

Modern Day 731

Chapter 731 Face Slapping Competition

No matter where, beautiful people's every move could attract everyone's attention.

Just like now, after Xia Wanyuan finished speaking, everyone's gazes gathered on Xia Wanyuan and the female painter she was looking at. "Pfft, Miss Xia, I originally wanted to give you face, but you didn't give up." Grey looked at Xia Wanyuan disdainfully. In fact, she did not take her conversation with Xia Wanyuan seriously at all. If not for Xia Wanyuan stopping her, she would have already left. Xia Wanyuan smiled. "Do you remember what you just said? Do you dare to repeat it?"

"I'm dying of laughter. Why wouldn't I dare? Is that even art? I can draw eight hundred of that black paintings with my eyes closed." Grey scoffed in an extremely arrogant manner.

"Okay, then let's give it a try. You draw an oil painting, and I'll draw the same one with you. I'll draw a Chinese ink painting, and you have to draw the same one."

Xia Wanyuan stood up. Even though Xia Wanyuan was a little shorter due to the difference in physique in the East and West, her aura made Grey feel inexplicably suppressed. "Okay, no problem." Grey was confident. It was not that she did not know anything about Chinese paintings. She had practiced it in art classes, but because she was more anti-China, she rejected such Chinese painting techniques after graduation.

As for oil paintings, Grey felt that Xia Wanyuan simply did not know the immensity of the world. Ever since she was young, she had become famous with an oil painting. Until now, she had already occupied a place in the world of oil paintings.

Grey felt that Xia Wanyuan's provocation was not challenging at all. Even if she could not imitate China's paintings, she would not lose. After all, she was confident that Xia Wanyuan could not keep up with her painting standards.

Most of the people present chose to stay and watch the commotion. Cui Jian thought for a while. The chances of Xia Wanyuan winning were one hundred percent zero. How could I let such a good opportunity slip by? "Since both of you want to prove yourselves, what's the point of us watching here alone? Why don't we do a live broadcast? Let everyone choose and judge your drawings." Cui Jian smiled and gave Grey a look. "I have no problem." Grey crossed her arms and looked down at Xia Wanyuan. "What about you, Miss Xia?"

"No problem." Xia Wanyuan nodded.

"Great!"

When the art museum learned of this, they specially prepared the venue for the competition for the two of them and even used the official account to open the live-stream channel.

The American Arts Hall was ranked in the top ten in the world and had many fans. Suddenly, it opened a live-stream channel, causing many people to join.

After entering, they realized that it was not the art exhibition they had imagined. Just as they were feeling baffled, the platform finally attached a caption.

“The peak fight between the Chinese and Canada painters!” This extremely gimmicky title attracted many people again.

The camera changed. Two women stood at the drawing table in the hall.

One was Madam Grey from Canada who would be more familiar as long as one had seen the art exhibition.

As for the other person, everyone immediately suspected if this person was really a painter. After all, she was too young and exquisite. However, her name card introduction was on the video, indicating that this person was indeed a Chinese painter.

“Okay, now, please draw a painting of your own style, one and a half hours. In the next round, please exchange your paintings.”

Just as the host finished speaking, Xia Wanyuan began to draw.

The moment she started drawing, everyone felt that something was wrong.

Xia Wanyuan drew especially quickly. If not for Grey’s normal speed, everyone might have suspected that someone had been pressed the fast forward button.

She held a brush in each hand and constantly dipped it in the paint before scattering it on the paper.

Unlike Grey’s drawing board, Xia Wanyuan drew on a long scroll directly. She was worried that it would affect the painter’s work. The camera did not approach Xia Wanyuan, but they could see that from the end of the painting, Xia Wanyuan was constantly moving left.

Chapter 732 Painting Completed Shocking the Crowd

The others present watched from afar.

In their eyes, Xia Wanyuan and Grey were two completely different styles. One was meticulously carved, and the other was quickly smeared.

“Could it be that Xia Wanyuan wants to win with quantity? Does she think that Madam Grey can’t keep up with her just because she drew a lot?”

“How despicable. With her speed, I’m impressed that she could draw a shape. This competition is too perfunctory.”

The painters were whispering. More and more people entered the live-stream channel. After many netizens in the country heard of this matter, they climbed over the wall and prepared to support Xia Wanyuan.

[The Chinese are indeed despicable. How can this be called painting? I can even do it.]

When the domestic netizens saw the despicable message on the screen, they could not sit still anymore. [As expected, the country set up a wall to protect our intelligence. You guys didn’t even see the painting and are arguing here. Why are you so amazing?]

[Is it hard for China to climb over the wall? Get back into your wall and don’t pollute our Internet.]

Xia Wanyuan and Grey were still painting. In the comments on the video, netizens from many countries had already started arguing again.

There were five minutes left before the scheduled time. Grey had already finished painting

“Okay, let’s take a look at Madam Grey’s painting. Wow!!! A passionate sunflower that is filled with enthusiasm and vigor. To complete such a beautiful piece in such a short time, it’s amazing!!”

The host brought the camera closer to Grey’s painting. As he explained, a sunflower that imitated the Van Gogh style appeared on the screen. The colors were bright and beautiful. Those who knew painting knew that Grey had deep skills.

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The camera switched to Xia Wanyuan. She was still quickly painting. Sometimes, one could even see the afterimage of rapid movements. [What’s the use of painting so quickly? She hasn’t finished painting yet. Trash.]

[Look at Madam Grey. She drew quickly and well. I really don’t know who gave you Chinese face. How dare you provoke her? Get back into your wall.]

Originally, when they heard the news, many netizens had climbed over the wall. However, at that moment, facing Grace’s painting in the video, everyone quietly stopped arguing with the comments. After all, her painting was indeed good.

The netizens looked at the insults and mockery on the comments and felt suffocated. Seeing Xia Wanyuan still draw quickly, everyone silently prayed that Xia Wanyuan could bring them a miracle.

They prayed that Xia Wanyuan would work hard and slap these people’s faces.

“Is it time? Can you not waste time? Everyone is going to eat.” Seeing that time was passing, Grey looked at Xia Wanyuan arrogantly. “There are still ten seconds, nine, one! Time is *up!!*”

Just as the host finished speaking, Xia Wanyuan’s brush landed in the tube. “It’s done.”

Xia Wanyuan’s “It’s done” raised all the netizens’ hearts.

“Okay, let’s take a look at Miss Xia’s painting.” The host brought the camera over without interest.

“Wait.” Xia Wanyuan stopped him. “The painting is a little long. Someone come and raise it with me for everyone to see. You can do it.”

As Xia Wanyuan spoke, she pointed at a kind-looking staff member in the crowd.

“Okay, okay.” The staff hurriedly squeezed in. Following Xia Wanyuan’s request, he grabbed one end of the painting and stood on both sides with her, then raised the painting.

Instantly,

Everyone was silent.

The comments stopped.

Xia Wanyuan's painting was two meters long!! The entire painting was at least ten times larger than Grace's sunflower. It was completely different from what everyone had imagined.

This was an extremely magnificent painting, and the specific scenery was completely exposed.

The continuous mountains and rivers gave off a magnificent feeling. From the south to the north, the mountains gradually dyed red. It was formed by thousands of maple leaves.

Looking closer, the fisherman in the distance was putting away the net. Smoke curled up from the mountains, and one could faintly see the woodcutter passing through the forest with a hoe. Not far away, a towering temple was revealed in the maple leaves.

In the open air, the small forest was fully displayed.

Chapter 733 The Princess Slaps Face Forcefully

Even though most of the painters present didn't know much about Chinese painting, it didn't stop them from seeing that Xia Wanyuan was extremely skilled at painting.

The Western painting method had always been particular about the folding of colors, while Chinese painting had always been black and white in the eyes of the Westerners.

Xia Wanyuan's painting had clearly overturned their opinions. The layers of maple leaves that were soaked in the forest displayed a rich color under the morning sun. The green mountains and red leaves were not gaudy at all.

[6666, Xia Wanyuan is amazing!!] When the domestic netizens saw Xia Wanyuan's painting, they immediately felt relieved and crazily scrolled through the screen.

[Everyone has their own strengths. Why are you so smug?] [Let me tell you, it's not difficult for Chinese to learn oil painting, but for Westerners to learn the essence of Chinese painting, that's very difficult. Five thousand years of foundation is not something you can learn as you wish.]

In the hall, seeing Xia Wanyuan's painting, the originally smug Grey's expression suddenly darkened.

It was not that she did not know anything about painting. It was true that she could not draw Xia Wanyuan's painting. Not only was it so large in painting, but even Xia Wanyuan, whose layers of maple color had changed, she would have to take a long time to mix it.

]”No wonder you're so arrogant. So you do have some skills.” Grey smiled. “However, you only specialize in Chinese paintings. You can't use your painting methods for international paintings. I wonder how Miss Xia's oil painting standards are?”

Although Grey felt that it was a little ugly to end in a draw, at least she specialized in oil paintings. It was not embarrassing if she could not draw Chinese paintings.

“It's time for the next match.” Xia Wanyuan ignored Grey's provocation and turned to look at the host.

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“Okay, let’s proceed to the next competition. Please copy one according to the other party’s painting.” As the host spoke, he guided the staff to place the painting in front of the two of them.

Grey picked up the brush and moved the camera over. Her expression was still very calm, but she was very flustered in her heart. This ink painting could be drawn so easily?? Hiss, Grey cursed in her heart. The ink blots looked quite simple. Why is it so difficult to draw when I have it?

As for Xia Wanyuan, although her actions were much slower than before, they were also very fast. Her expression was serious and focused. Everyone present suspected that Xia Wanyuan was really confident.

On China’s Weibo, there were already netizens who had posted the video of Xia Wanyuan and the famous anti-Chinese painter competition online.

The topic “Xia Wanyuan’s competition” quickly became trending. Countless netizens who did not know how to climb the wall also learned of this.

[Xia Wanyuan is amazing!]

[Boohoo, boohoo, boohoo, what kind of idol did I like!! My idol is winning glory for the country, and I’m shaking my leg at home as her fan.] [Although I don’t have any feelings for Xia Wanyuan, I only want to say one thing to Xia Wanyuan. Well done. Use your strength to slap her face.]

Half the time had passed in the art hall, but Grey had been on the right of the painting and had not moved. The expression on her face became more and more anxious as time passed.

“It’s done,” Xia Wanyuan suddenly said. The host was shocked. It was done? How long has it been?

He hurriedly brought the camera to check on Xia Wanyuan. When he saw it, he could not help but exclaim, “Wow!!”

The camera zoomed in on Xia Wanyuan’s painting. The enthusiastic sunflower stretched its petals under the sunlight. Be it the composition or the color, they looked no different from Grey’s painting.

The comments had already been flooded with crazy “666”. The domestic fans felt that Xia Wanyuan was too hardworking. The depression they had felt after being scolded for so long had disappeared.

Seeing the stunned reactions of the other painters, Grey knew that Xia Wanyuan had probably copied it successfully. She looked at the dark ball of paper in front of her and was annoyed. She threw away the brush.

“I’m not painting anymore.”

The host hurriedly came over. In the camera, Grey’s painting could not even be called a painting. The ink blots everywhere formed a sharp contrast with Xia Wanyuan’s magnificent “Maple Forest’s Scene”.

“I do know very little about Chinese arts, but Xia Wanyuan might not win.”

Chapter 734 The Princess’s Killing Strike

When he heard this, before anyone could panic, Cui Jian, who had a regretful expression, immediately panicked. “Miss Grey, what do you mean?”

“Copying is about being almost the same, and I have some painting habits that will make my painting unique. I don’t think Xia Wanyuan can copy my little habits. Since she didn’t do it, why should she be considered successful?”

These words were a little forced, but everyone present was not stupid. No one stood up to retort and cause trouble for themselves.

“That’s right!!” Cui Jian pretended to be enlightened. “I think Madam Grey is right. Xia Wanyuan’s painting is at most the same color outline. How can that be considered successful?”

[F*ck, shameless!] [Where did this old bald monk come from?? I’m so angry. Who bullies people like this?] The domestic fans in the comments were originally preparing to celebrate Xia Wanyuan’s victory, but after such a scene, everyone was stunned. A group of artists could actually be so brazen and shameless. They had really learned something.

The painters who were familiar with Grey and Cui Jian echoed. The staff of the art hall were Westerners to begin with, so they naturally would not lean towards Xia Wanyuan, who was from China. “In that case, the competition will be a draw...”

“Wait.” Xia Wanyuan watched these sanctimonious people finish their performance coldly before slowly saying.

“Miss Xia, do you have any questions?” The host felt a little guilty. In fact, from the bottom of his heart, he felt that Xia Wanyuan’s painting was really no different from Grey’s.

“Take the camera and zoom in. If you find out what’s different, I’ll admit defeat today,” Xia Wanyuan glanced around and said.

“Pfft, Xia Wanyuan, stop struggling. It’s already so late. Everyone has already wasted more than two hours here. What right do you have to make us play with you here?” Cui Jian felt that something was wrong and subconsciously didn’t want the camera to verify it.

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“Come here.” Xia Wanyuan didn’t even look at him and called for the photographer.

For some reason, the photographer felt that Xia Wanyuan’s gaze made one want to submit. He subconsciously moved the camera over.

Xia Wanyuan walked to the side and pressed the screen connection.

Two high-definition paintings immediately appeared on the screen in the hall.

Xia Wanyuan magnified it a few times and drew several different angles. Everyone present was silent.

Even with their professional eyes, they could not tell who had drawn the two paintings.

In these two paintings, even the traces left by the tilt of the brush were identical.

[Come, come, come. Those who just said that our Xia Wanyuan didn't draw well. Come out and take a few steps.]

[Xia Wanyuan is really too amazing!! Mommy, I love her so much!]

In the comments, people from the other countries stopped talking, leaving only the domestic netizens' revelry.

"Go ahead." Xia Wanyuan smiled and looked at Grey. "Have you found the difference?"

"You..." Grey looked at Xia Wanyuan in disbelief. She had never expected Xia Wanyuan's painting skills to really reach this level. Even she could not tell which one was hers.

"Hmph." Feeling the strange gazes from all directions, Grey could not stand it anymore. She had actually lost to a little girl, and in front of so many people. This was the most embarrassing thing she had ever done in her decades of life. Grey looked at Xia Wanyuan angrily and was about to turn and leave.

"Wait, remember what you said? You said that you could draw eight hundred Chinese paintings with your eyes closed. Now tell me, can you?"

Xia Wanyuan had very serious feelings for the country. After all, in her previous life, she was the ruler of the country. She could not stand others insulting the country.

"You're ruthless. Wait and see." Grey glanced fiercely at Xia Wanyuan and did not answer her question. She flicked her sleeves and left with a livid expression.

Everyone present understood that after this competition, Grey's status in the art world would probably plummet. Now, the way they looked at Xia Wanyuan was somewhat strange. This young lady was really quite ruthless.

The hall was silent. Xia Wanyuan turned around and said "Thank you" to the photographer, then prepared to leave the hall.

"I really didn't expect Miss Xia to have some skills. Your copying skills are not bad." Cui Jian secretly thought that this Grey's reputation was fake and useless. She could not even resolve Xia Wanyuan.

"Move, I'm going back." It was already past time to eat, and Xia Wanyuan's biological clock had already begun to remind her. Xia Wanyuan rushed back to eat.

"Go back? Go back where?" Cui Jian smiled. "Miss Xia, where do you live? We're considered peers. Let me send you, Miss Xia."

Chapter 735 Ancient Castle

"Move." Xia Wanyuan glanced at Cui Jian coldly.

Cui Jian originally wanted to continue pestering her, but being shocked by Xia Wanyuan's gaze, he suddenly felt guilty and subconsciously moved away. Xia Wanyuan walked straight out.

"Hey, why did Miss Xia leave so quickly? I wanted to ask how she drew so quickly and so well. Young people nowadays are really amazing." Other painters surrounded him.

“You don’t know, but I heard that Xia Wanyuan despised the art hotel and refunded her room. I heard that she found a better house to stay in.” Cui Jian reacted from Xia Wanyuan’s threat and subconsciously wanted to give her a delicate hat.

“What? This art hotel is the best in the area. Listen to her bragging. I saw it when I went back to register last time. The hotel arranged for them to be on the 13th floor. They couldn’t stand it and moved away. They probably stayed in some small hotel around here.”

Although no one said anything, they had a subtle sense of superiority. As expected, Chinese people should stay in low-class hotels.

The art museum was not far from the hotel. Everyone chose to walk back. After leaving the door, they saw a magnificent castle beside them.

“This is a castle left behind by the royal family of the last century. It’s so beautiful.”

“It’s indeed beautiful. I wanted to take a look last time but was stopped. I heard that this place has been privately bought.”

“Really? What kind of person must be able to buy this place?” Cui Jian added, his eyes glued to the exquisite renovation of the castle.

Everyone passed by the castle enviously. In the living room not far from them, Xia Wanyuan was sitting opposite Xia Yu.

“Sister, why are you back so late? Did someone make things difficult for you?” Xia Yu did not have the habit of watching live broadcasts and did not know about Xia Wanyuan’s competition in the afternoon.

“It’s nothing. It’s all settled.” Xia Wanyuan took a sip of the soup and finally felt much better.

The afternoon weather was already a little gloomy. After Xia Wanyuan finished her meal, the rain that had been brewing for the entire day finally fell.

“Sister, you won’t be scared at night, right? I’ll sleep in the living room. Call me if you need anything.” Xia Yu made a blanket and slept on the sofa.

“Okay.” Xia Wanyuan nodded and entered the bedroom.

Although the interior was decorated in a modern style, it was still an ancient castle. From the inside out, it exuded an ancient historical aura. Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled outside the window, and Xia Wanyuan was a little sleepless.

She called Jun Shiling, but his phone was switched off.

Xia Wanyuan calculated that it should be in the morning in China. Jun Shiling was probably in a meeting, so she stopped thinking and picked up the book beside her.

While Xia Wanyuan’s side was peaceful, in a certain city in Continent M, a building was brightly lit and anxious.

“You haven’t contacted her yet??”.

“No, that contestant didn’t fill in the relevant information.”

“What’s going on?” The person in charge of the Go Competition paced around anxiously. “Everyone is ready. Only this piece of news has gone missing. Sigh, really. Alright, send him another message. Tell him the time and place of the competition and ask him to arrive before the finals.”

“Yes.” After hearing the leader’s words, the staff sent another message to the account “Xia”, but it was still like a stone sinking into the sea.

In the castle, Xia Wanyuan had already read nearly half of the book in her hand. Not only did the rain outside the window not stop, but it was also getting heavier.

The person guarding the door was sleepy under the drizzle. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door and a car was slowly stopping.

Chapter 736 Someone Came on the Rainy Night

It was raining heavily. The guard looked at the time and became more alert, thinking that someone came late at night.

At that moment, someone walked out of the car. The guard was shocked awake when he saw that handsome face. He hurriedly pressed the button to open the door and walked into the castle with an umbrella.

In the living room, Xia Yu had long opened his eyes. When he saw who had entered, he finally relaxed and stood up from the sofa to pick up the blanket. “Brother-in-law, you’re here. I’ll go back to my room.”

“Mm, which room is your sister in?” Jun Shiling nodded.

]“Over there.” Xia Yu pointed in a direction and yawned as he walked towards his room.

Even though the rain was pouring outside, the house was as warm as spring. Xia Wanyuan read for a while and looked at the rain curtain outside the window in a daze.

Jun Shiling had originally thought that Xia Wanyuan was already sound asleep. Unexpectedly, he gently pushed open the door and met a pair of cold eyes. Xia Wanyuan looked at Jun Shiling in surprise. She lifted the blanket and ran towards him.

“Wait, there’s rain on me.” Jun Shiling was afraid that Xia Wanyuan would be cold.

However, Xia Wanyuan ignored him and hugged Jun Shiling. She rubbed her head against his neck and let the rain on him wet her clothes.

A helpless smile flashed across Jun Shiling’s eyes. He reached out and hugged her. “Let’s go and change.”

After the two of them changed into clean pajamas, Jun Shiling carried Xia Wanyuan to the bed without worry. Seeing that Xia Wanyuan’s eyes were sparkling, Jun Shiling’s heart skipped a beat. He covered her eyes with his hand. “Sleep quickly. Don’t look at me like that.”

Xia Wanyuan pulled Jun Shiling's hand down, her eyes filled with confusion and protest. "If you look at me like that again, you don't have to sleep today." Jun Shiling leaned closer to Xia Wanyuan, letting her feel how hard he had endured.

Xia Wanyuan's face flushed red, but she did not retreat. Instead, she looked up. "I missed you."

Jun Shiling sighed in his heart and pressed Xia Wanyuan's head into his arms, preventing her from looking at him with those bright eyes. "You're not allowed to think. Go to sleep."

It was already so late. If he continued to cause trouble, Xia Wanyuan would not have to go to the competition tomorrow. Although he wanted to mess around with Xia Wanyuan, he could not ignore her matters.

"Ok," Xia Wanyuan replied, making Jun Shiling laugh from anger. She even felt wronged.

"Goodnight, baby." Jun Shiling planted a loving kiss by Xia Wanyuan's ear. Only then did Xia Wanyuan find a suitable position in his arms and sleep soundly.

The next morning, Jun Shiling woke up early and made a bowl of noodles for Xia Wanyuan because he was worried that the Western food made by the chef here would not suit her taste.

Xia Yu looked at the green interlaced in Xia Wanyuan's bowl and the green pepper shredded pork noodles with a poached egg. Then, he looked at the ham sandwich in his hand and immediately felt that the rice was not fragrant.

"Are you still competing in the art museum today?" Jun Shiling did not know Xia Wanyuan's exact competition time.

"That's right, it's only in the afternoon." Xia Wanyuan bit down on a sunny side up egg.

"In the afternoon?" Jun Shiling glanced at Xia Wanyuan, meaning to ask, Why didn't you say it was in the afternoon last night?

Xia Wanyuan smiled. "That's right. In the afternoon." Otherwise, why would I hint at him yesterday? However, he could only blame himself for not seizing the opportunity.

Xia Yu looked at the strange atmosphere between Xia Wanyuan and Jun Shiling. "Sister, Brother-in-law, what's with the afternoon?"

"It's nothing." Xia Wanyuan shook her head and looked at Jun Shiling with a smile in her eyes. It was just that someone had missed a good opportunity to mess around. After dinner, Xia Wanyuan studied painting by famous artists in the living room while Jun Shiling went out. He had come to Continent M mainly for Xia Wanyuan, but since he was here, he wanted to take a look at the company in Continent M too.

The street outside the art museum had a famous scenery. Many people strolled here to look at the scenery.

Seeing the castle door open, everyone's attention was attracted. They wanted to see what kind of person could afford to live in this ancient castle.

Then, they saw an extremely young and handsome Asian man walk out.

“The people of Continent Y are really rich. They even bought a house in Continent M. This must be the second-generation heir of some family.” The foreign painter sat on the long stool and watched enviously as the person walked out of the castle and got into the luxury car outside.

“I know this person. He’s not an ordinary rich second-generation heir.” As a person from Y Continent, Cui Jian was not unfamiliar with the richest man in China. “This person is the richest man in China. He’s not simple. His wealth in the world seems to be tenth, but that’s only counting the assets of the Jun Corporation. In fact, it’s not necessarily the case.”

“That amazing?” The other foreign painters were shocked. He was the richest man at such a young age. This reminded them of Xia Wanyuan, who was also young but had forced back an established painter with a competition.

Are young people nowadays so ruthless?

Chapter 737 Various Invitations

The news that the richest man in China lived in the ancient castle quickly spread. Humans were so contradictory. On the one hand, everyone had a sense of superiority to China and the Chinese, but they wanted to befriend and curry favor with the real richest man in China.

Most artists had prominent family backgrounds that supported their high learning fees. Everyone had grown up in interests and benefits since they were young, so they naturally knew that being able to build a relationship with Jun Shiling was beneficial to the family’s business.

“Father, where I participated in the competition, Jun Shiling, the richest man in China, lives beside me. Do you need me to visit him?” Even though she was alone in the room, Li Na sat upright and spoke to Mr. Blue with a serious expression. “Jun Shiling?” Hearing this name, Mr. Blue’s expression changed. “Don’t provoke him.” This man was not as simple as he had imagined.

“Yes,” Li Na replied respectfully.

Soon, the call was hung up. Li Na looked at the phone in deep thought and called her mother. Her mother, who knew Mr. Blue a little, listened to Li Na’s explanation.

“You can contact Jun Shiling in private. Since your father used such a word, it means that even he fears Jun Shiling. If you can contact Jun Shiling, your father will look at you differently.”

“Okay.” After hanging up the phone, Li Na instructed the servant to send an invitation to the castle. Li Na was not the only one. Even Olly’s prince had received a letter from the royal family asking him to contact Jun Shiling. “Tsk, tsk, tsk.” Looking at the pile of invitations sent by the guard, Xia Yu flipped through them in disdain. “Do you think these people are funny? On the one hand, they appear superior to others, but on the other hand, they want to use Brother-in-law’s business to earn money for them. Shameless.”

Xia Wanyuan felt that this was more humane. She nestled on the sofa and didn’t look at the invitations on the table.

Jun Shiling did not return for lunch. Instead, he sent a message telling Xia Wanyuan that he would rush back in the afternoon and let her compete in peace. Xia Yu sent Xia Wanyuan to the art museum. It was equivalent to a semi-finals that afternoon. After everyone's paintings had been reviewed by the judges yesterday, they had been sent to another city where Master Danny lived for the final inspection.

The hall was filled with people.

"Welcome, everyone. Everyone's works are outstanding. As for the judges, they chose twenty more outstanding paintings among them. Master Danny also approves of this outcome. Now, everyone, look at the screen. On it are the names of the contestants who advanced."

Just as the host finished speaking, twenty names appeared on the screen. Everyone in the hall looked at them and did not have any objections. Most of the names of the painters on it had excellent painting skills. There was nothing to dispute.

"I protest. That Xia Wanyuan only knows Chinese painting and is so young. Why can she enter the next round?" A middle-aged painter looked at the host unhappily.

He had left early yesterday and had not paid attention to Xia Wanyuan and Grey's competition. After saying this, he had thought that he would receive everyone's agreement. However, he didn't expect everyone to look at him strangely. "It's only right for Miss Xia to enter the next round," the host said, and Xia Wanyuan's painting was displayed on the large screen. It was a simple "Morning Mist Painting". The morning sun was half risen, and the fog was towering. Under the fog, the sun displayed a thousand different bright and dark changes.

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The painter, who had a look of hatred just now, immediately shut his mouth. However, he still mumbled to the painter beside him indignantly, "How could she draw such a good painting? Could she have cheated?"

Then, he received a "are you a fool" gaze from the person beside him.

"Please let these twenty painters enter. Master Danny will give us the theme for this round." Xia Wanyuan followed them into the garden and looked at the door regretfully. Jun Shiling had said that he wanted to see her compete, but she had already entered and was not here.

When she entered the hall, she saw a pair of smiling eyes on the stage.

Chapter 738 The Princess Messed with Opponent's Mindset

That pair of gentle eyes had a familiar smile on them. It was Wei Zimu. Xia Wanyuan did not expect to bump into him here.

Wei Zimu nodded slightly at Xia Wanyuan. Seeing that Xia Wanyuan was full of vigor and looked refreshed, his eyes revealed a hint of warmth.

It seemed that she was doing very well. It was not in vain that he had paid such a huge price to come and visit her.

In the westernmost part of Continent M, in a room filled with various experimental instruments.

Yu Qian, who was dressed in a white long gown and had gloves on his hands, had one eye closed as he observed the cells moving under the microscope.

“Boss, Wei Zimu went to N City.” Jayce stood at the door and reported carefully, afraid that his loud voice would disturb Yu Qian in the laboratory.

“I know. Don’t worry about him.”

“Boss, this Wei Zimu is so soft all day and always breaks your plan. Why are you so indulgent towards him?” Jayce really could not understand. This Wei Zimu did not even know how to hold a gun, but Yu Qian always handed some important missions to him.

“He’s my brother.” Yu Qian stood up from the microscope with a smile that was even colder than the equipment in the room. “Why would I blame my brother?”

Jayce subconsciously swallowed a mouthful of saliva. The boss’s words sounded like brotherly love, but he inexplicably felt that all the hair on his body stood up.

“Alright, I gave him a day to visit his Sister Wanyuan.” Speaking of Xia Wanyuan, a pair of clear eyes suddenly appeared in Yu Qian’s heart. “He’ll come back. Is the sea shark here?” Yu Qian took off his gloves, revealing a pair of hands that were as hard as bamboo. “The sea Shark will be here in two hours,” Jayce replied respectfully with a cold expression.

“Got it. Go.” Yu Qian waved his hand. After Jayce left, he pressed a switch.

The scene of Wei Zimu appeared on the screen not far away.

Yu Qian looked at it for a while and the corners of his lips curled up. “Other than your beautiful eyes, your hands are not bad either.”

In the competition venue, the host introduced Wei Zimu, the special guest. The Wei family also had a portion of the business market in Continent M, and this art studio had considerable connections with the Wei family.

Hence, when Wei Zimu suggested to come and observe, the curator arranged a special guest seat for him.

“The topic given by Master Danny in this competition is... color.” The host read out the topic. The first round tested light, and the second round tested color. It was a very normal process. Everyone had this feeling long ago, so they were not very surprised.

However, this question looked simple, but it was very difficult to shine. After all, everyone present had deep foundation. Everyone had a good grasp of colors. If they wanted to draw something outstanding, they had to think of a better structure.

Everyone was thinking, but Xia Wanyuan had already started to draw, and the sound of her picking up the tools was not soft. There were only twenty people to begin with, and everyone present knew that she had begun to draw. Immediately, everyone panicked and hurriedly picked up the brush.

When everyone began to draw, Xia Wanyuan held a brush and quietly thought.

On the high platform, Wei Zimu was amused when he saw this scene. He could tell that Xia Wanyuan had deliberately made the others panic first.

Xia Wanyuan thought for a while before starting to draw.

In her previous life, the maids that brought her up in the palace had very strict requirements of Xia Wanyuan. No matter what she did, she could not be the slightest bit disorderly.

Hence, even when Xia Wanyuan drew, her actions were elegant and smooth, pleasing to the eye.

Not only was Wei Zimu staring at her on the high platform, but even the other judges felt that Xia Wanyuan's painting was more eye-catching and kept their gazes fixed on her. Less than half an hour after starting, Xia Wanyuan had already put down her brush. "Done."

The other contestants looked up from the script they had just sketched with question marks on their faces. Is Xia Wanyuan deliberately trying to mess with our mentality???

Chapter 739 The Best Brother

However, after seeing Xia Wanyuan's first "Morning Mist Painting", no one dared to easily guess that Xia Wanyuan had submitted her paper so early because she did not know how to draw.

That meant that this person had finished painting again. Their mental abilities were relatively weak to begin with, and they were dozens of years older than Xia Wanyuan, but they had yet to finish painting his first draft. Their mentalities instantly collapsed. Li Na, who had only just begun to notice Xia Wanyuan with the "Morning Mist Painting", looked at her in surprise. She had thought that her opponent this time was those older painters, but it seemed that this little celebrity from China was not a small threat.

The judges wanted to take a look at Xia Wanyuan's painting. After all, they had already seen how amazing Xia Wanyuan was in the preliminaries. However, being sealed in the box, the judges could only be secretly anxious.

Seeing Xia Wanyuan walk out of the competition room, Wei Zimu greeted the judges and left.

Wei Zimu stood behind and looked at her from afar. He felt that Xia Wanyuan's figure looked no different from when he had left. Knowing that Xia Wanyuan had not lost weight, Wei Zimu was relieved.

"Sister Wanyuan, how have you been recently?" Wei Zimu walked forward and stopped Xia Wanyuan.

"Pretty good." Xia Wanyuan stopped in her tracks. "Why are you here?"

Wei Zimu looked tired and seemed to have traveled overnight.

"I saw your live-stream yesterday. I was busy in the west and wanted to come and visit you, so I came." Wei Zimu openly expressed his concern for Xia Wanyuan.

"Thank you." Xia Wanyuan sat on the sofa. "I've always wanted to ask you if you have a twin younger brother?"

Wei Zimu was stunned. "Sister Wanyuan, you can tell?!"

"You're completely different from him. It's not difficult to recognize you." Xia Wanyuan's words made Wei Zimu's eyes flicker.

"I do have a twin younger brother who got separated from me when I was young and only found him when I grew up. Sometimes, I go abroad, but when there are things in the country that need to be resolved, he takes my place."

Xia Wanyuan did not believe Wei Zimu's explanation. Wei Zimu's younger brother did not look like an ordinary person at all, but she did not probe further.

"Speaking of which, how did you recognize it? No one has ever recognized it." Wei Zimu smiled gently.

"You have warmth, but he doesn't." Xia Wanyuan was direct. That Yu Qian gave her the feeling of a piece of ice, while Wei Zimu's eyes were warm.

"Thank you." Hearing Xia Wanyuan's explanation, Wei Zimu's eyes revealed warmth, and his entire person seemed to soften. "I brought this for you."

"You brought snacks again?" Xia Wanyuan continued, "Do you treat me like a child?"

"Ah, if you don't like it, I'll bring you something else next time." Wei Zimu's eyes had a rare look of helplessness.

He rarely interacted with girls and did not know what to give them to make them happy.

In his heart, Xia Wanyuan was still the little girl who had given him chocolate candy with her pigtails.

But now, this little girl had grown up. She was no longer the little child who needed her brother to bring snacks from all over the world.

"No need, I like it very much. Thank you." Xia Wanyuan smiled comfortingly at Wei Zimu. "I like to eat."

"Okay." Wei Zimu nodded. "Then I'll get it for you." Not long after, Wei Zimu walked over with a large box.

He was getting more and more restrained. When he could see Xia Wanyuan was not something he could control. Now that he could see her again, he wanted to give her more.

"That much?" Xia Wanyuan took it in surprise.

"Not much." Wei Zimu smiled. This was only what he had carefully chosen. There were still ten boxes at home that he had bought from where ever he went.

Unknowingly, the entire room was filled with food. He picked a few that he guessed Xia Wanyuan would like.

In this box, it was only one percent of what he had bought.

"Thank you." Xia Wanyuan had never had a brother before, but at that moment, she felt the love and care from her brother from Wei Zimu.

Wei Zimu was about to say something when his phone rang. Wei Zimu unlocked it.

“Brother, there are still three hours left.”

Chapter 740 Saving the Old Man

Wei Zimu instantly gripped his phone tightly. A hint of disgust flashed across the depths of his gentle eyes. When he looked up, he had already returned to his original state. “Sister Wanyuan, I have something on and have to leave first. All the best.”

“Okay.” Xia Wanyuan nodded, and Wei Zimu turned to leave.

Xia Wanyuan looked at Wei Zimu’s back. For some reason, she suddenly had a bad feeling. “Wei Zimu.”

“What’s wrong?” Wei Zimu turned around with a surprised smile in his eyes. It had been so long, but this was the first time he had heard Xia Wanyuan call his name.

Although he wanted to hear Xia Wanyuan call him ‘Brother’, this was not bad.

“I’m not familiar with this place. Can you stay and introduce it to me?”

Wei Zimu hesitated for a moment but rejected in the end. “I’m sorry, I have something on. When I’m done, I’ll definitely come back to look for you, okay?”

Xia Wanyuan could not say anything else and could only nod.

Wei Zimu smiled at Xia Wanyuan and gradually disappeared from her sight.

Xia Wanyuan’s thoughts were inexplicably chaotic as she slowly walked around the art hall.

After walking around, Xia Wanyuan was about to return to the castle when she was suddenly stopped. “Girl.”

Xia Wanyuan looked towards the source of the voice. An old man, who was dressed very simply but could be seen to be extremely clean, was sitting on the ground, holding his ankle with a painful expression.

“Girl, can you call someone for me? I don’t know how to use a phone. I sprained my ankle just now.”

Xia Wanyuan did not know how to call the ambulance here. She walked over and looked at the old man’s condition, signaling him to remove his hand.

The old man looked at Xia Wanyuan in confusion, but under her gaze, he actually sensed the dignity and subconsciously moved away.

“Don’t move.” Xia Wanyuan pinched the place where he had sprained his ankle. Her grip tightened instantly, and the old man felt a heart-wrenching pain on his ankle. Just as he was about to ask Xia Wanyuan what she had done to him, Xia Wanyuan had already let go.

“You can walk by yourself. There shouldn’t be any problem, but I still suggest you go to the hospital for a checkup.” The old man had only sprained his ankle. Xia Wanyuan often saw military doctors treat such small injuries for the soldiers. After seeing more, she learned a little.

The old man stretched his limbs and looked at Xia Wanyuan in surprise. "Young lady, you're a doctor?"

"No, it's a coincidence. If there's nothing else, I'll leave first." Xia Wanyuan glanced at the time and wanted to go back for dinner.

"Thank you." The old man smiled and nodded at Xia Wanyuan. Only then did she leave.

Not long after she left, the curator and in-charge of the art museum ran over.

"Mr. Lison, I really didn't expect you to come. It's our honor to have you here. Please come this way." The curator looked at the plainly dressed old man in admiration.

"No need. I was just passing by to take a look. The venue is not bad." The old man was not as amiable as when he faced Xia Wanyuan. There was a dignified aura in his eyes.

"Thank you for the praise. Your affirmation is our utmost honor." After receiving the old man's affirmation, the curator was extremely happy. "Where are you going? I'll send you."

"Then help me send a car." The old man did not decline.

"Okay, right away!!" The curator accompanied the old man with a smile and arranged for his subordinates to send a car.

Xia Wanyuan returned to the castle. Jun Shiling was not back yet, and Xia Yu was not around either. Hence, she lay on the sofa and read for a while.

The weather was cool in early autumn. Xia Wanyuan watched for a while and fell asleep unknowingly. Only when she smelled Jun Shiling's scent in her sleep did Xia Wanyuan slowly open her eyes.

"You're awake?" Jun Shiling had carried Xia Wanyuan to the bed at some point in time. Jun Shiling was sitting by the bed looking at her.

"You've been sitting here?" Xia Wanyuan yawned. She often woke up after sleeping and found Jun Shiling watching her.

"Mm." As if knowing what Xia Wanyuan was going to ask, Jun Shiling smiled. "I like to see you. You look good."

Xia Wanyuan gently kicked Jun Shiling. "I'm hungry. I want to eat."

"Let's go somewhere today."