

## My System 39

Chapter 39: No worries, I still have another song!

Having said that, Qiao Songshan ignored the audience's reaction and began to recite:

"Night rain keeps me restless, as the west wind chills the traveler's garb."

Qiao Songshan's voice sounded out slowly, his tone resonant.

He stood tall and straight, his eyes devoid of any constraint or embarrassment, filled instead with ease and carefree expressiveness. Clearly, he was confident in the poem Cheng Guang had written.

As soon as he started speaking, everyone felt a slight tremor in their hearts.

Even the warriors, who usually had little interest in poetry, couldn't help but turn their heads when they heard the verses recited by Qiao Songshan.

The mere opening line was enough to evoke a lonely atmosphere of a rainy night, as if one found oneself standing in silence, alone in the pouring rain.

"Is the opening line really so extraordinary?"

“Hiss, the choice of words and sentiment is just perfect. What comes next?”

“Everyone be quiet and just listen!”

Many students were stunned by just the first line; they appeared thunderstruck, standing frozen in place, then listened with rapt attention.

In the crowd, Wen Qinghe heard Qiao Songshan’s slow recitation of the first line and distinctly felt that the choice of words, phrases, and the entire mood were captured perfectly.

Compared to many Academy students who had toiled over countless books of poetry, this was far more spirited.

“The Princely Heir...”

“Could it be he really knows how to compose poetry?”

Wen Qinghe murmured to himself, not understanding why, but as soon as he heard the first line, he felt that the poem Qiao Songshan was reciting might just be as good, if not better, than the one called “Watching Brightness” presented earlier.

Simultaneously.

Inside the room at the center of Jade Pavilion.

Bai Shuxuan's eyes widened slightly, with a touch of surprise flickering in her gaze.

"This Princely Heir... He really knows how to write poetry? Could it be that Qiao Songshan is reciting his own work?"

Bai Shuxuan initially didn't understand. After all, she had never heard of the Princely Heir crafting any poetry.

If the Princely Heir really knew how to compose poetry, she wouldn't have had to arrange this situation today.

Bai Shuxuan had thought that Qiao Songshan, for the sake of Cheng Guang's face, was merely spouting nonsense, just enough to get by.

That way, he could salvage Cheng Guang's dignity while avoiding gossip, a solution that served both of their interests well.

However, as Bai Shuxuan listened carefully to the poetry Qiao Songshan recited slowly, just upon hearing the first line, she instinctively felt that this poem wasn't something haphazardly fabricated.

Bai Shuxuan and Wen Qinghe arrived at the same thought, both vaguely sensing that the poetry Qiao Songshan was reciting seemed more profound than they first thought.

Besides... there was no opportunity for the Princely Heir to go purchase poetry now.

“Could it be he indeed possesses some literary grace?”

For some reason, Bai Shuxuan suddenly saw Cheng Guang in a new light.

Previously, she didn't think much of Cheng Guang, considering him nothing more than a privileged heir, a frivolous playboy.

With her means, taking down Cheng Guang would've been effortless.

But now, upon reflection...

It turns out she was blind.

As Qiao Songshan uttered the first line, the Jade Pavilion fell completely silent.

All eyes were on Cheng Guang, standing calmly by the railing, watching him as if on a pilgrimage.

“The moon shines on still mountain shadows, the vast sky carries the faint call of geese.”

Qiao Songshan spoke again, his words unfolding slowly.

As his voice fell silent.

One could hear a pin drop.

A tingle ran through everyone's scalp!!

Every face gradually froze, each wearing an expression as if they had seen a ghost!!

All the people inside the Jade Pavilion had some understanding of poetry, even the warriors, who could generally tell whether the poetry was good or bad.

After hearing the whole poem, they were astonished to find that the verses recited by Qiao Songshan were even better than “Watching Brightness” they heard before.

Keep in mind, the Princely Heir had been under their watch the entire time and had had no chance to go out and purchase a poem to impress the audience at the last minute.

Even those warriors who usually cared little for reading were amazed at the different air Cheng Guang now carried.

Their gazes toward Cheng Guang contained a hint of wonder, as if to say, "We're all brethren in arms; how come you alone have excelled in secret?"

People watched Cheng Guang in silence, their looks varying in meaning.

Several breaths passed.

Then a clamor erupted from within the venue.

"Sleep eludes one through the rainy night, western winds caress the traveler's attire."

"Moonlit mountains silent in their grace, in the vast sky, the geese's calls are faint."

"Hiss!! Marvelous~"

“Although I don’t quite understand the poem, it feels very good.”

“This poem is written so well, ‘Moonlit mountains silent in their grace, in the vast sky, the geese’s calls are faint’... How did he come up with this?!”

“If I hadn’t never heard this poem before, I’d probably have assumed subconsciously that the Princely Heir must have bought it from somewhere.”

“Who would sell such a good poem? A poem of this caliber is priceless!”

“We misjudged the Princely Heir, it seems he was simply hiding his light under a bushel.”

“Just this one poem alone is enough to prove the Princely Heir’s talent, so why did he say that the previous poem wasn’t his work? With his talent, would he need to buy poetry?”

“I have no idea. Who knows what the Princely Heir is thinking. Maybe that ‘Watching Brightness’ poem was also his work, and he just thought it wasn’t good enough so he said it wasn’t his...”

“Hiss, so you can play it like that??”

People exclaimed in astonishment and talked in excited disbelief.

Behind the screen, Bai Shuxuan's beautiful eyes widened slightly, her lips slightly pursed, and she looked at Cheng Guang with a complex expression, momentarily at a loss as to why he could write such beautiful poetry.

Why didn't he reveal it at the beginning, instead using the poetry she had sent over?

If the earlier 'Watching Brightness' was something the Princely Heir had bought, others might have believed it, but this verse, which even a Great Confucian Scholar might not be able to produce, could not be measured with money.

Just by composing this one poem, he could enjoy wealth and honor for life, being treated as an honored guest by the Great Zhou Academy!

"Could it be that he actually has such talent, and I misjudged him?"

Bai Shuxuan's eyes lowered, her heart filled with complicated emotions.

If she had known earlier about Cheng Guang's poetic talent, she would never have pushed the situation to this point, giving Cheng Guang an opportunity to show his brilliance in front of everyone.

In the crowd, Wen Qinghe's expression changed as he listened to Qiao Songshan recite the poem. He felt conflicted, puzzled, heartbroken and finally, his face was filled with unwillingness.

He had thought he was the one among those present with the highest poetic talent!

Even if the Princely Heir's status was noble, it was impossible for anyone to surpass him in the art of poetry!

But...

Not to mention the 'Watching Brightness' poem the Princely Heir had shown earlier, just the poem the Princely Heir had presented now was enough to crush all of his previous poetic works!

His reputation as the Great Zhou Academy's number one poet now seemed like a joke to him!

And he was the student who had been praised by a Great Confucian Scholar...

And he was the pride of the Academy, a talented young scholar...

Wen Qinghe dared not imagine, if the Princely Heir joined the Academy, those Great Confucian Scholars would probably be licking their lips, begging the Princely Heir to become their disciple.

Wen Qinghe felt miserable, extremely miserable inside.

And, so sour!

Inside the Jade Pavilion, after Qiao Songshan finished reciting the poetry, amidst a brief uproar, everyone looked at Qiao Songshan with incredibly complex gazes—envious, perplexed, lost, doubting their own lives.

They were extremely envious that Qiao Songshan could recite such stunning lines, feeling deeply sour.

For a moment, the air once again froze, and silence ensued.

In this bizarre situation, just when everyone thought that Cheng Guang would walk into Bai Shuxuan's room to enjoy the pleasures that awaited him, unexpectedly, Qiao Songshan began to speak again.

"Why is everyone silent? Do you think the poem my boss wrote isn't good? Don't worry, my boss has another one."

"Mountains quiet as the moon rises high, creeks chill as waters aim to still."

"Moonlight casts upon the gentle waves, wind's whisper rocks the dreamer's boat."

Another poem that took one's breath away slowly flowed from Qiao Songshan's mouth.

Each word, a precious bead, each syllable, a resounding thunderous drum.

All those present, except for the carefree and foolishly large Qiao Songshan who was grinning in admiration of his boss,

Including Bai Shuxuan and Wen Qinghe, almost lost their composure at that moment, their facial management completely out of control, with corners of their mouths twitching wildly.

Many Academy scholars, the literati almost cried.

One darn good poem has to be yours!

You'd be less painful if you just insulted me!