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“Enough talk, get ready to record.”

The chubby manager turned around, pressing his temples hard, probably dealing with high blood pressure.

The young man let out a sigh, wiped the sweat from his forehead, his expression both nervous and excited. But then, looking up, he noticed the boy standing in front of him staring directly at him—

“Lin Yuan?”

He took a few steps closer, looked at Lin Yuan carefully again. Once he confirmed his initial recognition, he burst out laughing, “It really is you! What are you doing here? Ah, I get it, you’re working part-time, aren’t you?”

Lin Yuan: “...”

He was seriously considering who the other person might be. According to the memory of the original owner, this person seemed somewhat familiar.

The young man obviously had no idea what Lin Yuan was thinking.

He raised his head, puffed out his chest, and patted Lin Yuan on the shoulder, “You really are the most outstanding sophomore in our vocal music department. You can already work part-time at Starlight Entertainment... Oh, so you’re working in a recording studio. So to speak, I’m also your colleague then!”

Pulled out a thermos cup from his arms and handed it to Lin Yuan.

The young man waived his hand, saying, “First, get me a glass of water, I just ran all the way here. I’m exhausted, but this fatigue is nothing. After all, after recording this song, I will make my debut!”

Lin Yuan: “...”

He finally remembered who the young man was.

This person was Sun Yaohuo, a vocal music student from Qin Continent Art Academy who had already graduated.

When the vocal music department held events, some graduate students would return to campus for performances. That's how the original owner met him, so he was indeed Lin Yuan's senior.

Furthermore, because Sun Yaohuo was quite capable, he signed a contract with Starlight Entertainment right after graduation. The younger students in the vocal music department highly admired him for being able to sign with a large company, potentially becoming a star in the future.

Though Lin Yuan also signed with Starlight Entertainment, he never publicized this fact. Given his unique physical condition, only Xia Fan and Jian Yi knew about it, while others were kept in the dark.

"What are you standing there for?"

Sun Yaohuo laughed, "Go and get me some water. I need to record a song. You should stay close and learn from the experience. It will be good for you."

"Alright."

Lin Yuan went to get water.

The faces of the surrounding studio staff looked strange.

Sun Yaohuo's chubby manager had just turned around, only to see Sun Yaohuo acting superior toward Lin Yuan. Further, he felt his blood pressure, that he had just managed to bring down, shoot up again:

"Sun Yaohuo, who do you think you're dealing with!"

He stormed up and slapped the back of Sun Yaohuo's neck, "The song you're singing is written by him, you should call him Mr. Lin!"

Upon finishing.

The Chubby man turned to Lin Yuan, who was getting water, and said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Lin. Sun Yaohuo isn't particularly bright..."

"It's indeed necessary to have some water before recording."

Lin Yuan responded seriously, not finding anything inappropriate and handed Sun Yaohuo the filled thermos cup of water.

Sun Yaohuo took it blankly.

Still fuming, the chubby man spun around, scolding him, “Show some respect to Mr. Lin. Don’t be rude.”

“...”

Sun Yaohuo opened his mouth wanting to say something but didn’t know what. His head was completely blank—

He is a junior to me!

I... How am I rude?

A staff member nearby repressing laughter proposed, “New guy, do you remember the tune yet? If you do, let’s go through the lyrics once to get the feel of it, ok?”

“I remember, teacher.”

Sun Yaohuo replied hurriedly.

The staff members looked to Lin Yuan.

Lin Yuan said, “Then let’s begin.”

After entering the studio, Sun Yaohuo began singing according to the lyrics.

His skill level was not bad, otherwise, he wouldn’t have been signed by Starlight right after graduation.

But Lin Yuan, carrying the vocal experience of the original owner, was not going to lower his standards. Wanting a share of his earnings meant even a tool person had to show some skills. He quickly found an issue:

“The humming in the intro doesn’t pause naturally.”

Which was the cue to start over. Sun Yaohuo just nodded.

The music started again, quickly stopped by Lin Yuan, “Your pronunciation is too heavy. Lighten it a bit, it can make the emotive expression more intense.”

“Ok...”

Sun Yaohuo felt a little awkward being toyed around by his junior, and couldn’t help but think that the latter was intentionally making things difficult for him. If he was a little less thick-skinned, he would have figuratively died a “social death” by now.

This may have somewhat affected his mentality.

After several attempts at recording, the results still did not satisfy Lin Yuan. In the end, Lin Yuan only had no choice but to call for a pause:

“Let’s take a ten-minute break before we resume recording.”

As a utility player in singing, Sun Yaohuo was capable of performing this song without a hitch. His lack of satisfactory performances was likely due to his mental burden.

This was not a big problem.

Adjusting his mentality would suffice.

Sun Yaohuo heaved a sigh of relief and sat down on the chair outside the tent, gulping down the water in his cup in one go.

Just as he put down his cup, he saw Lin Yuan casually taking it over, refilling it for him.

Was this an insult?

His voice was muffled as he spoke, “Uhm... Mr... Mr. Lin...”

“You can still call me your junior.”

Lin Yuan interjected, putting the cup of water back down.

With an awkward smile, Sun Yaohuo didn’t have the nerve to retort. He had waited too long for this chance to debut.

With a bit of unease, he forcefully tightened the thermo cup lid, “Uhm... Lin Yuan... I didn’t know you compose music...”

Lin Yuan explained, “I got sick before and it affected my vocal cords, so I switched to studying composing in my second year.”

Sun Yaohuo was taken aback.

Immediately, he shook his head, sighed, giving Lin Yuan a sympathetic pat on his shoulder repeating, “What a pity... what a pity... such a pity...”

He said “pity” three times.

Losing one’s voice is a desperate situation.

He couldn’t imagine what it would be like if he couldn’t sing.

Sun Yaohuo realized that his actions were probably inappropriate and overbearing.

The guy in front of him was no longer just his junior from school. His status had completely changed. He had become the author of the song, the person with authority. This probably explained why Lin Yuan could command him earlier!

In other words,

If Lin Yuan insisted on kicking him out and having someone else sing “Life Like A Summer Flower”, there would be nothing he could do about it, seeing how his manager was treating Lin Yuan – it all pointed to one thing:

The debut opportunity he had waited for years was now in the hands of his junior, Lin Yuan.

Realizing this, the hand that he casually left on Lin’s shoulder froze in mid-air, stuck in an awkward situation.

“It’s fine.”

Lin Yuan did not notice Sun Yaohuo’s actions and if he did, he would not care anyway. He just sincerely said:

“Thank you.”

Sun Yaohuo was taken aback.

Looking at Lin Yuan’s clear eyes, he suddenly realized that his junior didn’t have any of the ulterior motives that he had imagined. The other party simply viewed him as a collaborator.

His bottleneck was too low.

After graduation, he was influenced by the company’s classification of people’s levels and had subconsciously categorized everyone into different classes.

At first, he saw himself as an up-and-coming senior, believing he could carry himself in a certain way since he thought that he should be looking after the other party, his attitude inevitably possessed a smug and arrogant undertone.

Then, seeing Lin Yuan as a composer with absolute authority, he became overly cautious and submissive since he was worried about how the composer might treat him.

But in reality, all of this was simply overthinking.

“Lin Yuan!”

He took a deep breath and put his hand back on Lin Yuan's shoulder, this time the action no longer felt stiff, "Let's start recording, I am ready this time."

"Sure."

Lin Yuan stood up, looking forward to it.

Although Lin Yuan didn't know what led to the sudden change in his senior, the second round of recording went very smoothly. Lin Yuan was very satisfied, even thinking it's fair to share the earnings with the utility player.

After all, the other party did contribute ample effort.

And when the recording was complete, Lin Yuan received a prompt from the system:

[Task completed: First song]

[Reward: A Bronze Treasure Chest]