

Chapter 281

Don Omi re-entered.

“Wow, Don Tzu-Chen is participating again?”

“Omi just came first in calligraphy, I don’t believe he can still get a ranking in this painting competition.”

The students at the scene saw Omi entering again and talked about it, some jealous, some envious, and some adoring.

At this moment, in the stands, Fang Xu was sour inside, Omi was number one in martial arts, but he was even number one in calligraphy.

At this moment, seeing Omi entering the painting competition again, Fang Xu said in a flash, “If Omi can still get the top three, Fang Xu will eat Shang live.”

Fang Xu seemed to have forgotten that once he posted on campus that after ten minutes the number of replies was not ten thousand, and he ate Shang live, resulting in zero replies, and it was not clear if he really ate Shang.

“Start.”

Omi’s painting was of course brush painting, forty minutes, for other students, it was very rushed, but Omi felt that it was enough.

“Brush Brush.” Omi took the brush and danced on the paper.

Twenty minutes later, Omi finished his drawing and mentioned a poem beside it. Remember the URL .
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Omi was the first to finish his drawing and returned to the stands, and everyone was talking about it, wondering what Omi had drawn.

At the end of forty minutes, the presiding teacher shouted, "Time's up, everyone please leave the scene."

At least half of the students hadn't finished their drawings, and the other half, who had finished, drew in a hurry.

Soon, the results were announced.

Referee Xiong Jiajun shouted, "Next, I announce that the first place winner of the painting is, Senior Class 32, No. 56, Omi."

"Wow." There was a shout of wow.

"The second place is, Song Xiaoyu, and the third place is, Zhu Jinjin."

On the guest chair at the podium, Meng Lun smiled and looked at Omi in the distance on the stands, Meng Lun said in his heart, "This kid, really inscrutable ah, so great at chess, calligraphy is also great, now even painting is also so strong, I have to admire, I'll tell Wen Qi later, such a man missed, where to find him in the future."

The presiding teacher shouted, "Dear students, the following award ceremony will take place, please invite the top three winners in calligraphy and painting to come up to the podium to receive their awards. Meanwhile, those who participated in the poetry competition, please get ready. Immediately after the award ceremony is complete, the poetry competition will be held."

Hearing the word 'poetry', Liu Yang, a senior school senior, became excited.

The whole school knew that poetry, was synonymous with Liu Yang, Liu Yang was also known as the 'White Cloud Poetry Fairy' on campus, and it was also known that Liu Yang and Simran were recognized as a natural pair, and Liu Yang had written many, many poems for Simran.

"Xuan'er, today, I'm going to write a poem with you as the title and win first place while confessing to you on the spot. I hope, today you will be moved to cry and fall into my embrace." Liu Yang inwardly said.

Omi walked up to the podium, and that Su Yang stared at Omi with an unhappy look.

"The first place in calligraphy, Omi, received a cash prize of ten thousand yuan."

"Thank you." Omi received a trophy, and then a bundle of cash.

"Second place, Jiang Yu, receives a five thousand dollar reward." Jiang Yu walked up and received five thousand dollars and a certificate of merit.

"The third place, Su Yuhao, received a prize of five thousand dollars." Su Yuhao looked at Omi with resignation, and received five thousand dollars and no prize certificate

.First place is a trophy, second place is a certificate, and third place is only five thousand dollars.

"Please ask those who have received their prizes from the calligraphy competition to step down first, and those from the painting competition will come up next to receive their prizes."

"First place in the painting competition, Omi, receives a cash prize of ten thousand dollars."

Omi received another ten thousand pieces and a trophy.

Then back on the stands, everyone looked at Omi with jealous eyes.

“Godless, so Godless, Omi is already number one in martial arts, why does he still have two talents?”

“Grass fucking Omi.” In the corner of the stands, Liao Jia Yuan and the others were very jealous, seeing Omi’s two firsts in a row, their hearts were very unpleasant.

“Below, there will be a poetry competition, there is no limit to the subject matter of the poems, please be prepared to go on stage and recite your poems, in public, the judge will score the first time, the judge is the principal.”

A few minutes later.

“I’d like to invite the first Liu Yang to come up to the podium.”

Liu Yang stood up and walked towards the podium, at this time, the whole school cheered, Liu Yang’s name of ‘White Cloud Poetry Fairy’ was not a brag.

“Liu Yang, Liu Yang, Liu Yang.” The entire audience shouted Liu Yang’s name.

Omi asked, “Is Liu Yang very good at writing poetry?”

Carlos said, “You don’t know this, Liu Yang is the poetry fairy that everyone in Baiyun Middle School knows, I heard that he has composed many poems for Simran, everyone says that Liu Yang and Simran are a natural pair.”

When Simran heard Carlos's words, she was unhappy: "Nonsense, Carlos, don't talk nonsense, who is a pair with him." After saying that, Simran looked at Omi, as if she was afraid of ruining her image in Omi's mind, but looking at Omi's appearance, she didn't have any look, just a faint smile. Omi's expression was so indifferent, which made Simran sigh even more in her heart, Omi really did not care at all.

Liu Yang stood on the podium and swept a glance at the crowd, then plucked up his courage and said loudly, "Fellow students, the poem I will use to enter the competition today is a new poem, and this new poem was written for a person."

Hearing this, the crowd seemed to already know who that person was and shouted, "Simran."

Simran was very annoyed at this point, really the more afraid of something, the more it came. Although Omi didn't like her, but Simran liked Omi, and Simran hated the fact that people were referring to her and Liu Yang as a pair, even if it would give Omi a slight misunderstanding, she didn't want it.

However, at the moment, Liu Yang was so high-profile to write poems for her in front of everyone, Simran was very angry, but what could she do.

On the podium, Liu Yang smiled and said, "It seems everyone guessed it, yes, this next poem I'm entering is the 110th poem I've written for Simran."

"Wow." The crowd of students shouted in shock, although some of them were upset, such as the madmen, but most of them were supportive of Liu Yang and thought that Liu Yang and Simran were born for each other.

Liu Yang said, "The following poem I'm going to make is called "Kiss, My Xuan'er", it's a modern poem."

"Wow." The crowd shouted.

Omi frowned, what kind of name is this, it's damn hard to hear. Omi turned his head to see Simran's reaction, and suddenly realized that Simran had tears in her eyes.

Omi said, "No way, the poem hasn't even started yet and you're moved to tears?"

Simran stared at Omi, full of aggravation, and said, "You're the one who's moved, I'm the one who's depressed."

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"What are you depressed about?"

"Liu Yang composed a poem for me in public, I feel very unhappy." Simran wiped her tears, Omi thought that she was moved to cry, but it turned out that she was crying in aggravation. Simran was afraid that Omi would misunderstand, so she felt very upset about Liu Yang's move, but she had no choice, so she couldn't help crying.

At this time, the students sitting a few rows in front of them looked back at Simran and suddenly saw her crying and shouted, "Wow damn, Simran is moved to cry."

"Simran is crying."

"Simran is moved to cry."

This shout, and suddenly the whole arena was roaring.

Liu Yang, who was on the podium, was about to read a poem when he suddenly heard a student shouting that Simran was moved to cry, and his body trembled.

“Xuan’er moved to cry, oh my god, I heard it right, I haven’t even started making it yet, Xuan’er moved to cry.Hahaha, it must be that she was moved to cry when she heard that I had composed 110 poems for her.”Liu Yang thought inwardly, his heart was excited, and this excitement, Liu Yang also cried.

Liu Yang said with a crying voice, “Xuan’er, this poem of mine, which is specially composed for you, this poem of mine, which is composed for you, will definitely win the first place, then, I will give you the trophy and the prize money, because, this is, this is a prize that belongs to you, at the same time, my heart also belongs to you, Xuan’er, I love you.”

“Wow.”All the students in the arena were up in arms, heck so enthusiastic.

Originally Liu Yang hadn’t confessed so boldly at the moment, but seeing that Simran was already moved to tears, so Liu Yang immediately couldn’t wait to say the above words.Liu Yang is all thinking inside, I guess I’ll have to book a hotel in advance tonight. One second to remember to read the book

When Simran saw everyone’s reaction, she was even more aggrieved that they had misunderstood her as being moved to tears.

Omi patted Simran’s shoulder, offering comfort.

Simran cried, “I’m really not crying from emotion, I’m crying because I’m feeling very frustrated and depressed.”It was as if Simran was explaining to Omi, afraid that Omi would misunderstand something.

Omi smiled, “Come on, other people don’t know that’s other people, would we sitting next to you still misunderstand?Let them misunderstand and go.”

“But I’m so upset, I don’t want to be made a poet, and later he’ll get a first place, and I’m sure he’ll say in public that he’ll give me the prize, and I want to go now,”Simran cried.

Omi chuckled, thought for a moment, and said, "How about this, I also entered the poetry competition, I will also write a poem for you, that way, two people will write a poem for you, and Liu Yang won't take so much advantage of you, how about it?"

"Really?" Simran's heart trembled.

"Of course, I haven't thought about what poem I'll be competing in anyway."

"Mhmm." Simran nodded her head incessantly, and Liu Yang didn't feel so aggrieved to compose a poem for her.

On the podium, Liu Yang began to recite a poem.

"Dear, my Xuan'er, you are the clouds in the sky, you are the spring mud on the ground, you are the birds in the trees, you are the cuckoos in the mountains."

"My dear, my Xuan'er, I sailed across the sea for you, I exude fragrance for you, I sing loudly for you, I am splendid and colorful for you."

"Pro; my Xuan'er, I dream and heart with you, dream and hand in hand with you, dream and wander in the land of spring, dream, that dreamy spring, ah, pro, my Xuan'er."

Liu Yang cried and finished reciting this modern poem.

"Pa pa pa." There was a round of applause, and we didn't know whether it was written well or badly, but Liu Yang himself cried anyway.

"Pfft." Omi almost threw up.

“This

Also called poetry? Am I lagging behind?” In that world of Omi, poetry is not like this ah.

Carlos said, “It’s modern poetry, actually, I can’t understand it, it seems like it’s okay.”

“I’ll go.” Omi didn’t say much, after all, he didn’t understand the so-called modern poetry and didn’t make any judgments.

The principal nodded and smiled, “Good, alright, Liu Yang, you go back to your seat first. The second one, please go on stage, Li Baba.”

Next, one by one, go on stage.

There weren’t many people participating in the poetry competition, or perhaps everyone wasn’t good at this, there were only thirty or so participants in total.

Omi was unfortunately placed last on the stage.

It didn’t take long for one by one to go on stage and recite the poems of the participants, and soon it was Omi’s turn.

Omi walked up to the podium.

The whole audience was talking again, Omi actually participated in the poetry competition, Nima.

Omi stood on the podium, took the microphone and said, "Fellow students, the poem I am about to enter is a seven-verse poem, and I would like to tell you that the poem I am about to enter is also for a girl. I hope that the prize that I won for this poem goes to that girl. And that girl is Simran."

After saying that, the whole audience wowed, was Omi deliberately going against Liu Yang?

And right now Liu Yang was annoyed, he thought that Omi was mimicking him.

Liu Yang flamed up and stood up and roared, "Omi, can you be a little creative of your own?"

"That's right, imitating someone Liu Yang, no fun."

"The only thing left for Tang Evil to do is imitate. "

Everyone was accusing Omi of mimicking one sentence from you and one sentence from me.

Omi laughed and said, "Everyone, whoever is nagging one more sentence, beware of going into the hospital oh."

There was not a single sound in the room, the silence was terrible.

Omi chuckled, this group of people, seeing Omi participating in so many competitions, probably forgot about Omi's identity as the number one evil young man, just threatened, suddenly no one dared to utter a word.

Only then did Omi read out the poem he composed.

“To Simran.”

“Blue sky a single fog fly, dawn moon new moon wind dance in the air; swallow warbler early tree
when will, I put Xuan'er longing.”

At this moment, when Simran heard the last sentence, her heart pounded very, very fast, while her face blushed like a red apple.

And Liona, almost cried, why this poem was not written for her. Hearing the last line, I put Xuan'er Sauvignon Blanc, Liona almost couldn't hold back her tears.

“Pa pa pa.” Everyone applauded, although they couldn't understand it, it felt as if it was quite good.

The principal jotted down Omi's poem, inwardly shocked, “Did Omi really write this? If so, it's quite talented, to be able to write this poem, he must be educated, at least he can't be a scum student ah.

The principal asked, “Omi, are you sure you didn't copy this poem from somewhere?”

Omi really wanted to kick the principal to death, but he said he copied it.

“I copied your sister.” Omi yelled loudly, and the principal couldn't help but shrink back a bit.

“Alright, Omi, you go back first.”

Omi walked back to the stands, and the principal began to select the top three.

At this time Liu Yang was even filled with nervousness, although he was not good at ancient poetry, he could feel that Omi's poem was extraordinary.

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After ten minutes, the principal had already determined the top three for the poem.

Only, the first and second place, the headmaster was very hesitant. Omi's was an ancient poem and Liu Yang's was a modern poem, different categories and not too good to compare, the same thing was that the name 'Xuan'er' appeared in both of their poems, both were written for Simran.

Omi's poem was undoubtedly much better than Liu Yang's in terms of artistic standard, so it should be rated first.

However, the headmaster was very upset with Omi, Omi didn't teach him martial arts and caused him to offend Wei Ming, could he be allowed to take first place?

The principal hesitated to announce the top three of the poetry competition.

"Below, I announce that for the poetry competition, the first place winner is...Liu Yang; the second place winner is...Ma Xiaopeng, and the third place winner is, Omi."

"What?! I just got third place?" Omi doubted if he heard it right, in his world, Omi was at least a talent, proficient in piano, chess, calligraphy and painting, but Nima was only the third place, Omi was not convinced.

And that Liu Yang, a sudden shout, "Yay, too good, too good, ah ah ah."

Liu Yang said that he was going to win first place and give the trophy to Simran in public, while confessing.

Carlos was upset and said, "How did this happen, you're only in third place."

Simran also had a moment of regret, now third place, not even a trophy. The first website m. .net

The presiding teacher shouted, "Next, please invite the students who won the top three places in the poetry competition to come up to the stage to receive their awards."

Omi jumped down from the stands and headed to the podium.

Liu Yang also walked to the podium and Liu Yang waved to the audience, who were chanting.

Omi walked up to the podium, Liu Yang threw a smug look at Omi, Liu Yang heart disdain hummed, "Still want to imitate me, ridiculous, the result took a third place, not even a certificate, what trophy to give to Xuan'er, still compete with me."

Omi saw Liu Yang's smug eyes, and suddenly became more and more depressed, Omi just said in public, after winning the first place to give the trophy and prize to Xuan'er, and now he hit his own face.

The presiding teacher said, "Next, let's award the prize, first place Liu Yang..."

"Wait." Omi suddenly interrupted the host teacher.

Liu Yang was busy saying, "Omi, it's the awarding time, what else do you want?"

Omi walked towards the headmaster and said, "Headmaster, immediately, immediately, change me to first place."

Everyone was suddenly shocked, wondering if they had heard correctly, Omi actually threatened the judges.

The principal snorted, "Omi, what do you mean? I'm the judge, and I think your poem can only get third place."

"One sentence, change it or not?" Omi doesn't care what kind of nonsense you're making, he's the number one villain, so what if his poem counts down and he threatens the principal to change it to number one.

"Not changing it, it's ridiculous." The headmaster was furious.

Omi directly brought up the principal and threatened, "Do you change it or not, I'll throw you off the stage if you don't."

"You you you, insolent, bold." The headmaster was so angry that he was actually threatened like this in full view of the public.

At this moment, on the podium guest seat, the other judges were all stunned.

Meng Lun was also shocked to see Omi's rogue side right now. That Su Yang scoffed at Meng Lun and said, "Look at who you know, you actually threatened the judge to change him to my first place, and the judge is still the principal, it really should be the saying, what kind of people will know what kind of people."

Meng Lun was speechless.

Liu Yang bellowed, "Omi, I advise you not to mess around, your level is limited, you can only get third place, resign yourself to your fate."

Omi directly threw the principal under the podium.

"Ouch."The principal fell under the stage with a cry of pain.

"Ah."The entire audience was stunned.

The First Evil is really so rogue, despite having a few talents, he's still the First Evil after all.

Omi asked again, "Headmaster, say it again, change me to first place and Liu Yang to third place."

"You you you."The headmaster was so angry.

Liu Yang said anxiously, "Omi, what you are doing is shameless."

Omi raised his foot at Liu Yang, but didn't kick it up and said, "Liu Yang, if you jibe again, I'll beat you up along with you."

The audience was in uproar.

Omi jumped off the podium and hoisted the principal up again, saying, "Principal, there is a limit to my patience, will you change it?"

“No change.”The principal didn’t believe that Omi was really lawless and no one could clean up the mess.

At this time, Liu Yang said, “Omi, since you’re not convinced, then why don’t you let Simran choose on her own and see who makes a poem she likes better, then whoever comes first.”

Once Omi heard this, he threw the principal, nodded and said, “Good.”

The principal was thrown seven or eight meters out and fell dizzy.

Omi jumped onto the podium.

Liu Yang was busy shouting, “Xuan’er, come up here and use the cruel reality to tell Omi that force, does not make you yield.”

Liu Yang was very confident in himself, before he hadn’t composed a poem Simran was moved to cry, not to mention now.And Liu Yang also believes that the reason why Omi is sitting with Simran is just because Omi is rogue and relying on his martial arts skills.

Simran was already in a huff and immediately walked towards the podium.

Omi watched Xuan’er approaching, Omi believed what Xuan’er would do, after all, Liu Yang had made her cry with anger.

When Xuan’er Li walked up to the podium, the presiding teacher asked: “Student Xuan’er Li, Liu Yang and Omi’s poems were both written for you, whose poem do you think moved you more inside?You don’t have to be afraid, say it boldly, I don’t believe Omi would dare to hit you on stage in public, so

many of us teachers will be on your side.”The presiding teacher glared at Omi, everyone was already supporting Liu Yang.

The whole audience couldn't take their eyes off Simran.

But Simran didn't say anything and looked around the podium.

The presiding teacher asked, “What are you looking for?”

Simran saw a broom in the corner of the podium, Simran immediately picked up the broom.

Liu Yang saw that Simran took the broomstick, and suddenly looked at Omi with contempt, saying in his heart: “Justice will eventually triumph over evil, Simran hit you with the broomstick in public, I'll see what you still have to compete with me for first place, something humiliating.”

Simran took the broom and walked up to Omi and Liu Yang, Simran looked at Omi and suddenly used the broom to constantly sweep Liu Yang's hair on his head.

As Simran hit Liu Yang, she cursed, “Kill you, kill you, see if you still dare to harass me.”

“Ah.”Everyone was dumbfounded, Liu Yang had composed so many poems for her, it could be said to be a love affair, Simran actually hit Liu Yang and scolded him for harassment.

Liu Yang panicked and dodged, although Simran a woman, hitting is not much strength, but the broom wire scraped on the face also strange pain.

“Xuan’er, you’re crazy, look carefully, I’m Liu Yang, Omi is over there, you’ve hit the wrong person.”

Simran gasped, “I’m hitting you.”

“Why?” Liu Yang said with an incredulous face.

“Still asking why, you keep harassing me, I’ve already endured enough, it’s just as well that you used to publish those bullshit poems on campus, but today you’re even harassing me on this occasion, I’ve had enough of you, I’ll kill you, I’ll kill you.”

The crowd was dumbfounded, Liu Yang and Simran, aren’t they recognized as a natural pair?

Liu Yang a glass heart, broken all over the floor, he thought he was doing something very touching, did not expect people said he was harassing.

The host’s teacher was busy going up to persuade Simran.

Liu Yang’s hair was disheveled and his face was scratched by the broomstick.

Simran warned, “Liu Yang, don’t harass me anymore, or I’ll call the police.”

Liu Yang cried, “I wrote a poem for you, and even if you’re not moved, you still say I’m harassing.”

The host teacher asked: “Simran, then I don’t understand , why were you moved to tears just now?As everyone has just seen, you were moved to tears before Liu Yang even started reading the poem.”

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Simran explained to everyone, "Everyone misunderstood, I wasn't touched, I was because Liu Yang actually harassed me in public, then felt depressed and cried."

"Ah, so that's how it is."The host teacher was also speechless.

Omi said, "Xuan'er, can you say now, whose poem moved you more?Is it Liu Yang's, or mine?"

Simran turned into a shy look and said, "Of course you are."

Omi laughed, "Award the prize, what are you waiting for."

The host teacher helplessly shouted, "First place, Omi, second place, Liu Yang, third place, Ma Xiaopeng."

The host teacher gave Liu Yang a consolation prize and let him be the second place.

Liu Yang wanted to die at this point, and didn't want the prize, losing his mind and walking out of the stadium.

Omi received the trophy and 10,000 pieces, and Simran walked off the podium.

The presiding teacher shouted, "Dear students, the morning competition is over, everyone go to eat first, at one o'clock in the afternoon, we will continue to start the afternoon talent competition.The talent competition to be held in the afternoon will include a singing competition and an instrument playing competition, time is short, so hurry up and go eat."

Omi and Carlos, Wei Ming, as well as Simran and Liona, and a few people from Liang Ying, walked out of the stadium together.

Omi handed Simran the trophy of the poetry competition and 10,000 yuan: "This is for you."

Simran took the trophy and said, "I've collected the trophy, but I don't want the money."

"Why? I told you in public that the trophies were yours."

"I don't want the money, I'll take the trophies." Simran didn't accept the money, so Omi had no choice but to stop.

Omi said, "I'll take everyone to lunch, to a more expensive hotel."

"Good yeah." Liang Ying smiled.

The group of people had just reached the school entrance and found a crowd of people around the school.

Omi and a few people walked up, only to see Liu Yang being beaten up by a few people, the beating people also scolded while beating: "Just like you, you still want to learn others to open a room, not to see what kind of virtue you have."

Omi walked up and asked, "What are you doing beating people?"

One of the men said, "This student, who had just booked a \$5,000-a-night luxury suite at our hotel, said he was taking someone over there tonight to open the

Room. I asked him if he was sure. Once it was established that even if you don't live there, you have to pay, and he said something about having already won first place, and must have been touched by the

fact that for the first time, he was taking half of the prize money out for a room worth it. Then I booked it, but he? Not even ten minutes later, he suddenly said no, canceled, causing me to be scolded by the manager, and then I came over to find his theory.”

Liu Yang now saw Omi and Simran appear, embarrassed and wanting to die.

Omi looked at Liu Yang and hummed wordlessly, turned around and walked away.

Those people kicked Liu Yang and said, “Kid, don’t act as a big head if you don’t have money in the future, go.” Only then did the few people leave.

Omi and the others went to a high-end hotel not far from Baiyun High School and spent 10,000 yuan in one go.

“Xuan’er, didn’t you participate in the singing competition?” Don Zimmer suddenly remembered and asked.

“Yes.” Simran nodded her head.

Liang Ying said, “Xuan’er is the first of the ten best singers on the campus of Baiyun Middle School, and Xuan’er will definitely be first in the afternoon.”

Simran was busy: “Liang Ying, don’t talk nonsense about something that hasn’t started yet.”

“What’s this nonsense, with your singing voice, it’s strange that you didn’t win first place.”

At this time, Liona thought to herself, “If Simran won first place in the singing competition, wouldn’t I be too unattractive, no, the second competition in the afternoon, I must win first place on the piano, I can’t

lose to Simran.”Although Liona thought this in her heart, she didn’t have any confidence in her heart, after all, she herself knew that her piano level hadn’t reached a very strong level yet.

After lunch, it was almost one o’clock, and Omi and the others headed straight to the stadium.

“Below, there will be a singing competition, because there are many people who have signed up for the singing competition, because of the time, so every player who comes up to the stage will sing directly without background music, if you sing out of tune on the first line, the judge will immediately let you go down, if you sing well, the judge will let you finish the whole song. Alright, please, those who are participating in the singing competition, feel free to line up on the side of the podium and come up on stage one at a time.”

A few minutes later, a long line formed at the side of the podium, with far more students participating in the singing than the calligraphy and painting.

The first boy took the stage, with no background music, and sang directly, “You are my little ah apples...”

“Go down.”The referee suddenly shouted.

The boy who sang Little Apple went down without finishing a word, and the second one came up next.

“Ah, give me a glass of forgettable water...”

“Go down.”The second one to come up was also suddenly blown off the stage.

The third one came on stage.

“The pale ends of the earth are my love, the rolling green hills...”

“Go down.”

A fourth went on stage.

“A thousand years wait for one...”

“Go down.”

And so, one after the other.

After about forty minutes, it was Simran’s turn to take the stage.

When Simran took the stage, the whole crowd cheered as everyone knew that Simran was the first of the ten best singers on campus last year.

Omi sat in the stands, enjoying Simran’s singing for a rare match that he wasn’t a part of.

Simran picked up the microphone and looked at Omi, thinking to herself, “I must put out my highest level of performance because... he’s listening.”

“I find I’m starting to like you, if you agree we’ll love each other forever, if you don’t, I’ll love each other forever...” Simran began to sing.

The clear and melodious voice of the song, resounded throughout the arena, and that judge teacher, his eyes lit up.

The song sung by Mavis Lee is “Love that cannot be completed”, originally sung by a singer named Zhang Weijia.

The song that Xuan Li chose, the tune is a bit sad, she also does not know why she will sing this one, perhaps, this song expresses the mood is very similar to her heart, the love that can not be completed.

Unknowingly, Simran finished singing, the judge completely forgot to call for a halt, because Simran’s singing was too beautiful, as the judge naturally knew the original song, the judge felt that Simran sang better than the original song, and Simran’s voice seemed to have the feeling of a story in it.

“Pah-pah.”The students in the stadium clapped desperately as if they were fans shouting Simran’s name.

Omi also applauded desperately with Carlos and the others.

Omi was very shocked at the moment, it was really hard to believe that the touching voice just now was sung by Simran, the singing seemed to be very different from her usual speaking voice, although the voice was the same.

“Xuan’er, you’re amazing, I’m a fan of yours.”Omi shouted with a smile.

Liona, who was sitting off to the side, was in a low mood, not because she was jealous of Simran, but because Simran sang so well that she felt inferior.

Xuan’er Li walks off the podium and the next person goes on stage.

Simran returns to the stands.

Omi was busy: "Xuan'er, it's unbelievable, you sang so beautifully." One second to remember to read the book

"Oh, it's so-so." Simran smiled shyly, but inside, she was so happy that no one knew that she was actually singing to a man, and now that he said it sounded good, Simran was satisfied, and as for taking first place, it didn't matter anymore.

Around 2:30 pm, the judge announced the winners of the singing competition.

"I announce that the winner of first place is, Xuan'er Li."

"Ohhhhhh." The audience chanted, seemingly without surprise.

"The second place winner is Peng Yang, and the third place winner is Zhang Cui'er."

Simran went on stage to receive the first place trophy and 10,000 cash.

Returning to her seat, Xuan'er Li handed the trophy's to Omi and said, "I'll give you my trophy too...if, you want it."

"Of course I want it, thank you Xuan'er, I'll collect it." Omi accepted Simran's trophy.

Liona was still sullen, if she could, she would also like to take a trophy and give it to Omi.

"Next up, will be the last talent competition on New Year's Day, instrument playing, please invite contestant number one, Wang Yun, to the stage."

Omi stood up and twisted his waist, it was time for him to make his presence felt again, because, in qin, chess, calligraphy and painting, the qin, was what Omi was best at.

This was because, Omi's little sister loved music, and Omi's zither skills were all taught to him by his little sister's hands, and this was the most serious thing Omi had learned.

Carlos was busy asking, "Omi, you seem to be very confident, huh?"

"Maybe." Omi was suddenly a little sad, and the scene of his little sister teaching him how to play the piano kept appearing in his mind as if it were just yesterday.

The first person to take the stage was already playing the flute.

The unpleasant sound of the flute interrupted Omi's thoughts.

"Go down." The referee immediately shouted, although there weren't many students participating in the musical instrument competition, they couldn't let this noise disturb everyone.

"Next, Yang Hui goes on stage."

Yang Hui played the erhu, and the tune he played was the most miserable sounding "Two Springs and the Moon", attempting to infect everyone, but unfortunately, because of his poor level, he was kicked off the stage halfway through the song.

Just like that, one after another.

"Next, Liona ready."

Liona.

Immediately after hearing that, he stood up and looked agitated.

“I must cheer up, I want to get the prize too, God bless me.”Liona said internally.

Liona walked up to the podium and she played a piano piece.

Sitting gracefully in front of a piano, Liona began to play, her level was still good, and she played the piano in a beautiful position, not being driven down halfway until the end.

“Next, Omi.”

When the crowd heard Omi’s name, they wowed again.

“My grass, can’t Omi be a little more low-key?”

“Would it kill the Don to not attend that much?”

Omi took the stage again amidst the curses of the crowd.

Omi walked up to the podium, unlike in the morning, Omi didn’t have a happy expression on his face at the moment, it was a faint sadness, while in the morning’s competition, Omi went on stage with a smile on his face in every game.

Omi chose a violin prepared by the school, and was the only one who used the violin to play, none of the previous contestants who came on the stage used the violin. The violin was hard to play, and if the level was not good enough, it would sound awful.

Omi set up the violin and sat in front of it, this second, Omi had the feeling of going back in time, the little sister was sitting next to him, Omi froze there, unmoving, eyes looking at the violin dazed.

The whole room of students saw Omi being silly and talked about it.

“What does Omi mean? Sitting still.”

“I don’t think ten will, probably thinking again about how to threaten the judges later and get first place.”

“What a shame for White Cloud High School.”

Xiang Yun Liu and Xuan Er Li also saw that Omi had an unspeakable look of sadness on his face even before he started on stage, and they didn’t know what had happened to him, but Xuan Er Li and Xuan Er Liu both had a vague idea of what was going on.

The referee reminded, “Hey, this student, will you or won’t you? If you can’t, hurry down, don’t waste my time.”

Omi seemed as if he hadn’t heard and was still stunned.

At this moment, Omi completely forgot where he was and only felt a sadness in his heart, and the sweet and clear voice of his senior sister sounded in his ears, “Brother Feng, let’s play the Green Cloud River, you play and I’ll sing, okay?”

Omi involuntarily said, "Good."

"Then hurry up."

"Mm." Omi nodded his head.

Many people were impatient at the scene when they saw Omi's silly "yes" and "mmm" again.

Omi placed his ten fingers on the violin and began to play that incomparably familiar tune, in his mind, the melodious voice of his little sister had already sounded, Omi played and she sang.

At the scene, everyone suddenly felt very shocked when they heard Omi's violin sound.

The referee teacher also wrinkled his eyebrows, and said in his heart, "What kind of song is this, never heard of it before, it's really good, this piano skill is also considered superb, I didn't expect that a student could play the piano so out of the ordinary."

On the stands, Simran immediately took out a notebook and was recording something.

Liona closed her eyes, feeling the sound of Omi's qin, giving her a spiritual enjoyment.

"Brother Feng, your playing is awesome, it seems like you've learned everything I've taught you, let's do it again."

"Good." Omi nodded his head.

"Pah-pah." At that moment, a round of applause rang out, interrupting Omi's thoughts.

Omi looked at the violin on the table, as if he was stuck in another world.

“Omi, it’s your turn to be next, you can go down first.”