

Genius 531

Chapter 531: Daddy Is My Prince Charming!

The sky was dark when he returned home.

The entire Ye residence was quiet. Ye Chen crawled back into bed quietly. Su Yuhan was still deep in her dream from the Sleeping Spell. She had no idea that her husband had traveled thousands of kilometers in the middle of the night.

Ye Chen looked at Su Yuhan who was like a lazy kitten. There was an indescribable peace on her face.

“Yuhan, I know you’ve been blaming me!

Blaming me for not staying at home, for not caring about our daughter, for not accompanying you, for not being like the husbands just like other families.”

Ye Chen stretched his hand to touch her pretty face. He felt her calm breathing at a close range, he felt guilty, “Even if you didn’t tell me, I know that you’ve suffered a lot to be with me. Although I usually say that I’m lucky to be with you, it’s just not fair to you.

Please forgive me!

Everything that I’m experiencing is destined to make me fail to follow the rules like a normal person, but everything that I’ve done is for you, for our daughter, for my parents, for my whole family!”

At the end of his speech, Ye Chen pecked her rosy lips lightly before he came in contact with the Sleeping Spell that was casted on her.

He fell into a deep sleep.

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“Ye Chen, it’s half past seven. It’s time to get up!”

Ye Chen was woken up by Su Yuhan after sleeping for less than two hours. He opened his eyes and saw that beauty was already dressed.

“There’s a last minute meeting at the company this morning that requires me to host. You’ll handle the competition Mengmeng is participating in Jinling.”

As Su Yuhan lifted his blanket, she reminded him, “I’ll be frank. You and your daughter are going to Jinling this time. You can’t cause trouble for me. Otherwise, you’ll be punished when you come home.”

“Are you going to torture me?”

Ye Chen extended his arm and pulled her into his embrace. Sensing the softness between his arms, he said not sure if he was smiling, “You’re really rebellious, do you know that? I’ll let you know what it means to be tortured now.”

“Alright, stop fooling around!”

Su Yuhan rolled her eyes at him after she broke free. She added with her flushing cheeks, "It's about nine o'clock now. Remember to bring Mengmeng to the school to look for her art teacher. She'll tell you the exact location and time of the competition. She'll also take you to Jinling.

This is her number. Please be nice to her."

She then handed him a name card.

"Okay, okay. I know."

Ye Chen yawned and said in a teasing manner, "Say, wifey, shouldn't I be getting some benefits from the big mission you gave me?"

"What do you want?" Su Yuhan was stunned a little.

"This, of course."

Ye Chen pointed at his face.

"Bastard."

Su Yuhan almost slapped him. However, she still walked over and kissed Ye Chen's face. She punched him again, "You little bastard, are you satisfied now? Remember to wipe the lipstick stain on your face before you head out."

After saying that, she left the room as if she was running away before Ye Chen could react. She was afraid that Ye Chen would ask for more.

The moment she left, a head peeped through the door, gloating, "Daddy, you've been scolded by mommy, haven't you? Are you happy now?"

"How did you know I was scolded by Mommy?"

Ye Chen's face turned grim immediately.

'Do you think your father is that weak in your eyes?'

Mengmeng covered her mouth and giggled, "That's because mommy stomped her feet and called me a bastard when she went out. I'm sure mommy wasn't scolding me, because when mommy is angry with me, she would use her hand to ask me to keep quiet."

"Get in here!"

Ye Chen waved and grabbed the little girl from afar. He said while pulling a long face, "You're getting gutsy, aren't you? How dare you tease me? Have you forgotten how I spoiled you? Also, I haven't settled the score of you stealing my medicinal pills to go fishing."

After saying that, he reached out and kept rubbing the little girl's face.

"Daddy, I was wrong. I won't dare to make fun of you anymore. At most, I'll secretly laugh inside of me.

Ahh, grandpa, grandma, help!"

Ye Chen was speechless.

As the father and daughter bickered, a little girl stood timidly at the door. She looked at the father and daughter who were laughing. Her face was filled with envy.

Ye Chen only let go of Mengmeng after noticing that. He got off the bed and walked over. He squatted down to play with Qianqian's hair and asked while smiling, "Qianqian, did you sleep well last night? Did your Little Sister Mengmeng bully you?"

"Big brother, I had a good night's sleep last night. Big brother's bed is very soft and warm."

Qianqian nodded happily, "Sister Mengmeng didn't bully me. It's just that Sister Mengmeng would grind her teeth in her sleep."

"Nonsense, I didn't grind my teeth."

Mengmeng, who was on the bed, could not take it anymore.

"If she grinds her teeth again, I'll get a needle and thread to sew her mouth shut," Ye Chen said while laughing. He then walked into the bathroom to wash up.

When he came out, his mother, Wu Lan, had already prepared breakfast. The two children sat obediently at the table, not daring to move their chopsticks.

"You guys should eat, don't wait for me."

Ye Chen sat down while smiling.

Not only did Mengmeng not pick up her chopsticks, she even looked at Ye Chen and said, "Daddy, can I ask you for something?"

"What is it? Tell me first before I decide." Ye Chen immediately put on his guard when he saw how polite she was out of nowhere.

He knew his daughter very well.

She was a mischievous kid!

There was nothing she did not dare to do.

Mengmeng moved her lips and said hesitantly, "Mengmeng is going to Jinling with Daddy for the competition. Sister Qianqian will be alone at home. I can't bear to leave her alone, so I want Daddy to bring Sister Qianqian along."

Qianqian could not help but reveal a look of hope while sitting aside. It was obvious that she wished to go with Mengmeng as well.

"Daddy, just agree."

Before Ye Chen could say anything, Mengmeng walked to his side and hugged his arm while being all cute. "Mommy won't let me, but I really want to bring Sister Qianqian along. Don't worry, I promise you that I'll get first place in the competition."

"First place?"

Ye Chen almost burst out laughing. "Alright, I agree. However, you're the one who said that you'd win first place in the drawing competition. I won't have to worry if your mother comes after me on this."

"Alright, first place it is!"

The little girl instantly laughed, she squinted her eyes into the shapes of crescent moons, "It's just first place, isn't it? I can get it easily. Oh so easily!"

She muttered at the end of her sentence, "But Daddy is really too much. He keeps talking about mommy. Is daddy really scared of mommy like they said on tv?"

"What did you say?"

The little girl shook her head hard immediately, "Nothing. I said daddy is really handsome and that daddy is my prince charming."

Chapter 532: You Can Call Me Brother, but Not "Little" Brother!

According to Su Yuhan, Mengmeng was going to Jinling this time as one of Tiannan's children representatives to participate in an art competition. The rest of the participants were from the famous kindergartens in Tiannan. Meanwhile, the ones leading the team were all art teachers from the kindergartens.

Ye Chen left with Mengmeng and Qianqian after breakfast. He was not driving as they were travelling far away.

When the three of them arrived at Little Swan Kindergarten, they realized that there were over ten people gathered at the entrance. Some were parents, and some were children.

Standing before them was a lady in a white dress. She was around 25 years old, and she was very pretty. She wore a pair of black-framed glasses, which added to her composedness.

"Ms. Cang!"

Before Ye Chen got close, Mengmeng ran over like she was flying. She hugged the lady in the long dress tightly.

"You're finally here, Fellow Ye Mengmeng. I thought you'd no longer participate in the competition," the lady bent down and patted the little girl's head.

The little girl only pointed at Ye Chen after he walked closer. She said as if she was showing off, "Ms. Cang, this is my daddy.

Daddy, this is my art teacher, Ms Cang!"

The lady in the long dress lifted her eyes to take a good look at Ye Chen. She took the initiative to stretch her hand out enthusiastically, "Hello, Mr. Ye. I'm Ye Mengmeng's art teacher, Cang Shuxue."

"Well, hello, Ms. Cang. I'm Ye Mengmeng's father. My name is Ye Chen," Ye Chen shook her hand politely.

He had a strange feeling after saying that.

The girl in front of him had the surname Cang. He wondered how men felt when they called her 'Ms. Cang'.

One glance at his expression was all Cang Shuxue needed to realize that he was thinking something else. She could not help but blush.

The reason being many people had the same expression as Ye Chen did. She even took the effort to ask her best friend who Ms. Cang was. It turned out even her best friend had the same odd expression. She almost fainted from embarrassment when she learned about Ms. Cang[1].

'So this bunch of men called me Ms. Cang.

They're thinking something so filthy!'

At that moment, a pot-bellied man holding the hand of a little fatty said impatiently, "Ms. Cang, since everyone is here, shouldn't we get going? Can we not waste time?"

He glanced at Ye Chen coldly after saying that. His eyes were filled with disdain. He was going to another province to bring glory to Tiannan. It was embarrassing for him to dress so casually.

"That's right. I came all the way here because I wanted my son to get first place in the competition. Can you hurry up?" A plump middle-aged woman with heavy makeup said in a sarcastic manner.

"We're leaving now. Get in, everyone!"

Cang Shuxue smiled sweetly. Subsequently, she took the lead and walked to a city bus by the road. She said to everyone, "Everyone, there are many of us on the trip. In order to unify the management, we can't afford to sit in cars. I'm so sorry that you guys will have to take the bus!"

"Isn't this condition terrible? If I had known about this earlier, I would have driven my Ferrari."

"That's right. It's so dirty. How are we supposed to travel in that? We're people with high status." The middle-aged woman grumbled, but she led the child into the bus anyway.

Cang Shuxue was extremely embarrassed.

"Let's go!"

Ye Chen did not mind that. He held Mengmeng in one hand and Qianqian in the other as they walked onto the bus.

As soon as she sat down, Mengmeng stood up and pointed at a little boy sitting across her, "Daddy, let me introduce you. This is my best friend, Li Erguo!"

Ye Chen lifted his head and looked over. He saw a little fatty who was four or five years old. At that moment, he could not stop eating a bag of spicy snacks. There was a middle-aged man who looked haggard and old sitting next to him.

The little fatty stopped eating and smirked at Ye Chen after Mengmeng was done introducing them, "Hello, Uncle Ye."

After saying that, he hesitated for a moment before handing over the bag of spicy snacks. With a face full of reluctance, he asked, "Uncle Ye, Mengmeng, do you guys want some?"

"Rascal, do you think everyone is like you? Eating is all you know."

Before Ye Chen could say anything, the middle-aged man sitting next to the little fatty scolded him angrily. He then nodded at Ye Chen, "Hello, Brother Ye. My name is Li Yongmin."

Ye Chen smiled lightly.

"Daddy, it's tiring to ride a bus. If I don't eat, how can I replenish my energy? If I don't have energy, how can I showcase my strength in the competition?" The fat boy pouted.

"Hehehe!" Qianqian giggled immediately. She could always find something funny about her peers. She could not help but ask, "Little brother, why are you called Li Ergou?"

"D-Don't call me little brother!"

The little fatty was immediately upset, "You can call me brother, but don't use the word 'little'!"

"Why not?"

It was Mengmeng and Qianqian's turn to be confused.

As the little fatty ate, he mumbled, "My grandpa said that men can be small anywhere, but their brothers shouldn't be small. Otherwise, their wives will run away with other men."

Qianqian and Mengmeng still looked confused.

"You rascal!"

Li Yongmin was so angry that he slapped him.

Ye Chen was between laughter and tears.

"Hey, fatty, you still haven't told me why you're called Li Ergou," Mengmeng held her chin with her hand and looked at him curiously.

The little fatty burped and said nonchalantly, "It's simple. Every time my daddy gets drunk, he'll hang me up and beat me. Furthermore, he only drinks Erguotou!"

"Hahaha!" Now even Ye Chen could not help but laugh.

He realized that this little fatty was quite interesting.

'How dare he say that in front of his own father?'

"I'll beat you to death, you little bastard!"

Li Yongmin's face instantly turned green from the anger, and he gave him another slap. "I hit you because you misbehaved. You're so young, and you aren't learning to behave. Not only did you steal your grandpa's cigarette, you also put the wooden sticks in the cigarette box and pretended nothing happened."

“Grandpa’s eyes aren’t good. If I don’t do that, wouldn’t he be suspicious?” The little fatty did not cry after being slapped. Instead, he started mumbling as if it made sense for him to do that.

He humored everyone in the bus, everyone laughed.

...

While the bus was moving, Cang Shuxue introduced the art competition to everyone when they reached Jinling.

The competition venue was held at the Jinling Gallery, and the competition was scheduled at 2 p.m.. It would officially end at 3 p.m.. This would mean that the competition would only last for an hour, and it was an open competition. The tools would be prepared at the venue.

Towards the end, Cang Shuxue spilled the most important information, “The top three contestants will not only be recommended to study at the National Youth Palace, they will also receive prize money of 100,000, 50,000, or 20,000 yuan.

As for the first prize, it is said that the Art Saint, Master Wu Wenshan would take the winner as his disciple and teach the disciple art himself!”

[1] Side note: People call Sola Aoi, the Japanese AV idol Ms. Cang too.

Chapter 533: The Art Saint of Jinling, Wu Wenshan!

If Cang Shuxue’s first sentence did not pique everyone’s interest, then her last sentence caused a great commotion in the bus.

A pot-bellied man was shocked and exclaimed by instinct, “What? The champion of the competition will be made the Art Saint Master Wu’s disciple? Are you serious about that?”

“Really? With Master Wu’s status, how would he possibly be interested in a children’s art competition?” A square-faced man wearing gold-framed glasses could not help the shock on his face.

“Who is this Art Saint that you guys are talking about?”

Some parents showed that they had never heard of that person.

The pot-bellied middle-aged man mocked as soon as he was done speaking, “You haven’t even heard of Master Wu, the Art Saint? I must say that you’re really ignorant!”

The man looked embarrassed.

The middle-aged man looked through the crowd. Noticing that there were a few people who had no idea who the Art Saint was, he could not help but introduce them boastfully, “You guys only know Xu Beihong and Qi Baishi, but you don’t know the Art Saint Wu Wenshan!

Master Wu is the master of calligraphy art. He’s also the descendant of Wu Daozi. He is as famous as Qi Baishi and the rest. His painting skills have reached the level of godly perfection.”

He paused for a moment as he spoke to this point before he proceeded, "It's said that Master Wu once drew a painting of a spring trip in the suburbs. As soon as the painting was completed, before the ink had even dried, it attracted countless butterflies and bees."

The crowd gasped upon hearing this.

It was just a painting, but it attracted the butterflies and bees. Was Master Wu's painting skills so good that he could materialize something?

"That's not all!"

The middle-aged man with the gold-framed glasses pushed his glasses and said, "Master Wu is the No.1 painter in Jinling. Even the Jinling Calligraphy Art Association's president is his disciple. Rumor has it that a wealthy foreign businessman offered Master Wu 100 million US dollar to paint for him, but Master Wu was nowhere to be seen."

The whole bus fell into silence.

Everyone was shocked. They did not expect such a person to exist in the world. This time, even the arrogant, plump woman with heavy makeup could not sit still.

What would that mean if her child got first place in the competition and became Wu Wenshan's disciple? It was hard to imagine.

In reality, she was not the only one who had such thoughts. Almost everyone in the car had their eyes sparkling.

Li Yongmin looked at the little fatty who was still eating. He was instantly infuriated, "You little brat, did you hear that? You have to do well in this competition and get first place. If you do that, you'd become Master Wu's disciple!"

"I don't care about that!"

The little fatty wiped his greasy mouth and said nonchalantly, "So what? Can he really turn a drumstick into a real drumstick just by drawing it? I can't eat a painting.

Daddy, don't paint me such a big picture. I know what I'm capable of. I don't have much ambition in life. I just want to sleep, eat, and sleep. After you die, I'll inherit the legacy and continue to sleep, eat, and sleep."

"W-What did you say?"

Li Yongmin was so pissed that he almost died. He pretended to hit him!

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. He did not care about this so-called Art Saint at all. Putting aside the fact that his painting skills were superb, it was not a big deal even if he could turn rocks into gold and add the vital finishing touches.

When he was in the Immortal World, there was an art workshop under the heavens that commanded dozens of the most powerful artworks in the world. These people could change the color of the sky and earth with a casual wave of their hand, and whatever they drew would be materialized.

As compared to that, what was a mortal Art Saint even?

The reason why he accompanied Mengmeng to the competition was because Su Yuhan and his daughter liked it. He would satisfy them in anything that they liked.

Even if they wanted the moon in the sky and the dragon in the sea, Ye Chen would catch the moon and capture the dragon for them!

On the contrary, he rather admired Li Ergou's character. This kid was a typical introvert of the new ages. He was broad-minded, fat, and had no desires.

...

It was around 1 p.m. when the bus finally arrived at the destination – the Jinling Gallery.

The art gallery was located at the foot of the mountain. Along the way, they could see the flower and bird markets, as well as the natural park. The people in the bus watched the beautiful scenery and culture of Jinling, the ancient capital of six dynasties. It could not be compared with Tiannan.

The bus finally stopped at the outdoor venue outside the gallery. When the group got out of the bus, they saw people with all walks around them. All of them brought the seniors and young ones along.

"Everyone, the competition will begin in less than an hour. I know that everyone is hungry."

Cang Shuxue looked at the time and said to everyone, "How about this? You guys go ahead and grab something to eat. You can take a stroll nearby at the same time. We'll meet here at 1:50 p.m.. However, I'd like to make this clear. You can't go far, or you might not be able to participate in the competition in time. Also, you must be careful."

Before she could finish, most of the parents had led their children to the nearby commercial street with their faces filled with excitement.

"I'm hungry!"

The little fatty stared at Li Yongmin.

The corner of Li Yongmin's lips twitched. He could not help but smack his forehead and asked, "You've been eating all the way here. Are you not full yet?"

"Daddy, I'm hungry too!"

Mengmeng looked around and hugged Ye Chen's thigh. She looked at Ye Chen in anticipation. Although Qianqian who was next to her did not say anything, she was probably starving judging by her beaten appearance.

Ye Chen patted the two little girls' heads and looked at Li Yongmin next to him, "Brother Li, why don't we go somewhere to get something to eat?"

Along the way, he chatted with Li Yongmin and his son.

"Sure!"

Li Yongmin nodded with a smile and said to Cang Shuxue, "Ms. Cang, shall we go together? You've been talking to us along the way and haven't been eating."

"Sure, thank you!"

Cang Shuxue smiled faintly.

...

The group walked to the nearby commercial street and found a high-end restaurant. They took their seats and ordered.

As soon as the little fatty sat down, he called the waiter over. He waved his hand and said generously, "Uncle Ye, Ms. Cang, my dad is buying us lunch today. You guys can order as much as you want. Don't bother him, he's a contractor. He has earned a lot of money over the years."

Li Yongmin remained silent.

'Who would do that to their own father in front of outsiders? Am I still your father? All I did was just hitting you a few times after drinking Erguotou in the past. Do you have to do this to me?'

"I'd like a bowl of duck blood noodle, thank you!"

Cang Shuxue giggled and ordered for herself.

Mengmeng ordered over ten dishes at once, "Daddy, I want to eat soup dumplings, Zhou Hei Ya, this, and that..."

Li Yongmin's face turned grim.

When it was Qianqian's turn to order, the little girl seemed a little reserved. She also ordered a serving duck blood noodle just like Cang Shuxue did.

"Don't worry. Order whatever you want. It's my treat." Ye Chen noticed her hesitation and passed the menu to her again.

When he said that, Li Yongmin felt a little embarrassed. He quickly said, "Brother Ye, let me pay the bill. This brat is right. All these years, I've been managing the construction site and I've indeed earned a lot of money."

"Uncle, how much did you earn?" Mengmeng asked curiously.

The fat boy blurted out by instinct, "It's not much, just a few billion or two. However, my dad is too stingy. He likes to wear cheap clothes, and when he smokes, he only smokes one packet of Yun Yan..."

"Hurry up and eat!"

Li Yongmin coughed continuously.

As they were talking, the sound of brakes screeching came downstairs, followed by many screams.

Everyone looked up.

On the street outside, a Hummer drove on the street like a bully. In the end, it drove into a supermarket and shattered the glass door. Countless people stood outside to watch and gossiped.

Chapter 534: Young Master Zhao Will Pay for the Losses He Caused Today!

Under the furious gazes of countless passers-by, a young man in a white suit and sunglasses walked out of the Hummer. In his arms was a fashionable boy around six or seven years old.

As he walked out, many passersby were shocked.

“It’s the Zhao family’s young master, Zhao Yuanliang!”

Someone was about to curse out loud, but after hearing this exclaim, his body began to tremble suddenly.

“What? He’s King of Chaos from the Zhao Family?”

The rest looked terrible too.

Zhao Yuanliang was just too famous in Jinling!

He was the Zhao family’s second young master, one of the most influential people in Jinling’s high society. He was the leader of Jinling’s third, younger generation.

He was a typical hedonistic son of a wealthy family. King of Chaos was his nickname. With his family background, he was arrogant and domineering in Jinling, and no one dared to mess with him.

The young man in a suit smiled in disdain. He then lowered his head and said to the boy in his arms, “How was it, Yangyang? Did you enjoy driving your uncle’s car?”

“We didn’t kill anyone, uncle. It’s not satisfying.”

The boy’s childlike features revealed a trace of arrogance.

What he said infuriated many.

They were shocked to find out that the Hummer that almost hit someone was driven by a six or seven-year-old child. Furthermore, he did not feel guilty at all after creating the mess. Instead, he said things like he did not kill anyone, and that he was not satisfied.

Mengmeng hugged Ye Chen’s arm and said, “Daddy, they’re so bad.”

Fatty Li Erguo spat on the ground and said, “Dad, did you see that? This is the rich second-generation they talk about on tv. I’m much better compared to him.”

“What a great ancient capital of the six dynasties!”

Li Yongmin smiled out of anger. He looked extremely terrible.

Ye Chen heard every single word the passersby said. Subsequently, he shook his head, “The family has been wealthy for three generations. It’s no wonder that they dare to act so brazenly!”

Faced with the pointing fingers from countless passersby, Young Master Zhao smiled coldly, “What are you looking at? Go home and look at your mother!”

Subsequently, he wrote a check and tossed it into the supermarket behind him. "I'll pay for the losses I've caused today!"

He then drove the Hummer away.

"What kind of person is that? Is this the correct way to be teaching a child?"

Even though Cang Shuxue was a girl, she could not help but be pissed, "Also, how can a minor drive around so brazenly? Does law mean nothing to them?"

She then took out her phone to call the police.

Li Yongmin stopped her immediately, "Ms. Cang, don't be rash. We can't afford to offend such a person."

...

Everyone lost their appetite after such a joy-killing incident. After casually eating two mouthfuls, Li Yongmin insisted on paying the bill and returned to the art gallery under Cang Shuxue's lead.

Ten minutes later, all the children who were participating in the competition gathered at the art gallery under the guidance of their parents. Even the few people who were on the same bus as Ye Chen earlier were no exception.

Everyone had anticipation and excitement filled their faces. They had their guards up when they looked at each other. They had clearly realized what winning the first place of the art competition meant.

At the same time, there was a commotion behind the crowd.

The people turned around to see five bodyguards in uniform escorting a young man toward them. No one dared stop them. Even if they refused to let out a path, they would be pushed away.

"It's him again!" Li Yongmin and Cang Shuxue were shocked when they saw the young man's face.

The reason being the young man was the young master of the Zhao family, Zhao Yuanliang, whom they had met outside earlier. At the moment, he was still carrying the six to seven-year-old boy in his arms, and there was a piece of chocolate in his mouth.

"It's Young Master Zhao!"

"I didn't expect him to come. Did he bring the child in his arms to participate in the competition?"

"My, my. Even the famous Young Master Zhao brought someone to participate in this competition. What chances do we stand?"

"..."

The crowd was shocked.

To them, this so-called children's art competition was not worthy of the attention of a wealthy family. They did not expect Zhao Yuanliang, the second young master of the Zhao family to participate as well.

"Could they be here for Master Wu Wenshan?"

Someone's eyes lit up.

Zhao Yuanliang was arrogant the whole time and he ignored everyone. On the other hand, the little boy in his arms looked fiercely at the children and said in disdain, "You guys are a bunch of garbage. Do you think you are qualified to compete with me, Zhao Yang?"

No one dared to voice their anger.

At that moment, a woman in qipao walked over with a microphone. She shouted as she walked, "The competition is about to begin. Leaders of all regions, please bring your contestants in with me. Parents, stay outside!"

"Do I need to stay outside as well?" Zhao Yuanliang revealed an expression not sure if he was smiling.

"Eh, aren't you Young Master Zhao?"

The woman hurried over and said respectfully, "Of course you don't have to stay outside. Please come in. I'll bring you in myself."

Zhao Yuanliang enjoyed her respect. He carried the child and swaggered in under everyone's indignant gazes.

Although they were angry, it was impossible for them to head back now since they were already here. The venue was chaotic. Countless parents kept cheering for their children.

"Ye Mengmeng, Li Erguo, Guan Muze, Chen Xiaohai..."

As the leader of Tiannan, Cang Shuxue ticked the names one by one. She then closed the registration form and said, "You guys will follow me. As for the parents, stay outside. We will come out as soon as the competition ends. Don't worry."

Mengmeng grabbed the corner of Ye Chen's shirt tightly and said shyly, "Daddy, I want you to come with me."

"Don't worry. Daddy and Sister Qianqian will keep an eye on you. Do your best. Daddy has confidence in you," Ye Chen kissed her while smiling.

"Daddy, I'll definitely get the first prize!"

The little girl waved her little fist and followed Cang Shuxue into the gallery.

Before he left, Li Erguo smirked and said, "Uncle Ye, don't worry. I won't let anyone bully Mengmeng. After all, I didn't get this body from merely drinking water."

"Get lost!"

Li Yongmin kicked him.

The fatty jiggled the fats on his body and disappeared within a blink of an eye.

Li Yongmin turned around to comfort Ye Chen, "Don't worry, Brother Ye. It's just a children's art competition. It's nothing."

Ye Chen smiled and said nothing. Instead, he spread Divine Consciousness and watched his daughter's every move.

...

There was a manor at the mountain behind Jinling Gallery.

After Zhao Yuanliang led his seven-year-old nephew Zhao Yang into the manor, he bowed to a blue-clad old man and smiled, "Yuanliang greets Uncle Wu!"

An old man in blue clad sat before him. He was calm, and he gave off an aura of a scholar. Beside him stood several men. Each of them possessed a powerful presence.

If there were outsiders here, they would be shocked to discover that these people were the seniors of the art industry in Jinling. There was the president of the Calligraphy Association, the president of the Calligraphy Art Association, and the president of the biggest Chamber of Commerce in Jinling...

However, these people were extremely respectful because the old man was Wu Wenshan, the No.1 painter in Jinling!

Wu Wenshan opened his eyes and looked at Zhao Yuanliang. His gaze finally landed on the seven-year-old Zhao Yang. He nodded slightly and asked, "Is this kid the descendant of my old friend?"

"Yes, Uncle Wu!"

The arrogance Zhao Yuanliang had earlier was completely gone. He nodded politely and said, "Uncle Wu, my second grandfather hopes that you'd take Zhao Yang as your disciple."

"Don't worry!"

Wu Wenshan nodded slightly and said, "I've spoken to the judges. This child will get first prize in the competition this time. I'll show up by then and officially accept him as my disciple!"

"Thank you, Uncle Wu!"

After Zhao Yuanliang expressed his gratitude, he left with his nephew.

An old man could not help but said after Zhao Yuanliang left, "Master Wu, I've heard that the little young master of the Zhao family has never learned to paint before. He can't even draw an egg. I'm afraid the people would create a stir if he were to be given the first prize."

Wu Wenshan flung his sleeves!

"I'll call the shots on whoever will be given the first prize. What are they going to do about that?!"

Chapter 535: So You're Saying Your Daughter Would Definitely Win the First Prize?

"I'll call the shots on whoever will be given the first prize. What are they going to do about that?"

Everyone in the manor nodded hearing what Wu Wenshan's said. As the No.1 painter in Jinling, Master Wu had the right to be proud.

They turned a blind eye to Zhao Yuanliang's behavior. After all, the Zhao family was one of the richest families in Jinling. Who would dare say no?

...

At 2:30 p.m., the gallery arranged Ye Chen and the parents who were there to enter the lounge. Apart from Li Yongmin, the rest of the parents were restless and nervous. Clearly, they were worried whether their children would stand out in the competition.

Only Ye Chen and Li Yongmin seemed relaxed.

From time to time, Qianqian would look in and asked nervously, "Big brother, will Sister Mengmeng win a certificate?"

What she said naturally attracted the attention of the rest. At that moment, countless gazes were on Ye Chen.

"Believe in your Sister Mengmeng. Not only will she win, she'll even win the first prize," Ye Chen nodded with a smile.

Although he had never really seen his daughter drawing, he believed in her.

The reason being she was Mad Southern Ye's daughter.

Although he was clueless in art, he knew that art required a person's sense of space, vision, and ability to capture art.

His daughter ate medicinal pills like candies, and she had improved tremendously in all aspects. It was just like how the little girl kicked the soccer ball and it bursted into pieces last time.

After eating so many medicinal pills, if she still could not win against a group of people her age, then Ye Chen would question his medicine refining skills.

Right after he said that, a middle-aged woman with heavy makeup could not help but sneered, "So you're saying your daughter would definitely win the first prize?"

"Ms. Shen Fang is right. Brother, don't be arrogant. Which children who are participating in this competition aren't outstanding in school?"

A man wearing a pair of gold-framed glasses added, "Take me, Yang Ye's son as an example. He studied art at the age of three, and for that, I even asked an art professor from Tiannan University to personally guide him."

"That's right. I'm saying my daughter would definitely win the first prize!"

"..."

At that moment, the entire lounge became tense. Everyone was boasting about their child or mocking Ye Chen for making such a boastful pledge.

Ye Chen smiled, he did not mind that. After all, children would compare their fathers while parents would compare their children. It was human nature.

“Everybody’s child is good.”

Li Yongmin smiled and took the initiative to help Ye Chen out, “I don’t think my little fatty has the destiny nor the ability to win. I forced him to come today because I wanted him to see the world.”

From Li Yongmin’s perspective, even though Li Erguo had some talent in art, he did not look like he would become an artist at all. Even though Li Yongmin would scold and beat his son, he just wanted him to go with the flow in life.

Ding, ding, ding!

As they were talking, the bell rang.

“The competition is about to begin!”

Someone said that, and the entire lounge fell into silence. All of the parents could not help but look at the big screen before them. It was showing the competition venue.

It was a hall that took up about 200 square meters. The hall was filled with people, most of them were children from all over the country. There were about a hundred of them, and there were three judges sitting on the stage.

“That’s my child, Xiaohai.”

“Good luck, Xiaomu! Mommy believes in you!”

“...”

Many parents could not help but cheer when they saw their children on the screen.

Ye Chen smiled too.

He saw Mengmeng. The girl was standing behind Cang Shuxue with the little fatty Li Erguo. Compared to the other children who looked nervous, the two kids did not seem to care. They were even whispering to each other.

Li Yongmin could not help but laughed when he saw that, “You little brat, you’re still in the mood to whisper to your friend at a time like this. I’ll smack your butt hard when you get out!”

The seven-year-old boy from the Zhao family was surrounded by people as if he was a treasure. He held a phone in his hand and played the game on his phone with pride.

“Hello, children and teachers!”

A woman in qipao walked out with a microphone in her hand, “The theme of today’s art competition is ‘Science Fiction’. All of you are the new generation of the country. Your wisdom and imagination will determine the development of the world. As the saying goes, ‘The more powerful the younger generation is, the more powerful China will become’.

Therefore, please create an art piece on the spot around the theme of ‘Science Fiction’. There is a time limit of 30 minutes. During the duration of time, no talking is allowed. The drawing style is based on your

imagination. There are no restrictions on the materials used for drawing. There are also tools for drawing that will be provided to you. The staff will distribute them to you later.”

Following a round of applause, a few staff in uniform began distributing the drawing tools, while all the participating children sat down under the arrangement of the teacher.

Ding, ding, ding!

“Begin!”

A lady from the judging panel rang the bell.

The whole place fell silent, and all the children started working on their ideas. It looked like the college entrance exam.

Even Li Erguo, the little fatty, was rubbing his chin with a troubled expression as he pretended to meditate. He cursed the terrible judges.

‘Why did they come up with the theme ‘Science Fiction’ instead of making it something related to food?’

He wondered if Mengmeng had thought of an idea of what to draw.

He could not help but turn to look at Mengmeng, who was sitting in the back row. She had already picked up a crayon and started drawing, as if she had already thought about what to draw earlier.

“W-What...”

The little fatty’s mouth was wide open.

The art teacher, Cang Shuxue, was secretly anxious, ‘Mengmeng, this is a formal competition. There is only one chance. You should at least think carefully before drawing. Didn’t I tell you that before?’

She thought that Mengmeng was worried that she would not have enough time, so she started drawing immediately.

Many people witnessed that. Everyone was shocked at first, but they snickered coldly to themselves. Even the three judges were no exception.

The parents who were waiting outside could not help but look at Ye Chen.

Ye Chen smiled without saying anything.

At the same time in the manor on the mountain behind Jinling Gallery, several experts from the art industry were also watching the competition through the big screen.

When they saw that Mengmeng was the first to draw, many people shook their heads.

“Calmness and composure are required in art. With such impetuosity, it’s destined that you won’t succeed in art!”

As the No.1 painter in Jinling, Wu Wenshan shut his eyes to rest, as if he did not care about anything.

After all, at his level, there were only a handful of people who could be his match in the art industry. How would he be interested in a competition among children?

If it was not for Zhao Yang from the Zhao family, he would not have come today.

At this moment, someone suddenly exclaimed, "Look, what is that girl drawing?"

Chapter 536: I'm Sorry, Daddy!

"I'm going to draw a pill cauldron!"

Mengmeng held a crayon in her hand and mumbled as she drew, "Yes, that's right. It's the kind of pill cauldron that daddy makes medicinal pills for me.

When I grow up, I'll ask daddy to give me a pill cauldron so that I can refine pills on my own. I have to refine many pills, like weight-loss pills, pills that make people smart, and pills that make people run faster.

They're for Er Guozi, Brother Haohao, and Sister Qianqian. By then, they can use them to fish, so they won't have to steal daddy's pills."

The more the girl spoke, the more excited she became. She did not expect to be the center of attention.

A pill cauldron quickly took shape under her brush. There was a dragon head on both sides of the pill cauldron in the painting. There was an opening in the middle, and there was a lid on top...

When the people in the manor at the back of Jinling Gallery saw what the girl was drawing, they looked at each other.

"W-What is that?" Someone could not help but ask.

The theme was science fiction.

They thought that this group of children would draw something like an airplane, a tank, a cannon, or a robot. However, Mengmeng drew something so odd.

An old man walked closer and stared at it for a long time. His hand suddenly trembled, and he almost tore off his beard, "T-That looks like a Taoist pill cauldron!"

An uproar broke out among the crowd.

"What? A pill cauldron?"

The other old man was shocked and confused. He was shocked that a child could draw a pill cauldron, and he was shocked that it did not match the theme of science fiction.

The commotion attracted Wu Wenshan's attention.

Wu Wenshan opened his eyes slightly and casually glanced at the drawing of the little girl Mengmeng on the screen. It was as if he was taking a stroll in the park.

His face that was initially nonchalant finally changed the next moment, "Spirit. This girl's painting actually has spirit in it."

He was a painter, not a Taoist priest, so his focus was on the girl's artistic level.

"Master Wu, what do you mean by spirit?" An old man asked.

His words caught everyone's attention.

"The so-called spirit is just an abstract concept. It is an ability to express, a sense of feeling, and it's a sense for things that cannot be seen with the eyes."

Wu Wenshan slowly stood up and looked at Mengmeng who was painting on the screen. He said confidently, "A normal person can only paint on the surface. No matter how well you do, a painting is still a painting. You can tell whether it's fake with one glance.

However, some people's paintings would have a life of its own. When a normal person sees it, they will be dazed for a moment. In that short moment, it will make you feel like the painting is real."

Everyone nodded one after another with thoughtful expressions hearing what he said.

Someone took a look at the cute little girl who was drawing and could not help but ask, "Master Wu, since this girl's painting is spiritual, doesn't that mean that she is a natural talent in painting?"

"That's right. Now that I look again, I realized this girl's skill has already reached the peak of art. With such talent and skills, she can definitely surpass the other participants in the competition." Another old man stroked his beard and smiled.

Wu Wenshan nodded slightly, "Although this little girl is young and immature, there is a trace of spiritual energy in her. If it was any other time, I might have accepted her as my disciple out of consideration for her talent. But now that I have agreed to the Zhao family, I can only give up on her."

When he said that, he raised his eyes to look at the little girl Mengmeng who was drawing on the screen. He shook his head slightly. "It's a pity. You can only blame yourself for not having a background, and those without a background are destined to not be able to elevate higher. No matter how outstanding you are, you just can't do it. Don't blame me. This is the law of survival in this world."

"Master Wu is right!"

Someone chuckled softly and said, "Although this girl has amazing talent, she is just a genius. How can a mere genius compare to the Zhao family?"

The others nodded one after another. They then looked at the cute girl who was painting on the screen with some sympathy while they sighed to themselves.

'No matter how talented you are, you can't compare to the person who has been decided to win through shortcuts!

...

When Ye Chen saw that the little girl drawing the pill cauldron that he was refining the medicinal pills with, he was not sure whether to laugh or cry, "This silly girl. I thought you would draw something else, but you drew this."

When the cameras in the art gallery shone on the works of all the participating children, all the parents except Ye Chen could not sit still any longer. Some of them were amazed by the other children's painting skills while others mumbled to themselves. They were full of confidence in their children's works.

Only Li Yongmin remained silent.

This was because the fat boy, Li Erguo, had drawn an odd thing that looked like a juicer or a toilet. The boy had even described it as his greatest invention of the new era.

However, when everyone saw Mengmeng's drawing, they were stunned for a moment before they bursted into a series of exclamations.

"Whose girl is that? Her drawing is so good!"

"Not bad. This is not something a child in kindergarten can do. I don't think even a top art student can draw something like this."

"It's over. This girl is definitely going to get the first prize. My child has no chance of getting first prize. Thankfully, there's still second and third prize."

"..."

Everyone was talking about it. They all agreed that little girl Mengmeng's artwork was the best among all the children. Even the art teachers leading the team was no exception.

Listening to the praises around him, Li Yongmin looked at the little fatty who was still drawing the toilet bowl, and his face turned grim.

"Brother Ye, I really envy you for having such a daughter. She'll definitely win the first prize in the competition. Remember to treat me to a meal later."

"Definitely, definitely!"

Ye Chen nodded while smiling. Everyone wanted their children to be praised and liked by others, including him.

Half an hour soon passed, and all the children stopped drawing. The teachers carefully packed the pieces and sent them to the judges' table to receive their marks.

Cang Shuxue walked out with Mengmeng and the rest. She said excitedly when she saw Ye Chen, "Mr. Ye, I've seen Mengmeng's work. She'll definitely get first prize this time. Congratulations!"

"Thank you, Ms. Cang."

Ye Chen smiled. He could not help but kiss his daughter after picking her up. He praised, "Good job, my darling daughter!"

"Daddy, if I get first prize, what will you reward me with?" The little girl hugged his neck and giggled nonstop.

"Daddy will give you whatever you want."

Ye Chen patted her head.

Compared to the little girl's heroic treatment, Li Erguo was much worse off. Li Yongmin pointed at his nose and scolded him endlessly.

Half an hour later, the result was finally announced.

“First prize winner: Zhao Yang!”

“Second prize winners: Qian Hao!”

“Five third prize winners go to: Chen Xiaohai, Li Erguo, Jiang Chun, Ma Junjie, Feng Nana!”

“10 consolation prizes go to: Ye Mengmeng...”

“...”

Some people were sad and some were happy about the result. However, everyone was shocked that the first prize went to Zhao Yang. Although Zhao Yang’s work was a futuristic car, everyone knew it was not good.

“First prize actually goes to Zhao Yang instead of Ye Mengmeng. That’s impossible, right?”

“If Ye Mengmeng doesn’t get first prize, she should at least get the second prize. However, she merely got a consolation prize. What is this? Also, it’s impossible that Zhao Yang’s painting would get the first prize, right?”

“It’s definitely a conspiracy!”

“...”

Cang Shuxue was caught off guard by the outcome. She could not help but say by instinct, “Perhaps there’s a mistake. Mr. Ye, don’t worry. I’ll go ask.”

“M-Ms. Cang, d-don’t... go!”

Mengmeng called out to her before she left. The little girl held back her tears and looked at Ye Chen while sobbing, “Daddy, I-I’m sorry. Mengmeng has disappointed you.”

The little girl did not want to cry.

However, tears poured uncontrollably.

It was not easy for her father to accompany her to the competition. She only wanted to prove her hard work and talent to him, as well as winning his praise.

In the end, she only won a consolation prize...

“It’s fine. Daddy has never been disappointed in you.”

Ye Chen held her in his embrace and reached out to wipe away the tears on her face. His expression gradually turned cold.

‘It’s fine if my daughter doesn’t do it, but if she’s doing it, she has to be first. What’s with this consolation prize? Are they trying to get rid of us?’

Chapter 537: Humans Strive for Pride, While Buddha Strives for An Incense

Ye Chen's heart ached when he looked at the cute little baby who was crying silently with an aggrieved face.

He reached out to wipe the tears off his daughter's face. He picked her up and walked toward the competition hall, "Let's go, daddy will get you an explanation."

This so-called children's art competition turned out to be allowing a young man from a wealthy family to win the first prize. Meanwhile, the little girl Mengmeng who did the best only won the consolation prize!

No parent could accept this, let alone Ye Chen who loved his daughter deeply.

Although he knew that there were all kinds of dirty secrets behind these so-called official competitions, he did not expect them to be so dirty.

It was not an exaggeration to describe it as ridiculous.

The expression on Cang Shuxue's pretty face changed when she noticed something was wrong with his expression. She followed him immediately. "Mr. Ye, don't do anything rash!"

"That's right, Brother Ye. Let's talk things out nicely. Don't be rash!" Li Yongmin was also stunned. He grabbed the little fatty and followed immediately.

Both of them thought Ye Chen could not control his emotions because he was angered by the outcome of the competition.

"Don't worry, I only want an explanation."

Ye Chen smiled lightly, but his gaze was cold.

A middle-aged man carried his child and took a step forward, "Brother Ye, we're all from Tiannan. I'll go in with you and demand an explanation too!"

"That's right, we should go as well. This competition is just too unfair. They're obviously treating us like monkeys!" Another middle-aged woman followed.

At that moment, many parents outside gathered. Their faces were filled with indignation.

"Daddy!"

Meanwhile, Mengmeng who was in Ye Chen's embrace suddenly grabbed his collar. She puffed her cheeks trying to be tough, "Daddy, I-let's go home. M-Mommy is waiting for us."

Even though the child was not even five years old, she knew if her father rushed in, he would cause big trouble.

"Don't worry!"

Ye Chen eased his expression and looked at her with a heartache, "My darling daughter, this is the first principle that I'm going to teach you. Humans strive for pride, while Buddha strives for an incense. No one can take away what belongs to us!"

"Daddy, what if someone stole what belongs to us?"

The little girl said weakly.

“Then we’ll beat that person up!

This is the second principle that daddy will teach you. If we can’t reason with them properly, then we will use our fists!

Remember, daddy will back you up no matter what happens!”

Ye Chen took a deep breath in and walked to the competition hall in determination.

His daughter could bleed, but she should not shed tears!

“Oh, no!”

Li Yongmin’s expression changed witnessing that. He clenched his teeth and followed.

...

As soon as Ye Chen walked into the competition hall, he saw countless reporters gathered. They could not stop snapping photos of Zhao Yuanliang from the Zhao family. Meanwhile, a little boy stood next to him with a trophy in his hand. He looked arrogant.

It was the first prize winner, Zhao Yang!

When they saw the sudden influx of people, one of the staff came over immediately and shouted, “What are you guys doing? Get out, get out!”

The leader wanted to push Ye Chen away instinctively.

Pa!

Ye Chen sent him flying with a slap.

At that moment, the entire hall fell silent. Countless people stared at Ye Chen in disbelief with their eyes wide open.

They did not expect that anyone would dare to stir up a fight here!

“What are you doing, brat?”

Zhao family’s second young master Zhao Yuanliang’s face turned grim instantly.

“Who are the judges?”

Ye Chen could not be bothered with him. Instead, he lifted his head and looked around the entire hall, hoping to find the judges.

His disregard angered Zhao Yuanliang. Just as he was about to speak, a young man in a uniform walked over, “I am the judge for this competition. What do you want?”

“I don’t want to do anything!”

Ye Chen shook his head lightly and looked at him with an extremely cold gaze, "I just want to ask, what standard did you use to judge this competition? How did a weakling get the first prize? Please explain that to me!"

A trace of panic flashed through the young man's eyes, and he looked at Zhao family's second young master Zhao Yuanliang by instinct.

"This is ridiculous!"

A cold snort was heard.

Subsequently, Zhao Yuanliang pulled Zhao Yang and swaggered over. He sneered, "Who do you think you are? How dare you question the judges' decision?"

"That's right. Who do you think you are to question our decision?" The young man from before snickered coldly as if he had gained some confidence.

He glanced coldly at the people behind Ye Chen as he spoke to this point. He could not help but say in a deep voice, "Parents, you'll have my works that the result of the competition is absolutely fair and just. I hope that you guys won't be used by anyone. I'll give you three minutes to leave. Otherwise, I'll call security!"

"That's right. If you guys follow this guy and cause trouble, I, Zhao Yuanliang, will get the Jinling Municipal Public Security Bureau to put all of you behind bars for eight to ten days!"

Zhao Yuanliang said with a plastic smile on his face.

As soon as he said that, the parents behind Ye Chen could not help but take a few steps back. Subsequently, they pushed each other as they walked out, worried that they would fall behind.

At the end of the day, they were just ordinary people. How could they fight against the entire art gallery, not to mention the second son of the wealthy Zhao family, Zhao Yuanliang?

Many people who were standing outside looked at Ye Chen in a gloating manner.

"That guy is done for. Everyone knows that the first prize has already been decided. How dare he question the result of this competition?"

"That's right. The young master of the wealthy Zhao family is participating in the competition. If he can't even get the first prize, wouldn't people laugh their heads off if this spread?!"

"..."

Moments later, Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin were the only ones left behind. Li Yongmin hesitated for a while before he looked at Ye Chen in the end, "Brother Ye, let's leave."

To him, Ye Chen's actions were extremely impulsive. After all, the Zhao family was a wealthy family in Jinling. Ordinary people like them could not afford to offend them.

"Yeah, Mr. Ye. Don't..."

Cang Shuxue was so scared that she was about to cry.

“He hasn’t answered my question!”

However, Ye Chen remained still. He looked at the young judge again and enunciated word for word, “I’ll ask you one last time. What are your standards?”

“Brat, I’ll say this one last time. Get out!”

Most of the people in front of him were scared of his threat, so they left. Zhao Yuanliang’s arrogance grew, “I’ve seen so many useless garbage like you. You’re stirring troubles and extort him just because your child didn’t win an award and you’re unwilling to accept it?

You’re threatening the wrong person. Not only the Jinling Gallery won’t do anything about it, you won’t get a piece of me either!”

“That’s right, you two idiots!”

Zhao Yang who was next to him made funny faces at Ye Chen and his daughter. He was grinning, he felt extremely proud.

Ye Chen suddenly sighed softly.

“What are you sighing about?” Zhao Yuanliang sneered.

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. “I sighed because I thought I could reason with you guys calmly. Never did I expect that I’d have to rely on my fists to talk things out in the end.”

Chapter 538: Why Must You Force Me to Use Violence?

“You mean you want to fight?”

Zhao Yuanliang laughed out of anger. Not only was he not worried at all, he looked at Ye Chen even more arrogantly, “I’ve lived for over 20 years, and this is the first time I’ve seen someone as ignorant as you. Interesting.”

Although he said that, there was a flash of killing intent in his eyes.

Everyone in Jinling knew about the Zhao family’s second young master. Everyone was polite to him. However, Ye Chen dared to stir up trouble and even slap his face.

He was going to call for security as he thought to this point.

“Kneel!”

A thunderous voice exploded in his ears. Before he could react, he felt an indescribable pressure bearing down on him. It was as if a mountain had collapsed on him.

Plop!

He knelt before Ye Chen in a daze.

“F*ck, brat, what did you do to me?”

Zhao Yuanliang's face was flushed as he struggled. However, he realized that the more he struggled, the greater the pressure on his body became. In the end, he fell to the ground.

At a moment, the entire hall fell into dead silence!

Everyone's eyes were filled with disbelief!

What did they see?

The Zhao family's second young master, the King of Chaos, was actually kneeling on the ground from a single slap. Moreover, he was prostrating on the ground like a dead dog.

One must know that Zhao Yuanliang was the Zhao family's second young master!

Since Ye Chen made him to kneel, it would be giving the wealthy Zhao family a slap on the face. He would definitely not be able to withstand the wrath coming from the Zhao family after this!

Cang Shuxue and Li Yongmin were terrified witnessing that!

They knew that Ye Chen was bold, but they did not expect him to be so bold that he dared to touch the Zhao family's second young master.

"It's over, it's over!"

When Li Yongmin came to his senses, his face was ashen and he kept stomping his feet, "Brother Ye, you're in big trouble!"

Even though he was only a head contractor, all the projects that he took on cost hundreds of millions. He had interacted with many people. Naturally, he knew how scary the Zhao family was.

He might be worth over a hundred million, but he was nothing compared to the Zhao family!

"Ahhh!"

In the next second, Zhao Yuanliang who was kneeling on the ground, screamed in devastation. Subsequently, he looked at Ye Chen with hatred written all over his face, "Brat, you better believe it that you're dead. You're dead. My family won't let you go!"

"The Zhao family of Jinling?"

Ye Chen squinted. Subsequently, he looked at Zhao Yang of the Zhao family who was looking at him in fear, "I'll give you a chance. Call your family and ask them to pick you up. At the same time, get them to give me an explanation on this nonsense!"

The seven-year-old Zhao Yang shivered. In the end, he could not help but take out his phone and made a call. He cried, "Uncle, Second Uncle is being bullied. Come quickly..."

Meanwhile, the crowd was in an uproar. They looked at Ye Chen as if they were looking at a dead person.

Insane!

He was really insane!

Not only did he beat up someone from the Zhao family, he even dared to ask the Zhao family to come and collect him, as well as demanding the Zhao family to give him an explanation!

...

At the same time in a manor in Jinling, two middle-aged men sat facing each other. There was a game of chess in front of them, and next to them was a girl in black. She held her chin with both hands. She looked sleepy like she was not interested in chess.

At the moment, the middle-aged man looked at the black-clad girl who looked like she was deceived to come here next to the other man after putting down the black piece in his hand. He could not help but said while smiling, "Brother Ning, Ruolan is turning 19 soon, right? Have you arranged a marriage for her yet?"

"She'll be 19 next month!"

The middle-aged man with the white piece shook his head and forced a smile, "This girl is proud and arrogant. Her temper is even more fiery than mine. Ordinary people can't take her at all!"

At this point, his eyes showed a trace of reminiscence.

In this world, perhaps the only person who could control his daughter was that white-clad young man who carried a sword on his back?

He wondered how he was doing in Beijing.

The middle-aged man holding the black piece smiled faintly, "My second son Yuanliang, is turning 24. If Brother Ning doesn't mind, perhaps our families can be connected by marriage."

The middle-aged man with the surname Ning frowned. Just as he was about to refuse, a series of hurried footsteps could be heard from outside. Soon later, a handsome and calm youth quickly walked in.

The man first glanced at Brother Ning, then he walked to the other man and whispered something to him. The black chess piece in the man's hand shattered.

"Brother Zhao, what happened?" Ning asked.

The middle-aged man replied, "What else could it be? My useless second son is stirring trouble again."

His tone sounded like he was teasing himself, but there was a hint of coldness in it, "Even though my second son is rather useless, he is usually more arrogant and domineering. If he's taught a lesson, he brought it upon himself!"

However, he was forced to kneel on the ground in front of everyone, and the person even demanded that my family go to him and give him an explanation. He's clearly humiliating my family to be doing that!"

At this point, he could not help but look at the young man next to him, "Son, go and get him yourself. At the same time, find out who exactly is that ridiculous man!"

"Yes, father!"

The young man responded. Just when he was about to leave, a shout of joy came from behind, "Is there a good show to watch? Bring me along, I'd love to watch a show!"

The drowsy girl in black woke up.

Her pretty face was filled with excitement.

The young man shook his head, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, "Let's go, Sister Ruolan!"

...

At Jinling Gallery, Ye Chen retracted his hand slowly and lifted his head to look at the young judge next to him, "Can we talk nicely now?"

The young judge fell to the ground in shock.

At that moment, a middle-aged man walked toward them, "Sir, I am Xu Anhua, the director of the Jinling Gallery. Please don't cause any trouble and leave, or I'll call the police!"

"Get lost!"

Ye Chen flung his sleeve and sent him flying on the spot. His voice was as loud as a bell, shaking the entire place, "I just want an explanation. Is it that hard? Why must you force me to use violence?"

"Security, security. Chase him out!"

Xu Anhua roared with rage.

As soon as he said that, four or five security guards in uniform rushed to the scene with stun batons in their hands. They surrounded Ye Chen.

A ferocious gleam flashed through Ye Chen's eyes. Just when he was about to attack, he heard a deep voice coming at the door, "Wait!"

Everyone turned to look.

An old man in blue clad walked over slowly with his hands behind his back. There were many people following behind him.

"It's Master Wu!

And President Chen of the Art Association!

Also Master Jiang from the calligraphy world!

Who would have thought that even they would be alerted? This matter has blown up!"

It was unknown who cried out, but a series of gasps followed.

Chapter 539: The Arrogant Master Wu!

The crowd made way as Wu Wenshan and the rest appeared!

The president of the Calligraphy Association!

The president of the Arts Association!

The founder of modern art!

A famous contemporary painter!

Everyone stared blankly at the group the old man in blue brought.

Everyone was shocked!

It was because these people were the masters of the art world. Their names were known in the entire Jinling, even the entire country! Any one of them could shake the entire art world with a stomp alone.

All of them were here!

The most shocking thing was the old man leading the group!

The man was the No.1 painter in Jinling, Master Wu Wenshan, who was known as the Art Saint. His name spread all over the world, and his works attracted countless wealthy businessmen. His works were treated like treasures!

However, he appeared at an insignificant competition now.

“Brother Ye!”

Li Yongmin stopped Ye Chen immediately and said anxiously, “Listen to me. Apologize to Master Wu later. We’ll let this go today. Don’t be impulsive!”

“That’s right, Mr. Ye. We don’t want this award anymore. Mengmeng is still young. There will be many more opportunities for her in the future!” Cang Shuxue bit her lips and tried to persuade him.

The big shots presented today were simply too shocking!

“Daddy...”

Mengmeng, who was in Ye Chen’s embrace squirmed uneasily when she saw so many people.

“It’s okay, daddy’s here!”

Ye Chen patted the little girl’s hand. Subsequently, he lifted his head and took a good look at Wu Wenshan. He squinted, “Art Saint Wu Wenshan, is it?”

“Master Wu!”

The director of Jinling Gallery Xu Anhua quickly covered his swollen mouth and walked up to them. He was very respectful and did not dare to show any disrespect.

Wu Wenshan frowned slightly, “What’s wrong with your mouth?”

“This brat did it!”

Xu Anhua glared at Ye Chen with hatred. Since when had he, the director of Jinling Gallery, suffered such humiliation?

At the same time, Zhao Yuanliang looked like he had seen his savior, “Uncle Wu, you have to help me!”

“You bastard!”

An old man with white hair walked out from behind Wu Wenshan. He looked at Ye Chen in a dignified manner, “This is the Jinling Gallery, not some street or alley. How can you behave so atrociously?”

“That’s right, young man. Let Young Master Zhao go now, or you’ll have to bear the consequences!”
Another person stood out and criticized Ye Chen.

However, Ye Chen remained still.

Wu Wenshan sighed softly and said, “Young man, I’m Wu Wenshan. Can you let Yuanliang go on my account? Don’t worry, I’ll make sure nothing happens to you!”

He did not expect that a competition that was just a formality would end up like this. Realizing that things were getting worse, he had no choice but to stop them.

Li Yongmin kept winking at Ye Chen hearing what he said

Meanwhile, Cang Shuxue secretly pulled the corner of Ye Chen’s shirt. The two of them were signalling Ye Chen to take the mercy that was given to him.

“Let him go?”

Ye Chen said noncommittally, “This person is extremely ill-mannered. Since his family can’t teach him well, I don’t mind teaching him!”

Everyone was furious hearing that.

Li Yongmin and Cang Shuxue could only force a smile.

Wu Wenshan’s expression turned grim slowly, “Young man, please stop embarrassing yourself. I’ll say this one last time. Release Yuanliang!”

“I only want an explanation!”

Ye Chen sat down while carrying his daughter!

Wu Wenshan flung his sleeves and could not help but sneer, “You asked the few of them earlier on what criteria would determine the victor. I’ll answer you now!

I was the one who set the standard. I am the No.1 painter in Jinling, and whoever I say is the winner, will be the winner!”

As he said that, he looked at Ye Chen in all seriousness. There was no room for doubt in his eyes, “What are you going to do about that?”

“That’s right. Master Wu is the best painter in Jinling and is known as the Art Saint. He has the right to judge anyone!”

His words attracted the approval of countless people!

And there was no way to refute that!

That was how the world worked. The powerful ones would say whatever they wanted. Even if they farted, nobody would complain that it was stinky. The weak would not have the chance to argue.

“The best painter in Jinling? Art Saint?”

Ye Chen chuckled softly as if he was disdainful, “You’re just looking the world in a well, your perspective is so limited. Do you think you’re worthy of criticizing me? Do you think you’re worthy of being called a saint?”

Everyone stared at him in disbelief hearing what he said. Shock filled their faces, and they thought they heard him wrong.

How dare he belittle Master Wu?

When Zhao Yuanliang heard this, he could not help but laugh as if he had heard something funny.

Wu Wenshan’s standard of art was publicly acknowledged in the country and even the entire world. However, someone said that he was a frog in a well. How daring!

“How dare you?! Who do you think you are to belittle Master Wu?”

“That’s right, this brat is here to stir up trouble!”

“Chase him out!”

A series of curses followed the silence. If looks could kill, Ye Chen would have died countless times by now.

Wu Wenshan raised his hand, signalling for everyone to be quiet. He then snickered in anger and said, “Young man, I guess you’re well-versed in art too? Do you dare to compete with me?”

After saying that, he paused for a moment and said with a plastic smile, “As long as you have 30% of my standard, I’ll give your daughter the first prize for today’s competition. How’s that?”

Everyone laughed as well, “This brat will compete with Master Wu? Are you kidding me? He won’t be able to catch up to Master Wu even if he paints for a hundred years!”

“You’re not worthy of competing with me!”

Ye Chen shook his head lightly. There was a hint of mockery at the corner of his lips, “With your standard, my daughter can defeat you on her own!”

“You bastard!”

Wu Wenshan could not help but swear.

Ye Chen was asking him, the Art Saint of the era to compete with a little girl?!

That was just too much.

At that moment, there was a commotion out there as if someone was arguing. Before anyone could react, a woman quickly walked in.

The woman looked at Wu Wenshan and stammered, "M-Master Wu, bad news, bad news! There's a group of foreigners outside. They said that your painting skills are not as good as his, and he even challenged you to a competition!"

"What?"

Wu Wenshan's expression turned grim.

Another person who said that his standard was terrible had appeared!

"Let them in!"

The president of the Art Association sneered, "I'd love to see who dares to look down on Master Wu!"

The woman walked out.

Not long after, she led three men and two women in. The five of them were all dressed in kimono. It seemed like they were from Japan.

The leader was a young man approximately 15 or 16. He had a pretty face that was rather pale, but there was unconcealed pride between his brows.

When they saw the young man's face, the expressions of the experts behind Wu Wenshan changed. It was as if they had seen a powerful opponent.

"What? It's him!"

Chapter 540: A Challenge From Japan!

When they saw the man leading the Japanese team, the many Chinese art world's magnates behind Wu Wenshan had their expressions changed. They exclaimed in surprise.

"It's him, Sato Seiichi! When did he come to China?!"

Even Wu Wenshan's eyes froze.

"Sato Seiichi! It's Sato Seiichi! Oh my god!"

Some of the onlookers also recognized him, and they could not help but exclaimed in disbelief.

Even Cang Shuxue was no exception.

Li Ergou could not help but ask, "Ms. Cang, who is Sato Seiichi?"

Ye Chen and Li Yongmin looked at Cang Shuxue at the same time.

Cang Shuxue took a deep breath in and looked at the Japanese young man, "Sato Seiichi is the youngest genius artist in Japan. Rumor has it that he studied painting at the age of four and comprehended art at the age of eight. At the age of ten, his works caused a sensation in Japan.

I heard that when he was 11, he challenged Ishikawa Ichiro, the Art Saint of Japan. And..."

She suddenly stopped as she spoke to this point. Her face turned pale.

The little fatty rolled his eyes, "What happened after that? Ms. Cang, tell us. Can you stop leaving us hanging?"

"Rumor has it that this young man created a hell map of China during the competition. Ishikawa Ichiro was unable to extricate himself after taking a glance at it."

Cang Shuxue paused for a moment and said with an unnatural expression, "When everyone realized that something was wrong and went forward to try to wake Ishikawa Ichiro up, they realized that he had already... stopped breathing!"

Her voice was neither loud nor soft, but it traveled to every corner of the hall. Everyone could not help but have goosebumps.

"One look at the painting and he's dead? That's impossible!"

"It's true. A friend of mine in Japan mentioned this to me before. After that, Sato became the youngest artist in Japan. Rumor has it that his paintings can cause hallucinations."

A woman in luxurious clothes stammered.

Everyone looked at Sato with fear in their eyes.

Master Wu had finally met his match!

At the same time, a young man in a suit slowly walked out from behind Sato.

The man nodded politely at everyone. Subsequently, he turned to Wu Wenshan and said with fluent Chinese, "I, Kazuhiko Inoue, greets Master Wu."

"Mr. Inoue, why did you bring your men to me today?" Wu Wenshan stared at him with a stern face. To be exact, he was looking directly at Sato Seiichi.

Kazuhiko Inoue smiled warmly and said, "The man behind me is Japan's Art Saint of the new generation, Mr. Sato. Mr. Sato has long heard of the name of the Chinese Art Saint, Master Wu. Therefore, he traveled across the ocean to China to have a discussion with Master Wu about art."

This person had an extremely good communication skill. He was clearly here to cause trouble, but when he said it, it turned into an art discussion.

"Ridiculous!"

Before Wu Wenshan could speak, an old man behind him stepped forward and berated him, "Mr. Inoue, who do you think our Master Wu is? Is he someone you can challenge as you wish?"

"That's right. You can challenge if you want, but you'll have to tell us in advance. We'll compete after we confirm the date of the competition. How can you be so reckless? It's expected of a barbaric country!"

Another person rejected.

These people were all big shots in Jinling art world. Their stand was that the challenge came out of nowhere, while Wu Wenshan was not mentally prepared. If he did not perform well, China would lose its dignity.

After all, the young man had defeated an Art Saint in the past!

“But our visas are about to expire. We have to return tomorrow morning at the latest. I wonder if Master Wu has time today?” Kazuhiko Inoue frowned.

“No, now scram. I’ll beat you to death if I ask you again!”

Many onlookers began to curse.

Kazuhiko Inoue’s face looked terrible. He turned his heads and spoke to Sato Seiichi, who was behind him. After that, they saw the young Art Saint Sato Seiichi leading the group out. It seemed like he was planning to leave.

When he arrived at the door, Sato stopped walking and turned around to look at Wu Wenshan and the rest. He grinned and said with disdain, “The Chinese are a bunch of losers who don’t dare to take up a challenge!”

He even gave them a thumbs up after he was done speaking.

Everyone was stirred the moment that was said. Countless people rolled up their sleeves and wanted to go over to stop them. Some kept throwing things at Kazuhiko Inoue.

On the other hand, Sato was not afraid at all. On the contrary, he was filled with disdain!

“Wait!”

Wu Wenshan, who had been silent all this while, suddenly opened his mouth and said in a powerful voice, “Since you want to challenge me, let’s do it. I accept your challenge!”

Even though he was afraid of Sato Seiichi and unwilling to take up the challenge, he had to!

He knew that if he let the Japanese leave like that, the internet would be flooded with negative news such as him, the Art Saint Wu Wenshan dared not accept the challenge. It might even escalate to the issue of national pride.

“Great!”

Sato Seiichi smiled.

Later on, the staff of the Jinling Gallery discussed with Kazuhiko Inoue and the rest, and they decided to hold the competition at a wetland park opposite the gallery.

Almost everyone had gathered at the wetland park half an hour later. There were hundreds of people when one looked around. It was a crowded scene.

Sato Seiichi and Wu Wenshan stood in an open space in the wetland park. Beside them was a man-made lake. It was between autumn and winter, and the lake water was cold and still.

“May I know who will go first?”

The artists from Jinling who were selected as judges looked at each other and asked.

Just when Wu Wenshan was about to speak, Inoue Kazuhiko stepped forward and spoke first, “Mr. Sato is blaming himself for visiting Master Wu out of the blue. In order to express his apology, he decided to go first!”

He clapped his hands. Two Japanese men opened their backpacks and took out a long and wide canvas. The two of them grabbed one end of the canvas and opened it up like a white wall.

After all the preparations were done, Sato Seiichi took a step forward and closed his eyes after taking a deep breath in. At the same time, he picked up his paintbrush and started painting on the canvas. His movements were as smooth as water.

The whole place fell into silence.

Everyone’s eyes were wide open as they paid close attention to everything. They were afraid that they would miss anything. Even so, they could not help but feel stirred.

“He actually closed his eyes to paint!”

“My god, how is that possible? I can’t see anything with my eyes closed. What if he made a mistake on the painting?”

Many people exclaimed out in surprise.

The way they looked at Sato changed.

This was an expert, an absolute expert!