

Superstar 1301

Chapter 1301: The big wedding (If I don't finish you can beat me up)

Xin Ya was utterly defeated!

Old Wu's team had been taken down!

This third test was purposely devised by them to make things difficult for Zhang Ye at first. They just wanted to make him say the things that he didn't used to say. But to everyone's surprise, Zhang Ye did not get shepherded the way they wanted him to go. He actually brought out a simple math equation in response to the question. And that equation, when graphed in polar coordinates, was in the shape of a heart that represented love. Just how shocking that drawing was to everyone was something that only those who saw it understood. To use a short mathematical equation to represent something so romantic, it was unheard of!

What did it mean to be capable?

This was what it meant to be capable!

He really had the skills to back it up!

And to be able to pull off something like that as and when he wanted to?

Like coming up with those one-syllable essays!

Like composing those songs!

And like this graph of a heart that had astonished everyone here!

The people from Peking University's Math Department were amazed.

"Math can even be this much fun?"

"That's right! Who says that mathematics is a boring subject?"

"Math can be really romantic too!"

"If I had this trick of Professor Zhang's back then, would I have had to spend seven years to woo my wife?! I, I could have wrapped it up with just one equation!"

"Hahaha, consider me enlightened today!"

"I've learned something good. I'll have to show this to my wife when I get back!"

"This is an eye-opening day for me!"

Dong Shanshan was announcing with a smile, "Congratulations to Zhang Ye on passing the third test!"

Yu Yingyi held up her microphone and said, "We are finally going to meet the bride!"

Xin Ya harrumphed and said, "No, let's have another challenge!"

"Right!"

"The ones before don't count!"

"We still have some more topics to give!"

Old Wu's team of friends and relatives did not agree that the door games were over yet. The main issue was that they had been embarrassed big time. With three tests to pass, and each one more difficult than the previous one, how did the results turn out? It didn't even trouble Zhang Ye a bit. There was no hesitation from him as he passed the three tests with flying colors. That really didn't look good on this group of female comrades!

At this moment, a voice sounded from afar!

It was the sound of the bride laughing. She said, "Alright, haven't you all realized it? It doesn't matter how many tests you make him do. Even if you all band together, you won't be a match for him."

Zhang Ye looked over.

The guests looked over.

The reporters looked over.

"Ah!"

"It's the bride!"

"The bride has appeared!"

There were cheers all around!

There was screaming everywhere!

The venue was overflowing with excitement!

The reporters' lenses and cameras immediately turned to the other end of the red carpet like there was a sale. They snapped away without holding back. But the moment the bride in her wedding gown came into their frames, the reporters were too dumbfounded to react. They gasped deeply and some couldn't help but squeal!

"So beautiful!"

"This—"

"How glamorous!"

"Hot damn!"

"Does she have to be this pretty?"

"Even a celebrity doesn't look this good!"

"So this is the bridal gown that Zhang Ye designed himself?"

"She's so beautiful that I could die!"

"No one else compares!"

Everyone present at the wedding was entranced by her beauty!

Zhang Ye was also stunned on the spot. The sight of her took his breath away!

This is my wife?

This is the woman I'll be spending the rest of my life with?

In this moment, Zhang Ye thought that he must have saved the world somehow in his previous life. He had the thought in the past, but it was never as strong a belief as right now!

Memories flooded through him.

They first met on a plane. Zhang Ye still remembered Old Wu's hairstyle from that day, the color of her outfit, the type of shoes she had on, and even the first thing she said to him. He remembered all of it, clearly and vividly.

A chance meeting.

They became colleagues.

They became lovers.

They became husband and wife.

Is this a dream?

Because if it is, then please never let me wake up!

I wanna dream for the rest of my life!

No one noticed, but Zhang Ye had walked over the piano in the open-air garden. He sat down slowly, resting his fingers on the keys and started playing emotionally.

The bride.

The wedding dress.

It was all coming together.

The piano rang out without warning.

Everyone in the garden got a little surprised.

Zhang Ye sang gently, singing the story 1 of the two of them.

"Because I took a second glance at you in the crowd.

"I could never forget your face.

"Dreaming that one day we'll bump into each other again.

"Since then, I've been yearning for you."

The bride watched him as she walked over step by step.

Zhang Ye sang.

"When I think of you, you appear on the horizon.

"When I think of you, you appear before my eyes.

"When I think of you, you appear in my mind.

"When I think of you, you appear in my heart."

Everyone was infected by the emotions in the song!

Then they all looked at Zhang Ye. Everyone was moved!

Zhang Ye's eyes had reddened and a tear rolled down his cheeks, yet he was smiling.

"I like to think we promised each other in a past life.

"And that the story of our love won't change in this life.

"I'd rather spend my whole life waiting for you to find out

"That I've always been at your side and never far away."

No one had ever seen Zhang Ye cry before!

Not during the plane hijacking!

Not when he was seriously ill and standing onstage wearing his mask!

Not when he was burdened with colossal tasks on I Am a Singer!

Not even when his peers were repressing him and calling him out as their enemy!

In the eyes of the media, his friends, and family, Zhang Ye was a warrior. A warrior who wasn't afraid of anything!

But today!

In this moment!

Zhang Ye was crying!

Many of the people here were deeply affected!

Zhang Ye's mother cried!

Xin Ya cried!

Xiaodong cried!

Fan Wenli cried!

Amy was also in tears!

They were all feeling happy for Zhang Ye. They were feeling overjoyed for him. As Zhang Ye's friends and relatives, they knew how hard it had been for Zhang Ye to get to where he was today. It might look like Zhang Ye was a chatterbox, but he was actually someone who didn't really like talking much. Only he himself knew what his heartfelt words were. He didn't want anyone else to worry about him. In fact, Zhang Ye had been journeying all alone.

Fortunately.

Fortunately, someone was accompanying him now.

Fortunately, someone understood him now.

The bride finally made her way over. She did not stop in her tracks on the red carpet. Instead, she passed everyone as she made her way slowly to Zhang Ye.

"Because I took a second glance at you in the crowd.

"I could never forget your face.

"Dreaming that one day we'll bump into each other again.

"Since then, I've been yearning for you."

At the piano.

The bride sat down beside Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye was playing the piano and singing.

"When I think of you, you appear on the horizon.

"When I think of you, you appear before my eyes.

"When I think of you, you appear in my mind.

"When I think of you, you appear in my heart."

Wu Zeqing reached out with a smile to wipe away the teardrop on Zhang Ye's face. Unbeknownst to her, her own face was also covered with tears.

Zhang Ye sang passionately.

"I like to think we promised each other in a past life.

"And that the story of our love won't change in this life.

"I'd rather spend my whole life waiting for you to find out

"That I've always been at your side and never far away."

This sight was incredibly touching!

Looking at them.

Hearing their song.

Listening to the love story between them.

In the open-air garden, everyone was mesmerized!

Chapter 1302: The big wedding (You're actually trying to hit me?!)

The auspicious hour arrived.

The bride and groom changed into their traditional Chinese wedding clothes. The Chinese wedding ceremony was officially beginning.

First, a bow to the Heavens and to Earth.

Second, a bow to the parents.

Third, a bow to each other.

...

Outside.

The media personnel had already been cleared out from the venue. As many of the reporters made their way out of the hot spring resort's hotel, they still felt somewhat unfulfilled. This grand wedding affair of Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing had really shaken them. What sort of occasions had they not seen, being such seasoned reporters? Which celebrity's wedding had they not attended? But it was truly their first time experiencing such an amazing and touching wedding like the one today. The talents of the groom, the beauty of the bride, no other celebrity's wedding had opened their eyes like today's.

"This is wonderful."

"Yeah, there aren't a lot of guests, but the atmosphere was incredible."

"It's such a pity that we're not allowed inside!"

"They're probably already going through the ceremony to be wed right now!"

"Well, let's give them their privacy."

"Yeah, for someone as foul-tempered as Zhang Ye to allow us to go inside to take pictures before the actual ceremony is already a pretty nice gesture. Let's hurry back now!"

"Yeah, let's quickly get back to the office to write our reports!"

"Enough talking, let's go!"

...

In the outside world.

Online.

On the streets.

At home.

In the companies.

The entire country's attention and focus were all on Zhang Ye's wedding.

The sporadic few pictures uploaded online made the citizens talk nonstop.

"Has the wedding ceremony started yet?"

"It must have started already!"

"Will there be a live broadcast?"

"Yeah, why isn't there any news?"

"They're not allowing it to be broadcast. We can only wait for the reporters to come out."

"I'm dying from anxiety. Is the bride really Chief Wu?"

"I don't believe it either, even now!"

"It's true!"

"It's been confirmed!"

"The SARFT's Chief Wu is a very beautiful lady!"

"That Zhang Ye fellow has struck gold!"

"Who's at the venue right now? How is the wedding ceremony going?"

"Wow, Old Chen has posted something on Weibo!"

"Is it a picture from the wedding?"

"Damn, who did I see there?"

"Is that Lillian?"

"Nani? Even Lillian is attending?"

"Goddammit, that's really giving too much face to Zhang Ye!"

"Yeah, what kind of friendship do they have? They're so tight? Just to attend Zhang Ye's wedding, Lillian flew more than 10 hours? Zhang Ye is really great!"

"There are so many celebrities in the photo!"

"They're all big names!"

"The suspense is killing me! I want a video of the entire proceedings of the wedding!"

As news and pictures of the wedding ceremony spread, it got even more tantalizing for the public. Everyone was eagerly hoping to find out what was going on at the venue!

...

In the end, news of the wedding started coming one after another!

The entire country was bombarded by a series of news reports about Zhang Ye's wedding!

"The beautiful bride amazes everyone at the wedding!"

"Zhang Ye's self-designed bridal gown revealed!"

"Prettier than anything in the world!"

"The bride's glamor puts celebrities to shame!"

The pictures were exposed!

The videos were published!

The people were overflowing with excitement!

"She's too beautiful!"

"Does she have to be this pretty!"

"I'm so jealous!"

"What karma did Zhang Ye earn in his past life?"

"Ahhhhh! My eyes have been blinded! She's really too beautiful!"

"This bridal gown's design is simply perfect. If it gets brought out onto the international stage, it might even be able to win some bridal gown design awards. Zhang Ye is really talented in too many areas!"

"This fellow is just like a bug 1 ; he has all kinds of skills!"

...

"A most unexpected guest at the wedding!"

"International Superstar Lillian dressed to the nines for Zhang Ye's wedding!"

"The guest list revealed!"

"SARFT's leaders in attendance!"

"Damn, it's really Lillian!"

"Ning Lan is there too?"

"Shanshan is hosting the wedding?"

"What a prestigious group of guests!"

"They're all there for Zhang Ye!"

"The SARFT's leaders are there too!"

"The SARFT's leaders are attending the wedding together with the celebrities of the entertainment circle. This is so weird! It's not a thing that could ever happen again in the future!"

"Yeah, just this point alone is enough for Zhang Ye's wedding to leave a mark on the history of the entertainment industry, and it's even an unprecedented mark. No other celebrity weddings could possibly outdo this. Good gracious, for a celebrity to get married and have the SARFT's officials come together to offer their congratulations, who else is capable of something like that?"

...

"The bride's team of relatives and friends make things 'difficult!'"

"Zhang Ye clears three tasks in a row!"

"One-syllable essays shock the guests in attendance!"

"Zhang Ye's five one-syllable essays gives the bridal team the shock of their lives!"

"The groom's talents shoot through the roof!"

"As proven: The winner of the highest domestic literary award is indeed well-deserved!"

"One-syllable essays?"

"Damn, I never even knew such things existed!"

"Jī jī jí jī jì?" [Narration on an Assembly of Starving Chickens on a Rocky Sandbar]

"Shī shìshíshī shǐ." [Lion-Eating Poet in the Stone Den]

"That's so scary!"

"He could even write something like that spontaneously?"

"Just how much abilities does Zhang Ye keep in his stomach!"

"Hahahaha, the bride's team have really encountered a tough opponent!"

"Yeah, they've given this fellow a chance to posture again!"

"When it comes to competing on literary skills, who would be a match for Zhang Ye?"

...

"Math can be this romantic?"

"A mathematical formula that surprises everyone!"

"A mathematician's way of expressing his love!"

"The heart equation makes its first appearance!"

"The romantic expression of Zhang Ye!"

"Holy fuck!"

"A mathematical formula?"

"A heart?"

"This is awesome!"

"I'm stunned!"

"That's too fucking awesome!"

"Using a math formula to graph a heart?"

"This tart can even be romantic? I'm kneeling!"

"This is eye-opening! This is really too goddamn eye-opening!"

"Zhang Ye's fancy tricks keep coming!"

...

"'When You Are Old adapted' into a song by Zhang Ye!"

"'Raise Your Wedding Veil For Me'?"

"The wedding ceremony turns into a showcase of Zhang Ye's new songs!"

"A 'Legend' that moved everyone!"

"Zhang Ye's tearful breakdown!"

"Both bride and groom in tears!"

"Great songs!"

"They're awesome!"

"Requesting a cleaner sounding upload of the song!"

"Is the original recording released yet?"

"'Legend' is such a nice song to listen to!"

"This song is so well-written!"

"Zhang Ye is going to be trending again!"

...

All kinds of information!

All kinds of news!

All kinds of songs!

In the end, a video recording of the entire wedding proceedings was uploaded. Instantly, everyone gathered around in a buzz as the views blew up!

A 100 million!

200 million!

300 million!

A few online video hosting sites were crippled by the network traffic!

The popularity of this video was pushed into first place without any suspense!

Zhang Ye's four songs also instantly charted onto the Top Chinese Music Chart. At #1 was his "Legend," which led the other songs by a mile. As for his other songs, "When You Are Old" was #2, "A Little Love Song" was #3, while "Raise Your Wedding Veil For Me" came in at #4. The top four songs on the chart were all Zhang Ye songs. He had taken over the chart with his songs, and all the other songs could only stand aside in their presence!

The search engine statistics show that the "heart formula" was number one on trending!

In the Weibo headlines, seven of the top ten trending topics were about Zhang Ye!

The media blew up!

Everyone was heatedly discussing it!

It was simply too crazy!

The news was entirely taken over by Zhang Ye's wedding!

The headlines were totally filled up by Zhang Ye's wedding!

On this day, Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing's wedding swept the entire Internet and country over and over again!

It was such pomp!

And it was truly unprecedented!

Chapter 1303: To the bridal chamber!

At night.

The moonlight was shining serenely.

At Taoran Pavilion's East Gate.

A car slowly drove into the district and parked in the garage of Old Wu's villa. When the car door opened, Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing got out and entered the house. The first floor's living room was no longer like before. It was now decorated with red everywhere. There were even lanterns and the characters of "double happiness" put up as well. It really did look like a newlywed's house.

After changing into a pair of slippers.

And taking off the tuxedo jacket.

Zhang Ye slumped onto the sofa, dead tired.

"Aiyo, I can't move anymore."

"That's because you were entertaining everyone whenever they offered you a toast."

"Hai, I was just feeling really happy."

"Do you want something to drink?"

"Yes, please."

"Alright, wait while I boil some water."

"Old Wu, should I buy a house?"

"There's no need. Isn't it fine to live here?"

"But now that we're married, it's doesn't feel right to live here."

"Then what are we going to do with this place? Leave it empty?"

"Yeah, leave it empty."

"Hur hur, that would be such a waste."

"Alright, we'll talk about it again in the future."

The water boiled.

Wu Zeqing made a cup of tea for him. "It's hot; let it cool first."

Zhang Ye laid there happily and said in satisfaction, "My wife is the best. Getting married is really too tiring. It's completely unlike what I've watched on TV. Look at what those Chinese weddings are like. They just bow to the Heavens and to Earth, then to the parents, then to each other, and off they go to the bridal chamber. But look at us. Where's the bridal chamber? We spent the entire day entertaining the guests and were kept busy throughout the wedding without end. Actually, this bro has been looking to go home since a long time ago."

"Then turn in early."

"Old Wu, I'm hungry."

"What do you want to eat?"

"Some hot soup noodles is enough."

"Alright."

Finally, there were only the two of them left.

Zhang Ye's eyes started misbehaving again. Wu Zeqing had already changed back into her own clothes. She was dressed in a gold qipao with a thin sweater and looked especially gentle in it. Looking at her doing the chores around the house, Zhang Ye felt his heart grow warmer. He looked at his watch and realized it was only 8 PM.

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Head upstairs first. I'll bring it up when it's done."

Zhang Ye stayed put. "I'm not moving unless you give me a kiss."

"I'm cooking. I'll do that later," Old Wu said.

"You can always cook after you've kissed me," Zhang Ye said.

In the end, Old Wu came over with a smile. Slightly bending her legs wrapped in nude stockings, she arched over with her untied hair sprawling onto his face and kissed his lips.

"Is that good enough?"

"Again."

"How's that then?"

"Again."

"I've already kissed you thrice."

"Alright, I've finally regained some strength!"

"Hur hur, go upstairs and wait for the noodles then."

Zhang Ye walked upstairs and opened the door to the master bedroom.

Two days ago, his mother packed and brought over his luggage along with some daily necessities. After all, he was going to settle in for the long haul, so he had to have everything prepared. As such, Zhang Ye's slippers and pajamas were all here as well. He nimbly changed into his pajamas and then rushed to sit down at the computer since there was nothing to do. He turned on the computer and shouted downstairs.

"Old Wu, let me use your computer."

Old Wu's voice came from below. "Go ahead."

Zhang Ye rubbed his hands together and started checking Weibo on the web browser. At times, he would laugh out loud, curse at something, or mumble to himself, like he was suffering from somniloquy
1 .

"Damn, who's scolding me!"

"Haha, go ahead and be jealous!"

"Yes, yes, that's exactly how awesome this bro is!"

"What? The Top Chinese Music Chart has been conquered by me? Beautiful!"

"What? You guys have never seen a graph of a heart before? Well, that's true. It's high tech from my previous world, so of course none of you would have seen it before."

"The bridal gown design was beautiful, wasn't it? Y'all have great taste!"

Be it the online news or the comments from the people, Zhang Ye was finally free to browse them. Most of them were messages of blessings and reactions of amazement that made Zhang Ye's gratification burst at its seams. He was overjoyed to know how he must have reaped eight lifetimes of blessings to be able to marry such a beautiful wife. As such, this fellow wanted the whole world to know about it too. He even wished that he could stand atop the Tiananmen Tower and use a megaphone while holding Old Wu in his arms to tell them that she was his wife. Usually, he preferred to stay low-key. But this time, he was really enjoying the limelight. Look at this popularity, look at these discussions, look at all these looks of envy!

Footfalls approached.

When Old Wu came upstairs, Zhang Ye was still foolishly laughing to himself.

"What are you laughing about?" Old Wu said with a smile.

Zhang Ye spiritedly pointed to the screen and said, "Look, they're all so envious of me. Our wedding has bombarded the entire country several times over, and it's even slowly spreading to Asia. My popularity will definitely rise again, and I think it will rise by a lot too. Well, whatever, let's not care about that for now. It can rise however much it likes, and we can talk about getting to the S-list afterwards too. I don't care about all of that. I just want to spend my time with you and have our honeymoon together first. Everything else can wait for later."

Old Wu placed down two bowls of piping hot noodles.

"Let's eat the noodles first."

"You're hungry too?"

"Yes."

"Alright, let's eat together."

"How many days did you take off from work?"

"Me? I'll plan mine according to your schedule."

"I applied for seven days off."

"Only seven?"

"There's still a lot of work at the office, so it's already pretty good that I could get seven days off."

"Sure, I'll take seven days' break from work too then."

With many slurps, the big bowls of piping hot soup noodles were finished. It felt very nice eating them.

When he finished, Zhang Ye looked at Old Wu eagerly and asked, "Are you sleepy yet?"

Wu Zeqing smile and said, "Not really?"

Zhang Ye gave a hollow laugh and said, "But we should still go to bed soon."

Old Wu looked at her watch. "Sleep? Now?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye was restless. "We've been busy all day, so let's hurry and get some rest. And besides that, we still haven't gotten to the serious business."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "OK."

Zhang Ye said excitedly, "Then I'll go and shower first?"

Old Wu said, "Alright, you go first."

"I can't wait." Zhang Ye had already stood up. He said, "I'll go over to the guest room to shower; you can take the master bedroom's shower. Let's meet back here when we're done."

In the guest bedroom.

In the shower.

This fellow only took three minutes to finish showering. Zhang Ye swore that he had never showered so quickly before in his life. He shampooed his head, applied some body wash, and brushed his teeth, almost doing all of it concurrently. But all that was still not enough to stop him from humming. His movements were really robust and nimble. This fellow had even resorted to using his Taiji Fist basics in here. With a quick shake of the face towel in his hand, his body was dry. This was indeed a case of a minute's brilliant performance onstage being attributed to ten years' of practice off it.

Why did he practice martial arts so hard for?

Why did he practice Taiji Fist so hard for?

It had been all for this moment of efficiency!

But by the time Zhang Ye had put on his bathrobe and rushed back to the master bedroom, he discovered that Wu Zeqing had not even finished taking off her clothes. She had just removed her stockings and was about to place them onto the end of the bed.

"Why aren't you showering?"

"I'm already done."

"So quickly?"

"Yeah!"

Wu Zeqing laughed. She stood up with her back facing Zhang Ye and said, "Just in time. The buttons on the back are difficult to undo. Why don't you help me with it?"

Zhang Ye stared straight at it. Without any hesitation, he said, "Sure, leave it to me!"

Quickly and easily, he undid all of them!

Old Wu said, "Hur hur, slowly."

Zhang Ye said, "I can't be slow!"

It's about efficiency!

Efficiency, my comrade!

Chapter 1304: Drawing first blood!

In the master bedroom.

The red pillows.

The red blanket.

The red mattress.

Zhang Ye had already gotten under the sheets and was lying in bed with a million thoughts racing through his mind. It wasn't easy getting here. How many competitors did he have to fend off before he painstakingly managed to get Wu Zeqing to marry him? Calm down, relax, you cannot be so impatient at this point in time. You've already waited all this time having known each other for so long and been in a relationship for almost two years now. It's only a few more minutes, so it isn't too much to ask to wait this bit longer, right?

Was it difficult?

Think about the Red Army's long march 1 !

Was it tiring?

Think about the revolutionary predecessors!

"Old Wu."

"What is it?"

"Are you done yet?"

"Soon."

A few minutes later.

"Old Wu."

"Eh?"

"Have you finished showering?"

"Almost."

Another few minutes later.

"Old Wu."

"I heard you."

"Can you hurry?"

"Hur hur, alright."

As she was trying to shower, all Zhang Ye did was nag.

Zhang Ye sat up from the bed, not feeling too good. Then he lay down again, but it did not feel right either. He turned over once more, but was still feeling restless. So he put on his slippers and got out of bed to pace around with his hands behind his back. Zhang Ye happened to come to the piano that was in the bedroom and looked down at it before sitting down at it.

Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath.

When Zhang Ye opened his eyes, his hand hovered over the piano keys.

As the light and joyful sound of the piano rippled through the air like flowing water, an image of a woman danced to life from the tune of the melody.

She was gentle and beautiful.

This was Beethoven's Für Elise 2 .

Its original name was Bagatelle No. 25 in A minor.

As Zhang Ye played, he calmed down.

...

In the district.

In a house.

"Hubby, listen to that."

"Who's playing the piano?"

"It sounds really nice."

"Yeah, what song is it?"

"I don't know."

...

In another house.

"Dad, did you put the music on?"

"No?"

"Then is that coming from outside? Someone is playing the piano?"

"Is it coming from that direction again? Someone also played the piano in that direction before."

"Yes, I remember it too. It was a pop music piece the last time, but it's different now!"

"It's really quite nice."

"Yeah, I think it's really good too."

...

In another house.

"Who is it? Why are they playing the piano at this time of the night!"

"Shhh!"

"What!"

"Stop talking, I'm listening to it!"

"Is it that good?"

"Shut up if you don't know anything!"

...

In another house.

This was the home of a piano teacher.

In the bedroom, a middle-aged couple was already asleep. Then the middle-aged man was rudely awakened. He pricked up his ears and quickly sat up in bed.

His wife was also awakened. "What's the matter?"

The husband said in shock, "Wh-Who is that?"

The wife also heard the sound of the piano. She said in slight surprise, "Is that a rondo 3?"

The two of them grew even more surprised and shocked as they listened!

The wife gasped and said, "Which master is this?"

"Have you heard this melody before?"

"No, it's definitely not a published piece!"

The husband said aghast, "In all of China, the number of pianists who can play at such a level can be counted on one hand. In the world, there are no pianists who can write such a piece of music and are still alive. Who could it be? When did someone of such caliber move into our neighborhood?"

The musical piece was reaching its conclusion. Just as the melody was building up to its climax, it was suddenly followed by a descending chromatic scale over two octaves. At the same time, it tapered off until it reached a dynamics level where it blended back into the original theme. The final part of the piece ended with the omission of the arpeggiated series.

The couple was mesmerized by what they heard.

...

At Old Wu's residence.

In the bedroom.

The final note of the piece echoed.

Zhang Ye pulled his hands back, finally feeling satisfied.

Clapping suddenly rang out from behind.

When Zhang Ye turned around to look, he smiled and said, "You've finished showering?"

Wu Zeqing was clapping slowly as she said, "That was really such a great piece of music. What's it called?"

Zhang Ye casually answered, "Für Elise."

Wu Zeqing looked at him and asked, "Who is Elise?"

Hearing that, Zhang Ye was taken aback.

Who is Elise?

How the hell would I know who Elise is!

Zhang Ye was afraid that Old Wu would misunderstand that he knew a woman named Elise, so he anxiously explained, "Hai, I was just giving it a name. If you're fine with it, I can call it Für Zeqing, or Für Wang Erhong, or even Für Widow Sun." If Beethoven were living in this world, the first person that he would want dead would probably be Zhang Ye.

Wu Zeqing laughed and said, "What kind of names are those."

Zhang Ye stood up. "So are we going to bed now?"

Old Wu said reluctantly, "I still haven't heard enough."

"Aiya, let's talk about that tomorrow." Zhang Ye couldn't hold himself back anymore and said, "If you really want to hear it, I'll hold a recital for you tomorrow. I'll play for you alone for three days and three nights. It's getting really late now, so we shouldn't bother the neighbors in the district. Let's hurry to bed."

Old Wu nodded.

Zhang Ye got into bed first and burrowed under the sheets. He even flipped open the other end of the blanket and said, "Hurry, hurry."

Wu Zeqing smiled and nodded, walking over slowly. She elegantly took off her slippers and lifted up her leg that was under her bathrobe and slid it under the blanket. She had just finished taking a hot shower, and it felt like her leg was still emitting some of that warmth.

It was fair and smooth!

It smelled sweet and tender!

And there was even quite a bit of suppleness to it!

Her leg was too beautiful!

Beneath the sheets, it was suddenly filled with the fragrance of a woman.

Zhang Ye nudged himself over and started caressing.

Old Wu did not move away as she stayed there meekly.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye became even bolder. That satisfaction he felt in his heart did not even need to be mentioned. If it wasn't because of the atmosphere, he would have burst into song. " That is a magical heavenly road, heyyyyy! 4 "

Ba da.

The lights were flipped off.

Creak.

Creak.

The bed started rocking.

It felt like spring had arrived within the sheets.

Five minutes later.

The creaking stopped.

"Old Wu."

"Eh?"

"Why don't you put on the Chinese Kwa?"

"Why?"

"I thought you looked really pretty when you were wearing it today. It was really nice."

"Hur hur, alright."

"I'll go and get it for you."

Ba da. The lights were flipped back on.

Zhang Ye brought the clothes over and Old Wu changed into it.

The lights were dimmed.

Creak.

Creak.

Creak.

Five minutes later.

It went quiet again under the sheets.

"Darling."

"Hm?"

"Why don't you put on the bridal gown this time for me to see?"

"You want me to wear it again?"

"I haven't had enough of seeing you in it yet. I only got a few looks today."

"OK."

"Where is it? I'll get it."

"It's in the suitcase that we brought back."

"Alright."

Zhang Ye ran over to get it.

Wu Zeqing changed into the bridal gown.

The bridal gown was tighter and harder to get into. Zhang Ye eagerly helped Old Wu with it and tinkered around for a long time before she finally got it on. In the end, he even made a request to her.

"Put on the high heels too."

"The high heels too?"

"It's nicer if you wear them."

"OK."

"Don't dim the lights any further, or I won't be able to see."

"Mmm."

"Can you lay down over there?"

"How do you want me to lie down?"

"No, not that way. This way."

"This way?"

"That's right, that's right!"

"Hur hur, done."

"OK!"

On this night.

Old Wu went through quite a few costume changes.

On this night.

Zhang Ye drew first blood and arrived at the peak of his life!

Chapter 1305: Drawing second blood!

The next day.

Early in the morning.

Muted sounds of people talking drifted up as they passed by the window.

"Old Li, going to work?"

"That's right."

"Do you know who was playing the piano last night?"

"Oh, you heard that too?"

"Of course, it was such a joy listening to it."

"When I finished listening to it, it felt like I still hadn't had enough."

"Could it be that piano teacher in our district who played it?"

"I don't think so, the direction of the music didn't seem to come from his house."

"That's strange then, did someone new move in?"

"Maybe it's some master pianist."

In the room.

Zhang Ye had already woken up. He stretched and let out a loud yawn. This night of sleep felt very nice. He flipped onto his side and flopped his arm down but was met with nothing. He patted the empty blanket and realized that there was no one there anymore.

Eh?

Where did my wife go to?

Looking around the bedroom, he saw that it had been tidied up.

The qipao?

The bridal gown?

The Chinese Kwa?

The stockings?

The high heels?

The clothes that were scattered all over the floor last night were no longer there. Even Zhang Ye's own clothes that he had casually thrown onto the chair had been neatly folded and placed piece by piece onto the nightstand. One look and Zhang Ye knew that Wu Zeqing had tidied it up. Old Wu was a meticulous type of person who liked to keep things neat, so she would never leave her things lying around. Meanwhile, Zhang Ye was the polar opposite. This fellow was more carefree and would always leave his clothes lying around. He never folded his bedsheets either.

It sounded like someone was downstairs.

Zhang Ye smiled, then put on his slippers and got out of bed to head downstairs. As the slippers were made of cotton, they didn't really make noise while walking. He deliberately lightened his footsteps as he walked downstairs. The moment he came down, he saw Wu Zeqing cooking in the open kitchen. She was dressed in a domestic attire with an apron on top and was frying something.

Zhang Ye sneaked up and hugged her from behind.

Wu Zeqing turned around and laughed. "You scared me."

Zhang Ye said, "Why are you up so early?"

"It's my biological clock." Old Wu was frying some bacon. "You got up at just the right time; it's time for breakfast. When we're done eating, we still have to head over to your mom's place."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright."

Old Wu looked at him. "Wait."

"What?" Zhang Ye blinked.

"Don't move." Old Wu reached out to fiddle with the messy hair on his head before saying, "OK, go and wash your face first. When you're finished, breakfast should almost be ready."

"Let me help you fry them."

"There's no need."

"Aiya, I can't always let you do all the chores."

"Hur hur, it's fine, I can handle this by myself."

"Well, alright then, thanks."

"It's nothing."

Old Wu's virtuousness really could not be picked on.

After breakfast, they drove over to Zhang Ye's parents' house.

...

Caishikou.

In the neighborhood.

When the car stopped, Zhang Ye immediately spotted his mother outside the apartment complex chatting with their neighbors. He saw her chattering away and wondered what she was bragging about this time.

"Hey!"

"It's Little Ye's car!"

"Sister Cao, your son and daughter-in-law are back!"

They got out of the car.

Zhang Ye called out from afar, "Mom."

Wu Zeqing also said with a smile, "Mom."

His mother swelled with pride. "Hey, hey, you're here? Come over quickly, Zeqing. Let me introduce you to a few of our old neighbors. This here is Auntie Sun, this is Auntie Cui, that is Grandpa Xu—" After introducing them one by one, his mother turned to them and pointed at Wu Zeqing, declaring proudly, "This is my daughter-in-law!" With that, it was clear that they had walked in on Zhang Ye's mother's bragging time.

The neighbors surrounded them in excitement.

"Old Cao, your daughter-in-law is so beautiful."

"That's right, she's even prettier in person than on the news and in pictures!"

"Our Little Ye is so blessed."

"Little Ye, you had better treat your wife well in the future."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That's for sure."

Auntie Sun said, "We had to catch your wedding on television yesterday. Why didn't you invite us? Now you owe us a meal."

Everyone hooted.

"That's right."

"You owe us a meal!"

"Little Ye, you're terrible."

Zhang Ye said happily, "Alright, you're all picking on me now. Actually, yesterday's wedding ceremony was just a show for the media. So many reporters were there and it was so chaotic, so I didn't dare invite you all. I'll arrange another day with Old Wu to treat you all to a meal, alright? It'll only be the old neighbors, no outsiders."

"Sure!"

"We'll be waiting then!"

"You said it yourself, Little Ye."

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, I said it."

His mother decided, "Then let's have it the day after tomorrow. We'll reserve a few tables and have a meal together."

"No problem."

"We will definitely be there."

"Right, right, everyone must come."

"Let's all have a good time together."

Back upstairs.

The three of them came back.

His father was reading the newspapers when he heard them and looked up. "Zeqing, you're here?"

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Dad, you're reading the news?"

His father smiled and said, "Yes, your mom went out to buy the newspapers this morning and brought them back for me to read. The headlines are all about you and Little Ye. Oh yes, have you two had breakfast yet?"

Wu Zeqing said, "We came after eating."

His mother was still smiling from earlier. She said, "Both of you had such a tiring day yesterday. I said that you could stay home to rest for a while more and that you don't have to come over so early today. We're very casual about such things and don't really pay attention to these traditions 1 that much."

Old Wu said, "Mom, it's fine."

Zhang Ye said, "We still have to go and visit the relatives anyway. This should have been done before the wedding itself, but since we were really busy beforehand and couldn't spare any time, we must definitely go and see them now that the wedding is over. We have to visit Grandma's place, and Aunt's place too. Where are we going first this afternoon? Grandma's place?"

His mother said, "Yes, we'll go to your grandma's place first."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright."

His father asked, "Aren't you two going on a honeymoon?"

Wu Zeqing chuckled. "Little Ye and I don't have too many days off from work. We only have a few days of leave, so we discussed it and decided that we won't be going anywhere far."

After making some small talk.

His father looked at his watch. "It's still a while until the afternoon. Why don't you two get a little more rest?"

Zhang Ye yawned the moment he heard that. "I did wake up quite early."

"Then go and catch up on some sleep." His mother said, "Zeqing, go and lie down too."

Old Wu smiled and said, "OK."

The door closed.

Both of them went back into Zhang Ye's room.

Zhang Ye was very sleepy. He took off his slippers and buried himself underneath the sheets. Even though Old Wu's house was big and nicely furnished, Zhang Ye still found his own bed more comfortable. After all, he had been sleeping here for over 20 years.

Old Wu sat down. "You get some rest; I'll read for a while."

Zhang Ye asked, "Hey, aren't you sleeping?"

"I'm not tired."

"Just lie down for a while. I can't sleep if I don't have my arms around you."

"Hur hur, alright."

"Take off your clothes."

"It's too troublesome to take these autumn clothes off."

"Just take them off."

"Why?"

"Ahem, no reason."

"Aren't you sleepy?"

"Seeing you, I feel all awake again."

"Dad and Mom are outside."

"We can be quiet."

"Didn't we just do it yesterday."

"Yesterday was yesterday, today is today."

"Oh, you."

"Gogogo!"

"Then make sure we keep it down, alright?"

"Alright, understood!"

On this morning, Zhang Ye drew second blood!!

Chapter 1306: Doing a favor

Noon.

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

When the door opened, Zhang Ye's grandpa and grandma, his three uncles and aunties, and his three sisters were already here. Lunch was almost ready and it looked like it was going to be a very sumptuous meal. After all, this was Wu Zeqing's first visit. Even though they had already met each other during the wedding and also spoken, there were too many outsiders around at that time. And with the couple so busy entertaining guests yesterday, they didn't really manage to talk much. Only today could they have a proper conversation.

Zhang Ye led Wu Zeqing around to greet everyone.

Wu Zeqing said, "Grandpa, Grandma."

Grandma replied, "Hello! Hello!"

Wu Zeqing asked, "How has your health been, Grandpa and Grandma?"

"Pretty good," Grandma said with a broad smile.

"I heard from Little Ye that Grandpa hasn't been feeling too well recently?"

"Hai, it's just some old chronic problems; it's nothing much. Mengmeng's mother, what are you looking at, all starstruck? Hurry up and bring my granddaughter-in-law some water. Shouldn't you know what to do!"

Old Wu said, "It's fine, Third Aunt, I'll help myself."

Zhang Ye's third aunt smiled and said, "Zeqing, take a seat and don't bother yourself."

Mengmeng came over eagerly. "Sister-in-law."

"Hey, Mengmeng." Old Wu smiled.

Mengmeng said in envy, "Sister-in-law, you're so pretty."

Old Wu replied, "Hur hur, thank you. You'll be even prettier when you grow up."

"Really?" Cao Mengmeng got very excited.

Only to hear Zhang Ye add, "You really believe that?"

Cao Mengmeng said angrily, "Brother! I really want to hit you!"

His grandma slapped her head and said, "You, how can you speak like this to your brother?"

Cao Mengmeng wailed, "Look at this, just look at this, Grandma is being biased again!"

Everyone laughed.

Zhang Ye's mother was the eldest in her family, and Zhang Ye was also the eldest one of his generation. Together with the fact that he was a male, his grandpa and grandma naturally doted on him more. Now that Zhang Ye had married Wu Zeqing, his status in the family was elevated even further. Grandpa and Grandma couldn't be more proud of that, so of course they would side more with their grandson.

...

Elsewhere.

In the Celebrity Goof Group.

A B-list female celebrity posted several news links in the group.

"Ning Lan's new movie banned?"

"Distribution company reveals film has yet to pass approval process!"

"Due to a few scenes that violated the rules, Ning Lan's new film won't get released in time for the Lunar New Year festivities?"

Everyone emerged.

Zhang Xia: "Little Ning, what's the matter?"

Director Li Ke: "It hasn't been approved yet?"

Xiaodong: "Sister Ning, is it serious?"

Ning Lan responded: "Hai, don't mention it anymore. We don't even know how to deal with it. All our plans have been disrupted. Those scenes were not originally planned and wouldn't affect the plot either. They've already been deleted, but the approval board has rejected it. It doesn't matter what is being said anymore."

Huo Dongfang: "Have you received the remuneration yet?"

Ning Lan sent a crying emoji. "What could I have received? I didn't ask for a remuneration this time and opted to get a share of the box office earnings instead. Now that it can't even be released, how can I possibly get any payment? If the film doesn't make it in time for the holiday screening, the company will suffer a big loss for sure. This turn of events has come too suddenly this time. It was also our own fault for not handling it well and taking all the considerations. Otherwise, we could have been preparing for distribution already if the approval had made it through the first time."

Li Ke suggested: "Try to pull some strings to get the problem resolved."

Ning Lan: "Who can we find? The sponsors have only an average influence in the industry and can't get direct access to the top to speak with them. The film is stuck now because the authorities are not passing it."

Amy suddenly said: "Try looking for Teacher Zhang."

Ning Lan: "He has only just held his wedding. Is this really appropriate?"

Xiaodong: "I think he didn't go on a honeymoon. He's probably still in Beijing."

Chen Guang: "Yes, try to ask Zhang Ye."

...

Late in the evening.

Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were driving back to Taoran Pavilion. They had been to his maternal grandma's house in the afternoon, followed by his paternal aunt's place in the evening. After a day of visiting his relatives, Zhang Ye felt like it still wasn't enough. He really enjoyed such gatherings with his family. With all his work pushed back, spending every day traveling with Old Wu was such a nice feeling. This was why a person had to take a proper vacation to enjoy themselves and not think about anything else. Otherwise, if they kept working every day, not even an iron man could bear it.

"Old Wu, what should we do when we get back?"

"Let's watch a movie?"

"Sure, we'll stream one on your computer."

"Hur hur, OK."

As they were chatting, his cell phone rang.

Wu Zeqing picked it up and asked, "How do you want to answer it?"

Zhang Ye said as he drove, "Put it on speakerphone."

Old Wu answered the call.

It was from Ning Lan.

"Zhang'er, it's me."

"Sister Ning, what's the matter?"

"Are you at home?"

"I'm on the road and will be arriving home soon."

"We haven't had a meal in a long time. Do you want to meet up?"

"I just ate dinner. What is it? Is something wrong?"

"Well, there's something. It's about a movie."

"A movie? Then do you want to come over to my place?"

"Is that appropriate?"

"Just come over, we're all family."

"Sure, but I might be bringing two people along with me."

"Alright, I'll be waiting for you then. I'll send you the address in a bit."

In the entertainment circle, friends were usually quite open to meeting and having discussions at their own homes. This was because doing so out in the public was quite inconvenient. If you were slightly more famous, people would still recognize you even with sunglasses and a face mask on. When the reporters arrived and the fans started gathering around, what conversation could be made? Wouldn't it be better to just go home?

After reaching home.

Zhang Ye happily walked upstairs with Old Wu. They picked a movie to watch on the computer and found that there weren't too many sources for the newer films. In the end, they selected a film from half a year ago after browsing through the titles. Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing had both chosen the same romance film when the doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Start the download."

Old Wu acknowledged, "OK, go on and answer the door."

When he got downstairs and opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of Ning Lan. The two people standing beside her, though, he didn't know. "Come on in and have a seat."

"Boss Zhang."

"Sorry to bother you, Boss Zhang."

Those two people were speaking very politely.

But Ning Lan did not stand on ceremony with Zhang Ye. The moment she stepped into the house, she looked around and remarked, "This space doesn't look cheap? Did you buy this villa recently? Not bad at all."

Zhang Ye shrugged. "I didn't buy it. It's my wife's place."

When those two people heard that, they exchanged a glance and looked even more cautious.

Zhang Ye poured them some tea. "So what is it, Sister Ning?"

"Have you read the news yet?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "No, how would I have the time to do that in recent days?"

"True." Ning Lan frowned and said, "Well, your sis here has encountered some trouble. The new holiday movie that I just took part in has not been approved and was left in limbo by the authorities." She explained the issue in detail to Zhang Ye and said at the end, "Actually, it was our fault to begin with. We did not make sure that everything was in order before sending it in for approval, so it ended up this way. I kept thinking about it but just couldn't come up with any ideas on how to handle it. It's almost time for the cinemas to schedule their screenings for the holidays. If we don't quickly get it in, we'll definitely miss the timing. That's why I came to look for you to see if anything could be done. If it weren't an urgent matter, I wouldn't have come looking for you at this time. So what do you think? Can you help?"

The other two people were from the film distributors. They also lamented about the situation.

Zhang Ye knew what they were trying to say. "Since Boss Ning has asked, I definitely have to help. But this is not something that I can make a decision on. I can only ask for you."

He shouted upstairs, "Old Wu."

A moment later, Wu Zeqing came down.

Ning Lan smiled. "Chief Wu, sorry to disturb you so late at night."

Old Wu smiled and said, "It's fine."

Then Zhang Ye said, "Their film has been stopped on your end."

"Which one?" Old Wu asked.

Zhang Ye said, "Flames of War."

Wu Zeqing nodded. "I know. I heard that there were some scenes that violated the guidelines and that the relevant people have notified you all to get it changed, right?"

One of the people from the film distributor said respectfully, "Yes, they've already notified us and we carried out the changes immediately. But when we sent it in the second time, we heard nothing about it."

Old Wu asked, "Have all the necessary changes been made?"

The other person from the film distributor immediately answered, "We've changed everything so that there shouldn't be any issues."

Wu Zeqing acknowledged, "Alright, I know what to do then. I'll make a call to hurry them up for you. If there's nothing wrong with the source footage, then everything should proceed."

The two people immediately gave their thanks.

"Thank you, Chief Wu!"

"We're really grateful to you!"

After sitting for a while more, they hurriedly left so as not to disturb them anymore.

Zhang Ye saw them out.

Ning Lan quietly whispered to him, "Thanks."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Come on, you don't have to be so polite. You should do something more practical instead, like treating me to a big meal."

Ning Lan was amused. "If I have to treat anyone, it would be your wife. But then again, you've really helped me big time. There is finally someone in the artists' circle who can speak to the people at the top. Everyone has better days ahead. Zhang'er, it's all credit to you."

Zhang Ye said righteously, "Hai, it's just a small matter. If I don't descend into Hell, who will?"

Ning Lan rolled her eyes. "Whoa, how is that Hell? I can see that you'll have quite beautiful days ahead."

Zhang Ye chuckled, "Haha, I guess so."

...

The SARFT was really efficient in handling the matter.

Of course, this was in the context of the matter being brought to the attention of Wu Zeqing.

On that night, the film distributor received news that *Flames of War* had been approved. With the movie approved and the paperwork filed, they could finally set the screening dates.

This news left many of those from the film distributor and the film crew very excited!

In the Goof Group.

Ning Lan sent a message: "@ZhangYe It's settled, thanks!"

Xiaodong asked: "Has it been approved already?"

Amy said in surprise: "That fast?"

Ning Lan posted a smiley face. "It's been approved. It was all credit to Boss Zhang, what a loyal friend!"

...

However, Zhang Ye did not reply.

This was because he didn't have the time to pay attention about the chat group.

At Old Wu's house, Zhang Ye was busy drawing third blood from Old Wu after they finished watching the movie!

Chapter 1307: The return, and a new high in popularity!

A week later.

On this morning, it was snowing heavily in the streets.

A familiar piece of music was playing in the vicinity of Zhang Ye's Studio. On one side, the aunties had taken a corner of the garden and were plaza dancing. On the other side, Yang Shu was leading the uncles from the neighboring neighborhoods to practice Taiji Fist. The two parties did not encroach on each other's territories and over the course of many daily encounters, it had always worked out peacefully.

"Eh, Senior Bro!"

"Little Yang, you're practicing Taiji?"

"Yup."

The moment he spoke, everyone turned to look at him.

"Zhang Ye is here."

"It's Little Zhang!"

"Heh, you're totally different after your wedding. You look so much more spirited."

"Teacher Little Zhang, happy marriage to you."

"Your wife is really beautiful. You're very blessed."

"You're back from your honeymoon already?"

"When are you going to try for a kid?"

"We haven't seen you in so many days."

The neighbors chattered away as they gathered around.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Yes, my break's over. I haven't worked in half a month, so I'm officially back starting today. Otherwise, I won't be able to feed myself if I run out of money. Well, thank you everyone for your concern. Please carry on with your activities. I have to get to work." He then turned to Yang Shu and told her, "The snow is pretty heavy, so don't practice for too long. They're all uncles and aunties and aren't young anymore. Don't let anyone slip and fall. They're not as strong as you are."

Yang Shu said respectfully, "Got it, Senior Bro."

Only then did Zhang Ye proceed upstairs.

At the studio.

Zhang Ye pushed the door open and entered. "Good morning, everyone."

Everyone looked over and were pleasantly surprised.

"Wow!"

"Director Zhang!"

"Why are you back?"

"I thought you were going to take a few more days off?"

"Good morning, Director Zhang!"

"Good morning to you, Director Zhang."

Ha Qiqi.

Zhang Zuo.

Little Wang.

Tong Fu.

The staff were all present. In recent days when Zhang Ye had stopped all of his work, the staff obviously could not stop theirs. A lot of matters had to be handled by them, especially since his wedding had such a great effect, even to the point of causing a stir in the Asian region. As a result, it would be odd if they

could get any rest at all, but at the same time, it was the reason why they had to hold the fort. This was so that Zhang Ye could rest properly for many days without anyone disturbing him.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Everyone has done a great job during this period of time. My break is officially over and I will be starting work again today. Come on, let's have a meeting. I haven't checked the Internet much during my break, so I'm not up to speed about many things. Is there a summary? Just briefly run it through with me. Come."

In the meeting room.

The key staff members were all in attendance.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "Do you want to hear the good news or the bad news first?"

"Let's go with the bad news first." Zhang Ye shrugged.

Ha Qiqi brought out a document. "This is our tabulation of those seven S-listers' activities and their popularity scores. Ever since our target of reaching the S-list was made known, those seven Heavenly Kings and Queens also started making big moves. Three of them have made the biggest moves of all. It includes the screening of their movies, Internet livestreaming, targeting an international award, taking part in a global new year countdown concert, and so on and so forth. They've gained a large increase in their popularity scores and has resulted in them advancing a small step from before."

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "We can't do anything about that. This is a fair competition, so we cannot expect them to do nothing. If we want to make an assault on the top spots, then we must allow them to defend too."

Zhang Zuo said, "Right, we expected this. If those Heavenly Kings and Queens did not do anything after learning our plans, then that would truly be strange. Nobody had it easy when reaching their current status. To be sitting in those spots at the top of the entertainment industry for so many years, who would be willing to give it up just like that?"

The S-listers could no longer stay quiet.

They were very active and were garnering more and more popularity.

This was indeed bad news.

Zhang Ye asked, "Then what is the good news?"

The studio's staff smiled at one another.

"Look at this." Ha Qiqi pushed a form over to Zhang Ye. "This is your popularity score curve from before your wedding up until today. It's skyrocketed!"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "By this much?"

Zhang Zuo said excitedly, "Although those seven people have drummed up quite a bit of activity, the speed of their popularity growth has not been as fast as yours in recent days. In fact, they're lagging by a lot compared to you. Your wedding has shocked everyone all over the nation."

Little Wang interrupted, "Not only that, it has shocked everyone in Asia!"

Zhang Ye blinked and said, "Asia?"

Tong Fu guffawed. "Director Zhang, don't you know?"

Zhang Ye said, "Know about what?"

Tong Fu said excitedly, "You're already on the Asian A-list rankings!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "Really? No way, right? I was still hovering in the B-list, wasn't I?"

"This was just reflected in yesterday's update of the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index." Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "If you had bought a copy of the morning newspapers on the way here, you would have known. We've also analyzed the reason for this. First, your popularity in China has soared by a lot, moving you closer and closer to the S-list. Naturally, your popularity score in the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index would go up as well. After all, the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index also takes into account one's domestic popularity, so it rises along with that. Second, it was mainly because of how shocking your wedding ceremony was. Be it the status of your wife, the songs that you wrote at your wedding, or the mathematical equation that you used, all of it was too shocking. Oh yes, there was also that incident where you swept the global servers in Go that brought you great attention in the Asian region. Regarding your wedding, it even got on the entertainment headlines in Japan and Korea. You're also the first person in history to become an Asian A-lister without stepping out of the country!"

Everyone laughed at the fact.

Japan?

Korea?

Yes, Director Zhang had never been to those places before!

Yet he could still get promoted into the Asian A-list? Even if he was at the bottom few spots, an A-lister was still an A-lister!

There really weren't too many artists in China who were ranked as an A-list celebrity in both the domestic and Asian region at the same time. After all, the Hallyu wave was still the predominant culture in the Asian region.

Copies and copies of data.

Copies and copies of tables.

After going through everything, Zhang Ye made a decision!

This situation was really good!

How delightful!

But he still placed the most importance on his domestic popularity. If he didn't reach the top of the domestic rankings, everything else would be pointless. Be it the Asian stage or the international stage, all of those matters would have to be considered at a later time. Zhang Ye also had not consciously made any plans to advance to the international stage, so the most important thing right now was to take a spot in the S-list and reach the summit of the domestic entertainment circle first. Moreover, Zhang

Ye's initial plan did not leave much time for this to be done. He was hoping to get this done before the year ended, which meant he had to settle this big affair around the time when the Spring Festival Gala was to take place. All of that had been discussed since the very beginning.

Zhang Ye chuckled. "We've already completed the several milestones of the 'Reach the Summit' plan."

Zhang Zuo added, "How was that just completing it? We basically surpassed every one of the targets. We're now only a step away from reaching the S-list!"

Zhang Ye looked at them. "There's still that final milestone left in the 'Reach the Summit' plan. I guess we can start on it?"

Zhang Zuo laughed and said, "Of course!"

Ha Qiqi said, "It's about time!"

Little Wang got all excited!

Tong Fu was looking forward to it!

Wu Yi could feel his pulse racing!

That's right!

They were only a step away!

Zhang Ye's popularity had soared again after his wedding like it didn't cost a thing!

Just one more step and Zhang Ye would be able to reach the summit of the Chinese entertainment circle!

They had been waiting and anticipating this moment for too long!

Chapter 1308: The invitation from Central TV's Spring Festival Gala!

Later that morning.

The studio's staff were all getting into action.

Zhang Ye was not sitting idle either and had already started writing a script.

Singing?

Performing a crosstalk?

Or performing a skit?

He deleted and changed it many times as he kept working hard on it.

In the end, Zhang Ye was still undecided about what to do. So he thought that he might as well call Yao Jiancai to ask him over.

When Old Yao arrived, Zhang Ye had him to sit down and handed him a crosstalk script. "I've written something in broad strokes. Take a look and tell me how is it, please."

Yao Jiancai was still unsure about what was going on. "Why?"

"Have a look first," Zhang Ye urged.

When Yao Jiancai had a look, he was stunned. After he came back around, he started wondering why Zhang Ye had written a crosstalk script. Was there a performance or gala coming up soon?

The answer was too obvious!

Old Yao said in a stunned manner, "Holy shit! You're planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands. "Do you have to be this surprised?"

"How is this not surprising!" Yao Jiancai exclaimed.

Zhang Ye said, "Let me correct you, first of all. It's not that I'm planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala, we are planning to go on the Spring Festival Gala." With a pause, he smacked his lips and said, "But this script is too sloppy and won't be suitable for a stage like the Spring Festival Gala. Although I can also do a more formal type of crosstalk, that's not our style at all. Why don't we perform a skit instead?"

Yao Jiancai interrupted, "Before talking about what kind of a performance to do, can you first consider the possibility of getting invited to the gala?"

"In the past, I couldn't. But it's different now," Zhang Ye said with a smile.

Yao Jiancai was startled and finally realized it. "That's right, I nearly forgot!"

"Haha, so are you gonna join me or not?"

"Of course! How can I miss out on something as good as this!"

"That's that, then."

"You're really going to make a push for the S-list?"

"Yep."

"Alright then, let this old bro give you a helping hand!"

The last step of the "Reach the Summit" plan was: get on the Central TV Spring Festival Gala!

There really weren't too many A-list celebrities who hadn't been on the Central TV Spring Festival Gala. But Zhang Ye was exactly one of those few oddities that existed, even though this didn't mean that he would never get on the Spring Festival Gala. It was just that he didn't get a chance to do so in the past. In recent years, Central TV's Spring Festival Gala had been scolded and criticized by an enormous amount of people, yet this was still the largest stage that one could be on in China with nothing else coming close. Be it Zhang Ye's A Bite of China, King of Masked Singers, The Voice, or I Am a Singer, the viewership ratings of those shows would not even make up a tiny portion that the gala would get. The number of viewers for all of those show also could not outnumber the Spring Festival Gala's audience numbers even if they were all added together. This was because they were on a totally different

magnitude of performance stages. In the entire country, and even across Asia or the entire world, there wasn't another stage that was bigger than the stage of China's Spring Festival Gala!

This was what the Spring Festival Gala was!

The one and only of its kind in the world!

Back when the studio was drawing up the "Reach the Summit" plan, they had not really considered the feasibility and practicality of the proposal. Zhang Ye had told them to come up with anything that they could think of and to be more daring with their ideas. That was how they came up with such a proposal in the end. At that time, Zhang Ye and Central TV's relationship was at a low as they battled each other with seething passion. Central TV had entirely banned him at that time, so not to mention having him appear on the Spring Festival Gala, if he even dared to come through the main entrance of Central TV, he would surely get a lot of disdainful looks. As such, this last step of the "Reach the Summit" plan was also the most difficult one of all. At the beginning, none of the studio's staff thought that this could be accomplished.

So who could have expected that all of that would change in a few months down the road?

Central TV had gone through a leadership change!

Zhang Ye was reported about on News Simulcast!

All of these indicated that the relationship between Zhang Ye and Central TV was finally thawing!

And the most crucial factor was that Zhang Ye had married the head of the SARFT. This made the situation even harder to gauge. Disregarding anything else, just the ban should no longer be in effect. So if you seriously thought about it, at this point in time, there was actually hope that Zhang Ye could get on this year's Spring Festival Gala. In fact, he even stood a very great chance of doing so. The director of this year's Spring Festival Gala had already been decided. It was Director Li Ke, one of the top three directors of the Chinese film industry. Zhang Ye knew him personally, and it could even be said that they had quite a good relationship. The two of them had worked together during the opening ceremony of the Olympics, and Li Ke also attended his wedding.

It was a golden opportunity!

This should be the closest that Zhang Ye had gotten to appearing on the Spring Festival Gala!

If he wanted to make it into the S-list, how could he not appear on the Spring Festival Gala? Therefore, this was why it was included as the last step in the "Reach the Summit" plan. This would be Zhang Ye's final push to get him into the S-list!

Noon.

A call came in.

It was Ha Qiqi who answered. After a few words, she hung up and then announced excitedly, "Comrades, the Spring Festival Gala's production team has officially invited Director Zhang to appear on the show!"

"Ah!"

"That's great!"

"They've really sent out the invitation!"

"I knew it!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Then let's make the most of today to get the show out."

"Alright!"

"Got it!"

Everyone was motivated and gung ho!

Dong Shanshan also dropped by.

Zhang Ye waved to her. "Hurry up, Shanshan. It's time to go through the script!"

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "Are you serious?"

"Of course I am!" Zhang Ye said.

Yao Jiancai said, "The Spring Festival Gala's production team has officially invited Zhang Ye to the show."

Dong Shanshan shrugged. "Alright, but we better not get eliminated when it goes up for selection. That would be too embarrassing."

Zhang Ye was a little exasperated. "My dear classmate, can you have a little more confidence in me? How bad can it be if it's a skit written by this bro?"

Dong Shanshan beamed and said, "Just because you came up with that reject prostitution, reject gambling, and reject table tennis skit during Beijing TV's Spring Festival Gala? Haven't you been scolded enough?"

"That was an exception. I'll write a better one this time." Zhang Ye cleared his throat.

Yao Jiancai chuckled and said, "Come on, Shanshan."

Dong Shanshan said, "Alright then."

The decision of appointing the executive director for the Spring Festival Gala had dragged on for a very long time this year. The main issue was that no one had wanted to take this "hot potato" of a job. In the end, it was still Li Ke who took it on. It was also during this time that the program list would slowly start forming as show proposals from all over the country got submitted to them before a selection was carried out. There was still quite a bit of time before the Spring Festival Gala took place, but the preparations for it had already kicked off. The countdown to the Spring Festival Gala had begun!

...

In a crosstalk troupe.

"Old Tang, this script isn't good enough!"

"Hai, let's keep working on it."

"Little Sun, you guys come up with another version."

"It's already been a month, but we still haven't come up with an acceptable version?"

"Everyone, let's put more effort in! The show selection has already begun!"

...

In a dance school.

"Do it once more!"

"That's not good enough, again!"

"Little He, what's with you!"

"Little Sun, how many times do I have to criticize you? Your movements are too soft!"

"What kind of a stage is the Spring Festival Gala? We've been practicing for half a year, but the two dances are still not good enough! I'll say this to you all. Either do it well, or I'll replace you with someone else!"

...

At a skit actor's house.

"How's the script!"

"It's not working out. I can't write it."

"We're almost out of time."

"Give me another two weeks. I'll come up with something even if I die trying!"

"Are you sure you can finish it within two weeks?"

"I can definitely do it this time!"

"Alright!"

...

For one show.

Some people prepared for three months.

Some people prepared for six months.

There were even some people who took a full year to prepare for it.

This was what the Central TV Spring Festival Gala was. It was a stage with the most brutal competition as everyone gave their all just to be able to get on the show. Further, they weren't even guaranteed a spot.

In contrast, the situation was wholly different at Zhang Ye's Studio!

The scripts were getting completed too easily!

It was so easy that it was scary!

One after another!

And another!

Later that afternoon.

"Old Yao, what do you think of this script?"

"Eh? There's still another one?"

"Yeah, read it!"

"Alright—OK, I'm done reading it. It's really good! It's fantastic!"

"Shanshan, what do you think?"

"It's not as good as the last one."

"Is that so? Then I'll write another one."

"Ah? You're still writing more?"

"Yeah, I want everyone to agree on it!"

"This, this is already more than enough."

During the morning hours until now, Zhang Ye had written two crosstalk and six skit scripts in total. Furthermore, to everyone in Zhang Ye's Studio, and both Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan, they were all good works that would shock anyone who read them. They were all masterpieces that would definitely qualify for the Spring Festival Gala performances. Because of that, they were unable to decide on which one to use as they thought that all of them were way too fucking good!

After ten minutes, another script was completed!

Little Wang yelled, "This one is good!"

Ha Qiqi said anxiously, "Aiya! Actually, the third one is pretty good too!"

Zhang Zuo disagreed with her. "I like the fourth skit's script better!"

Tong Fu exclaimed excitedly, "Director Zhang, use the fifth one please. It's such a classic!"

In the end, Zhang Ye became exhausted from all the writing.

He sighed in lament and said, "In the past when people said that it was very tiring and not easy to write a script for the Spring Festival Gala, I didn't believe them. But now, I finally believe it."

Hearing that, everyone nearly puked blood!

Yao Jiancai called out to him, "Zhang'er."

Zhang Ye turned around. "What?"

Yao Jiancai stared at him. "Can you not show off?"

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "When was I showing off?"

Dong Shanshan rolled her eyes. "If anyone else hears you saying that, they'd probably be driven to their graves by you!"

Zhang Ye did not understand. "What's wrong? I'm really tired after writing eight or nine of these scripts!"

Ha Qiqi was speechless.

Zhang Zuo was speechless.

Little Wang was speechless.

Others couldn't come up with a good script even after working for several months on it. Just one script alone could have several dozen versions that would have taken them several months to write!

But in only a few hours, you've already produced nine scripts like it!

And you call this tiring?

You're saying this isn't easy?

Then wouldn't it be better for the others to just go and die?!

Chapter 1309: Returning to Central TV!

The next day.

At around 9 in the morning.

In the compound of Central TV.

When the car drove up to the entrance, the barrier gate was in the down position. But when gate security saw the car, they shivered and quickly raised it without asking who was in the car or for any identification to be produced. Then they watched the BMW X5 drove off into the distance with a complex expression and a bitter smile on their faces.

It was this car again!

That jinx was back again!

In the car.

Dong Shanshan wondered, "Don't you need a pass to get in?"

Yao Jiancai said, "Zhang'er already made an appointment with the production team."

Dong Shanshan said, "But shouldn't he still have to produce identification even if he has an appointment?"

However, Zhang Ye just laughed and said, "My license plate is the identification."

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "Don't get too cocky."

In fact, Zhang Ye was not bragging.

At Central TV, no one did not know of Zhang Ye's car!

How long had it been?

Half a year?

A year?

Or perhaps longer?

Looking at the television tower, Zhang Ye gave a small sigh.

Hello, Central TV. I, Hu Hansan, am back again![1.]

After he parked the car, the trio of Zhang Ye, Yao Jiancai, and Dong Shanshan got out and walked upstairs to the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team. Zhang Ye and the others had come here today for a face-to-face meeting with Li Ke, as well as have an initial meeting with the language performances production team to seek a general direction and requirements for their performance. This would help them to make a proper selection of their scripts. As for the first approval session of the Spring Festival Gala, there were still some days to go before that would happen.

The initial meeting.

The first approval session.

The second approval session.

This was the basic flow of the Central TV Spring Festival Gala's selection process.

Of course, there could also be a third approval session sometimes, but that was not always the case.

The office space was quite the mess.

The Spring Festival Gala's production team had only been set up a short while ago. This year's executive director role needed Li Ke to come save the day, while the language performances director was a famous screenwriter. The remaining members of the production team were generally the same old people as before, with most of them being staff members picked from the several departments of Central TV, and mostly chosen from those at Central TV Department 1.

"Old Xu!"

"I'm here!"

"Where's Director Li?"

"The leaders from the organizing committee are here and Director Li is speaking with them."

"There's something urgent that I have to ask regarding my team's work. Can I check if the stage plans have been confirmed yet?"

"The higher-ups are not in agreement. They said that it was too extravagant and did not approve it."

"Aiya, then what do we do?"

"Let's see how Director Li's discussion with them goes."

"It's always the same every year. They want us to make the Spring Festival Gala a good one, yet they don't agree to this or don't approve of that. They aren't willing to let us make our own decisions, so how can we do anything?"

"Enough, don't speak about such things unnecessarily."

Then Zhang Ye and the other two came in.

The entire office fell silent.

One person.

Ten people.

Twenty people.

Everyone turned to look at Zhang Ye.

Yao Jiancai whispered to Dong Shanshan, "See what a domineering presence Little Zhang has?"

Dong Shanshan giggled. "That's not presence, it's notoriety."

Zhang Ye asked graciously, "Is Director Li here?"

A female employee answered, "Director Li is not around."

Zhang Ye asked, "When will he be back?"

Another person from the Spring Festival Gala's production team said, "We're not sure either."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, we'll wait for him."

When he turned around, he immediately looked for a place to sit down. He even reached out his hand to beckon for Yao Jiancai and Dong Shanshan to come over to have a seat. He was behaving as though he was at home and didn't feel the slightest bit awkward.

The people on the Spring Festival Gala's production team were a little angry. They were too familiar with this person. He had fought a lawsuit against them, scolded their leaders, created trouble at the television station, and most importantly, led the flaming of last year's Spring Festival Gala. At that time, those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team had been called out so badly that they received a terrible scolding from the public. They were not sure about the attitudes of the other Central TV departments for him, but to the majority of those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team, they despised him, loathed him. As such, now that Zhang Ye was at the office, they couldn't be bothered with him at all and would rather avoid him.

As for giving him attitude?

Well, forget that. They really didn't dare to do so. This guy's spouse was even higher ranking than their Central TV's Station Head on the SARFT's Party Committee!

They couldn't afford to offend him, but that didn't mean they couldn't choose to avoid him!

Hai, why did Director Li have to invite him! He could have invited anyone else, but why did he have to ask this scourge of a person to come?

So an awkward atmosphere descended upon the entire office.

But even if they did not say a word, Zhang Ye turned out to be rather talkative. He sat there and poured himself a cup of tea, calling out to some people at times, and also making small talk with others.

"Eh, aren't you Central TV Department 1's Little He?"

"Mhm."

"How have things been?"

"Ah, pretty good."

"That's great to hear. I see that you've lost some weight. Is it because you've been suffering under Director Jiang's leadership?"

"Director Jiang has been transferred!"

"What? Surely not, right?"

"It's true."

"But Director Jiang is such a 'loyal' person."

"..."

"Why did he get transferred?"

"..."

"Eh, you are Little Liu from Sing!'s program team, aren't you?"

"Uh, that's me."

"The show was done pretty well."

"Uh..."

"What were the viewership ratings at the end of it? I didn't really follow it to the end."

"Not that much."

"That can't be!"

"It really was not much."

"Don't be so modest. Speak proudly!"

"It really was...not much!"

Zhang Ye drank tea and chitchatted with everyone.

Dong Shanshan was "impressed" by him.

Yao Jiancai was also rolling his eyes from nearby.

Quite a few of those who were on the Spring Festival Gala's production team were close to tears. Your sister! Aren't you spiting us on purpose?! Can you not bring up a matter as sensitive as that? After the leadership change, how could you not know that Central TV Department 1's Deputy Director Jiang Yuan had been transferred away? Don't bullshit! Director Jiang had more than enough run-ins with you back then, so how could you not know about something as important as this? And you dare ask what the viewership ratings for Sing! were? As if you didn't know? Didn't it recently get battered by your show, I Am a Singer?!

Heavens!

Please hurry up and make this fellow go away!

They finally understood why Zhang Ye could so easily offend people. This fellow was born with the innate ability to taunt others. He could say anything and it would be enough to anger anyone to death!

Finally, one of the Spring Festival Gala's assistant directors appeared.

Everyone cried out.

"Director Wang!"

"Director Wang, you're here at last!"

"Teacher Zhang is here, so about the initial meeting arrangements..."

Someone had finally come to save them!

They almost couldn't bear Zhang Ye's sarcasm!

But when he heard them, the assistant director stopped in his tracks, stunned. Before he even stepped into the office, he was already turning around to leave. "I forgot, I still have something to attend to. Let's wait for Director Li to come back to handle the initial meeting."

"Ah?"

"Director Wang?"

The production team's members were all dumbfounded!

Yao Jiancai was speechless.

Dong Shanshan was speechless.

Zhang Ye also felt a little speechless. "What's this about?"

Yao Jiancai laughed and said, "Just how many people have you offended?"

Zhang Ye had probably worked at Central TV for a longer time than he had been at Beijing Television. So how could he know how many people he had offended? There were probably some of them that he couldn't even remember. But what was certain was that in all of Central TV, there weren't too many who would want to have any dealings with Zhang Ye. As such, even though Spring Festival Gala Executive Director Li Ke had invited Zhang Ye to take part in this year's show selection, most of those on the production team were still trying to avoid him at all costs.

Whoever wishes to receive him can do it!

Just don't count on us doing so!

—This attitude of those on the Spring Festival Gala's production team was surprisingly consistent throughout!

Chapter 1310: The Spring Festival Gala's executive director calls it quits!

At Central TV.

Department 2.

"Have you heard?"

"About what?"

"Zhang Ye just arrived at Central TV!"

"Ah? What?"

"I saw him with my own eyes. He's at the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team!"

"The Spring Festival Gala invited him?"

"Heavens! Who could have invited someone like him!"

"How can they allow him on the Spring Festival Gala!"

Department 6.

"Nani?"

"Zhang Ye came back?"

"Damn, what is he doing here!"

"Is he going to wreak havoc at Central TV again?"

"I don't think he is. He's just there to have a 'talk' with them."

"Talk about what?"

"God knows, why don't you go and take a look to find out?"

"Up yours!"

Department 1.

"Let's go, everything's been settled."

"Little Qi, where are you going?"

"Where? I'm heading to the Spring Festival Gala's production team office to get something."

"You can't do that now."

"They said that it was urgent."

"It's better if you go over in the afternoon."

"Why's that?"

"Zhang Ye is sitting in there."

"Damn! You should have told me earlier! I'll go over later!"

The news of Zhang Ye's return instantly spread.

As their biggest enemy in the history of Central TV, the return of Zhang Ye was being talked about across the ranks of the station. They felt that this fellow was haunting them at every opportunity. Since the day he left, no one had expected that Zhang Ye would come back one day. Zhang Ye was the first artist to sue Central TV in history. He was also the first person to have won a court case against Central TV. He led Central TV Department 1 to create a viewership rating legend, but he also brought Central TV's shows to their knees. The love-hate relationship between Zhang Ye and Central TV was convoluted and complex. It was so complicated that it could never be unraveled.

...

On Weibo.

And the news.

This information was also revealed.

"Zhang Ye returns to Central TV?"

"Someone witnessed Zhang Ye's car driving into Central TV!"

"Zhang Ye's honeymoon ends!"

"The executive director of the Spring Festival Gala, Li Ke, invites Zhang Ye to take part?"

"Will Zhang Ye be able to get on the stage of the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Shocking! Zhang Ye to appear on the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Zhang Ye breaking into the S-list!"

"With the leadership changes at Central TV, and a prior relationship with Li Ke, a huge turnaround chance for Zhang Ye to appear on the Spring Festival Gala he has long been missing out on?"

The Lunar New Year was approaching.

Online, news regarding the Spring Festival Gala was also getting increasingly prevalent. Any news about the program lists or the invited performers were being reported on regardless of it being real or fake. And today, the moment the news broke of Zhang Ye appearing at Central TV, the topic of the Spring Festival Gala got pushed even higher!

...

At a crosstalk society.

"What?"

"Zhang Ye went there?"

"Th-This—"

"What is that Li Ke thinking!"

"Don't panic, the first approval session hasn't even begun. Zhang Ye definitely won't be chosen."

"Yeah, the requirements for a Spring Festival Gala performance are really strict. Strictly speaking, none of his works would qualify."

...

At a skit studio.

"Zhang Ye?"

"We're done for."

"It's going to get really competitive this time."

"Yeah, there are only those few spots for the performances. If someone else gets chosen for one, that's one fewer chance for us!"

...

However, the netizens were delighted!

"Really?"

"Does this fellow have the qualifications to appear on the Spring Festival Gala?"

"Well, he does have the qualifications since he's such a big name. Domestically, I doubt there's any other celebrity on the level of Zhang Ye who hasn't been on the Spring Festival Gala before!"

"Right, this is not a matter of qualifications. The issue here is that he has offended too many people, especially after being locked in a fierce struggle with Central TV. No matter how you think about it, it's impossible that he could appear on the Spring Festival Gala. But all of that has now changed with Central

TV's leader replaced, and the deputy directors and related staff of Central TV Department 1 getting transferred out, possibly due to those incidents that showed that they were indeed in dereliction of duty. Coupled with the fact that Zhang Ye and Li Ke know each other, the last hindrance preventing Zhang Ye from appearing on the Spring Festival Gala has been removed. As for the industry-wide ban? Hur hur, let's ask Zhang Ye's wife first if she is agreeable to that!"

"I'm so looking forward to it!"

"Me too, I'm looking forward to seeing Zhang Ye's new work!"

"Will it be a crosstalk?"

"A skit might be possible too!"

"Ahhh, I'll have to catch the Spring Festival Gala this year!"

"Bringing Zhang Ye onto the Spring Festival Gala is indeed quite good publicity for it. This is a big move that the Spring Festival Gala is resorting to just to bring in viewership. But I don't suppose that even with Zhang Ye's show, they'll be able to save the Spring Festival Gala. The gala is getting worse and worse in recent years. It's an accumulated weakness that has caused everyone to lose confidence in it."

"Yeah, I can't help but complain about that too."

"The Spring Festival Gala is dead!"

"I stopped watching it a long time ago."

"We can't put it that way. The issues regarding the Spring Festival Gala are slightly more complicated. It's not an ordinary gala but one that carries political leanings. Together with the increasing standards and nitpicking that the audience has for it, it's unavoidable that it would disappoint. Everyone should understand that. I still have hopes for it this year since a big name director like Li Ke has taken on the responsibility of heading it. So perhaps that might bring about some changes to the Spring Festival Gala."

"I hope so."

"We're depending on Director Li this year."

"He's a big director in the film industry, so hopefully he can handle an event like a gala."

"I doubt it. Actually, Li Ke is already on the brink, and he's only here to right the ship. The waters of the Spring Festival Gala run too deep, so no one is willing to take it on."

...

At Central TV.

In the office of the Spring Festival Gala's production team.

Zhang Ye kept making small talk with those people.

Outside, Yu Yingyi came in with a smile on her face. "Zhang'er, Shanshan."

Zhang Ye turned his head. "Hey, what are you doing here?"

"I learned that you three had come, so I came over to have a look." Yu Yingyi was a host at Central TV Sports Channel, so it was just a stone's throw away for her.

Dong Shanshan smiled and said, "How did you know that we were here?"

Yu Yingyi rolled her eyes and said, "Do you need to ask? The moment Zhang Ye arrived, the news already started spreading all over the station. Even if I don't wish to know about it, I can't." Then she looked at Zhang Ye and asked, "Have they really invited you?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yeah."

Yu Yingyi gave him a thumbs up. "Nice!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "It was mainly due to Director Li's influence."

Yu Yingyi said in a low voice, "Right, if it were any other executive director, they might not dare to invite you at all. But since Director Li has a pretty good relationship with you and you've both worked together before, he was willing to take the risk."

Zhang Ye said, "Haha, I'll have to treat Old Li to a meal after this!"

As they were chatting, Li Ke came back to the office!

The Spring Festival Gala's production team saw him and finally heaved a sigh of relief.

Zhang Ye and the others also saw Li Ke coming in and stood up with a smile.

What happened next dumbfounded everyone!

When Li Ke pushed open the glass door, he looked infuriated as he yelled, "Old Qi, Old Qu, pack up. It's time to leave!" He was calling out to the staff from his own team.

His team was startled.

"Old Li, what's wrong?"

"Director Li, what happened?"

"We're leaving? To where?"

Li Ke said loudly, "To where? We're going home! This job is impossible! How can it even be done? Can someone make them tell me how I should do it?! They can't accept this, and they won't approve that, yet they're asking me to innovate and turn the decline around for the Spring Festival Gala. How am I supposed to innovate? How can I turn things around? All of the requests and suggestions that I gave did not even make it past approval! Why don't you all show me the way, show me how I should do it? Am I supposed to achieve it through magic? I'm not going to put up with any of this. They can find someone else to do it!"

Clearly, Li Ke must have been angered during the discussion with the organizing committee!

The production team staff were all shocked beyond belief!

Damn!

Director Li is quitting?

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded!

Dong Shanshan and Yu Yingyi exchanged glances!

Zhang Ye very nearly fell over and hit his head!

You're quitting?

Damn!

If you quit, how am I going to appear on the Spring Festival Gala!

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Old Li, calm down, calm down."

Li Ke finally saw someone with a familiar face. He immediately said, "Boss Zhang, you don't understand. I can't communicate with them at all! They're making things too difficult for people! And it's not just this issue. There's still the program list and invited performers. Most of it cannot be decided by me. A lot of the shows were set in stone a long time ago, but when I saw what they were, I had to roll my eyes. If those shows made it onto the Spring Festival Gala, it would be a wonder for the gala to do well!"

Zhang Ye tried to calm him down. "It's not easy; we know it's not easy."

Li Ke said, "Boss Zhang, you're a director yourself, so you should understand what I mean. Oh, if they're going to decide on the shows and the format of the gala, why would they still need me as a director? I'm not important at all. At most, after the gala is broadcast, I'll bear the brunt of the negative comments!"

Zhang Ye said, "You can't say that, Old Li. The entire country's citizens are counting on you, so you've got to stand firm. Please endure it for everyone's sakes."

Li Ke waved him off. "I can't suffer through this. My temper is usually quite good, but if it were you talking to them just now? You'd surely have come to blows with them! I don't want to endure this either. I've already told the leaders from the organizing committee that I'm not going to stay on as the executive director. I'll just go back to wherever I came from!"

Zhang Ye said in panic, "Don't!"

Li Ke packed up and left with his team in all haste!

Zhang Ye shouted after him.

"Old Li!"

"Old Li!"

"Aiyo, what are you doing!"

"Impulsiveness is the devil itself, Old Li!"

Everyone on the Spring Festival Gala's production team could only stare with wide eyes in shock!

Yao Jiancai threw up his hands. "Well, looks like we're done for!"

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, "We've been blinded this time."

Zhang Ye facepalmed and speechlessly turned to the Heavens for an answer!

This was a chance they had in the palm of their hands!

And it was almost time for the first approval session!

But it's over!

It slipped away!