It felt like competing against Anonymous using the violin. How could she possibly be a match for Anonymous's violin skills?

But—

Why was Anonymous skilled in the zither as well?! In the past, she clearly hadn't touched any eastern musical instruments before! When she played the zither, it felt as though Qing Dai had descended!

The reporters in the audience were staring at the stage as well, as their gazes gradually brightened. An incredulous thought suddenly appeared in her mind. (Could it be...it can't be, right...?)

The performance was concluded!

Only then did the audience wake up from the sound of the zither. All of them were staring at the stage in shock.

The only one who could still be considered calm was Old Master Shen Yuansong.

He stared at the girl on the stage. The girl had her head lowered as she played, and when she finally lifted her head slowly after her performance ended, he could finally see her peach blossom eyes and the smile on her lips. However, her features caused him to sit up straight...

At this moment, the MC rushed up the stage.

The entire competition had not ended, and it wasn't time for the interview segment yet. However, as a music student, she felt her blood boiling at this moment. Her voice quavered as she asked, "A...are you not Teacher Anonymous?!"

Shen Ruoqing stood up.

Her gaze swept past all the faces in the audience before finally landing on her astonished younger cousin who had his mouth wide open.

Her lips curled as her voice rang out clearly. "Hmm, and I'm also Qing Dai."