

## MADAM'S IDENTITIES SHOCKS THE ENTIRE CITY AGAIN Chapter 419

Nie Mi had been pursuing the konghou and traditional music all his life; of course he wouldn't want to give this opportunity a miss.

But this time, the production team was looking for youths specifically. People of his age and social status were not suitable for a young target audience. As such, he could only turn to Qiao Nian for help.

Qiao Nian saw another message in the chatbox.

The other person seemed a little lost as the message came in—

[Master Zhui Guang, are you there?]

She sat down with her long legs crossed. The air around her matched her aura as she leaned back in her seat. Her fingers lay still on the keypad, and after two whole minutes, she only typed a single word.

[Zhui Guang: Yes.]

The other party responded instantly: [That's great! You've finally replied to my message.]

[So, regarding what I said earlier about meeting up with you...]

The light from the screen shone onto her face as if adding a thin layer of bright light to her fair skin. Qiao Nian replied quickly.

[Zhui Guang: I was blowing my hair.]

[Zhui Guang: I'm not staying in Beijing for long, and the rest of my time here has been scheduled for other appointments. I doubt I have time to meet up.]

...

In one of the managers' offices in Beijing Television Station, Wen Ruxia leaned back in her leather chair as exhaustion washed over her well-nourished face.

She put one hand to her forehead as she looked at the chatbox. She didn't know how to reply to the message, and it was giving her a headache.

She had already heard that it was very hard to land an appointment with this Zhui Guang when she got the contact from Master Nie.

But she hadn't expected Zhui Guang to decline her so directly.

She had thought that Zhui Guang would perhaps agree to it on Master Nie's account since he had informed her earlier...

"Manager Wen, I'm coming in." The assistant called out as she entered. She placed the freshly brewed coffee on her table. Seeing how pained she looked, the assistant asked, "Manager Wen, Zhui Guang hasn't accepted your request to chat yet?"

"We're chatting now, but Zhui Guang said there isn't time to meet in person." Wen Ruxia was getting frustrated. She took a sip of her coffee.

The assistant had prepared mocha for her, without sugar, so the bitterness hit her like a truck the moment she drank it. She didn't find it too terrible when she was tired usually, but given her bad mood today, this sugarless coffee was hard to swallow.

Wen Ruxia forced herself to take another sip before putting the cup down.

The assistant noticed how she wasn't drinking the coffee she got her to prepare, and that her brows were locked. It wasn't hard to guess that she was frustrated and at a loss. The assistant stood by the side, not knowing how to comfort her. Finally, she whispered, "Manager Wen, don't feel too bad about it. Zhui Guang is just like that. He doesn't attend programs or reveals his face. He usually doesn't contact anyone, either. Since he was willing to accept your request online and chat with you, it's probably true that he's too busy..."

This explanation was a little far-fetched.

Wen Ruxia kept her hand around the coffee cup and did not say a thing.

But the anxiety in her eyes was evident.

She respected Nie Mi a lot and knew just how much he wanted to promote traditional music. Now that there was a chance for it, she didn't want to waste it.

But reality was cruel. Unlike pop music that could be promoted with just any celebrity in the entertainment industry, traditional music was truly lacking in influential and representative figures.

Nie Mi held a high position in the field, but for the youngsters watching television, they might not be able to recognize this revered konghou master.

If this was the case for Nie Mi, let alone others who dabbled in traditional music.

If they found someone who wasn't well-known, there was no point getting them to be part of the production at all. The audience wouldn't recognize the person nor be interested in the content!

The only person who fit their criteria now was Zhui Guang!

But this person was so unpredictable and did things according to their mood. Now that the rejection had been stated so clearly, what was she to do?

Wen Ruxia was trying to find a Plan B for this. Right then, she heard a beep from her desktop.

She quickly put her cup down and focused on the message that had just come in.

[Zhui Guang: Would a video recording work instead?]