

Medical Master

Chapter 6 A Fracture In the Military Training

Two hours later, Fang Qiu ended the practice in satisfaction.

Cultivating for two hours made his cultivation step forward.

After closing the practice, he jumped straight on the water surface, walked in the waves quickly and left Central Lake.

Once Fang Qiu was back to the dormitory, he directly woke up other three people and saw three unwilling faces.

Fang Qiu helplessly said, “Everyone, people get to bed at night and get up in the morning in the three months in summer. Five o’clock corresponds to Insects Awaken in the twenty-four solar terms. It’s the time for the generation of Yang Qi and the rebirth of all things. Not getting up at this time will strangle your Yang Qi and injure your kidney. Hurry up! We learn Chinese Medicine in order to practice!”

At the sound of the kidney injury, the three boys jumped up immediately.

While putting on clothes, the third oldest Sun Hao mumbled. “We have not started learning.”

“Yes, our kidneys are safe because of you,” The fourth oldest Zhou Xiaotian said.

After washing themselves and eating breakfast, four people came to the playground. The military training would continue because it was not rainy today.

There were only three days before finishing the military training. It was torturing to others but just was a piece of cake to Fang Qiu.

After breakfast, Chen Cong also came to the playground. After seeing Fang Qiu, he came right up. “Fang Qiu.”

Chen Cong shouted as he came up to Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu looked to Chen Cong. He knew Chen Cong was coming toward him in the beginning.

He also knew the purpose of Chen Cong. As long as Chen Cong was not a fool, he would definitely suspect and guess when he saw Fang Qiu disappear mysteriously.

“Yes?”

“Some time, some contest?”

Chen Cong stared at Fang Qiu’s face, trying to find any expression as he suspected.

“Not interested,” said Fang Qiu directly.

“Don’t rush to refuse. Just simply compare notes. We’ll stop in time.” Chen Cong added.

“Still not interested,” said Fang Qiu.

Chen Cong became silent because he did not expect Fang Qiu refused so determinedly. In principle, if Fang Qiu was a kung fu practitioner, he should be very bloody and would directly accept a challenge. Unexpectedly he was not interested at all.

Could it be said that he was wrong?

He muttered. He stared at Fang Qiu’s eyes and asked, “Why did you suddenly disappear this morning? I was looking for you but I didn’t find you.”

“Well, I went back to my dorm to sleep,” said Fang Qiu.

Chen Cong still wanted to ask. At this moment, the drill master came and he immediately whistled for gathering.

He had to give up and got in formation.

He was going to look for another opportunity to test whether Fang Qiu was a kung Fu practitioner or not even if he would attack sneakily.

How could Chen Cong let off Fang Qiu when he finally found someone to practice with?

“All hands, look to the right! Look ahead!”

The drill master shouted. All the people in the line turned their heads neatly.

“Attention!

“At ease!

“Good! I want to tell everybody that the goose-step practice will start from today. First three platoons squat down! I will demonstrate everybody the standard action. Look carefully!”

The drill master quickly finished the demonstration and let everyone start training.

Although it rained all day yesterday, there was no feeling of coolness in the air today.

In the summer in September, the sun was shining fiercely. All the students in platoons from Class Three were parted by about one meter. They stood still with their right arms in front of the chests and left legs raised up.

This was the most tiring action in the entire military training.

Feet should be raised by strength with tiptoes taut and straight. Also, feet had to keep twenty-five centimeters from the ground and could not waggle at all.

Just a minute later, all the students in Class Three couldn't stand it anymore. Either their bodies or legs began to waggle.

Some even lay down and lifted up legs in a hurry because they could not bear to raise their legs.

Only Fang Qiu and Chen Cong steadily stood. Their moves were so standard that even their drill master could not say anything.

The drill master Gao Hu looked at these two people with satisfaction.

It was said that the superior wanted to recruit soldiers and let every drill master pay attention to any potential good candidate.

Before, he felt that how could the freshmen became good candidates after three-years of senior high school. But after a few days training recently, he found that these two people were good candidates whose physical qualities were unusually high, even higher than his.

However, Chen Cong was big and tall with taut muscles. He was not surprised that Chen Cong had such physical quality.

But it was really surprising that Fang Qiu who looked more like a delicate boy had such physical quality!

The drill master Gao Hu could not help smirking inwardly as he looked at these two people. He wanted to test how awesome these two people really were.

According to the usual training, everyone could not last for even one minute to change legs. But this time, he just did not command to change legs because he would like to see how long these two could last.

Another minute passed.

Two of them still did not move at all.

The others in the class could not lift up their legs anymore, all pointing to the ground. They desperately wanted to lift up but failed.

At this time, everyone noticed Fang Qiu and Chen Cong. They could not help admiring inwardly as they saw two people still standing straight and their legs and face even did not shake at all.

“Freaking awesome!”

After another minute, all of them stopped and found the drill master didn’t mind them at all. They let down their legs and kept looking at Chen Cong and Fang Qiu.

Chen Cong exerting all his strength to compete with Fang Qiu, but four minutes was almost his limitation.

He thought so was Fang Qiu’s.

Another thirty seconds later, Chen Cong’s left leg which lifted high began to shake violently.

He took a look at Fang Qiu who still stood straight like a sculpture and could not help feeling a little frustrated in the heart.

The drill master Gao Hu also noticed that Chen Cong had arrived at his limitation. He was surprised at the duration because Chen Cong did not specifically practice for this after all. So it was quite good of him to last until this time.

But it was Fang Qiu who surprised him most.

This guy had been taking it easy since the beginning.

Now still.

As if that was not his leg!

The drill master Gao Hu sighed inwardly. Fang Qiu won Chen Cong that he favored in the contest.

This guy was keeping his own counsel!

The other students in the class also noticed that Chen Cong could hardly last another minute. They were surprised inwardly that Fang Qiu unexpectedly defeated Chen Cong who was big and tall. It was well known that Chen Cong could play kung fu, so it was out of their expectations when they saw Fang Qiu win.

Zhu Benzhen, Sun Hao, Zhou Xiaotian sighed more inwardly.

Bigger! The shadow was bigger again!

The drill master Gao Hu thought it would not make any sense to continue and commanded. "Two! Change legs!"

Everyone took a step forward quickly with their left legs down and right legs up.

The movements of others were very flustered. Only Fang Qiu took a step forward steadily with his right hand down and left arm up in front of his chest, and at the same time, right leg raised.

The action was firm and powerful, smoothly finished.

Seeing his movement, even the drill master had to praise it was perfect.

The training continued.

After the morning training, all the people had lunch and took a short break. The training continued in the afternoon.

In the afternoon, the burning sun was hot.

Everyone was biting the bullet listlessly in the hot sun.

Only Fang Qiu still looked quite relaxed.

At 3 p.m., here, the class three Fang Qiu belonged to continued training while their opposite classes from another school rioted.

It seemed that someone suddenly fell to the ground, holding the feet and screaming with pain.

Although there was a distance from Fang Qiu, he still keenly found that the student's face was pale.

It didn't look like a simple injury or a fake one.

The drill master Gao Hu let the students immediately rest on site and quickly ran to another class for another drill master.

The military training was an army task. They had been sergeants for many years and they didn't want their comrades-in-arms to be punished for leaving the barracks because of a military training accident.

The medical staff from the medical center also came fast at a short distance.

But it seemed no use.

When Fang Qiu was drinking water, he looked to the distant class and saw that someone had dialed 120.

And the student was carried to the shade by others.

The student's right shoe and sock had been taken off. As they carried him past Fang Qiu's class, Fang Qiu looked at the student's right foot.

No obvious trauma.

No trauma but the foot was painful like this...

Fang Qiu thought of a symptom of fracture that he had read about in a modern orthopedic book last night.

Fatigue fracture!

This kind of fracture was mostly caused by long-term non-physiological stress of the skeletal system, which was more likely to occur in the tibia, metatarsal, and radius. These positions where stress concentrated were ones of the most common positions that injured by training. And most importantly, it had a high incidence in military training.

He had a sudden impulse to try and see if he was right at the thought of this.

Although he was now in the bone setting Controlling Realm, to improve to the Friendly Realm, he must practice more to reach the Friendly Realm because practice made perfect.

Therefore, if he wanted to improve, he must lose no time to seize every opportunity of practice, which did not always happen.

At this time, the drill master Gao Hu came over, whistling for gathering.

When everyone stood in line again, Gao Hu commanded. "Let's continue."

"Sir!"

Suddenly, a sound of "Sir" rang out from the crowd.

"Go ahead!"

The drill master Gao Hu looked at Fang Qiu.

It seemed to be the first time to hear this guy calling "Sir" over the past week during the military training.

Others basically called "Sir" when they were itchy or dizzy or tired and so on. But this guy never did even once!

"Unprecedentedly, what was the boy going to do?"

He was curious.

“I want to see that student,” said Fang Qiu in a loud voice.

At the sound of this, the drill master and the whole class were in a daze for a second.

They did not understand why Fang Qiu made this request.

“Your classmate? Or your friend?” asked the drill master.

“Sir, none! I know some medical knowledge and I want to care for the student!” Fang Qiu replied.

The whole class was surprised after hearing that.

Before they were admitted to Jiangjing University of Chinese Medicine, they all did not know much about Chinese Medicine. Now someone even said he knew some medical knowledge and wanted to have a look. The difference was so big?

Gao Hu glanced at Fang Qiu doubtfully. Although this request was a little strange, he agreed.

“Is five minutes enough?”

“Sir! It’s enough!”

“Good! Fall out!”

Fang Qiu trotted to the shade where the injured student was.

Apart from the students, there were only their drill officer and two medical staff.

“Sir! I am following my drill master’s order to see this student!”

Fang Qiu came up to the drill master, gave a standard salute and then told a white lie.

If he did not say so, he perhaps would be driven away and would not have a chance to approach the injured student.

The drill master also did not think much. He agreed with Fang Qiu's visit.

Fang Qiu immediately came to the student, picked up his feet regardless of whether it was smelly or not and asked, "Where the pain?"

The student pointed at the top of his big toe on the instep with a bitter face.

Metatarsus!

This was where the fatigue fracture was most likely to occur.

Fang Qiu attached his left hand directly to the student's instep while holding one side of the big toe and the sole of the foot by his right hand.

Slowly in his mind, a faint picture appeared in the position that was covered by the entire hands.

Chapter 7 Mid-Autumn Evening Party

Absolute touch!

Stereoscopic imaging!

He saw vaguely the position of the broken bone and felt the malposition of the broken bone.

Such a fracture was also common in ancient times when workloads were heavy.

He used to see the cure for the fracture on the page.

It just needed to relocate the malposition, and next, let the hospital fix for him to recuperate. What only worried him was the doctors in the hospital could not do bone setting at this position.

So he would do it.

Fang Qiu glanced at the drill master who was watching aside. He found that the drill master was just turning his head to look into the distance.

This was the time.

Fang Qiu moved his hands quickly.

The broken bone was immediately put into joint again.

He let go of his hand at once after everything was done.

The drill master didn't notice anything unusual, but the student was surprised to find that his foot felt less painful than before and then he looked toward Fang Qiu in disbelief.

"Your foot fractured. I gave you a normocapnia. When the ambulance comes, you just go to the hospital for checking and fixing."

After whispering, Fang Qiu patted the student on the shoulder and smiled. Then he said goodbye to the drill master.

Only left the student who hadn't reacted yet.

"What does he mean?"

"I'm fractured?"

"How can I fracture when I just stand here?"

"And that student and I are both freshmen. How can he know about bone setting and resetting?"

All this confusion existed until 120 came. A group of medical staff got off and quickly took him to the hospital.

As soon as he arrived at the hospital, the student took an X-ray. But he still felt confused when he held the X-ray.

He did fracture when he was just standing up during the military training.

And the doctor also told him that it was just a hairline fracture without malposition. It was enough to simply recuperate after being fixed.

That was exactly what the student said.

"Could it be said that he really helped me reset.

“Who is this student?”

“It’s a bit too awesome!”

He kind of regretted not having asked the student’s name.

“I must thank him very much when I see him afterward!”

After Fang Qiu cured the student, he went back to his class line. He watched the student being picked up by an ambulance and continued the military training.

As the sun set, the afternoon military training ended.

But the Mid-Autumn Festival party of the School of Chinese Medicine was about to start.

At 6:30 p.m.

After dinner, the freshmen of the School of Chinese Medicine sat under the rostrum in the playground, sorted by their classes.

At this time, the rostrum, decorated with colorful balloons and curtains, really matched the atmosphere of Mid-Autumn Evening party.

Everyone was excitedly looking forward to the party tonight.

Although at Mid-Autumn reunion night, they could not go home. Spending the Mid-Autumn Festival with each other was also a good thing.

Fang Qiu had already made a greeting call to his family. Now he was sitting in the class with his eyes closed for a rest.

Although there would be his performance in the evening, he was a flute player who didn’t need any musical instruments and changing clothes. The school required that freshmen all perform in military training uniforms.

“Here comes Jiang Miaoyu!”

Someone in the class said.

At once, the whole class was in a tumult.

All the boys looked ahead with their heads raised.

This led the boys in other classes who were playing mobile phones to raise their heads and look forward in a flash.

“Where? Where?”

Fang Qiu opened his eyes slowly and looked ahead. He just saw a group of orioles and swallows—a bevy of young girls who tarted up walking passing in front of him.

Although there were many girls, he saw Jiang Miaoyu in the crowd at a glance.

Although she was wearing military training uniforms, it was still hard to hide the dazzling brightness brought by her natural beauty.

“Why did she come?”

Fang Qiu was a little confused inwardly.

This was the Mid-Autumn Evening party of their School of Chinese Medicine. Jiang Miaoyu should not be here at this time since she was a student from the School of Acupuncture and Massage.

“I heard that the School of Acupuncture and Massage offers free activities this evening. It seems that School Beauty Jiang is attracted to our School’s evening party.”

The discuss around him gave him an answer.

So it was.

Fang Qiu nodded his head clearly.

At this moment, Jiang Miaoyu seemed to be thoughtfully looking towards the class where Fang Qiu was.

They looked at each other as she just saw Fang Qiu. Jiang Miaoyu looked a little surprised, but immediately came to realize with a faint smile.

Fang Qiu gave a smile back.

After the polite greeting, Jiang Miaoyu continued walking forward with a group of students while Fang Qiu's class went crazy.

"See! See! Jiang Miaoyu smiled at me! She smiled at me!"

"Go to hell! Obviously, she was smiling at me!"

"All go away! Clearly, she was smiling at me. I returned a smile to her!"

...

A group of boys in the class argued with each other's excitedly to prove that they were the ones who made the beauty smile.

The third oldest Sun Hao aside took hold of Fang Qiu's mobile phone and excitedly said like a fanboy. "The youngest, did you see? Did you see? School beauty Jiang smiled at me. She smiled at me! My spring is coming!"

On the other side, the fourth oldest Zhou Xiaotian directly refuted him. "Bullsh*t, obviously, she smiled at me!"

The oldest Zhu Benzhen's words were briefer and to the point. He solemnly said, "Me!"

Fang Qiu glanced at three of them and said with a slight smile, "Actually she smiled at me."

The three men turned their heads in unison and stared at him fiercely.

They gave him the middle finger.

Sun Hao said with a despising expression, "The youngest, I tell you what. You are so excellent. You will be so inhumane if you fight for the school beauty with us!"

"Yes! Inhumane!"

Zhu Benzhen and Zhou Xiaotian both despised him in unison.

"The thing is that she was really smiling at me."

Fang Qiu spread his hands with a look that said he needed to be spanked.

“Look at the youngest who needs a spanking! If it wasn’t because he was going to give a performance today, I’d beat him!”

Sun Hao said with a fierce look.

The oldest and the fourth oldest directly raised hands and said with a desire to stir up trouble, “Support you. Beat him now!”

“I’ll keep my two legs and one hand unmoved especially for you.”

Fang Qiu looked at the third oldest with a face of contempt. He stretched out his left hand and sniffed. “Please!”

“I have a bit of a temper!”

Sun Hao, wearing a T-shirt, mercilessly rolled up the sleeves that even did not exist and waved his arms to Zhu Benzhen and Zhou Xiaotian. And he roared. “Beat him!” .

The three boys directly pounced upon Fang Qiu with a howl.

Fang Qiu cried out miserably. He was pinned to the ground and mercilessly ravaged.

Chen Cong was warming up for the later performance while watching Fang Qiu. He thought Fang Qiu would fight back, but Fang Qiu did not resist at all.

“How could you even behave like fighting to the death?”

“Just making a fuss!”

At this moment, the lights on the stage suddenly lit up.

It was almost seven o’clock in the evening. The party would begin soon and the host had been already waiting to come on the stage under the rostrum.

Upon seeing this, four of them stopped immediately.

Sun Hao arrogantly whispered to Fang Qiu under him.

“Do you surrender?”

Fang Qiu hurriedly clapped the ground and said with a humiliating look, "Surrender! Surrender!"

"You know the truth!"

The three boys let go of Fang Qiu and hummed with a victorious appearance.

Fang Qiu helplessly sorted his clothes and had a lot of spoken criticism.

"I can use one finger to defeat three of you if we really fight!"

But he knew when to fight and when not.

As the host came on stage, the party started in applause.

In the beginning, it was the constant leader's speech. But Fang Qiu's school leader was very capable and very clear about the students' mental needs. Without a long speech, he only spoke for less than a minute and announced the official start of the party.

This was well received by the students. The applause was particularly warm when he stepped down from the stage.

Then, the show started with the host's linking-up.

The opening show was a hot dance directly, which instantly detonated the passion of the audience.

The graceful dancing of the group of young girls on the stage aroused whistles and wolf howls one after another.

The germination of youth and the stimulation of hormone vented out at this moment.

Fang Qiu wanted to enjoy it quietly, but Sun Hao did not feel enough to clap his own hands, so he directly took Fang Qiu's hands and clapped them hard, which made him very speechless.

The wonderful time always went quickly.

The song ended. So did the dance.

Applause rang out instantly. The students that still lost in the scene immediately burst into whoops of “one more” as one fell, another rose.

The host came on the stage and asked passingly, “Isn’t the show wonderful?”

“Wonderful!” shouted the audience in a chorus.

“Want some more?”

“Yes!”

“Then next, please continue to enjoy the splendid singing performance ‘How Rare the Moon, So Round and Clear’! The singer is Ai Lele from Class One of Chinese Medicine Pharmacy.”

The host hurriedly stepped down as he finished talking.

The crowd thought there was still a hot dance, but it turned out to be a song. They were going to hiss since they didn’t accept the host’s trick. Then the music started as a little lovely girl came to the stage.

The scene suddenly became quiet.

They had to behave with grace and could not hiss a girl.

“How rare the moon, so round and clear! With cup in hand, I ask of the blue sky.”

The first line directly made everyone revel in her singing.

Especially on the occasion of the Mid-Autumn Festival.

Although there was a huge gap between the girl and Wang Fei or Deng Lijun, but here and now, this song in this scene, the song was sweet and sentimental beyond expression.

During the propitious time and with the pleasant sound, everyone’s restless heart instantly calmed down.

They began to enjoy the opportune song.

“I do not know in the celestial sphere, what name this festive night goes by.”

“I want to fly home, riding the air, but fear the ethereal cold up there.”

...

At the end of the song, they sang along one after another.

“She rounds the vermilion tower, stoops to silk-pad doors, shines on those who sleepless lie. Why does she, bearing us no grudge, shine upon our parting, reunion deny?”

When it came to “But rare is perfect happiness. The moon does wax, the moon does wane”, the whole audience sang in a chorus which was very shocking.

Fang Qiu also sang along in a low voice.

“And so men meet and say goodbye. I only pray for our life to be long. And our souls together heavenward fly...”

Zhou Xiaotian suddenly turned to look at the Fang Qiu, shocked.

He was surprised to find that Fang Qiu did not sing worse than the girl on the stage, or even go farther.

Sun Hao also found this circumstance at this moment. He and Zhou Xiaotian looked at each other, helpless immediately.

“Why is the youngest able to do anything?”

Fang Qiu ignored them and continued to sing along.

The sound of the whole audience was getting bigger and bigger. Even when the song was over, everyone was still singing, lost in the scene until the male host came on the stage and sang with them.

But this guy turned out to be tone-deaf. His singing was very awful.

The most hateful thing was that this guy had a microphone on his hand. His voice almost covered the whole audience’s.

This immediately made everyone very disgusting. All the people stopped singing, coldly staring at the male host.

The male host was also thick-skinned. As he saw everyone stopped, he immediately said, "Since everyone likes singing so much, thus everyone please enjoy the crosstalk 'My Whole Life' performed by Li Jin and Zhan Gaoyang from Class One of Pathology!"

"Boo!"

In the face of the host's banter, boos came from everywhere.

The host stepped down the stage with a smile while two people in red long gowns and a staff who moved the table came to the stage.

At this time, Fang Qiu noticed that Chen Cong quietly left the class after the class teacher Liu Feifei's whispered something to him.

It seemed to be his show soon.

Sure enough, after the crosstalk, the host announced to enjoy the following martial arts performances. The performer was Chen Cong from Class Three of Chinese Medicine!

At the sound of a martial arts show, everyone became not interested at once.

At first, the higher and higher enthusiasm caused by the previous four performances became cold like a basin of cold water poured down.

A martial arts performance was nothing more than a set of sparring, which was neither good-looking nor pleasing. It was not splendid indeed.

Only the students from Class Three applauded warmly, cheering for Chen Cong loudly.

Chen Cong was not affected by the cold atmosphere on the scene. He walked with a firm step on the stage and folded his fists with a rush. His eyes shined and the spirit of the whole person changed abruptly, tall and straight as a pine tree!

Others did not understand, but Fang Qiu smiled slightly and praised him inwardly.

"Good job!"

His spirit, Qi and energy was provoked immediately like a fierce tiger which was about to go out for hunting. He looked still but actually was moving!

Chapter 8 Hello Everyone! I Am Fang Qiu!

Music rang at the same time.

It was Tu Honggang's "Wind and Cloud", a quite forceful and vigorous song. Especially when the lyrics came to the session full of parallel constructions that started with "where", the momentum was magnificent.

The moment the music sounded, Chen Cong suddenly stripped off his coat and tossed it into the air, revealing the inside tight black vest and his strong physique.

His big bronze muscles instantly set off a burst of scream from the schoolgirls.

"Gosh!"

The scream was even louder than the cries the boys made previously.

"Humph! What a show-off!"

Sun Hao jealously snarled. Those words actually spoke for most of the boys off the stage.

"The wind picked up the dust!"

As the first line sounded, Chen Cong moved—he directly jumped up and gave a high-kick on the spot.

"The clouds melted and the rain fell."

He landed on one leg without noise.

The one single move instantly earned shouts of "Bravo!"

It was done sleekly and neatly, quite excellent!

But there was more of it.

“Numerous heroes swarmed about!”

Next, he performed a whirlwind kick and 720-degree twist!

“The upright force exists both in the past and today.”

As he landed, another swiveling twist instantly came up!

“Swords thrust and withdrew rapidly!”

Each line came with a breathtakingly difficult move.

Such as side somersault twist, 540-degree leap and crescent kick, backward somersault on the spot, and so on. The most amazing thing was that all those difficult moves were performed consecutively, without any interval. The dense distribution of the moves was very intimidating!

Any person who had been practicing sets of moves would be shocked at Chen Cong’s performance at this time. Any combination of those difficult moves in martial arts performance competitions would earn them brilliant high marks. However, Chen Cong did all of them one after another.

Dead silence spread in the whole audience.

At this moment, all the students were petrified by Chen Cong’s martial arts skills.

Even though they were not professionals, they could tell that Chen Cong’s performance was freaking awesome!

They had never seen such a martial arts show.

This would-be-lame show brought them unprecedented astonishment!

Fang Qiu watched all this with a beam. He noticed that Chen Cong looked his way intentionally or unintentionally whenever he changed to his next move, as if showing off and trying to provoke him.

It was true that Chen Cong was trying to provoke Fang Qiu.

At first, he was going to do a simple set of moves as planned. But since he found out that Fang Qiu was a dubious martial artist, he immediately altered his performance.

All he did were very challenging moves, which served as a provocation for Fang Qiu.

Facing Chen Cong's provocation, Fang Qiu did not bother to react but merely watched him performing with pure appreciation.

He only had eight words as comments for this show.

Flashily and garishly designed but without any substance!

Real martial arts would kill the target at one go!

Why did he need all the intricate movements?

However, Fang Qiu knew all of the moves as well. If it were he doing the show, he would put on a performance a hundred times flashier and garnish than Chen Cong's!

"Only friendship is as deep and boundless as the sea, no matter the clouds scatters or wind gathers!"

As the song drew to an end, Chen Cong, who was already soaked in sweat, withdrew his moves and slowly ended his practice.

Thunderous applause and whistles broke out from the audience.

The martial arts show not only stimulated the boys' male hormone but also girls' lustful desire.

Originally, everyone thought it would be a simple and boring show of martial move sets. But it turned out to be the best performance so far, which was quite beyond everyone's expectations.

The beautiful senior Liu Feifei did not expect it to be so successful, either.

The whole Class Three was ennobled by Chen Cong's performance and felt very proud of it.

The host stepped onto the stage accompanied by the applause. Chen Cong, who should have been getting down the stage, did not do so. Instead, he reached out for the microphone the host was holding.

At this, the audience all quieted down, knowing Chen Cong was going to make a speech.

Chen Cong grabbed the microphone, his eyes looking Fang Qiu's way with somewhat challenging force.

"You might think my performance was quite stunning, but I know there is someone sitting in the audience who is even better than me."

At his words, the audience was all taken aback.

"Could some martial expert be sitting among us?"

"My show only serves as a modest spur to induce the expert sitting in the audience to come forward with his valuable instructions to enlighten me. Tomorrow night, this time, this place, I'll wait until you come!"

He said all this with his eyes fixed on Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu laughed.

But the audience burst into an uproar.

This... this was equivalent to sending a challenge letter!

This was the first time they had witnessed the announcement of a letter of challenge. Such a legendary event just happened in front of them.

Plus, this was a letter of challenge sent out at the Mid-Autumn Festival gala.

There came murmurs from the audience. Everyone was eager to know who Chen Cong's speech directed to.

But they knew that tomorrow there would be a good show—a fight in public!

Cold sweat was beading on the face of the host on stage.

He never thought Chen Cong could be so audacious to throw out a letter of challenge in the presence of all the students and school officials. How could a college student intentionally pick up a fight against another student?

He cast a furtive glimpse at the principal and seemed to see him wearing a smile.

But he was not sure of what he just saw. Anyway, he hastened to snatch the microphone and spoke to draw the gala back on track. "Many thanks to Chen Cong's brilliant performance. At tonight's gala, we should not focus on private business. Next, please enjoy a poem recitation 'Eulogy of the Bright Moon', performed by Wu Siyuan from Class Two, Chinese Medicine Diagnostics. Please enjoy!"

...

Stepping off the stage, Chen Cong took a glance at Fang Qiu, who seemed to be as cool as usual, and went back to his class in the gaze of every audience and sat down quietly.

Fang Qiu was also surprised to see Chen Cong announcing his letter of challenge in public.

"This move is both harsh to me and himself!

"Whether tomorrow I should turn up...

"Depends on my mood."

Halfway through the poetry recitation, Liu Feifei, his senior and teacher in charge of his class, snuck towards him.

"The next show after this one is your hand flute performance. Just now, Chen Cong made us all proud. Now, whether our class can make a name at this Mid-Autumn Festival gala is up to you! Please be focused and put on a good show!"

Liu Feifei looked into Fang Qiu's eyes and did a serious pep talk.

"Relax, senior. This is not boasting, I assure you my hand flute skills are absolutely amazing, I guarantee you my show will be outstanding and make all the students be on their hands and knees in admiration!"

Before Fang Qiu tried to say more, Sun Hao simply opened his mouth with a wicked smile and pretended to play the hand flute.

Fang Qiu glanced at Sun Hao, and then, shifted his eyes helplessly to his senior, who appeared to be tenser than himself.

“You are giving me so much pressure. Aren’t you afraid of making me nervous and causing me to blow it?”

“Well, I have faith in you!”

Liu Feifei gently patted on Fang Qiu’s shoulder and raised up her pink fists as saying, “Go for it!”

“Go for it!”

Zhu Benzhen, Sun Hao, and Zhou Xiaotian all cheered Fang Qiu on.

“Go for it!”

Fang Qiu echoed. Then, he took a deep breath and stood up from the ground, followed the senior and disappeared into the audience.

They went all the way to the messy and shabby backstage. To Fang Qiu’s surprise, he saw a figure that should not have been there—Jiang Miaoyu, the campus belle.

A very good-looking man was standing next to her, staring at her with a smile, while she was talking with the host.

Fang Qiu knew this man. He was the president of the student union of their School of Chinese Medicine, a junior student named Li Qingshi.

He was in the same major and at the same year with Fang Qiu’s pretty senior Liu, but not in the same class.

It was evident that the two campus celebrities knew each other, for they nodded at each other politely.

From beginning to end, Li Qingshi’s eyes did not rest on Fang Qiu but directly shifted from Liu Feifei to Jiang Miaoyu.

Fang Qiu could use one word to conclude the impression Li Qingshi gave him—arrogant!

He must be a rather arrogant person.

“Go there and have a rest, organize yourself. Don’t go up onto the stage until the host called your name.”

Liu Feifei pointed a chair and said, "I have to go now, need to keep an eye on those kids of our class, in case they make any trouble."

Fang Qiu nodded. When Liu Feifei left, he strode straight to the chair.

Not until now did Jiang Miaoyu noticed Fang Qiu. At the sight of Fang Qiu at the backstage, she was also a little surprised. But then, she nodded at him with a smile.

Fang Qiu smiled back.

It was at this moment that Li Qingshi cast his eyes squarely on Fang Qiu for the first time. After he scrutinized him from head to foot, a trace of astonishment flitted across his eyes. But then, it turned into a hint of contempt and he looked away, quitting examining him.

Fang Qiu took no notice of him. He walked to the corner and sat down straightway, closed his eyes to enjoy a quiet moment.

"Your show is already arranged as the third last, just after the street dance and the song 'Hélène'. Looking forward to your stunning performance." said the host to Jiang Miaoyu politely.

At the words, Fang Qiu opened his eyes and stared at Jiang Miaoyu with a surprised look. It never occurred to him that she not only came here but was going to present a show. But this was the Mid-Autumn Festival gala of their School of Chinese Medicine.

Fang Qiu was familiar with the song "Hélène", which was also one of his favorite songs. Both the French version and the Chinese version were his likes.

He never thought Jiang Miaoyu was going to perform this song.

But this warm and sweet song really matched Jiang Miaoyu's disposition.

"Then, I'll count on you!"

Jiang Miaoyu said courteously while beaming.

Finishing the words, she left the backstage in company with Li Qingshi, the president of the student union.

Fang Qiu sat quietly at the backstage by himself, waiting to be called on stage.

Ten minutes later, the host announced, "Please enjoy 'Celadon Porcelain' performed with hand flute by the student from Class Three of Chinese Medicine, Fang Qiu!"

As the words faded, Fang Qiu immediately heard the loud cheers from the Class Three.

"Fang Qiu! Fang Qiu!"

The loudest voices clearly came from his three roommates.

Fang Qiu felt a warm current flow into his heart and stepped onto the stage with a smile.

"Hand flute?"

Off the stage, Jiang Miaoyu's beautiful eyes looked upward and landed on Fang Qiu in amazement. A moment ago when he appeared at the backstage, she knew he was supposed to do a show. Since he did not bring anything with him, she just presumed that he was going to sing a song. However, it took her by surprise that he was playing the hand flute, a thing that she never heard of.

And she did not learn his name until now.

"Fang Qiu? Fang Qiu?"

"I wonder the Qiu pronunciation stands for which character.

"But the name does sound pretty good."

Jiang Miaoyu was now sort of looking forward to the show of this student who gallantly helped her out the other day.

The student next to Jiang Miaoyu detected the unusual expression of Jiang Miaoyu, who appeared to be rather interested in the upcoming show, and asked curiously, "You know him?"

Li Qingshi, who had been nearby squeezed in a crowd of girls, pricked his ears.

“Just met him once by chance.”

Jiang Miaoyu said beamingly.

The student nodded, and Li Qingshi let out a small sigh of relief as well before casting his eyes to look at Fang Qiu who was now on stage.

He wanted to know what kind of performance a student, who had met the campus belle by chance but made her remember him, could do.

He was quite looking forward to it.

The applause was rather thin except for Fang Qiu’s Class Three.

Most of them had no idea what hand flute was and just assumed it was a musical instrument. They had no interest in watching someone play any musical instrument.

At the less enthusiastic applause, Fang Qiu did not feel disappointed or anything. He went straight to the microphone placed at the front of the stage and spoke with a calm and natural tone, “Never forget why you started, and your mission can be accomplished. Only when you climb over the hills can you know how vast the world is! Hello, everyone, I am Fang Qiu!”

“Fang... Qiu.”

“It turns out that the ‘Qiu’ stands for the character ‘hill’.”

Jiang Miaoyu thought.

This unexpectedly simple self-introduction instantly made everyone present remember the name “Fang Qiu”.

“Fang Qiu! Fang Qiu!”

His three roommates took this opportunity and started yelling his name right off, swinging their arms in excitement.

But next came an embarrassing moment.

Everyone at the scene was silent, but the three.

Instantly, all the eyes fell on his three roommates.

Catching the looks that shot at them from all directions, all of a sudden, the three went thunderstruck.

Their ecstatic expressions froze in an instant.

They let out a fit of dry laughs, continued to shout a few cheers. But their voices were fading. Eventually, they put down their arms in awkwardness.

“Hahahaha...”

The audience burst out laughing.

Even Fang Qiu on stage was amused. He spoke through the microphone. “Thank you for your cheers, my dear roommates. And let me give a brief introduction of them, hmm... they’re unmarried.”

Everyone was petrified.

“You paused for that long but only said one word—unmarried!”

“This introduction is out of the world!”

“Hahahaha...”

Two seconds later, a riot of laughter broke out in the audience.

His three roommates, on the other hand, were so embarrassed that they wanted to die immediately. How they wished to rush onto the stage and give Fang Qiu a good beat! They had been being so supportive in vain.

How could he do this to them!

“You bastard, wait for our revenge!”

Chapter 9 Stunning! Astonishing!

Fang Qiu also knew he should not be too at ease. After all, he was here for performing a show. After making all the warm-up jokes, he immediately brought his mind back and slowly closed his eyes.

Seeing him like this, the audience gradually quieted down.

Countless eyes fixed on Fang Qiu on the stage.

Everyone was waiting for him to perform.

They were curious that what kind of show this seemingly funny guy could put on.

At this moment, all the lights on the stage dimmed except for one light that was pouring on him.

The light made him look like an angel that just descended from heaven, holy and handsome.

Fang Qiu slowly reopened his eyes and raised his hands, then put the palms together and lifted them near his mouth.

At this, the audience was a bit perplexed. "Is he simply going to breathe into his hands? Is this the so-called hand flute?"

As everyone was puzzled, a familiar but beautiful melody fluttered out from Fang Qiu's hands and instantly spread across the audience through the microphone.

Many of them felt their bodies suddenly gave a shake, and their eyes widened, goggling hard at Fang Qiu's hands on the stage.

It was stunning!

Astonishing!

Unbelievably, they had a feeling of being stunned as well as astonished.

As if a crowd of travelers riding horses suddenly caught sight of cars racing past them!

The sensation of amazement and astonishment was beyond words!

Fang Qiu brought them such sensation merely with the beautiful melody produced purely by breathing air into his hands!

It... it was too out of the world!

The instant the melody flowed out, Jiang Miaoyu also fixed her gorgeous eyes upon Fang Qiu.

It took her by surprise that his hands was his musical instrument, could produce such a wonderful melody.

As if playing the normal flute, Fang Qiu's playing went smoothly, with not a single of blow-by or stagnation.

If not witnessed with their own eyes, she could hardly image someone was able to play such a touching melody miraculously with his pure hands.

Now, Li Qingshi, who was near her, looked somewhat glum. It never occurred to him that Fang Qiu could have such a brilliant talent.

He also learned some Chinese ancient musical instruments, so he knew that now that Fang Qiu could play with his hands, he was definitely able to play the real bamboo flute.

Or even the ocarina!

"This talent is a powerful tool for winning over the hearts of college girls.

"Think about it, which girl would not want a boyfriend that looks extremely handsome and has outstanding talents?"

Being a regular performer on the stage, Li Qingshi knew it very well that how influential a performer could be towards the audience!

Right now, Fang Qiu, who was performing on the stage, gained more charm with his shining hand flute. He could absolutely enchant a flock of girls.

He turned his head a little to look at Jiang Miaoyu. Seeing she was wearing her normal look, he heaved a sigh of relief. Meanwhile, he also sort of regretted that as the president of the student union of School of Chinese Medicine, why he did not choose to go up onto the stage and present a show.

Now, he could neither outperform Fang Qiu nor share the honor of performing on the stage.

However, Li Qingshi did not envy Fang Qiu. No matter what other girls were thinking, the only thoughts that he cared were Jiang Miaoyu's. He had decided at first glance that she was the only girl that he would have as his wife.

Seeing that Fang Qiu's show was even more fantastic than what he did in the library, Liu Feifei felt a rush of joy but also let out a sigh of relief.

"Good, this bloke didn't blow it at crucial moments.

"However, it's hateful of him when he did not do his best at the library show. When he is back, I need to teach him a good lesson!"

Fang Qiu's three roommates looked at the girls around them. At their faces brimming with shock and admiration, the three threw a look at one another and gave a wry smile.

It seemed that they guessed it right!

The youngest was a lady killer, a common enemy of all men!

But since the youngest's performance was rather fascinating, as his roommates, they were also very proud of him. At the same time, they felt very proud simply for being his roommates.

Applause.

They applauded hard for their youngest!

The playing continued.

Fang Qiu was completely immersed in the playing.

He even forgot that he was standing on the stage and the existence of the audience as well.

And even the melody!

As if he did not even exist in this world.

"Who is playing? No idea!

"Playing what? No idea!

"Who is it played for? No idea!"

Fang Qiu forgot himself, while the audience off the stage was brought out of the modern life and into an ancient scroll of antique beauty.

They saw the Jiangnan area covered in dim rain and a beauty in white waiting for themselves obsessively.

They heard the clear spring tingling down green mountains in a breeze and the endless lovesickness trickling along the wriggling creek.

“Craftsman sketches the contours with pure hands, the pen turns from dark to thin, and all the love and hate ever existed are put into the blue and white porcelain.

“I’m waiting for you, but where are you?

“I’m waiting for you in the rain of Jiangnan.

“Where are you?”

Men and women at the scene all seemed to have seen themselves holding an umbrella while waiting for the return of their true love...

The beautiful tune.

The heartbreaking love story.

Everyone was intoxicated because of them.

Helplessly intoxicated.

Even when the song came to an end, no one felt like waking up from the dreamy state.

Each of them was immersed in the waiting that would resolutely last for thousands of years and unwilling to come out of it.

When the melody ended, no one spoke.

As though the dream that made them cross thousands of years had consumed most of their energy.

Or it was more like they were still absorbed in the mood of yearning and grief.

During the entire one minute after the performance was over, the audience was caught in utter silence.

Everyone seemed to be bewitched into a sculpture, just standing there motionlessly.

After the song was finished, Jiang Miaoyu heaved a sigh and went back to the reality from the dreamy scenario, her eyes still a bit blank.

She felt that she had waited for a thousand years for her Mr. Right to come back.

“But where could my Mr. Right be?”

“When he comes, could we overcome all the changes and difficulties to accompany each other for a lifetime?”

She had no idea.

Li Qingshi glanced at Jiang Miaoyu with great obsessiveness, his eyes full of tenderness.

The song “Celadon Porcelain” Fang Qiu just played seemed to have enabled him to see that it was precisely this girl before him that stayed there waiting for him thousands of years ago. And for this life, she was standing just before him, so how could he let go of her?

As for Fang Qiu, he had already put him entirely out of his mind.

A minute later, the audience burst into earth-shaking applause.

Everyone was applauding with hearty passion.

All of them were applauding for Fang Qiu’s unparalleled performing skills.

For the thrilling acoustic feast that Fang Qiu just presented to them!

They clapped their hands until the palms turned hotly red, but no one felt any pain.

It was incredibly stunning!

And it was incredibly impressive!

The eyes of the audience that rested on the tall figure on the stage were swarming with boundless esteem.

That figure just took them into another world and brought them the experience they never had simply with a pair of his hands.

They really could not find words to describe the inner shock and the aftertaste of their experience.

All they could do was applaud.

Thunderous applause went on.

Girls off the stage even blushed, applauding like mad.

Fang Qiu was pulled back to reality by the loud applause and came to his senses. He was a little overwhelmed at first, but soon smiled happily.

He just got into the forget-everything state once more.

At his second year in high school, he fell to the same state and officially broke through to the Master Realm.

He never expected that today he could get into the state once more by accident, which was truly a pleasant surprise.

His old master had told him that once he entered that state he should try to experience as much as he could, because he would never know when he could go back to that state for a second time.

However, due to today's circumstances, he was not allowed to spend more time exploring and experiencing. But now, he believed that after this second time, there would certainly be a third time and a fourth time!

After bowing to the applause, Fang Qiu stepped off the stage.

When he went back to his class from the backstage, his three roommates cast him a meaningful look, then, they gave him a thumbs-up as saying, "The youngest, since you just declared we are all unmarried, why not you be the good guy to the end and help us tackle our marriage task thoroughly?"

"How can I tackle it for you?"

Fang Qiu suddenly had a bad feeling.

"Well, it's simple."

Sun Hao said excitedly, "With what you performed just now, you can make any girl dormitory agree to socialize with us, am I right?"

"I earned my reputation by talent, not by using my attractiveness!"

Fang Qiu seriously rejected him right away.

"Your talent is also a form of attractiveness. Your good-looks attract eyes, your music talent attracts ears. They both make people feel pleased, so they're essentially the same."

Zhu Benzhen abruptly chimed in.

Sun Hao and Zhou Xiaotian put up their thumbs again and said, "Exactly!"

Fang Qiu was quite embarrassed. He decided not to argue with them on this issue, otherwise, there would be no end of trouble for the future. Thus, he hastily changed the topic. "In a jiffy, Jiang Miaoyu will do her show. I saw her at the backstage a moment ago."

Surely, at the name Jiang Miaoyu, the three instantly let go of the socializing issue.

Zhou Xiaotian asked, "No way. This is the gala of our school. She is in the School of Acupuncture and Massage. What's she doing here?"

"You go away! What my Goddess Jiang is doing here? She is showing support for the gala of our school!"

Sun Hao criticized.

"Hear! Hear! The youngest, what is our campus belle Jiang going to perform?"

Zhou Xiaotian hurriedly corrected his mistake, and then, turned to Fang Qiu and asked that.

"Ouch! My shoulders are aching, so does my legs!"

Fang Qiu said weakly, his body even positioned in a partially paralyzed state.

The three tossed a look at one and other and quickly grasped what Fang Qiu expected them to do. They rapidly grabbed Fang Qiu's arms and legs, started to give him a massage.

But before they were done, the host already announced. "Next, please welcome Jiang Miaoyu, the student representative of our fraternal school, the School of Acupuncture and Massage, to sing the song 'Hélène'."

At these words, the three gave a shudder, their faces quickly turned sad and disgruntled. Then, as if there was a tacit understanding, they all threw Fang Qiu a hard punch.

"Aaaa!" moaned Fang Qiu.

But the three paid no attention to Fang Qiu. In unison, they held their heads up to look at the stage like three meerkats.

Not only them, but all boys were cranking their necks, waiting for Jiang Miaoyu to step onto the stage in thrill.

They had no way to stay calm, for the next performer was the new widely acknowledged campus belle. Now that they were going to admire her in real life, how could they not be thrilled!

When Jiang Miaoyu gracefully walked onto the stage holding the microphone, she caused quite a stir in the whole audience.

In an instant, all kinds of cheers, shouts, and whistles filled up the sports ground.

"Jiang Miaoyu!"

"Jiang Miaoyu!"

...

Many people just got to their feet, shouted at the top of their voices while swinging their arms.

When they stood up, they blocked the vision of those sitting behind them, which soon triggered a shower of accusations.

"You people in the front, sit down!"

"Where are your manners? You're blocking the vision of those behind you, all get down to your seat!"

...

Those in the front who were bashful hastened to sit down, while those who were a bit cheeky simply turned a deaf ear to the complaints.

Eventually, they incurred public wrath.

“Sit down!

“Sit down!”

Furious howls broke out at the same time.

Noticing that a commotion was around the corner, each class’s assistant teacher in charge hurried to pull their own students who were standing back to their seats and ordered them not to get to their feet anymore.

With all the riots, the scene became quite boisterous.

Jiang Miaoyu went to the front with a smile, and all the lights immediately concentrated on her.

She looked like a lotus that suddenly blossomed!

“Beautiful!

“She is overwhelmingly beautiful!”

That was what all the boys were thinking.

Including Fang Qiu.

With his martial arts reaching the Master Realm, Fang Qiu’s heart was already as unflustered as a boulder. But at this moment, he had to admit that he felt an inexplicable throb of heart.

Beautiful music slowly rose up.

It gently breezed across everyone’s heart like a waft of wind.

As Jiang Miaoyu raised her fine and slim hand that was holding the microphone and was just about to sing the first line, all of a sudden, all the

lights died with a snap, and the music also stopped. The entire sports ground fell into darkness.

Everyone was quiet.

Chapter 10 A perfect pair!

A blackout occurred!

A fu*king blackout started!

At this moment, everyone went infuriated.

“It is the Mid-Autumn Festival gala!”

“It is the moment that the campus belle Jiang Miaoyu will open her mouth and sing a song!”

“But a power cut happened!”

The audience remained deathly quiet for a few seconds before bursting into thunderous roars of complaints, venting their infinite rage.

“Fu*k! How come the power failure occurred at this moment? Do they have no compassion at all?”

“My Goddess is just about to sing. The power cut really picked its timing well! Coming at this joint!”

“What is the power supply bureau doing? Giving us a blackout on the 15th day of the 8th lunar month, the Mid-autumn Festival! Don’t they fear of incurring public wrath?”

“Return my electricity! I need electricity! I want to hear Jiang Miaoyu sing!”

Furious protests grew louder and louder.

At the violent howls of rage, the dean, who had been sitting in the audience, was also taken aback. Scowling, he hastened to inquire the staff off the stage, “What’s wrong? Why there is a sudden blackout?”

The staff answered in a hurry, "At present, we don't know the details. But the surrounding communities are also having a blackout. Perhaps a trip or cutting-out just occurred on our campus. I'll investigate the specifics right off!"

After saying so, he took off in haste.

After the staff went away, the dean stood up. He felt the need to step forward at this moment and appease the raging audience. Otherwise, if some accident really happened, as the dean, he could hardly absolve himself from the blame.

Precisely at this moment, Jiang Miaoyu spoke on the stage.

"Please quiet down!"

Although it was she who was speaking, in comparison with the indignant snarls coming from all the audience, her voice was like a pebble being tossed into the sea, too insignificant to make any wave.

"Please quiet down!"

"Please quiet down!"

Jiang Miaoyu let out three anxious shouts in a row on the stage, but no one responded.

Now she became quite worried.

At this point, a voice as loud as a clap of thunder suddenly sounded over the sports ground.

"Jiang Miaoyu is asking everyone to quiet down!"

The voice instantly drowned out all the noises.

It was precisely Fang Qiu who said those words. Others did not hear Jiang Miaoyu's words, but he heard them clearly.

Therefore, he said so.

However, he did not allow others to detect he was the speaker, because he changed his voice and let it burst out directly in the air.

Not a single person knew it was he who said those words.

When they heard that it was the campus belle who wanted them to be quiet, the whole audience, who had been overwhelmed by fury, immediately became silent and cast their eyes upon Jiang Miaoyu, whose figure looked mistily beautiful in the pool of the bright moonlight of the Mid-autumn Festival.

The dean also let out a sigh of relief and sat down, emotions rising in his heart.

“Seems that I’m living in a world where good-looks prevail!”

“Thanks, everyone!”

Jiang Miaoyu did a little bow and tried to speak as loudly as possible, “The song I’m supposed to sing is ‘Hélène’, Cai Chunjia’s version. I wonder if any of those students who did their performance with musical instruments is familiar with this song. If so, can you accompany me to sing this song?”

However, nobody replied.

Apparently none of them had listened to it ever.

Li Qingshi could play the guitar, and he was really eager to accompany his Goddess on the stage. But he knew nothing about the song.

“Well then, let me sing it without musical instruments.”

Just when Jiang Miaoyu finished those words, an abrupt shout suddenly broke out from the audience.

“Fang Qiu!”

At this, Fang Qiu went stupefied for a second.

But the eyes of everyone on the scene lighted up.

“Exactly!”

“Fang Qiu!”

“The show he just did is truly amazing. If he can play this song and accompanies our campus belle Jiang to perform it, they will be a perfect pair, a combination of two strong ones!”

“Fang Qiu! Fang Qiu!”

The crowd suddenly broke into a chorus.

Many turned to look at the area where Class Three of the Chinese Medicine were sitting.

The whole school was staring at Class Three, while the whole Class Three was staring at Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu looked around in a daze.

He could not figure out why everybody’s train of thoughts was so odd—naming him as the candidate!

On the stage, Jiang Miaoyu was looking expectantly at the position where Fang Qiu was in her memory. She asked, “Fang Qiu, can you play the song ‘Hélène’?”

Off the stage, Li Qingshi looked a bit nervously towards Class Three.

How he wished Fang Qiu did not know the song.

“If he knows, then, the impression he left Jiang Miaoyu will get considerably better.”

But Fang Qiu nodded and said, “Yes, I can.”

Although his voice was not loud, all the people on the sports ground heard it clearly.

“Then, could you accompany me for the song?”

Asked Jiang Miaoyu elatedly and hopefully.

Sun Hao and Zhou Xiaotian rapidly looked over their shoulders to stare at Fang Qiu, their eyes rather sharp.

As if they were telling Fang Qiu that if he refused, they would never let him off the hook.

As everyone was watching him intently, Fang Qiu slowly got onto his feet and strode up to the stage with a smile.

“It’s my honor.”

“Clap, clap, clap...”

Seeing Fang Qiu head for the stage, people in the surroundings immediately applauded enthusiastically.

At this, Li Qingshi felt his heart missed a beat. A very bad feelings stole across his body, and a bitter sensation started to spread in his heart.

But Liu Feifei felt very happy for Fang Qiu.

“Good for you, kid.”

“Seems that you’re bound to shine today!”

Arriving at the edge of the stage, Fang Qiu directly leaped up to the stage that was one meter and a half high.

Due to the darkness, no one caught clear sight of Fang Qiu’s movements. Instead, they felt like he just turned up on the stage all of a sudden and were sort of curious about how he had accomplished it.

But Jiang Miaoyu saw it quite clearly. She was a bit amazed by Fang Qiu’s leaping ability.

“Thank you, Fang Qiu.”

After getting over her amazement, she gave a courteous bow to him to show her gratitude.

“You’re welcome.”

Fang Qiu also did a little bow in return.

“Then, the musical accompaniment is up to you.”

Said Jiang Miaoyu with sincere gratitude, her eyes following Fang Qiu.

With the bright moon shining, the two could clearly see each other’s expression.

“No problem.”

Fang Qiu said, "Shall we begin?"

"Yeah!"

Jiang Miaoyu turned around to face the audience and announced, "Please enjoy the song 'Hélène' performed by Fang Qiu and me. The voice might be a little small, but please pardon us."

"It's OK!"

Many responded from off the stage.

Jiang Miaoyu gave a smile, and then, nodded at Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu caught the signal, and pressed his palms together and put them near his mouth.

In the pool of white moonlight, the two stood there motionlessly, as though a wonderful picture.

An elegant melody slowly streamed out through Fang Qiu's fingers.

It was the same prelude as the blackout occurred before, though played by a different musical instrument. The tune the hand flute produced was quite beautiful as well.

Jiang Miaoyu's fabulous voice also chimed in at great timing.

"Hélène, sitting by my side."

"Thick longing for you, spreading along the moonlight."

Although she only sang two lines, the whole audience went stupified.

"What a beautiful voice!"

"The campus belle is so good at singing!"

"She is not less than any professional singer!"

"Her voice and Fang Qiu's accompaniment completed each other."

"And created a kind of ethereal beauty!"

“The two’s joint performance is perfect!”

Despite the burning desire of cheering and applauding for Jiang Miaoyu and Fang Qiu, all the audience down the stage remained silent, because once they made a sound they would not be able to hear the wonderful singing. Thus, no one let out a sound. They just sat there listening quietly.

At this time, some of the students took out their smartphones and lighted up the screens. Then, they raised the smartphones up in the air and waved in silence.

More and more students joined their team.

Very soon, the entire sports ground was turned into a sea of light.

It looked as if clusters of fireworms were fluttering in the night sky, which was quite dazzling and spectacular.

It also took Fang Qiu by surprise that Jiang Miaoyu could sing so melodically. In particular, her pure and flawless voice made the song sound so warm and touching.

The playing continued.

“Hélène, being at your side.”

“Watching your smiling face, kissing the edge of your lips.”

“If love is a swing.”

“Then you’re my pivot.”

As Jiang Miaoyu’s singing sounded, a smile involuntarily played around everyone’s lips.

They seemed to have seen a girl in white sitting on a swing and swaying gently. That girl was the one they had a secret crush on or their old selves expecting love in the innocent middle school days.

“I just want to be with you, and you’re my starting point.”

“Hélène, is a stack of yesterdays.”

“How I wish I didn’t hear the sorry you said to me.”

“Hélène, is an air wire.”

“Only captures the past, the pictures from memories.”

“Without you, how do I perform”

“Those forevers that you said to me.”

Love in puberty was always fragile. The “forever” lovers promised each other was prone to end up with apologies.

Everyone could not help but heave a sigh for their faded love.

Wafts of bitterness surged up in their mind.

After all, whose adolescence was not full of hope and dream?

And whose dream did not have the presence of the one they loved?

“Hélène, let me stick to love.”

“After all, I used to have it for a period of time.”

“Or perhaps, parting is another kind of help to you!”

“Love, will be put in my heart.”

“Some things don’t have a time limit.”

“Exactly!”

Everyone thought.

“Perhaps, parting is just another kind of help. I used to have your love for some time, and that is enough for me.”

“I’ll put the love in my heart and treasure it forever. No time limit is set. I’ll do so until the end of time.”

“No matter you are in which part of the world.”

“You’ll always live in my heart.”

After singing the above, Jiang Miaoyu, with everyone gazing at her bewilderedly, reached out a hand towards Fang Qiu.

Fang Qiu obviously froze for a second when he saw this gesture.

“What does she want?”

“Ask me to sing?”

“Didn’t she merely want me here to accompany her?”

“Why did she change her mind and want to turn this into a chorus?”

But there was no time for Fang Qiu to think it through. He just began to sing without music.

“Hélène, is an air wire.”

“Only captures the past, the pictures from memories.”

“Without you, how do I perform”

“Those forever that you said to me.”

Gasp!

The whole audience was astounded.

His voice had captured everyone’s heart since he sang the very first line!

The most astonishing thing was his singing was not inferior to Jiang Miaoyu’s at all!

Comparing to Jiang Miaoyu’s soft tune as if a girl was murmuring in her sweet dream, Fang Qiu’s magnetic voice was more like a young man was very coolly confiding his thoughts in wind.

This guy’s hand flute skills were already quite terrific. What was more, his singing skills were also fantastic. How could other people compete with him?

At this point, Liu Feifei was already at a loss about how to evaluate Fang Qiu.

That kid had not been hiding some insignificant skills, but great talents!

If she had known that Fang Qiu could sing so well, she would have signed up two shows for him.

Li Qingshi's face turned rather nasty.

Fang Qiu was far more brilliant than he had imagined, which made him feel under pressure.

Jiang Miaoyu blinked her gorgeous eyes several times and looked at Fang Qiu in amazement. Nor did she ever expect that Fang Qiu was so good at singing.

In fact, she was intending to let Fang Qiu do a piece of solo with his hand flute, which would go pretty well with her previous singing.

However, to her surprise, Fang Qiu misinterpreted her gesture and went straight into singing by himself.

But the singing was even better than the music solo!

"Hélène, let me stick to love."

"After all, I used to have it for a period of time."

Although there was no music but his singing, it did not dent the performance effect.

It was incredibly beautiful.

They realized for the first time that a person could still sing so beautifully without music!

The girls underneath the stage started to gaze at Fang Qiu with glinting eyes.

While the boys were hoping they were the Fang Qiu standing on the stage.

The guy was just too cool and too awesome!