

# The Day I Kissed An Older Man by Cher the Cherished

Chapter 96

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Ivanka's close friends continue to attack Corinne.

"Sure! If you can play a song today and win applause from all the students present here, consider it your victory! We won't just apologize... We'll even do whatever you ask us to do!"

Corinne had a calm look as she replied, "Deal."

The girl who seemed to be the leader added, "But if you can't play the piece well and you don't get the unanimous approval of our classmates, you'll have to crawl out of this place while we take a video and post it on the school forum! Still game for it?"

Corinne frowned slightly then remained silent for a brief moment as if to think about it. At long last, she said, "Deal!"

The girl smiled in contempt and said, "What are you waiting for, then? Remember not to be a sore loser!"

Corinne turned around, went on stage, and took the ukulele from Ivanka.

Ivanka faked a kind expression and pretended to show concern for her. "You should back out of the challenge. Girls like us value our reputation a lot, and it won't look good on you if you have to crawl out of here!"

Corinne smirked. "How do you know I'll have to crawl out when I haven't played it yet?"

Ivanka made a veiled comment, "The ukulele isn't as easy to learn as the guitar, and the fingering is super difficult! I'm just worried that you'll make a fool of yourself."

"I appreciate your advice." Corinne went straight to business without much ado. She lowered her head calmly and tuned the ukulele before looking up and raising her head at Ivanka. "You were going to sing and dance, right? Aren't you ready to begin?"

Ivanka let out an almost inaudible snort. She was never sincere in persuading Corinne to back out of the challenge, so she was very much eager to see how that overconfident country girl could make a fool of herself.

After advising Corinne insincerely again, Ivanka stood nonchalantly in the center of the small stage and adjusted the microphone. She then pretended to get ready for her performance. However, she was never serious about performing a song-and-dance, because she expected Corinne not to be able to play anything at all. Since Corinne was unable to accompany her, she would have to play the ukulele and sing by herself again!

With everyone looking eagerly and anticipatngly at everyone, Corinne finally plucked the strings. The sound that was produced was not so much a piece of music as it was a jarring mishmash of noise! Corinne fiddled with the ukulele strings at random, and the sound produced was anything but music! The students in the audience had disgusted expressions as a result.

"Goodness! I thought Corinne knew how to play!"

"Where did she get the confidence to perform when she's playing like that?"

"She's just randomly plucking the strings! It sounds horrible!"

"Ivanka's ukulele will be ruined!"

"I think so, too!"

Ivanka and her friends laughed to themselves. Seeing Corinne make a fool of herself was their goal. That way, everyone's impression of her would sour, and no one would think of her as the legendary all-round top student anymore.

To make things worse, they would take a video of her crawling on the ground in a bit!

At that moment, several people were standing on the terrace opposite them, all of whom were handsome or beautiful in their own way.

"Hahaha!" Sunny laughed out loud. "Did you see that, Jeremy? Corinne's butchering her performance! How embarrassing!"

Rosie, too, had a smile on her face and contempt in her eyes. She reveled in the misery Corinne must have felt as she watched her bungle the piece.

'It shouldn't come as a surprise at all. A country bumpkin like her will never know the meaning of elegance, music, or art!'

While it was not surprising for those who came out of poverty to put in the necessary effort in cultural subjects and become top students, they would certainly struggle to hone true artistic cultivation.

Gerald looked on nonchalantly with no particular emotion showing on his face.

Zeke shook his head and sighed, then raised his arm to hook it over Jeremy's shoulder. "Looks like your new wife ain't got rhythm!"

Jeremy had a pensive stare as he narrowed his eyes while the corners of his thin lips twitched. "Is that so?"

Zeke raised an eyebrow. 'What do you mean, is that so? What's there to doubt when she's playing

like that?'

In an instant, the jarring noise coming from the opposite suddenly morphed into a pleasant

melody.

Zeke was taken aback and turned his head to look over. He initially expected a different person to have taken over from Corinne, but it turned out that it was still Corinne playing the ukulele!