

Modern Day 34

Chapter 34: Empty Silence

After getting Xia Yu out of the car, the chauffeur slowly drove around the campus at Xia Wanyuan's request.

It was time for classes and there were not many people on campus. The campus was green and beautiful. The blue sky and white clouds reflected on the huge glass walls of the stadium, turning the entire stadium blue. On both sides of the road, there were all kinds of banners and signs hung up by clubs to recruit new members. It was amazing how fulfilling college life was.

The young students were either carrying backpacks, carrying books, or rushing to the classroom with hurried steps. All of them looked young and energetic.

In the small buildings hidden in the large trees, one could see young faces that were thirsty for knowledge through the open windows.

Xia Wanyuan watched enviously.

She was well-read in poetry, painting, and etiquette, but she had never been to school.

"University life looks so amazing. It's a pity I don't have the chance to experience it." Xia Wanyuan looked away regretfully.

"Yes, university students are really carefree," the chauffeur said. "But there are no age restrictions in college now. You can get in as long as you pass the exam."

Xia Wanyuan raised her eyebrows in surprise. She clearly admired the current education system.

After returning to the apartment and taking a good rest, she finally felt relaxed.

Once Xiao Bao finished school for the day, the chauffeur brought him back to the apartment.

"Mommy!" Xiao Bao ran to the second floor as soon as he got home, and Xia Wanyuan hugged him tightly.

"How was your day?"

"Mommy, the teacher taught us how to dance today. I'll dance for you."

"Sure."

The apartment was filled with joy and laughter. But there was no such cheer in the manor. It had returned to its usual solitude.

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"Young Master, the food is ready." Uncle Wang walked towards Jun Shiling. "Little Master has been taken to Miss Xia."

Without Jun Yin's chatter in the manor, it seemed even more deserted.

Taking off his coat, Jun Shiling sat at the dining table, his eyes skimming over the empty seats with ease. In the huge dining room, only the sound of chopsticks occasionally touching the plates could be heard.

Jun Shiling paused for a moment when he picked up the prawns with his chopsticks. Stir-fried prawns were Jun Yin's favorite dish. He was reminded of how Jun Yin had served him the prawns the day before.

An indescribable feeling spread in his heart, and Jun Shiling suddenly lost his appetite. He put down his chopsticks and went upstairs.

After washing up, Jun Shiling lay on the bed. The scent of Xia Wanyuan, mixed with Xiao Bao's milky scent, still lingered on the pillow where she had slept, causing Jun Shiling to frown suddenly.

It was a sleepless night.

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The waves of public opinion on the Internet had slowly subsided. It had to be said that the video published by the production team had given everyone a buffering period, and everyone was now waiting for the drama to be aired.

When the time came, Xia Wanyuan's performance would be the deciding factor in how things would develop.

If she acted well, everyone would be happy.

If she did not act well, the current calmness would be the calm before an even greater storm.

It was obvious that 99% of the people in the industry believed that Xia Wanyuan would suffer a severe backlash. The remaining 1% were the crew members of the drama production team.

"Good job! This expression! This action! Edit all of them in." The director checked the filmed scenes on the side, talking to the editor excitedly from time to time.

"Give her more scenes. Let them scold her now. They'll be shocked speechless when they watch the drama. The viewership ratings will definitely increase then."

The director was delighted. Who would have thought that Xia Wanyuan, who had originally been the biggest stain on the drama, would become the highlight in the end?

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Today was likely the most difficult day for the higher-ups of the Jun Corporation.

Jun Shiling had always been a very strict person, but with high salaries came high standards and responsibilities, and everyone had always been very motivated at work.

But today, Jun Shiling had already rejected five proposals.

Although Jun Shiling always had a cold expression on his face, it was different today. Even the executives did not dare to go near Jun Shiling. The frosty aura on the Big Boss was practically tangible.

Everyone looked at Lin Jing for help. “Assistant Lin, we’re depending on you. We don’t dare to go.”

Lin Jing was speechless. As if he wasn’t afraid of Jun Shiling. Picking up the latest acquisition plan, he gently knocked on the office door.

“Come in.”

“Young Master, this is an acquisition plan by Ji Shi Medical Equipment Company. CEO Chen and his team have revised this for the second time.”

Jun Shiling took the document and flipped through it quickly. He frowned and threw it on the table.

“Have them redo it.”

“...”

Lin Jing silently lit a candle for his colleagues. ‘I can’t help you either.’

The sky darkened. Lin Jing recalled that he had heard Xia Wanyuan’s voice in the previous video conference, however, Jun Shiling seemed to have no intention of getting off work.

He asked indirectly, “Young Master, it’s getting late. Should we send a car to fetch Little Master?”

“No need, Xia Wanyuan has taken him home.”

Jun Shiling glanced at Lin Jing, who felt as if he had been seen through.

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“Alright, Young Master. I’ll take my leave now.”

Lin Jing quickly put away the documents on the table and walked out. But in his heart, he roughly understood why the big boss had become a moving freezer.

“Redo it.” Lin Jing walked out of the office under expectant gazes, and then his words broke everyone’s expectations.

Ignoring the crowd of employees lamenting behind him, Lin Jing made a call.

“Hello, is this the principal? Nice to meet you...”

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In the house of Director Yang, the Yang family was entertaining his daughter’s classmates.

“Xiao Nian, you’re so outstanding. You should teach our Xiao Hui some of your ways.”

“Uncle, you’re too kind. Xiao Hui is great too. She even won first place at the school’s speech contest.”

Director Yang was elated by Li Nian’s praise.

After dinner, Yang Hui sat on the sofa with Li Nian to watch television.

“Why haven’t I seen your mentor recently?” Yang Hui took a bite of the apple.

“Don’t you know how much my mentor loves painting? I heard that there’s an auction in New York. Apparently, a very famous piece of art will appear there, so my mentor went abroad last week. He’ll probably be back in the next two days.”

“How much of your thesis paper have you written?”

“It’s almost done. I just have to wait for my mentor to come back and review it.”

Li Nian felt a little bloated after eating an entire apple, so she stood up and stretched a little. Suddenly, she was attracted by a painting on a table not far away.

Li Nian leaned over. The drawing seemed to have been hastily painted. The paper was slightly wrinkled, but it could not hide the vividness of the rabbit on the drawing.

There was only a large rock and a few stalks of grass beside the rabbit, but those few simple strokes were enough to make one feel a strong sense of vitality.

Although Li Nian did not know much about paintings, since she had been with her mentor for a long time, she would know if the painting was a good one.

“Xiao Hui, did your father draw this?”

“No way. He probably got it from the crew. My dad doesn’t know how to draw.”

“Why?”

Director Yang walked out with the freshly washed strawberries. He was a little confused when he saw his daughter and the guest gathered around the table.

“Uncle, where did you buy this painting from?” Li Nian asked.

“Nah, I didn’t buy this. The actors in the production team casually drew it for the lanterns. They’re not worth much. You can take them if you like.”

Director Yang was surprised that Li Nian liked the painting. Could it be that Xia Wanyuan had some skills? But how valuable could a painting be? Furthermore, it was casually drawn by Xia Wanyuan. Without much thinking, Director Yang gave it to Li Nian.

“Thank you, Uncle!” Although Li Nian did not quite understand, she could show it to her mentor after her mentor came back. Anyway, her mentor liked those kinds of cold and clean styles of paintings.