

Chapter 746

Everyone in the hall focused their attention on Cheryl. She was completely the center of their attention.

Many of the men gawked at her.

Darryl was stunned too, but he admired her discreetly.

Cheryl deserved to be famous, she was very charming.

She wore a black cheongsam, and it showed off her graceful curves perfectly.

Her flawless face had light makeup and she looked gorgeous.

Click... click...

The reporters were in a frenzy, they took pictures continuously.

"Thank you for joining us. Thank you..."

"Now, I will sing a new song. I hope everyone will like it," Cheryl said softly.

The audience was excited; their faces were filled with expectations.

When it had finally quieted down, the music played. Cheryl smiled and looked at the audience as she sang softly. "Sweet honey, you smile so sweetly. It seems like flowers are blooming in the spring breeze..."

A soft and ethereal voice sung as the beautiful melody echoed throughout the hall.

Wow...

It sounded very nice.

Suddenly, the audience cheered; everyone was impressed by her singing!

The catchy melody was unforgettable! The song should be well received by the public!

Everyone was immersed in the song. After a few minutes, Cheryl had finally finished with the song; she flashed a big smile at the audience. She looked very charming.

"It sounds good. So good!"

"Fantastic!"

The audience cheered and gave Cheryl thunderous applause.

Cheryl was delighted. Her performance was perfect and the outcome was even better than what she had

expected.

Cheryl gazed gratefully at Darryl.

A figure stood up at the VIP table and exclaimed, "Such a moving piece, such beautiful lyrics. Miss Marks, who wrote this piece for you?"

The person who spoke was Simon from the Artemis Sect.

Before Cheryl could respond, Simon announced proudly, "Let me guess, this person must be from the Artemis Sect, am I right?"

Who else could have written such an elegant song?

Many people around agreed with him.

"Well, they must be from the Artemis Sect."

"Who else could have come up with this wonderful tune?"

Compliments continued to pour. Everyone tried their best to praise Simon's sect.

Every city in the Great East Continent was managed by one of the four major sects, and the Artemis Sect controlled more than 30 cities. As an elder from the Artemis Sect, Simon was a highly respected man.

Who would dare to go against what Simon had said?

Cheryl smiled awkwardly as she looked at Simon.

She said, "Elder Crescent, this song was not written by anyone from the Artemis Sect."

Then she nodded politely at Darryl. "This song is written by my master. I would like to thank my master for writing such a wonderful song for me. Master, can you come up to the stage?"

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That brat had written the song?

The reporters' aimed their cameras at Darryl!

"There is no need for me to go up onto the stage,"
Darryl said with a smile.

"Come on, Master." Cheryl smiled warmly at him. "
You wrote this song, so you should be here too."

He was drowned in Cheryl's enthusiasm, so Darryl
smiled and hesitantly walked up to the stage.

Wow!

All eyes were on Darryl; everyone was shocked!

'Who is this kid?'

'Never seen him before...'

Simon walked toward him and looked at Darryl
arrogantly "Boy, did you write this song?"

Like everyone around him, Simon was doubtful. He
did not believe that a kid could write such a good
song.

More importantly, the kid was not from the
Artemis Sect.

Only Artemis Sect disciples would have such skills. After all, the Artemis Sect was one of the four major sects. Many people would try their best to enter the sect.

'These people are fascinating.'

Darryl laughed and said, "It's just a song; no big deal."

What?

Was it no big deal for him?

The kid was too arrogant.

Everyone was stunned. Then they burst into laughter. 'This kid must be joking.'

Simon was also taken aback. He looked at Darryl with a faint smile. "Boy, do you really think that it's easy to write a song? Do you think you are so talented?"

When Simon said that, his face was filled with displeasure.

He was shocked that a young junior would act so arrogant in front of him, a dignified elder from the Artemis Sect. Darryl was not humble, at all.

"Yes, it's no big deal. It's not a problem to write a few songs." Darryl did not care about Simon's gaze;

he responded to his question plainly.

Darryl did not talk big.

The World Universe Continent was ahead of the Great East Continent for decades. There were a lot more popular songs in the World Universe Continent. Darryl could easily impress the audience with some random songs.

Wow...

The crowd looked at each other, and then they burst into laughter.

"This kid is really interesting."

"Elder Crescent merely praised him, and he became so boastful."

"He has no shame to show off in front of Elder Crescent..."

The laughter continued, and Cheryl was a little embarrassed. She walked to Darryl's side.

Cheryl parted her red lips slightly and whispered into Darryl's ear, "Master, Elder Crescent is an elder from the Artemis Sect; he is very knowledgeable and talented. Master, you can't show off too much in front of him."

Cheryl thought Darryl's song was very impressive.

Simon was a famous figure in the Artemis Sect. It

would be very easy to make a fool of himself if Darryl did not know how to keep a low profile in front of Simon.

Darryl smiled indifferently and remained silent.

Simon sneered, "Boy, you seemed to be very confident with your talents. Why don't we have a competition?"

Simon was not about to let some unknown boy, who dared to be arrogant in front of him, off so easily.

"This will be a good show to watch!"

"That's right. How daring of him to show off in front of Elder Crescent. So shameful!"

"Someone should teach him a lesson and sink his arrogance."

Everyone was in awe and excited about the competition.

Darryl sighed. He felt a little playful, so he nodded in agreement. "Okay, how do you want to compete? Reciting poems, or writing songs and lyrics?"

What?

'So, the kid dares to compete with Elder Crescent?'

'He thinks he is the best!'

The people around started to talk!

Simon looked at Darryl with a faint smile and said coldly, "Good, you are very courageous."

Simon raised his finger and pointed at the attendant next to him. "Let's recite poems. If you lose the match, you will kneel and address this attendant next to me as your master and respectfully address me as grandmaster three times."
"

He would have to call Elder Crescent's attendant as his master! The crowd laughed.

If Darryl were to call an attendant a master, then that would be very embarrassing for him!

Everyone burst out in laughter again.

Cheryl bit her lips and stomped her feet anxiously. Darryl was her master. If he were to lose and had to call the attendant as his master, what would happen to her?

What a shame!

Furthermore, she thought that Darryl would lose the match, for sure. Even if Darryl could write songs, he might not be able to write any poetry...

Cheryl pulled the corner of Darryl's clothes; she wanted him to give up and say a few good things to

Simon so that they could resolve the matter.

To her surprise, Darryl was indifferent. He only stood there, and he looked proud.

"You—" When she noticed Darryl's expression, Cheryl was furious. "Master, don't start a bet with him..."

At the same time, Jewel also clutched her hand tightly; she looked worried.

'Does he really want to compete?'

The other party was a well-known academician from the Artemis Sect.

'Could he win against him in poetry?'

However, Darryl was all smiles; he was not in a panic. 'Simon is relying on his status and looks down upon the younger disciples. If he wants to make fun of me in public, then I won't give him any face at all.'

Darryl was well-versed with poems, especially the 300 famous poems from the Tang dynasty. He was not afraid.

Darryl laughed and looked at Simon. "Sure, let's compete in poetry. If you lose, you'll need to get your wife to kneel and call me master. Remember, it's your wife who should kneel before me; not you.

You are too ugly. I don't want to accept an ugly disciple like you."

Wow!

The crowd exploded in an uproar!

Simon's wife was Summer Cruz. She was a well-known talented woman who was proficient in everything! She was in her early thirties, and she wore an evening gown that revealed her excellent body shape.

'This kid is really tough on the bet!'

Simon trembled in anger! As an elder from the Artemis Sect, everyone respected him. The kid in front of him, however, was blatantly disrespectful!

Simon sighed and said, "Okay, I'll have this bet with you! You must really think that you're outstanding!"

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Simon's gazes grew colder.

Darryl did not look old enough, but he had a haughty tone.

"If that is the case, then we will have to be serious about the bet," Darryl said with a smile. "If I were to lose, then I shall address your attendant as my master, but if I win, your wife shall address me as her master. There are many reporters here today, so don't try to go back on your words."

The audience burst into laughter.

"Does this kid think he will win for sure?"

"Yes, Mister Crescent is an elder from the Artemis Sect, and he has written many well-known poems. Who is this kid compared to him?"

"This young man has no idea that there are many talented people here. He thinks that he is the best!"

When he heard the whispers from the crowd, Simon laughed and said, "As an elder from the Artemis Sect, I shall honor my words."

Simon's wife, Summer, also nodded as she chuckled. Summer was a well-known and talented

lady who was proficient in musical instruments, chess, calligraphy and painting. She was definitely not willing to address Darryl as her master. She did not think that her husband would lose.

Darryl laughed and took a step forward. "If that is the case, then let's talk about the topic. Who shall decide on the topic?"

A reporter walked forward and said with a smile, "For the sake of fairness, let the reporters come up with the topic. I am from the Lantian Daily. Perhaps I can come up with one?"

The crowd nodded.

Lantian Daily was a famous newspaper publisher. The competition had to be fair. Hence no one would object if the reporters were to set the topic.

Simon and Darryl also nodded. "Okay, then you may come up with a topic."

The reporter looked around and saw a potted plant with a few bamboo in it. He said, "Since ancient times, famous writers had been fond of writing about bamboo. Why don't we start with that?"

"Good one!"

The crowd nodded again.

Simon laughed and said, "That is a good topic.

Light a stick of incense. Whoever can write the better poem before one incense burnt out shall be the winner.

Two people brought a stick of incense and lit it up.

The audience remained silent; they knew that it was hard work to create something on the spot, especially a new poem.

When the stick of incense had been lit, Darryl laughed and stepped forward. He announced, "I have already written mine down."

What? Everyone was stunned. The time passed was merely enough to take a dozen breaths, and yet Darryl had already completed the poem?

"Then you should read your poem out loud so that everyone can hear you," Simon challenged with a sneer.

"Yes, read the poem that you've written."

All eyes were on Darryl. He took a deep breath before he began to recite his poem, like how ancient scholars would have done. "My root grows deep between the rocks as I anchor myself in the woods, though the wind blew in all directions, I remained strong and steady."

Zheng Banqiao wrote the poem in the early Qing Dynasty. Darryl was reminded of the poem just then.

The short stanza made the audience fall silent!

There was only dead silence!

Everyone was stupefied as they repeatedly recited the poem in their heart!

'Though the wind blew in all directions, I remained strong and steady!'

That was so apt and nicely put!

Simon's head buzzed. He racked his brains, but he could not think of a poem at all! Even if he could, it was unlikely that he could surpass Darryl's poetry!

Someone took the lead and applauded, and then the audience burst into loud applause!

"Good poem! Good poem!"

"That is nicely done!"

As the compliments flooded like a tide, Simon's expression became uglier!

"You are so amazing, Mister." Jewel blushed as she gently pulled the corner of Darryl's clothes.

She did not expect Darryl to be so talented!

Darryl laughed and looked at Simon. "Elder Crescent, are you convinced now?"

Everyone looked at Simon. The older man blushed,

but he bit the bullet and said, "Very well, you win this round. We'll have three rounds, and the person who wins two rounds is the winner."

"Yes, two wins in three rounds!"

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"How could they have only one round?"

The crowd agreed to the suggestion; they were eager to take Simon's side.

Darryl sneered in his heart. 'F*ck it! These people are everywhere.' He plastered a fake smile on his face and said, "Okay, two wins in three rounds. I will make sure that you're convinced. Come on, who wants to come up with another topic?"

"I'll do it!" A middle-aged man stood up suddenly in the audience. The man was the Wealth Dance Hall's owner, Howard Wallis.

Of course, no one would disagree if the boss wanted to come up with a topic.

Howard thought for a long time before he said, "Well, let's come up with a poem to praise the woman next to you."

The whole hall fell silent.

All eyes were on Simon.

'Praise the woman next to you? Easy-peasy.'

Simon was confident. He looked at his wife,

Summer, with a smile. He pondered for nearly three minutes before he said, "The moon hides when my wife is out. When the spring comes, she washes the yarns by the river. Her beauty cannot be easily defined in words alone. Why would I look at anyone else apart from her?"

Simon felt very proud of his poem.

Wow!

There was an uproar. Everyone looked at Simon with admiration.

No wonder he was a respectable figure in the Artemis Sect!

He came up with a poem so quickly; he was so talented.

'The moon hides when my wife is out.' That meant that the moon would hide in shame when it saw his wife's beautiful face.

The phrase 'when the spring comes, she washes the yarns by the river' meant that his wife went to the river to wash clothes in spring, her beautiful face would be noticeable through the water, and even the fish would hide when they saw her.

The metaphor was terrific!

It was amazing!

Many people admired the poem's artistic conception as they looked at Simon.

Summer, who was next to him, felt shy, but she was delighted.

She knew that Simon came up with the poem for her. She was so happy and proud to have such a talented husband.

Everyone thought that the competition had ended for Darryl as soon as Elder Crescent came up with those beautiful verses.

The crowd looked at Darryl with mockery on their faces; they wanted to see him make a fool out of himself.

"How dare he challenge Elder Crescent! He thinks he's so good!"

"Even if he could come up with a poem, I doubt his artistic conception will be as good as Elder Crescent's..."

Everyone ridiculed Darryl, but he did not care. A faint smile appeared on his face.

"What's going on? You can't come up with one?" Simon looked at Darryl with a sneer.

"What's the rush?"

Darryl smiled as he looked at Cheryl, who was next

to him. "I shall dedicate this poem to my disciple."

Darryl cleared his throat and swayed his head as he recited the poem.

"The beautiful firmament was her clothes, and the pretty flower was her face, the spring breeze blew against the picket fence and dew beaded on the peony. Such beauty surely could only be spotted at Mount Qunyu or the Yao Pavlin under the moonlit sky."

Darryl took two steps forward as he recited the poem, just like how the ancient scholars did it.

Li Bai had written the poem to the Imperial Concubine Yang to praise her beauty!

The Wealth Dance Hall was in silence after Darryl was done with his poem. One could even hear the sound of a needle if it were to fall onto the floor!

No one said a word; they reflected on the poem instead!

Wow!

Then, the entire dance hall shook in excitement!

"It's so beautiful, Mister. The poem is so beautiful!

" At the side, Jewel clasped her hands together as she exclaimed; she was indescribably excited.

'He is so smart; he made a poem! His poem is

wonderful.'

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Cheryl looked at Darryl closely as her eyes shone with brilliance. She could not be happier! Her master's poem for her was lovely!

'The beautiful firmament was her clothes, and the pretty flower was her face.' It meant that the beautiful clouds in the sky were her clothes, and the flowers were like her pretty face...

The artistic conception was obviously higher than that of Elder Crescent; it was a much higher level!

'The beautiful firmament was her clothes, and the pretty flower was her face!' That was a great line.

Many people in the audience took paper and pen to write the poem down. They all looked at Darryl with a complicated expression.

'He is so talented...'

Darryl looked at Simon with a smile. "As the elder from the Artemis Sect, your poems are nothing to rave about. I don't think you need to compete with me anymore, lest you be shamed."

Darryl's words bruised Simon's dignity.

"You—"

Simon was indignant; he pointed at Darryl as his body shook in anger.

Pfft!

Simon staggered backward and vomited a mouthful of blood.

He was well-learned and also an elder from the Artemis Sect. What a shame if an unknown young man had defeated him. What a shame!

"Hubby!"

Summer was startled; she hurried to support Simon.

The crowd was also taken aback, and they had gathered around Simon.

"Elder Crescent..."

"Elder Crescent, are you okay?"

Many of them were shocked, and their gazes at Darryl were different from before that.

The young man had beaten Elder Crescent in poetry. Who would have believed it if they had not seen it with their own eyes?

"Mister!" Jewel cheered. She took Darryl's arm and said joyfully, "You are the best, Mister! We won!"

"Master, you are amazing..." At the same time,

Cheryl lowered her head as she spoke softly to Darryl.

Initially, Cheryl had been worried about the poetry competition. After all, Simon was an elder from the Artemis Sect and a well-learned person. She thought that her master would never stand a chance against Simon.

The result was somewhat unexpected!

Darryl ignored the strange gazes around him and looked at Simon with a smile. "Tsk, tsk, tsk... I can see that your body isn't that strong anymore."

"You—"

Simon could not believe that Darryl had mocked him! He felt nauseous as his body shivered in a fury. He spouted blood again.

Darryl decided not to irritate Simon and turned to Summer instead. "Your husband is an elder from the Artemis Sect. I suppose that he would want to keep his promises. Since he has lost the competition, you must fulfil the bet."

Darryl sat on the chair like a boss, his legs crossed.

Everyone had their eyes on Summer. The bet was that if Simon were to lose, then she would need to address Darryl as her master.

Would she be the docile disciple?

Or would she go back on their words?

Summer's body trembled. She bit her lips so hard that it almost bled.

A few seconds later, Summer walked toward Darryl.

Summer bent her knees and knelt in front of Darryl as demurely as she could. Her face blushed as she whispered, "I am your disciple, Summer, and I am here... here... to greet you, Master."

Summer felt humiliated! She did not want Darryl as her master. All she wanted to do was to leave the venue.

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However, that would tarnish her husband's and her reputation. No matter what, there were too many people there. All of them were the rich and famous, and the press was there also.

Since they had lost, she would have to admit it.

"My good disciple. You may rise now." Darryl was delighted, he stood up slowly and walked toward Summer. Then he patted her head.

Darryl's action caused Summer to blush.

Darryl laughed and said to Cheryl, "Aren't I nice to you? I have found you a godsister. Call me your master."

"Very well, Master." Cheryl had just gathered her thoughts. She did not blink as she looked at Darryl; she had started to admire him.

Everyone knew that Summer was famous for her talent, and she had become Cheryl's godsister. Cheryl had never dared to dream about that.

Bang!

When he saw his wife bow to Darryl and addressed him as her master, Simon was furious. Then, he

fainted.

"Elder Crescent had fainted!"

The hall turned chaotic; everyone wanted to gather around the elder.

Darryl did not panic. He stood up slowly and brought Jewel back to the second floor. He knew that Simon had fainted due to his anger; it was nothing life-threatening.

He had helped Cheryl complete her new single's premiere; it was time for him to leave. The most important thing was to get back to the New World!

Back in the room, Jewel had finished packing her stuff as Cheryl walked in excitedly.

Cheryl was in her stilettos as she walked toward Darryl. She said excitedly, "Master, can you compose two more songs for me?"

Her new single had a great response. If she were to release two more singles, she would be famous throughout the Great East Continent.

Cheryl admired Darryl deeply. He could compose songs and write poems; she had met the right master. The elders from the Artemis Sect were nothing as compared to her master.

Darryl smiled and said, "I can compose another

song for you, but you will need to help me with something."

"Sure, what do you want me to do? Please, tell me. I will agree to anything as long as I could do it," Cheryl replied without any hesitation.

Darryl smiled. Anything?"

Darryl glared at Cheryl as he spoke.

Cheryl had dressed up attractively for the show that night. Her body-hugging black cheongsam showed off her flawless body figure perfectly.

It was an eye feast to enjoy the view from up-close.

Cheryl blushed when she noticed Darryl's eyes on her.

'Is he thinking about a lewd request?' Cheryl thought.

Just as Cheryl's thoughts had gone wild, Darryl stopped smiling and turned serious. "I am planning to leave; I want to go to the New World. Do you have any way to do that?"

Cheryl was a famous person, and she had a lot of connections. She should have a way to do that.

What?

He wanted to go back to the New World?

Cheryl was stunned; she stared at Darryl. After a few seconds, she asked, "Master, why do you want to go to the New World?"

"That is not for you to know. Just tell me how to get there," Darryl replied without hesitation.

Cheryl sighed silently and said, "Master, I would not be able to help with that."

"Why?" Darryl asked worriedly.

Cheryl bit her lips and said softly, "Perhaps you didn't know, Master. There is a canyon that separates our Great East Continent from other parts of the world. The name of this canyon is the Mysterious Canyon."

'The Mysterious Canyon?' Darryl mumbled in his heart.

Cheryl sighed and said, "The Mysterious Canyon is hundreds of thousands of feet long, and a hundred feet wide. It is covered in a thick fog all the time, and full of danger from within it. There are also great beasts, poisonous bugs, and swamp areas. One would never be able to return if one fell into the swamp."

After a short pause, Cheryl continued to say, "For hundreds and thousands of years, countless elite people had attempted to go through the Mysterious

Canyon, but none of them had ever succeeded."

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As she spoke, Cheryl looked at Darryl, and then at Jewel. "The Mysterious Canyon is full of danger. Master, you only have a servant girl with you. You would not be able to pass through the canyon with your current ability."

Sh*t! That Mysterious Canyon was that dangerous?

As he thought about it, Darryl took a deep breath and said firmly, "You do not need to mind whether I would succeed in going past the canyon. You just need to tell me the way to the Mysterious Canyon."

No matter how difficult it was, he would still need to go. He could not be trapped there forever.

Jewel grabbed Darryl's arm tightly as she said determinedly, "No matter where you go, I would follow you. I am not afraid, no matter how difficult it is."

Cheryl was stunned. Then, she smiled bitterly. "Master, even if I tell you the way to the Mysterious Canyon, you would not be able to get there. The Mysterious Canyon entrance is located at the hill behind the Sword Sect.

Cheryl looked fearful as she said, "The part of that

land is the Sword Sect's forbidden area. The security is tight, and one would need the Sword Sect's approval to enter there."

Darryl kept his silence; he was frustrated.

'Sh*t, how could it be so difficult to leave this place?'

The next second, Darryl looked at Cheryl seriously. "My good disciple, please help me find a way, and I would compose three songs for you."

"Really?" As she spoke, Cheryl's face lit up.

She had only wanted two new songs, but her master had offered her an extra piece. What a great temptation!

When Darryl nodded, Cheryl bit her lips and started to think. Soon, she had an idea. She clapped her hands happily. "I have an idea. My fiancé is Marcus Lyod, and his family might have some connections with the Sword Sect. With their recommendation, you should be able to enter the Sword Sect."

As she spoke, she went downstairs in her stilettos.

Soon, Cheryl returned with Marcus.

Marcus's face looked terrible; he did not want to recommend Darryl to the Sword Sect!

Marcus had failed to assassinate Darryl the night

before that, and he had begged for forgiveness and promised not to repeat that. However, deep in his heart, his hatred toward the man had gotten even deeper.

Darryl had taken all the credit for his fiancée's performance that night, and he had defeated an elder from the Artemis Sect in poems. His fiancée was even more impressed with him. Marcus was so jealous when he saw that.

Under those circumstances, how would Marcus want to help Darryl?

Marcus' face looked complicated at that moment, but he said to Cheryl, "My dear, this is not an easy task. Even though my family has a good relationship with the Sword Sect, the place that your master wanted to go is the sect's forbidden area."

Cheryl was not happy; she stomped her feet. "I don't care. You must find a way for my master."

She must help her master for the sake of the three songs.

Marcus smiled painfully, but he nodded. "Fine."

As he spoke, he took a letter and a pen. He wrote a letter of recommendation and handed it to Darryl.

"Master, when you reach there, tell them that you

are a relative of the Lyod family, they should be able to let you into the compound," Marcus said.

Then he continued to say, "I'll get some people to accompany you out of the city, Master."

"Great, thank you for your help." Darryl smiled.

After that, Darryl honored his words; he composed three new songs for Cheryl.

In the evening, Marcus gathered a small troop to usher Darryl and Jewel as they embarked on their journey.

As they bid farewell to each other, Cheryl held Darryl's hand; she was reluctant to let go. "Master, please be careful if you do decide to enter the Mysterious Canyon. Please return quickly, and I will miss you."

Darryl smiled. "Don't worry; I am just checking it out as I am curious. I will be back soon."

"It's getting late. We should get going, Master." Marcus was impatient. He spoke politely, but he was furious.

Sh*t!

He was furious when Darryl held his fiancée's hand.

Darryl nodded as he held onto Jewel and boarded the car Marcus had prepared for them.