

The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 97

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Corinne had been stringing everyone along, so to speak!

An insipid expression appeared on her face, and the chaotic plucking had since become orderly. The tune she played was none other than that of the guitar score Ivanka gave her at the beginning.

In the audience, the disgusted expressions of the students changed from disgust to doubt, then to admiration and intoxication.

Ivanka and her group of friends were stunned.

They never expected that Corinne would be able to play so well. The situation had changed drastically, and it was on such occasions that one must not lose one's momentum. Several of the girls from Ivanka's group began to cheer her on.

"Don't just stand there, Ivanka! You can sing, too!"

"Yeah! Use your voice to drown out Corinne!"

"Remember to dance!"

After being reminded by the girls, Ivanka snapped out of her daze and followed the beat as she sang the lyrics and danced along.

She sang to the best of her ability as she tried to draw the attention of the students away from Corinne and to herself, which she succeeded in doing as some of her classmates were already looking at her.

Ivanka began to dance even more animatedly as a result.

Unexpectedly, Corinne's tempo gradually picked up, and her fingering skills were unlike someone who had just touched the ukulele for the first time. It might even be on par with professional ukulele players! The tempo continued to increase without going out of tune or missing a beat, which could only be achieved with top-notch skills.

Ivanka's singing and dancing evidently could not keep up with the tune, but she refused to admit defeat and tried to speed up her song and dance. However, the quickened singing made it difficult for her to control her breathing, especially since she was dancing too.

By accident, she became dizzy, and her entire person collapsed uncontrollably on the stage, making for an embarrassing and humorous spectacle.

There was an uproar in the audience when Ivanka fell.

"How can a misstep happen when it's her own song? It's almost like she's not familiar with it."

"Ivanka sounds a bit out of breath too, but Corinne plays the ukulele really well!"

"That's right! Corinne lives up to her name as an all-round top student. She's not from the music department, but she can play the ukulele amazingly well!"

Corinne did not continue playing once Ivanka fell,

She glanced at Ivanka, who was struggling very hard to get up, and said to the audience, "Ivanka's music is written in a more modern style. It can be played on a ukulele, but it doesn't sound that nice. Why don't I play another piece that sounds better on the ukulele?"

"Sure!"

"We can't wait!"

"Go ahead! We're all ears."

Corinne nodded and smiled. "I'll be playing the instrumental version of 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow' as a farewell of sorts to my fellow graduates. I hope you'll forgive me if I make any mistakes."

She plucked the strings softly to produce a delicate and poignant tune that revealed her young spirit and strength of character. The melody tugged on one's heartstrings, and the combination of firmness and gentleness allowed every single note to fall into place.

At the end of the piece, everyone there was silent. None of them recovered from the undulations of the piece's heart-rendering conceptualization.

The first sounds of applause came from the opposite terrace.

Corinne turned her head to look and her mind immediately went blank. 'Is that... Jeremy?'

Jeremy's slender figure stood there as he clapped his hands with intrigue. He neither clapped too slowly nor too quickly, but it was very crisp and powerful.

There was a faint smile on the man's ridiculously handsome face, and the expression on his face, seemed to contain just as much admiration as ridicule.

'When did he start standing there? How long had he been watching me? Even his friends are also there! Were they all watching me, too?'

Notable among them was Sunny, who had an inexplicably dazed look moments before he snapped out of his senses and glared at her viciously.

"Not bad! You played well!" Zeke smiled enthusiastically and began to lead the applause.

His clapping jolted those students who were still mesmerized by the performance, and within seconds, the thunderous sound of applause resonated throughout the terrace.