

My Seven Sisters Are All Tycoons Chapter 10 - The Plagiarism Scandal

C10 The Plagiarism Scandal

Hwa Feng glanced back to find Hwa Yunqi already at the pool's edge.

She stretched out her arms, resting them on the rim, and gazed at Hwa Feng with a tender look.

Her hair, soaked, trailed from her pale cheeks down to her chest.

Her forehead was so round.

No, her skin was so expansive!

Ugh! I meant to say her skin is so fair!

Hwa Feng, treading water at the pool's center, was nearly breathless at the sight before him.

"How odd," Hwa Yunqi chided with a playful scowl, turning away to grab a fruit juice from the shore and taking a sip.

Hwa Feng dove under, fixating on the slender streak of red below, and stealthily made his way closer.

"Gotcha!"

He burst forth, encircling Hwa Yunqi's waist and emerging with a splash.

Startled, Hwa Yunqi let out a shriek, spinning around within his hold.

Pressed against Hwa Feng's firm, cool chest, she felt a soft, warm sensation.

It was unexpectedly sweet?

Their eyes locked, and with a bashful shove, Hwa Yunqi pushed him away.

"Hmph! You used to scare me in the pool when we were kids! And you're still up to the same tricks."

Hey! It was clearly you who started teasing me first!

Hwa Feng chuckled, gently settling Hwa Yunqi at the poolside.

He then leaped up beside her.

Gazing at the tranquil water, Hwa Feng murmured,

"Sixth Sister, thank you for being there for me today."

Surprised, Hwa Yunqi nodded, "Why so formal?"

"..."

"Would you teach me how to make that Song River Flower Dew?"

She finished, tilting her head and giving Hwa Feng a sly wink.

So that was Sixth Sister's motive for a midnight pool visit!

"Let me think. Besides the Song cuisine, I also know about the dish Emperor Li Longji offered to Consort Yang before her demise, and I know..."

"What? No way!"

Hwa Yunqi's eyes widened, and like a seductive serpent, she pressed her soft upper body against Hwa Feng's chest. "Brother, teach me..."

Hwa Feng sat composedly, clearing his throat twice before continuing, "There's also Wu Zetian and Empress Dowager Cixi's healthful dishes... Oh, and I know Consort Nian's specialty dish too..."

His teasing had Hwa Yunqi's mouth watering. Hwa Feng gently caressed her soft arms and chuckled, "Hehe, but I'll only teach you when I'm in the right mood. See you later, Sixth Sister~"

"Hmph!"

Annoyed, Hwa Yunqi pursed her lips as her porcelain-like feet playfully splashed water around her.

Hwa Feng watched the scene, a sneaky smile on his face, before heading back to the villa.

The next day.

Hwa Feng was deep in sleep.

A sudden ring from the phone jolted him awake.

The caller ID showed Yu Haoming.

Both had participated in Idol Producer and made it into the top 50.

Haoming was one of the few contestants who had been genuinely nice to Hwa Feng from the start.

Rubbing his eyes, Hwa Feng answered the phone and glanced at the clock; it was just past 6 a.m. "Haoming, why are you calling so early?"

"Feng, you've got to check out the hot search on Weibo!"

"Did I rub someone the wrong way?"

Hwa Feng was bewildered by his statement.

"Just relax, man, I've got your back!"

What in the world?

Hwa Feng hung up, still half asleep.

He opened Weibo.

The top trending post read: Tong Zhuo calls out a newcomer.

Tong Zhuo, a rising star gaining momentum in the entertainment industry, had a significant following.

What's this got to do with me?

Hwa Feng clicked on the post, curious.

Tong Zhuo criticized Idol Producer contestant Hwa Feng: Supposedly a shoo-in for the top ten, it turns out he advanced by using a plagiarized song! Hwa Feng shamelessly claimed the song was his own creation during the show!

Tong Zhuo's fans were numerous and fiercely loyal.

Thus, his revelation shot straight to the top of the trending searches.

The comments below were a one-sided barrage of insults towards Hwa Feng.

Tong Zhuo's discerning eye spots Hwa Feng's plagiarism—kick him off Idol Producer!

How could such a great song be plagiarized?

I thought we'd discovered a gem, but he's just a copycat.

Everyone else has to climb the ladder rung by rung. What makes Hwa Feng so special that he gets a free pass into the top ten?

Hwa Feng was livid.

Who on earth was Tong Zhuo? He didn't even know the guy.

And they had no connection whatsoever.

Why was he suddenly lashing out like a rabid dog on the internet?

Besides, Hwa Feng's current level of fame wasn't even at the point where others would want to leech off him.

Other than his original hit "The Last Days" hanging on the charts, you'd be hard-pressed to find any news about him online.

Still, as a newcomer, he couldn't just sit back and take the slander!

Luckily, he had kept evidence.

That day, during his stint on Idol Producer, he had crafted the lyrics and music for "The Last Days" using a smartphone app.

He had the screenshots and videos to prove it.

Hwa Feng saved everything and planned to set up a Weibo account to set the record straight.

"Seriously! A single song and you're making a mountain out of a molehill! Now I have to step in and clear the air myself."

"Huh?"

The thought struck Hwa Feng; if one original song could stir up this much buzz, why not release another while he was at it?

Wouldn't that just boost his popularity even more?

No time like the present!

Snuggled in his silk blanket and propped against the plush mattress, he grabbed a sheet of staff paper and swiftly began to craft another song.

"I am me,

A firework of a different hue,

The sky and sea are vast~ I aim to be the toughest bubble~"

The haunting melody seemed almost ready to burst forth from the page.