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Wendy could not believe she had been scaring herself with unfounded thoughts.

Even though Arielle is brilliant in studying, no one could be perfect. The piano is meant for someone from the rich. It's totally out of her league!

Just then, an evil thought flashed across Wendy's mind again. Determined to make Arielle embarrassed in public, Wendy tried to persuade Zelda once again. "Ms. Zelda, please give Arielle one chance. After Mr. Parker sees my performance, he won't mind even if Arielle makes some mistakes. After all, it's just a freshman party, not a professional musical feast."

Zelda pondered for a long while and eventually complied with it.

She grabbed Wendy's hand firmly. "Please make sure you perform well later. Mr. Brown and I are counting on

you."

With that, Wendy nodded firmly. "Don't worry. I'll play well."

Her initial nervousness was replaced with anticipation to see Arielle making a fool of herself.

Seeing Wendy's persistence only then did Zelda turn to Trisha. "Fine. I'll give you guys one last chance. But you're not allowed to change your mind again."

"Okay! Thank you, Ms. Zelda!" Trisha immediately expressed her gratitude.

Zelda furrowed her brows slightly. "You should be thanking Wendy."

Trisha turned toward Wendy and thanked her with a nod.

However, she had a feeling that there was something malicious about Wendy's smile.

Am I overthinking?

A moment later, the stage was finally cleaned. As Sennhein got carefully carried onto the stage, the emcee announced, "Next, let's welcome Wendy from the preparatory class to perform Reborn for us."

Wendy took a deep breath and walked up the stage under Zelda's encouragement.

At the same time, Arielle arrived backstage under Vinson's escort.

She could walk by herself, but Vinson insisted on supporting her. That slowed down her pace, and she had to ask Trisha to come ahead.

Right then, she took her hand off Vinson's shoulder as her face blushed with shyness. "All right. We're here. Thanks..."

Vinson feigned a stern look at her. "What did I tell you? What should you say when you want to thank me?"

Arielle's face became redder as she whispered, "Vinson,

you're so good..."

He's so thick-skinned! There are so many people here. Isn't he afraid to get heard?

Vinson let out a boisterous laugh as he reached his hand to caress her head. "Go get ready then. Remember. Please stop at once if you feel unwell. Don't worry about the rest. I'll handle it."

He sounded utterly domineering, giving her a complete sense of security.

Arielle nodded and cast a final glance at Vinson before heading toward Trisha.

After getting scolded by Zelda, Trisha's face was still pale from the shock.

Arielle sensed something wrong with her the second she saw her. "What happened?"

Trisha shook her head. "Nothing."

However, after Arielle's unyielding probing, Trisha finally gave in and confessed, "Ms. Zelda thought that our performance might embarrass the school, so she refused to let us perform initially. But Wendy helped to persuade her..."

"Wendy?" Arielle's heart skipped a beat.

She's expecting me to embarrass myself. I'm sorry, but she'll get disappointed.

At that moment, the curtain on the stage was slowly

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Steven, who had almost dozed off, finally opened his eyes as the crowd also shifted their attention toward the middle of the stage.

Wendy, in a silver dress, bowed toward them.

With the light of the stage, her dress gleamed like a galaxy, catching the eyes of the audience.

However, it did not attract Steven, as the latter's focus was on the Sennhein behind her.

Perfect! It's being preserved perfectly! I'm not able to buy the Sennhein at Maxwell University, but if I could buy this one, my trip would be worth it!

Nonetheless, Wendy thought Steven was here to witness her performance of Reborn.

Picking up the mic, she uttered with a sweet voice, "Good evening, I'm Wendy Greene. Today I'm going to play Reborn for you. I hope you guys will like it, and I'd appreciate your guidance, Mr. Parker."

The last part of her sentence was spoken in Ustranasion. Only then did Steven shift his gaze toward Wendy after hearing her mention his name.

She has a good look and an elegant charisma. Look at her fingers. Those fingers are meant to play the piano.

Right then, a round of compliments came from the audience.

"That junior is so good-looking!"

"Is she from the preparatory class? I remember the homeroom teacher of the preparatory class is handsome too. I envy their class!"

“Not only are their looks good, but they are geniuses too. Not to mention Donovan, their homeroom teacher graduated from Maxwell University, but the students are all tops in Chanaea.”

Donovan, sitting among the audience, overheard those comments and felt proud.

Recently, he could not stop worrying about Arielle. Fortunately, Wendy always managed to cheer him up.

Meanwhile, Steven raised his brows and sat up straight.

Let me check this girl out. If I can possess Sennhein along with an apprentice, it would be a great deal.

Susanne noticed Steven’s gesture and knew Wendy had gotten Steven’s attention. With that, she secretly exchanged a look with Wendy.

Upon seeing that, Wendy’s confidence got boosted as she bowed again toward the audience before sitting down by the piano.

Vinson had stepped toward the audience seat and found a seat at the corner right then.

He was prepared to jump onto the stage in case

something was off with Arielle.

It was not a tactic that Jordan taught him to win over Arielle’s heart, but something he wanted to do because he was genuinely concerned about the latter.

At that moment, Steven wrapped his arms around his chest as he stared at Wendy with slight anticipation.

He loved to collect piano, and he was passionate about talented people. A talented apprentice was as crucial as an excellent piano to him.

Finally, Wendy began playing her song.

As her finger played the first note, the clear and ethereal sound of the piano spread throughout the hall like rain falling into the spring of a valley.

Steven’s eyes lit up at that instance.

What a perfect sound!

Susanne, observing Steven, was delighted to see the latter's reaction. "Mr. Parker, what do you think of Wendy's skills? There are less than twenty people around the world who can play Reborn."

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But to Susanne's bewilderment, Steven furrowed his brows upon hearing her words.

Susanne immediately stopped asking as she thought she interrupted Steven while he was enjoying the music.

With that, she shifted her attention toward Wendy's performance as well. She's indeed a good pianist. Since not many can play Reborn, she must be a true talent to perform it live.

Susanne was confident Steven would get impressed by

Wendy

By then, Wendy had finished playing the first verse.

Due to her nervousness, she accidentally played a wrong note.

But she figured it was not a big deal as it was only one note. Immediately recollecting herself, she continued to play diligently.

At that moment, Steven and the other musicians who accompanied him here darkened their faces after hearing out Sennhein's sound for a while.

Nonetheless, Susanne and Wendy had no idea about it.

Meanwhile, the rest of the audience was attracted by the fancy stage effect.

The crowd broke into loud cheers and applause after Wendy completed her performance.

Most of the audience did not know much about piano, but they knew that Reborn was a song that no ordinary person could master.

Hence, they thought it was terrific for Wendy to complete the whole song.

"I envy Wendy so much. She got a good look and good talents. And her study is good too. This world is so unfair."

However, some art students expressed their doubts. "But I thought her piano skill was average. She seemed to play a few wrong notes."

Right away, someone rebuked, "Please. Why don't you go up the stage and play it then? Have you ever played Reborn?"

"Absolutely! It's easier said than done. I bet all haters on the internet are like you. Wendy is contributing to the school's reputation, yet all you can do is give such a negative remark."

The art student blushed in embarrassment right away, not daring to utter another word.

No one on the spot dared to criticize Wendy's skill after that. Some even started complimenting her piano skill to show that they knew music.

On the other hand, Wendy's forehead was drenched with cold sweat after finishing her performance.

She then exhaled and picked up the mic again. "Thank you, everyone, for your time."

Just then, Susanne rose from her seat and applauded loudly. "Bravo! Wendy, you did a good job!"

Marcus, sitting beside her, did not know a thing about piano, so he stood up and clapped his hands too, following Susanne's flow.

With that, another round of applause rose among the audience again.

Now that the performance was done, Susanne dared to interrupt Susanne again. With an optimistic mood, she asked, "Mr. Parker, you're Wendy's idol. She was thrilled after knowing you had come. What do you think of her piano skill? Are you interested in taking her as your apprentice?"

Noticing Vinson sitting not far away, Susanne deliberately raised her voice while she spoke.

After Wendy becomes Mr. Parker's apprentice, he will surely change his impression of her.

Right then, as the other students heard that Steven was present, they got even more jealous of Wendy.

What an honor it would be to have Mr. Parker listen to her performance?

At that moment, those who criticized Wendy's performance just now started to doubt themselves.

So Wendy truly played well?

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However, when Susanne shifted her gaze from Vinson back to Steven, she noticed a dark expression looming over the latter's face.

More than that, she was startled to notice that a few musicians who were here with Steven had dozed off in their seats.

Right then, Steven opened his mouth.

"Take her as apprentice?"

Wendy, still on the stage, felt a thud in her heart as she heard Steven's voice. Nonetheless, she could not see the latter's expression clearly from that distance.

Is he going to take me as an apprentice for real?

Wendy's heart was filled with utter excitement.

Meanwhile, Susanne clenched her fists anxiously.

She could not comprehend why Wendy's performance would make those musicians fall asleep. And Mr. Parker seemed unimpressed at all.

Just when Susanne was thinking to change the topic, she heard Steven sneering ruthlessly at her, "Lady, are you kidding with me? With this standard? Please! Even my worst student could do better than her!"

The hall was quiet at that time, so everyone could hear Steven's words clearly.

Even though Steven spoke in Ustranasion, the majority of the Jadeborough University students could understand it.

He means that Wendy does not deserve to be his apprentice.

At that moment, the art student who got scolded for criticizing Wendy lifted his voice again. "What did I say just now? Yes, I don't know how to play Reborn. But it doesn't mean I don't know how to judge it. Indeed, Wendy's performance was awful!"

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"I thought her performance was unnatural too, but I didn't have to gut to say it just now."

"Haha, for those who praised her, I suppose they don't know piano at all, do they? What a joke!"

After Steven had spoken, many weighed in to express their honest thoughts.

"Why did she even dare to choose such a difficult song?"

"That's an embarrassment for Chanaea!"

"Get off the stage! And that lady who supports Wendy, please get lost from our school!"

Susanne felt so awkward that she wanted to dig a hole and hide in there.

Meanwhile, Wendy paled in fright on the stage; her

mind became utterly blank.

She felt like she had plunged from heaven to hell.

She could not wrap her head around it. I thought I just played two notes wrong. Why would Mr. Parker be so cruel to me? And how could the audience be so mean? Why don't they try to play it themselves?

Overwhelmed with rage and disappointment, Wendy began losing her calm by questioning Steven using her mic. "Mr. Parker, Reborn is a song with world-class difficulty. Why are you being so strict with me? There are not more than twenty persons in this world who can play this song!"

Steven let out a smile upon hearing that. He had been toning down his critics on Wendy for Sennhein's sake. But after seeing her rude gesture, he decided not to hold back anymore.

He raised his voice and said, "What an ingrate. Have you lost your mind?"

Before Wendy could react, Steven continued to elaborate, "Do you know what it means when the news says less than twenty people could play Reborn? It doesn't mean merely completing the entire score, but it means being able to express the spirit of the song. What I saw from you was just a tense performance without any life. There are at least two billion people who can play like this!"

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Upon hearing Steven's statement, the other musicians who had dozed off finally woke up.

One of them weighed in, rubbing his eyes, "Steven, you can't say it like that. Her performance was not completely worthless..."

Wendy, who felt utterly humiliated, saw a dim light of hope as she recognized the musician as the second top pianist in the world, only slightly below Steven.

I knew it! It's not that my level is too low, but Mr. Parker's is too strict!

But just when she was about to let out a sigh of relief, she heard the man speak again, "I think her performance is good as a lullaby."

Wendy's chest heaved up and down as she tried to suppress her rage upon hearing that.

Just then, the third pianist bit his lips, talking as mean as Steven. "How dare she use Sennhein to perform with such low-level skill! I bet Sennhein is crying in despair right now!"

Wendy's face blushed red with wrath.

They don't even show me any form of respect!

Eventually, Wendy could not hold it any longer as she ran off the stage, bawling her eyes out.

Nonetheless, the third pianist, who's used to be

straightforward, was not bothered by Wendy's reaction.

Right then, Steven changed the topic as though *nothing* had happened. "Hey lady, so does this Sennhein *belong* to you? Could you please *sell* it to me? Just name your *price*."

"I..." Susanne was beyond exasperated by these three pianists.

They've just humiliated my future daughter-in-law so badly. How dare they still want to buy my piano now?

With that, Susanne did not bother to keep her manner either. "I will never sell it to you! Because you don't know music at all!"

"What?" Steven's face darkened.

The other two pianists realized they had crossed the line, so they figured it would be impossible to buy Sennhein anymore. With that, they pulled Steven's sleeves slightly. "Steven, forget it. Let's go. After all, this Sennhein is not pure anymore after being played by such an amateur!"

In the end, Steven let out a *sigh*. "Fine. Let's go then."

With that, the three of them stood up, getting ready to leave.

Marcus wanted to persuade them to stay, but he hesitated, recalling how they scolded him.

Apparently, they're only here for the Sennhein. *It* seems impossible to keep them anymore. I wonder what kind of skill could *impress* them. *Could it be there's really no one* in Chanaea who can play the *good piano*?

Meanwhile, there was a disgruntled atmosphere *rising* among the crowd. His attitude *is* the worst!

But compared to their dissatisfaction toward Steven, they were more enraged and embarrassed.

It's all Wendy's fault. If it weren't for her, Mr. Parker and his men wouldn't come so far to humiliate our Chanaea's piano level. She is a massive humiliation for Jadeborough University!

Just when Steven and the other pianists were about to leave their seats, a low voice echoed from nowhere.

"Mr. Parker."

Steven responsively halted his feet and turned toward the source of the voice.

He spotted a tall, handsome man emerging slowly from a corner.

His aura seemed even more dignified under those lights.

With that, Steven naturally held back his pride and asked, "Who is this?"

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Vinson went after Steven, and when he was about a foot and a half from him, he stretched out his hand and introduced himself, "I'm Vinson Nightshire, Mr. Parker. I've long admired you."

Steven widened his eyes and, in open-mouthed wonder, asked, "Not the Vinson Nightshire, who composed Clouds?"

Vinson nodded slightly and said, "That's me."

Vinson had had an exclusive education. He was a bit of a jack of all trades and had dabbled in piano and composing.

A few years ago, he wrote a piece for piano called Clouds, which won an international award, but he gave up music after that and concentrated wholeheartedly on business.

Steven and the two other men immediately viewed Vinson in a different light.

"Mr. Nightshire, I'm very pleased to meet you. I find Clouds very ethereal. I have the greatest admiration for you!" Steven shook Vinson's hand and asked, "Do you have plans to make a come-back to the music world?"

Vinson shook his head and replied, "That was but a hobby. I don't have much interest or time for composing now, but I would like to ask a favor."

"Let's hear it," answered Steven politely, but was

careful to add, "as long as it is not to ask me to accept the previous performer as my student."

Susanne happened to be passing by. Her face darkened at what she had heard, and she returned to her seat.

She began to wonder about her choice.

Perhaps, Wendy is not so suitable for my son, after all.

Meanwhile, Vinson boldly made his request.

“Can I ask you to stay for a few more minutes to listen to my friend’s performance? I will reimburse your air tickets and expenses.”

Steven asked hesitatingly, “Your friend is performing? I hope her standard is not similar to the one just now.”

Vinson shook his head and said, “To be honest, I don’t know. I’ve never heard her play. All I can say is that she has never disappointed me in anything.”

The three men looked at one another,

In the end, it was Steven’s approval of Clouds that swung it. He nodded and said, “Okay, it’s just a few more minutes.”

“Thank you very much,” replied Vinson happily.

Vinson’s rationale was simple. If the guy that Arielle was looking for was no longer at Jadeborough University, then an endorsement by these three well

known pianists would equally put her name on the international scene.

Once that happened, it did not matter where that guy was. He would no longer be able to deny Arielle’s existence.

Arielle was right; it was too difficult to find a needle in a haystack. It’s easier to get that person to come looking for her.

Marcus was surprised to see the return of Steven and his friends.

As the principal, Marcus had been humiliated and embarrassed by what had happened earlier.

Steven’s return to see the next performance is just asking for more trouble. His critique of Wendy’s performance was very harsh and dismissive when we all thought that she had played well. What will he think of Arielle who had never come for the rehearsal? Moreover, she’s only a player from the provinces. I don’t mean to look down on these players, but good pianists need heavy financial investments.

Marcus broke out in a cold sweat just thinking about it.

He did not want a repeat of what had happened just now. He made up his mind to quietly slip away from the hall while no one was watching.

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The light in the hall was dim. There was only a spotlight on the presenter on the stage.

Marcus was creeping away stealthily when a person suddenly came out from one of the rows and collided with him.

"Ouch," cried Marcus, putting his hand to his aching head.

The other person fared no better, and he breathed in sharply in agony.

Just as Marcus was turning to go, the man tugged at his

the show is over?"

"I..." Marcus raised his eyes and looked straight into the eyes of Donovan!

With help from the stage light, Donovan managed to make out who it was and spoke in surprise, "Mr. Brown, are you okay? I thought it was a student who was trying to slip away..."

Marcus made a shushing gesture and whispered, "I'm okay. Please carry on. I'm making a move first."

"Going off?" asked Donovan as he blocked his way again. "Mr. Parker and his friends are here. I was hoping that you could make the introductions so that I can get to know them."

Steven was also a graduate of Maxwell University

though it was a long time ago since he graduated from their Arts department.

"Oh, forget it. It's too embarrassing," sighed an upset Marcus. "Let me advise you not to approach him. I'm taking the chance to slip away."

The principal's unusual behavior confused Donovan. He pulled at his sleeves again and asked seriously, "What happened, Mr. Brown?"

Seeing that he could not get rid of Donovan, Marcus said, "Come with me. We'll talk outside."

Donovan hesitated for a moment but went out of the hall with Marcus nevertheless.

It was a moonlit night with few stars. The breeze was warm in sharp contrast to the coolness of the air conditioned hall.

Marcus wiped the sweat from his brows and mincing no words, said, "I'm sure you heard what happened to Wendy. Mr. Parker used her performance standard to humiliate us. And now, Vinson has somehow managed to persuade him to stay on for Arielle's recital."

"What!" Donovan frowned and added, "What can Arielle do when Wendy couldn't make a mark with them?"

"That's exactly what I mean!" Marcus gave a long sigh.

Donovan was momentarily silent before he uttered, "I'm

going backstage right now to stop Arielle coming on."

Marcus waved his hands and said, "No, no. That's not good. We should not dampen her enthusiasm. Let it be. I'm leaving first. Get in touch with me after Mr. Parker is gone."

Without waiting for an answer from Donovan, Marcus took to his heels and disappeared.

His speed was incredulous; not what one would expect from someone his age.

Donovan stood there for a while, then decided again to stop Arielle from performing.

He was no expert in the piano, but he knew enough to know of the complexities of the piece Reborn.

If an accomplished player like Wendy had been cut down to size by Steven so humiliatingly, what chance does Arielle have? She will only make a fool of herself.

Thoughts were swirling in Donovan's mind. What was Vinson thinking of! Has he any brains in his head? It's foolishness to ask Arielle to play in front of Mr. Parker. If he is irritated by it, how can I make his acquaintance?

Donovan was getting worked up as he strode toward the hall.

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Wendy was sobbing as she ran backstage. On the way, she passed Arielle who was on her way to the stage.

Arielle had not seen the live stream when she was backstage, but she had heard what Wendy said over the microphone.

It was obvious that Steven had not been impressed by Wendy's performance.

Anyway, that has nothing to do with me.

Their eyes met casually. Wendy gritted her teeth and hissed, "Arielle, don't flatter yourself. You will be no better than me! If Mr. Parker saw nothing in me, it's best you don't go and make a fool of yourself out there!"

Arielle swept her eyes over Wendy and said impassively, "If that's meant as a bit of kind advice why, thank you. Otherwise, keep it to yourself."

Wendy laughed and said, "So, you are still set on performing, just to show that you can beat me?"

Arielle looked Wendy up and down and said calmly, "I have better things to do than that!"

Arielle had her reasons for performing. Firstly, to help Trisha; secondly, to get the attention of the man she was seeking; thirdly, for the sake of the Goddess of Hunting, the gift from Vinson.

She could not be bothered whether she could get even with Wendy

However, Wendy was adamant and continued, "Come on! Tell me then why you have usurped Trisha's performance slot? Let me tell you, Arielle, Vinson may be deceived by you, but I can see your true colors. One day, I will expose you."

Annoyed by her persistence, Arielle plugged her ears and said coldly, "I have two funerals to attend recently; a third one makes no difference. If you bother me anymore, I'll willingly go to yours."

"How dare you?" Wendy spluttered red-faced.

At this moment, Wendy's Galaxy was being moved from the stage while the Goddess of Hunting, under the careful handling by the security, was moved onto the stage.

Wendy gave it a cursory glance.

The Goddess of Hunting was made of crystal. In profile, it looked like a gleaming, glittery bow. The three feet of the piano were different from each other. Using the latest carving technology, the feet depicted the beautiful love story of the Goddess of Hunting in ancient Greek mythology.

For a moment, Wendy's attention was completely absorbed in the Goddess of Hunting, to the extent that she had forgotten that she had just had a quarrel with Arielle.

Taking the chance of this lull, Arielle came to Trisha and urged in a whisper, "Remember, everyone will see

only the artwork, so you need not feel tense. Just do what you normally do. It does not matter if you've made a mistake. I'm there for you."

The words warmed Trisha's heart, and she miraculously felt a lot better.

She nodded vigorously and said, "I'll not let you down!"

"Good girl," said Arielle as she patted her head, her eyes filled with gentle love for her.

Vinson was just backstage and about to inform Arielle about Steven when he saw the scene. His handsome face fell into wretchedness.

When will Arielle show me the same concern as she did with Trisha? Does a girl whom she has known for just a few days mean more to her than me?

When he looked up from this momentary pause, he saw that Arielle had started for the stage.

Vinson decided not to go after her.

It's probably better not to tell Arielle about Steven; it will only worry her. Heck! Now I'm the one who's anxious. What if Arielle's standard is not as good as I've expected? What if Steven ridicules her as he did with Wendy?

However, Vinson managed very quickly to recompose himself.

Arielle has never let me down, and this time will be no different.

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Vinson looked at Arielle's departing back, then took himself off to the audience stands.

I must have faith in her!

Meanwhile, Donovan had got back to the hall and

immediately rushed backstage.

However, he was too late. He was just halfway there when he heard the presenter's announcement and saw the curtains on the stage opening.

He stopped and looked up toward the stage.

If Arielle let herself and the school down, I can use this as an excuse to get rid of her. Thinking about it now, it's not a bad thing either.

In the audience, Steven and his friends were looking nonchalantly at the stage.

The next moment, they found their eyes drawn simultaneously to one spot.

The girl on the stage, unlike Wendy, was not wearing some expensive formal attire. She was in a simple t shirt and tracksuit pants; something that was totally incongruous with a piano recital.

Amazingly, she carried herself with such elegance and grace that, had she performed in a sack, it would not have seemed out of place.

Arielle stood facing the audience. Then, with a bow, she

said, "A big welcome to everyone. I'm Arielle Moore from the preparatory class. My friend, Trisha, and I will be performing In the Moonlight."

Upon hearing this, Steven's eyes widened.

In the Moonlight? Did I hear that right?

The old man next to him sneered, "These young Chanaeans are inexperienced but think they can play anything. In the Moonlight... I dare say, Steven, that even you won't claim that you have mastered it."

Steven gave an awkward cough and tried to change the subject.

Suddenly, he saw the piano behind Arielle.

"The Goddess of Hunting!" cried Steven, leaping up in his excitement.

The old man next to Steven thought that he was trying to kid him. He sneered again, "Try a better one. What Goddess of Hunting? How can it be?"

As he spoke, he turned to look at the stage.

The next instant, he, too, almost shrieked in astonishment.

The Goddess of Hunting!

It really was the Goddess of Hunting!

I cannot be wrong about the priceless crystal and the ancient Greek-style carving. I am definitely not wrong!

The three fastidious and particular old fellows gazed in stunned pleasure.

The one arguing with Steven was the first to recover his senses. He sighed sadly, "What a pity! This pristine piano is about to be tainted!"

Steven shook his head and said, "I don't think so. This girl is different from the previous one."

"How so?" asked his friend.

Steven rationalized, "The Goddess of Hunting is something that immediately draws your attention. However, from the start, we were only looking at the girl and did not even notice the Goddess of Hunting. This is the difference between this girl and Wendy. The radiance from her outshone that from the Goddess of Hunting."

The old man was not convinced.

"That was only because we never thought that The Goddess of Hunting would be here."

Steven shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, let's wait and see!"

He had a strong feeling about this girl. She was like no other!

At this moment, Wendy had also come from backstage to the front of the stage.

She stared coldly at the Goddess of Hunting, her eyes bright with envy.

Play! Play on, Arielle! Give the worst recital on the best piano. It's only a re-arrangement of In the Moonlight but you are shameless enough to use its original English name!

Arielle was ready for the performance; she moved from the center of the stage to the crystal bench.

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The moment Arielle sat down, the large screen on the stage lit up.

A sand painting tray and two white hands appeared on the screen.

A hand made the "OK" gesture, and Arielle knew that Trisha was ready.

She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and touched the first key on the piano.

Ting...

The sound carried both depth and an ethereal delight.

In his seat, an excited Steven clapped his hands and exclaimed, "This is the sound!"

Not many people have seen the Goddess of Hunting, but there were many recordings made. This sound is proof that this is indeed the real Goddess of Hunting! It can't be wrong!

Wendy, who was by the stands, snorted.

So what if the sound of the piano is good? In the hands of a country girl, it is casting pearls before swine.

After the first note, the hands on the sand tray started to move. In a few strokes, a rich and vivid scene of fields and forest appeared.

The audience was taken by surprise.

A piano accompaniment to sand painting was an eye opening experience.

After the first note, Arielle's fingers danced elegantly over the keys to begin the first movement of In the Moonlight.

The hall immediately resounded with the sweet, mellifluous sound of the piano.

The sound drew the listeners soaring into the air, over hills and valleys, with the gentle breeze caressing their faces. It was like being carried away on a fluffy cloud where one could gaze in wonderment at the beauty of the earth below.

Everyone found themselves closing their eyes and letting the music lead them into this infinite realm of enchantment.

The music slowly transitioned to a deep and low cadence. It conjured up an image of day turning into night.

At the same time, the scene of the long winding river on the sand tray was swept away in a stroke, leaving a patch of blackness.

Soon, the hand was in action again. A full moon appeared and slowly revealed the world below. The music gradually tailed off.

This was the end of the first movement.

Wendy's eyes were wide open. She was made aware that Arielle's performance had drawn her into another dimension.

Realizing this, her eyes couldn't hide her dejection, and her face was a picture of disbelief.

In the Moonlight! This is not a new arrangement. This is the original score! How can it be? How is it that Arielle can play it? And to play it with such mesmerizing enchantment that even I was carried away. This is too spooky!

Following on from the first movement, the playing changed from the quietly soothing to a brisk, cheerful

tempo.

On the screen, the hand on the sand painting tray created a lady in a light chiffon dress. The lady had a crescent moon on her forehead, and she gave the illusion of a moon goddess walking gracefully under the moonlight.

The playing picked up to an allegro. Faster and faster the tempo went.

Wendy felt that her whole head was captivated by the sound and that her heart might pop any minute.

At this moment, a handsome man appeared on the sand painting tray.

Dong! The crash of the crescendo was timed perfectly to the moment the man and lady looked into each

other's eyes in the painting.

Wendy's heart pounded at that instant.

She was not the only one; the entire audience held their breath in anticipation of the man and lady speaking,

No one spoke. There was only the tinkle of the piano.

The sound of the piano spoke volumes. The audience saw the coming together of two souls, from the meeting, knowing, and finally committing to each other.

Arielle was coming to the last movement.

This last movement was considered the most intense and passionate of the whole composition.

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... Wait! I Have Something to Say!

#

Send a Gift to the Writer!