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Six in the afternoon.

As soon as the class ended, Lin Yuan received a message from Jian Yi, "Do you want to have dinner together tonight? Xia Fan is treating!"

"No, I'm busy tonight. You and Xia Fan go ahead."

As Lin Yuan replied to the message, he stepped out of the school gate. At that moment, a red sedan was parked by the roadside outside the gate.

"Long time no see, get in."

The left side window of the red sedan was rolled down, revealing a woman who took off her sunglasses and waved to Lin Yuan with a smile.

"Hello."

Lin Yuan greeted her and got in the car.

This woman was the talent manager Zhao Jue. She was 35 years old and her eyes had faint crow's feet. She was amiable when she smiled, serious, and calm when she was not. She emanated a composed and competent aura.

"I in Yuan"

After casting a glance at Lin Yuan who was sitting in the back seat through the rearview mirror, Zhao Jue started the car. "Your song has no lyrics. Do you need me to find someone to write them? There are only ten days left until the beginning of the Newcomers' Season."

"No need, the lyrics have been written."

"What about the arrangement... will you use your own?"

"EI."

"Alright." Zhao Jue smiled. "Do you know what the crux of the competition in the Newcomers' Season each November is?"

"What is it?"

As Zhao Jue drove, she spoke, "The Newcomers' Season is a collective term. What each company is truly competing for is a place in a chart, the Qin Continent's Music Newcomers Chart to be precise. Only if you make it to the top 20 of this list can you be considered to have made a breakthrough."

"Oh."

Nothing new.

Zhao Jue stopped in front of a red light and glanced at Lin Yuan, "Your song isn't bad. If you rank well in the Newcomer's Chart in November, I can help you transfer your contract to the Composing Department."

"Thank you."

Lin Yuan's eyes lit up.

He hoped to head towards the direction of a composer, which was also the profession he was currently studying. As a songwriter, he wouldn't need to be in the public eye like a singer, and he could also gain the so-called "approval" from the System.

Just then.

Lin Yuan heard the voice from the System, "Ding dong, congratulations to the host for triggering a new mission."

[Mission Name: The First Song]

[Mission Content: Successful recording of 'Life Like A Summer Flower']

[Mission Reward: A Bronze Treasure Chest]

A new mission came up even before the previous one was completed?

Looking at the three lines of text appearing before his eyes, Lin Yuan became somewhat excited about the recording that was about to take place. He hoped to get it right tonight.

. . .

Half an hour later.

Lin Yuan arrived at Starlight Entertainment.

It was a 50-story skyscraper. People passing by were all dressed in professional attire, wearing work badges of different departments of Starlight Entertainment, flaunting the grand style of a big company.

"Hello, Ms. Zhao."

Zhao Jue was a big shot in Starlight. Many passing by greeted her proactively. She reciprocated slightly and led Lin Yuan directly to the recording studio on the ninth floor.

"Ms. Zhao!"

Seeing Zhao Jue, a plump talent manager who had been waiting on the ninth floor hurriedly beckoned, "The equipment is almost ready."

"Where is your person?"

Zhao Jue looked around. She only saw the recording studio's staff busying themselves.

"Well..."

The plump talent manager wiped the sweat off his forehead, "There was a traffic jam, so the newbie hasn't arrived yet. I've urged that rascal several times already! When he arrives, I swear I'll give him a piece of my mind!"

"Didn't you think to set off earlier if you knew there was a jam?"

Zhao Jue's gaze was icy, "If you can't handle a newbie, give it to someone else! We'll start timing now. If the person doesn't arrive within 15 minutes, find someone else to sing the song. Such a waste to give an opportunity to a good-for-nothing!"

"Ok ok ok..."

The plump talent manager kept nodding his head, his face turning pale. He was fumbling with his phone, ready to hurry the latecomer. In his heart, he had already cursed the latecomer a hundred times over.

At this moment.

A woman, who looked like an assistant, came out of the elevator and headed straight for Zhao Jue, "Ms. Zhao, the manager wants to see you..."

"Got it."

Zhao Jue massaged her temples, feeling a headache coming on. She was sure that the manager wanted to discuss the Newcomers' Chart with her.

She only had herself to blame for being too presumptuous.

She incredibly had the audacity to issue a military order in front of the company's executives.

Looking at Lin Yuan, the innocent mastermind, Zhao Jue felt a surge of frustration and had nowhere to vent it.

She could only hold her anger in, and gave a warning look to the recording studio's staff and the plump talent manager, "The song is written by Lin Yuan. During the recording, his opinions will prevail. Understand?"

"Yes."

The plump talent manager and the staff of the recording studio nodded their heads hastily at Lin Yuan behind Zhao Jue when they heard this, clearly not daring to defy Zhao Jue's order.

Lin Yuan nodded back in response.

. . .

Zhao Jue had to leave due to some pressing matters.

The plump talent manager also went downstairs to make a phone call.

After waiting for about 10 minutes with the staff, Lin Yuan suddenly heard a voice cursing from afar, "If you're late for even a moment, you'll fucking miss this year's Newcomers' Season, you know that?! For the chance to debut in the Newcomers' Season, you've been waiting for a few years, right? You've caused me to be scolded by Ms. Zhao, who is well known to be in a bad mood these days, you're damned good at heading for trouble."

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, bro. I was wrong."

A not-so-tall young man was bowing and scraping in front of the plump talent manager who just went downstairs, apologizing profusely, "I really didn't expect to have the chance to debut this year! Rest assured, bro! I'll seize the opportunity today and not let you down! Thank you for covering for me and getting me the company's last spot for the Newcomers' Season!"