

His Genius Wife Is A Superstar

#Chapter 11 - Big Gamble - Read His Genius Wife Is A Superstar Chapter 11 - Big Gamble

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Gold Heights Condominium.

"These people are so evil!" Dominic Chua huffed angrily as he read the online comments on his mobile phone. "This is slander! Boss, let's sue the crap out of them!"

Iris blew over the steaming cup of vintage narcissus tea and inhaled its aroma. After taking a sip, she sighed at the exquisite flavour.

"Boss, how can you be so calm?! I'm so upset! How can they slander you like this?!"

"Come, have a cup of tea. It tastes wonderful."

"Boss, I don't want tea! What are we going to do? You just cleaned up the old posts from your accounts and the next second, people are saying you're pregnant and shit! What the fuck is wrong with these people?!"

"Dom, why are you so upset? They're talking about me, not you."

"Of course I'm upset! You're my boss! How can they say bad things to my boss? Unforgivable! I want to fight them!"

Iris chuckled. She enjoyed another sip of tea.

"You're such a good person. You treat all of us who work for you very well. I can't forgive these people spouting bullshit about you!"

Iris gently set down the tea cup on the table beside her. Then she leaned her head on her hand and looked at her angry assistant. "I was not always like this. Dom, were you not aware of my bad reputation before working for me?"

Dom frowned. "I had people warn me. They said that you're...you know..."

"That I'm a bitch?"

"Well, something like that." He waved a dismissive hand. "I'll only believe what I see with my own eyes. And what I'm seeing in front of me is the greatest boss in the whole wide world."

"That's because you only met the me now. It's true that I was a bitch before. My bad reputation is to be expected. No need to be upset."

"Then just show them the you now," he said.

"I'm planning to. But suing them is not the answer. Calm down, Dom, and have a cup. It's great tea."

"Fine," Dom mumbled. A maid stepped forward and poured a fresh cup of hot tea for him.

His phone rang.

Dom picked it up. "Hello?...Yes, this is Dominic Chua, Miss Iris Long's assistant...Please wait a moment." He turned to Iris, handed the phone to her, and whispered. "Boss, it's Mr. JJ."

"Alright. Thank you, Dom." She placed the phone on her ear. "Hello, Mr. JJ. This is Iris Long speaking."

A man's voice spoke. "I listened to the two tracks you sent me."

"And?"

"Do you have more?"

"Of course."

"How many?"

"Enough for a cohesive album."

"..."

Iris sipped tea while she waited patiently.

"Are you really the one who composed these songs?"

"Yes."

"...They're very...different from your usual style."

"Indeed."

"You won't explain more, huh."

"I want my music to do the talking this time." She took another sip. "Mr. JJ, what do you honestly think about what I sent you?"

"Hmmm...they're good. No, they're actually really great. Hai, fine. They're amazing! The best demo tapes that I've listened to recently. So soulful that my chest hurt listening to them. I could feel the loneliness and pain. But that's the problem. I find it hard to believe that you composed them."

"But I did compose those songs."

"Hai. I really like these songs. I love them! I can't wait to work on them, polish them until they become even more amazing in their final versions. I want to work with these songs, but I'm not sure I want to work with you."

Iris narrowed her eyes, but her voice was calm. "What do you mean, Mr. JJ?"

"You're not exactly very popular right now. I'm sure you've seen what they're saying about you on the internet recently, right? And you've been gone for so long, too. Plus this type of music...you're going to completely change your style? Your image? Hah! It's not gonna be that easy, you know that. It's gonna be a big gamble, not only for you but also for me, if—and that's only *IF*—I decide to sign you as my artist. Hai. You're in a difficult position. I'm not sure if I want to take this big gamble with you. But it's true that I really like these songs...."

"What are you trying to say, Mr. JJ?"

The man on the other line cleared his throat. "Your songs are beautiful. If you're willing, I can take you as a composer and then—"

"No. Mr. JJ, these songs are mine. I composed them so that I can sing them. And I know that I'm the one who can sing them best. I refuse to let other singers sing these songs. After I sing these songs and release them, then we can talk about me composing music for other singers. I have no problem with collaborations."

The man sighed heavily.

Iris sipped tea, and then glanced at her assistant.

Dom was listening to the phone conversation, and when he heard what Mr. JJ wanted, his expression looked even angrier than when he read the online comments earlier.

She gestured for him to drink his tea. Dom harrumphed and drank a mouthful until he sputtered and teared up after getting scalded. The maid rushed in and helped clean his mess.

"Miss Long, I want to meet with you in person," Mr. JJ finally spoke.

"Sure."

"Are you free tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Then how about we meet at this place...."

Iris committed the time and place Mr. JJ mentioned to her memory. The two said their goodbyes and hung up.

Chapter 12 - Iris Long's Twin Sister?

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The next day.

A restaurant inside a five-star hotel.

Lunch time.

The tables and chairs covered in pristine white cloths looked like clouds floating over a carpet of lava. Tall stalks of yellow calla lilies were simply yet artfully arranged in transparent glass vases at the centre of the tables. Golden chandeliers casted soft light throughout the restaurant, complementing the gold and red walls.

Jiong Jun sat at a table by the windows, sipping a glass of dry martini. He looked at his watch. Two minutes before the agreed time. He was already feeling impatient.

The girl better not be late. He, a famous and award-winning music producer, was giving the time and effort to meet her personally. She should be grateful and arrive on time.

One minute left.

He once again looked at the entrance. He saw the maître d' greet an elegant young woman.

The two spoke for a few seconds. The maître d' glanced at Jiong Jun, and began leading the young woman to his direction.

Jiong Jun subconsciously straightened, sitting tall and puffing his chest out while he observed the woman walking closer to his table.

She was tall. Not model tall, but taller than the average height of Chinese women. Great hourglass body, but a little bit on the thin side.

She was wearing a black, long-sleeved wrap dress with bright pink lotus flowers print. The V-neck provided just a tiny glimpse of full cleavage. A waist tie accentuated her tiny waist, while the rest of the dress hugged her hips and flowed past her knees.

A simple yet elegant black high heels added to her height. Her long, straight, silky black hair framed a small face. Big, mirrored aviator sunglasses covered her eyes but could not cover her beauty.

Jiong Jun gasped inwardly and narrowed his eyes, as the maître d' led the beautiful woman to his table. The woman stopped in front of him.

"Mr. JJ. I hope you didn't wait long." It was the same lovely voice as the one he talked to on the phone yesterday.

"Miss Iris Long?" He frowned, a bit taken aback.

The woman nodded and held out a hand.

He blinked, looking at her pale white hand. No rings. No colourful nail polish. Just a simple clear French manicure.

After a few seconds, he finally regained his senses and stood up to shake her offered hand.

"Miss Long, wow! I didn't recognize you! You look...different!"

She just smiled at him, her expression half-covered by her big sunglasses.

The maître d' pulled a seat for Iris and waited for the two of them to sit down. He took their orders and left. In the meantime, hot herbal tea blend was delivered to Iris.

Jiong Jun, or more known as JJ in the music industry, watched the beautiful young woman sitting across him as she blew over her steaming cup and sipped tea. Her actions were delicate and elegant. They were very natural and not contrived at all.

He was shocked. The young woman sitting in front of him was not the one who he expected to meet today. He found it difficult to match this young woman to the image of Iris Long in his head.

"Be honest. Are you Iris Long's twin sister?"

A sweet, light chuckle. "Of course not, Mr. JJ. I am Iris Long and I don't have a twin sister."

"No way." He leaned back, shaking his head.

She just smiled, continuing to sip her tea.

Their food arrived and they began eating while chatting about the weather and other harmless topics. Finally, the atmosphere turned serious after they finished their meals.

"Alright. Let's talk business." JJ leaned back on his seat.

Iris nodded.

"You already know that I love the demo tapes you sent me. But I'm not convinced by you because of your bad reputation, and you won't agree to have my other singers sing them. I invited you here today because I initially planned on persuading you to hand over your songs and release them as the composer."

Her eyes narrowed a little, an imperceptible sharp look glinting on them, hidden behind her sunglasses. Only her lips pressing together into a straight line showed her reaction.

Chapter 13 - The Phantom Of Your Love

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"But I saw you today and I'm already starting to change my mind. I didn't expect to see you like this," JJ said while gesturing towards Iris' direction. "You really surprised me. You look like a completely different person."

"Mr. JJ, I'm sure you've heard that I've been in a car accident more than a year ago," Iris said. Her voice was calm and unaffected.

He nodded.

"It was a very serious accident. I died, Mr. JJ." She sighed, looking out of the window. The floating clouds and the blue sky outside the windows were reflected on her mirrored sunglasses. "I was comatose. Dead for a year. You don't know how death feels like, Mr. JJ. It changes people."

"I see," he said, starting to understand why Iris Long changed so much. Both were quiet for some time. Then he sighed. He pointed at the piano on a mini-stage at the centre of the restaurant. "See that?"

Iris followed with her eyes, and then nodded.

"Go. Play one of your songs. Show me how you do it. Convince me that you're really the best person to sing the songs you composed. Can you do it?"

"Of course."

She stood up and walked to the piano. Her footsteps were light and graceful, looking as if she was floating on the floor.

Some of the customers took notice, wondering who the beautiful young woman was. They watched as she climbed on the mini-stage and sat in front of the piano.

Oh, was she going to play the piano and perform?

They waited in anticipation, as she flexed her fingers in an unhurried manner. She took a deep breath and started to play.

Strong, deep, and fast notes jolted everyone inside the restaurant. This time, all heads turned to the young woman playing the piano.

Their hearts thumped, as the forbidding music brought an image of a bloody battlefield within their minds.

After a few seconds, the notes slowed down until they drifted to a full stop. The young woman took a couple of breaths, and then started playing a slow, gentle yet dark, heartbreaking tune. She opened her mouth and sang.

"I'm lying in a crimson ocean

Frozen in the darkness

Floating for a thousand years

Yearning for you"

Everyone gasped as they heard her low, mesmerizing voice singing the dark melody. JJ's eyes lit up with excitement. His entire focus was on her.

"My broken soul is searching

Lost and afraid

A thousand years without you

I'd rather be dead"

A middle aged woman at a nearby table teared up, trembling, as she recalled memories of her beloved husband who passed away two years ago.

The melody turned even more heartbreaking. The young woman's voice rose effortlessly, reaching high notes.

"Every time I close my eyes

I dance with the phantom of your love

We fly across this temporary paradise

Until you have to leave once again

I don't want to wake up from this tonight

Spend a thousand years

With the phantom of your love"

The widow covered her face with her hands and sobbed. Her friends tried to comfort her, their eyes also watering. One of her friends tried to pull her to the ladies' restroom in an effort to calm her down, but the widow shook her head. She wanted to stay and listen to the entire song.

Through her tears, the widow looked at the young woman playing the piano. The young woman's eyes were covered by big sunglasses, but it couldn't cover her emotional expression filled with pain and loneliness.

"I'm dead when awake

Alive when asleep

How do I live when there is no you

Except in my dreams at night"

JJ closed his eyes, letting the dark, emotional song wash over him. His heart raced, his breath quickened.

At that exact moment, he made a decision. Little did he know that this decision would send the entire nation and the music industry into a frenzy in the near future.

"Oh, spend a thousand years

With the phantom of...your...love"

Thunderous applause reverberated as the last notes of the song slowly came to an end. Everyone stood up, from the customers to the restaurant staff. They all clapped their hands with all their might. Some curious people from the hotel lobby entered the restaurant, asking what was happening.

Iris Long stood up, a barely noticeable smile on her face. Looking behind her big sunglasses, she scanned the people giving her a standing ovation.

She stood up and gave a low, deep, elegant curtsy bow.

The applause grew louder, followed by enthusiastic cheers and whistles.

As she returned to her full height, one of the waiters hurried forward and offered his hand to assist her down the mini-stage. He grinned like teenager when she nodded her thanks.

She touched her chest and bowed her head, silently thanking the people clapping while she walked back to the table where JJ waited for her.

Chapter 14 - JJ's Offer

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"Amazing! Absolutely amazing!" JJ said when Iris returned to their table. He continued clapping his hands for her.

"Thank you, Mr. JJ." Iris smiled at him.

JJ felt like he had to act like a gentleman after such a beautiful performance. This was a rare sight because his reputation in the music industry was far from gentlemanly. He was known more as an ogre, but he didn't give a damn because he was the best at what he did.

He had a big smile on his face and felt extremely proud. Wasn't it thanks to him that the whole restaurant transformed into a cheering concert hall? After all, he was the one who told the girl to play the piano and sing.

Wasn't he amazing? He was just too awesome. Hah! As expected of a famous and award-winning music producer like him.

The applause finally settled down. JJ and Iris once again sat opposite each other.

"That wasn't one of the songs you sent me. What's the title?" JJ asked Iris.

"I call it '*The Phantom of Your Love*'," she replied.

"Beautiful! I'm now convinced by your musical talent."

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. JJ."

"I've made my decision. Miss Iris Long, would you accept my offer to sign you up as an artist under my record label?"

"Yes. Of course." She chuckled. "I accept your offer, Mr. JJ. Thank you."

"Excellent!" He thumped a hand on the table in excitement. "My people will contact you within a week to discuss and negotiate your contract."

"Sounds good, Mr. JJ."

The two chatted for a few more minutes before JJ called their waiter to pay the bill. Iris offered to pay, but JJ dismissed the idea.

After settling the bill, the two began to leave. The widow from earlier approached them, her eyes still puffy red from crying. Her three friends stood behind her.

"Excuse me. I'm sorry to bother you. My name is Feng Wan," the widow introduced herself. Then she turned to Iris, finding the young woman who just made her cry more and more pleasing to her eyes. "I just want to say thank you for sharing such a beautiful song with us today."

Iris smiled. "I'm glad that you liked it, Madam."

"Uhm, I hope you don't mind...but may I know your name?"

"My surname is Long."

"Miss Long, I love your song very much! I cried so hard! But it also made me happy inside. It reminded me of some bittersweet memories. You have such great talent, Miss Long. I'm now your fan. I hope that I can listen to you again."

JJ interjected at this moment. "Madam, rest assured. You're gonna hear this song again as soon as we release it. In fact, you're gonna hear more songs by Miss Long in the near future."

"And you are?"

He gave his best smile. "I'm JJ."

One of Feng Wan's friends gasped. "I knew it! I thought you look familiar! You're JJ? The music producer?"

"That's me." He always felt pleased to be recognized.

The group of middle aged women shrieked like school girls meeting their idol.

"Please give me an autograph!"

"Me too! Oh no. Girls, hold me up. I'm going to faint."

"Here here! Sign my dress!"

Extremely pleased with himself, JJ signed autographs for the ladies. He even gave one to Feng Wan, even though she didn't ask for it. She didn't recognize him, but was too embarrassed to admit it.

One of the ladies turned to Iris. "Miss Long, you're very lucky. You have THE Mr. JJ backing you. You're going to be famous."

Iris just smiled, while JJ laughed. "Please look forward and buy her album when we release it, okay? Can I depend on you to do that?"

A chorus of "Yes" and "Of course" answered him, pleasing him even more.

"Miss Long," Feng Wan grabbed Iris' hands. "Thank you for today. I'll pray for your success. I can't wait to hear your music again. I'll definitely support you."

Touched, Iris pulled her hands gently and held Feng Wan's hands instead. "Thank you, Madam. I appreciate it."

The group walked out of the restaurant to the hotel lobby together. They waved their goodbyes and went their separate ways.

JJ left in a hurry, saying that he had a meeting within the hour.

Iris called Dom on the phone, asking him to pick her up. She sat on one of the couches at the lobby while she waited, taking out a paperback novel from her purse by one of her favourite authors from her previous life. The novel was written in its original Russian language, not a translated version.

Absorbed in the world within the novel, she stopped being aware of her surroundings until a big, strong hand grabbed her shoulder from behind. She stiffened, and swung a hammerfist to the molester behind her.

Chapter 15 - Long Xiulan

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If it weren't for Jin Liwei's quick reflexes, the damn girl would have already bloodied and broken his nose.

His hands reacted before thinking and caught her fist. His eyes contracted, silently shocked at the power packed behind the dainty fist.

"Be good," he growled.

The damn girl, no, the damn young woman jumped off the couch the next second and moved far away from him. Her eyes looked fierce as she glared at him, looking like a tigress about to bite his head off.

He raised an eyebrow, walked around to the front of the couch where she was sitting just a second ago, and picked up the Russian book she dropped on the floor.

"I was just going to ask a question. No need for such overreaction," he said, flipping through the pages of the book. He frowned. He couldn't read a single word.

Feeling like she really overreacted, Iris Long forced herself to calm down but didn't let her guard down.

For some reason, she felt that the man was dangerous. He wore a sharp business suit, looking powerful and handsome.

Her heart beat faster. Huh?

Jin Liwei sat down. "Long Xiulan, can you even read this thing?"

She inhaled sharply, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. How did this damn man know Iris' birth name?

"Who are you?" she asked, suspicious.

"Do you even know Russian?" he asked, completely ignoring her question.

She frowned. "What I read or what I know is none of your business." Then she added, "Sir."

She cautiously approached him, intending to take her book back from his hands and her purse on the couch and then run far away from this suspicious man. Dom should be arriving soon.

Jin Liwei rummaged inside his briefcase and took out a folder. "Let's see if you can read this." He pushed the folder to her.

She slapped the folder away and tried to take her book back. The damn man, however, took her poor book hostage.

"Read the folder first and tell me what it's about. Then maybe I'll believe that you can really read this Russian book," he told her.

He was mocking her, right? How dare he? She didn't give a whit whether the damn man believed her or not. Besides, who was he anyway?

She considered abandoning her poor book and leaving immediately, but her eyes caught something familiar printed on his folder. She grabbed the folder and started reading.

Jin Liwei watched the damn girl—no, she looked like a young woman now—looking so serious as she read the Russian business proposal. He smirked but maintained an indifferent expression on his face.

Did she really think that she could impress people by pretending to know Russian?

He already investigated everything about her. She started working in showbiz from a young age, barely attending school. If not for her father's influence, she wouldn't even graduate from senior high school. Her grades weren't impressive either.

So unless she secretly studied on her own, which he seriously doubted, he wouldn't believe that she knew any foreign languages aside from English, much less Russian.

He was also inside the restaurant earlier attending a business lunch with fellow investors. Like everyone else, he turned his attention to the young woman singing and playing the piano.

He thought that she looked familiar, later realizing that she was Long Xiulan, or more known by her stage name Iris Long—the damn girl he ordered to be monitored.

Reports about her kept on mentioning how she acted very differently to how she was before the accident, but it was only now that he understood when he saw her with his own eyes. However, he didn't believe that someone could change just like that. The damn girl must be acting.

Like her, he was also waiting in the lobby for his assistant to pick him up. He wouldn't even bother speaking to her, but he couldn't stop himself when he saw her pretending to read a Russian book.

He just tapped her shoulder to get her attention when the damn tigress immediately went into attack mode.

"You're Jin Liwei of Jin Corporation?" she finally talked after reading for a few minutes. "You plan on partnering with Galaktika?"

A trace of surprise appeared in his eyes. Galaktika was the Russian trading company who prepared the business proposal, wanting to partner with his company to enter the Chinese market. The business proposal was written completely in Russian, so how did this damn girl know?

He couldn't even read it and had to read the Chinese translation. Could she actually read Russian? Her next words surprised him even more.

"I don't think it's a good idea to partner with Galaktika. If you're really interested in partnering with Russian companies, there are a lot of other better choices. Galaktika's higher-ups are involved with an international prostitution ring, human trafficking, and the smuggling of weapons. Jin Corporation is the number one company in the country. I don't think you would want to tarnish your company's reputation by getting involved with this kind of company, do you?"

Jin Liwei looked at her deeply. His eyes showed suspicion. "How do you know all of these?"