

Superstar 1381

Chapter 1381: The world's best semi-cursive!

Semi-cursive ¹ ?

Miyamoto Shinshou was irked!

Many of the Japanese celebrities and businesspeople in the audience were also quite angered by this person's arrogance! He was outright challenging Master Miyamoto Shinshou's calligraphy! He actually started writing in a similar semi-cursive style as Master Miyamoto? Just how bold was this guy? Just how defiant could he be? Since you know calligraphy, then how can you not know that in the domain of writing in semi-cursive, there isn't a living person in this world who could stand on equal footing with Master Miyamoto?!

But what left them in even more disbelief was yet to come. After Zhang Ye wrote the second character, the third, and the fourth, they realized again—

It was an ancient story!

It was a descriptive piece!

Damn!

It was in the exact same format as Master Miyamoto's work. He was actually going to write a descriptive piece as well!

A similar ancient background!

Using the same semi-cursive!

A similar descriptive story!

Isn't this provocation?

A provocation towards a world-famous calligraphy master?

They simply could not believe it!

But while some people were scolding Zhang Ye in their mind for thinking too highly of himself, Miyamoto Shinshou, who was standing about five meters away from Zhang Ye, was the first person to be stunned!

The second person to be stunned was a Korean businessperson who knew calligraphy!

The third person was Li Xiaoxian. Her jaw dropped!

Then they were followed by China's richest man, Qian Haitao!

The people in the crowd were getting stunned one by one!

"Xiaoxian?"

“What’s the matter?”

“Master Miyamoto, what’s wrong?”

“What happened?”

“Old Qian? Boss Qian?”

But those people did not say a single word to them. They just stared straight at the Xuan paper in front of Zhang Ye with horrified expressions on their faces!

Zhang Ye’s brush flew across the page.

In the ninth year of Yonghe ², the fiftieth year of the sixty-year cycle ³, at the start of late spring, we have gathered at the Orchid Pavilion on the ubac of Mount Kuaiji for the purification ritual. All the literati, young and old, have convened. Around here are towering mountains, deep wood and tall bamboo, as well as clean and wild rapids reflecting the surroundings. We sit next to each other by a winding creek, floating goblets. Though missing the company of music, wine and song and conversation fill our hearts with joy.

Zhang Ye placed the brush to the paper again and swayed with the movement of the nib. He also showed all kinds of colorful expressions on his face as he did so.

Be it calmness.

Be it sighing with emotion.

Be it sadness.

Or be it joy.

Today, the sky is clear and bright; a gentle breeze blows. Gazing up at the immense universe, looking down at the wonders of nature; as eyes wander, so do minds. Indeed, it is pure joy for all the senses.

Finally, Li Xiaoxian could no longer hold it in!

“Oh my God!” Li Xiaoxian exclaimed.

Xu Meilan said in surprise, “Th-These words—”

Zhang Yuanqi was smiling. Her smile was one of delight!

Chen Guang said dumbfounded, “Are those words really written by Zhang Ye?”

Even Jiang Hanwei, who was not on good terms with Zhang Ye, could not help but gasp!

Many of them did not know much about calligraphy. Even if they were presented with a bunch of calligraphy pieces, they wouldn’t understand what was written. Whichever brush strokes were used, whether it was written in regular script or clerical script, most of them would not get it. But when they saw Zhang Ye’s calligraphy, a lot of them were overcome with shock!

There was no reason!

Absolutely no reason!

Even they did not know why they felt this way!

They were just shocked!

It was a shock that came from within themselves!

How could this be?

Why was it like this?

The Japanese celebrity team was also dumbfounded!

“How could that be!”

“This—”

“Oh my God!”

Each and every person at the venue looked absolutely stunned!

But Zhang Ye did not stop writing.

Nor did he notice the expressions of those in the audience.

A lifetime flits by as friends are made. Some tell all stealing embraces in the bedchamber; others indulge in hedonism. Interests are endless and tempers vary. We enjoy momentary happiness when we find it, but we never anticipate growing old. And as we grow weary of our loves, feelings changing, giving rise to grief. What we just enjoyed turn to relics and makes us yearn. Life may be long or short, but it must come to an end. As the ancients said, “Birth and death are major events.” How agonizing!

...

At Yao Jiancai’s house.

“These words are amazing!”

“Hot damn!”

“Did Uncle Zhang get possessed?!”

...

At Central TV.

“How godly!”

“Holy shit!”

“Zhang Ye has broken into the realm of the gods!”

“These words are earth-shattering!”

“Did he really write them?”

...

In the Chinese calligraphy world.

“Master Wu! This—”

“How could there be semi-cursive written to such a level!”

“There’s actually someone in this world who can write such beautiful semi-cursive? How is that possible! If I may say something disrespectful, not even the ancient masters achieved such great semi-cursive!”

“So this is Zhang Ye’s level of calligraphy?”

“How did he get so good at it?”

“Enough of that, just look at that zhi ⁴ character!”

“Which zhi?”

“All of them! Look at it closely!”

“What! Why do they all look different ⁵ ?”

“Christ!”

...

In the Korean calligraphy world.

“Master Kim, what do you make of this?”

“I don’t know.”

“Ah? Why not? How good is the calligraphy?”

“I’m not qualified to critique this calligraphy piece.”

“What?”

“I just know that there’s another calligraphy master in this world!”

...

In the Japanese calligraphy world.

“Who on earth is this person!”

“He’s a celebrity in showbiz.”

“How’s that possible! How can a celebrity possibly make a calligraphy piece of such beauty!”

“Bro Yamada, compared to Master Miyamoto, which of them is better at calligraphy?”

“Bro Isarai, you really can’t see the difference?”

“I, I—just where did this guy pop out of! Why have I not heard of this guy before in the calligraphy world?!”

...

At the venue.

Silence!

There was only silence!

Everyone was looking at the stage in shock. The longer they stared, the more stunned and amazed they were!

Only Miyamoto Shinshou had a different reaction. He could see much more than those people in the audience!

The zhi character!

All he could see was the zhi character!

This first one was written ⁶ within “at the start of late spring”: The “dot” stroke was written in an almost horizontal way, while the “horizontal” stroke was barely visible. The “throw away” stroke joined with the closing “press down” stroke sharp and restrained. The spacing between the strokes was properly proportioned.

The second one appeared within “we have gathered at the Orchid Pavilion on the back of Mount Kuaiji”: The “horizontal” and “throw away” strokes appeared as almost one line, while the “press down” stroke made a slight double curvature and closed off with a gentle exit, appearing tight above and relaxed beneath.

The third one appeared within “Though missing the company of music”: The “dot” stroke resembled a goose’s head, and the pause at the turning point between the “horizontal” and “throw away” strokes was obvious. The “press down” stroke was drawn downward with implied meaning.

The fourth one!

The fifth one!

The sixth one!

All of them were different!

Every zhi character was written differently!

This level of skill was nothing short of godly!

As Miyamoto Shinshou continued looking at the writing, his eyes almost popped out!

What on earth was this essay?

What on earth was this calligraphy?

Zhang Ye was writing faster and faster. His wrist was flicking very quickly as the words flowed.

Every time I read past compositions, I sense the same melancholy in the ancients. I cannot read them without mourning, unable to express my feelings. Equating life and death is absurd, as is equating a long

life with dying young. Future generations will look to us, just as we look to our past. How sad! So we record the people present and their poems. Though times will change, the thoughts and emotions will stay the same. Future readers shall be touched by the collection.

He signed it.

And set down the brush.

He finished writing it in one go.

Zhang Ye took a deep breath before he slowly calmed down. He finally saw the people in the audience. Miyamoto Shinshou, Xiaodong, Zhang Yuanqi, Li Xiaoxian, Chen Guang, Ning Lan, the Chinese businesspeople, the Japanese businesspeople, the Korean celebrity team, and even the camera operators and host were all stunned!

This was “Preface to the Orchid Pavilion”!

The world’s best semi-cursive!

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Chapter 1382: The ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion’ gets auctioned for an astronomical price!

The calligraphy piece was complete!

There were a total of 324 characters!

There was joy and there was melancholy!

It started off calmly and surged in emotion as it went on!

And from that surge, it returned back to calm!

It was a roller coaster of emotions that rose and fell beautifully!

Every word was like a raging torrent!

Every word was shocking to those who read it!

At this moment, no one at the venue said anything!

At this moment, there was a silence among those watching the live broadcast across Asia!

Everyone was quietly looking at this piece of calligraphy. At this precise point in time, it was as though no words could describe the shock they were feeling. It felt like this piece of calligraphy had been sent down from the Heavens for reasons unknown to amaze all mortals!

In Zhang Ye’s previous world, there weren’t too many people who could claim to be the world’s best at something. Who was the best Go player in the world? This was greatly disputable since no one particular person could be called so! Whose ink wash painting was the number one in the world? Everyone had their own candidate in mind, so that wasn’t a surety either! Who was the world’s best when it came to poetry? The Immortal Poet 1 ? The Sage of Poetry 2 ? There were still too many and no one dared to

make a conclusion! But only in the domain of calligraphy was there an acknowledged world's best! Only Wang Xizhi was worthy of the title!

Wang Xizhi!

"Preface to the Orchid Pavilion"!

The world's best semi-cursive!

It was indisputable!

No one could suggest a second person for it!

In this world, it was clear that no one knew who Wang Xizhi was, nor had anyone heard of the famous "Preface to the Orchid Pavilion." This was because they had never existed here. So when Zhang Ye was finally skilled enough to bring out this piece of calligraphy to amaze the people of this world, everyone was shocked by it. They could not help but be stunned by every written character and their strokes!

Xiaodong said in a daze, "Xiaoxian."

Li Xiaoxian said, "Hm?"

Xiaodong asked, "Just how good is this calligraphy?"

Li Xiaoxian fell silent. She did not know how to answer the question. After thinking for a long time, she finally gave her opinion, "This is something that should only belong in the Heavens!"

Amy quickly asked, "How about as compared to Miyamoto Shinshou's work?"

Chen Guang also asked, "Right, which of them is better?"

Other people around them were also talking.

The group of Chinese businesspeople.

"Who won?"

"So whose calligraphy is better?"

"Yeah, does anyone know?"

"Don't just keep quiet. Who here knows anything about calligraphy?"

"Is there anyone who understands calligraphy?"

"Won't someone please give us an analysis?"

Of course, some of the people in attendance knew calligraphy quite well. In fact, there was no shortage of experts here. But when they heard this question, they couldn't be bothered to answer. Whose calligraphy was better? By now, after seeing Zhang Ye's entire piece of calligraphy, why would anyone ask that? Aren't you insulting others that way? Didn't you see how even Miyamoto Shinshou has stopped talking? There was simply no way to compare Miyamoto Shinshou's and Zhang Ye's calligraphy!

Wasn't it obvious enough?

Was there still doubt?

In the presence of the “Preface to the Orchid Pavilion,” no other semi-cursive could exist in this world!

The Korean host was staring at the calligraphy piece in bewilderment.

Zhang Ye turned and glanced at him.

Only then did the host react. He quickly said, “Then let’s get the bidding started. Teacher Zhang, this calligraphy piece is called—”

Zhang Ye smiled and answered, ““Preface to the Orchid Pavilion.””

The Korean host announced, “Next up, we will hold the bidding for ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion—’”

But before he could even finish the announcement, people were already calling out bids from the crowd!

“1 million!” The person who called out this bid was a Japanese businessman!

A rather fat CEO from Korea even stood up to bid. “\$1.2 million USD!”

Another Japanese businessman glared as he yelled, “2 million!”

Everyone was horrified!

Xiaodong nearly fainted. “My God!”

Amy was dumbfounded. “It surpassed the previous figure! It surpassed it!”

Chen Guang said in shock, “\$2 million USD?”

Big Qi exclaimed, “This is ridiculous! Ridiculous!”

Only three bids had been placed so far!

Just three bids and it was already at \$2 million USD?

This surpassed the final price of Miyamoto Shinshou’s item!

And the bidders were even those Japanese and Korean businessmen who had mocked Zhang Ye for thinking too highly of himself?

But they were still in for a greater shock. The next second, the Chinese businesspeople finally reacted as they rolled up their sleeves to join in the bidding!

“2.1 million!”

“2.4 million!”

“2.9 million!”

“3 million!”

“3.5 million!”

“5 million!”

The price was getting higher and higher!

The bids were getting scarier and scarier!

The price was even jumping up by the millions!

Boss Sun got angry. “Old Chu, why are you competing with me for it!”

Boss Chu rolled his eyes. “May the best man win!”

He raised up his paddle. “6 million!”

Boss Han, who was next to them, gave a fist and palm salute. “Everyone, I am older than you by a few years, so allow me to address all of you as my little brothers. Please give me some face and let me have this piece of calligraphy, alright?”

Boss Chu was having none of it. “Brother Han, that won’t do!”

Boss Han said, “Didn’t I give up that business deal to you the last time?”

Boss Chu said shamelessly, “Business is business; it has nothing to do with the auction!”

Boss Sun said, “That’s right! It belongs to whoever can fork out the most for it! I’m absolutely not giving up on it!”

He also raised his paddle. “7 million!”

A Japanese businessman sitting at a table across from them roared, “7.5 million!”

It was crazy!

The bidding on the floor had gone insane!

...

Japan.

Somewhere.

“Sir.”

“Who’s at the venue?”

“Mr. Matsuda.”

“Call him and tell him to make sure he gets that calligraphy piece!”

“Yes, sir!”

...

Korea.

“Quickly, make the phone call!”

“Yes!”

“Tell President Park! Make sure he wins the auction for this ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion!’”

“Then the price—”

“At all costs!”

“Understood!”

...

China.

At Zhang Ye’s maternal grandma’s house.

“Oh my God!”

“Are they high?”

“Is Brother’s calligraphy worth so much money?”

“Th-This is terrifying!”

“No way, I have to get home!”

“Mengmeng, why are you going back at this time? We’re still watching the live broadcast!”

“Shoot, I gotta go back home to sift through my workbooks from two years ago! Brother helped me with my homework back then! He wrote so many words in there! Just think how much that’ll be worth! I gotta find it and sell it, then I won’t have to go to school anymore!”

“Ah! I remember now as well. Brother has also helped me with my homework before! I’m rich! We’re rich!”

The sisters were extremely excited!

That left the adults of the family at a loss!

...

At the venue.

The bidding was still happening!

The bids had reached the frightening sum of more than \$10 million USD!

The venue could only be described as insanity!

Zhang Ye had long since returned to his own seat in the audience to watch the bidding with the members of the Chinese celebrity team.

“15 million!”

“17 million!”

"I'll bid 20 million!"

"I'll bid 25 million!"

Boss Sun gave a bitter smile at those bids. He placed his paddle face down and was no longer in the race to win the item. He wasn't rich enough to be so generous with his bidding. It was already above 100 million RMB. It still hurt to part with that much money.

Over there, Boss Chu and Boss Han were still fighting to outbid the Japanese and Korean businessmen!

"Damn! 26 million!"

"29 million!"

"30 million!"

At this moment, Boss Sun received a call and was stunned for a moment. Without even thinking after hanging up, he raised his paddle again and said, "\$32 million dollars!"

Boss Chu was very shocked. "Old Sun, did you have too much to drink?"

Boss Han said angrily, "Didn't you already give up on bidding for it?"

Boss Sun waved the phone in his hand helplessly and said, "Old Zhou just called me. He couldn't be here, so he wanted me to help him bid for it."

Boss Chu said exasperatedly, "That Old Zhou, what's he joining in the fun for!"

The competition was getting even more intense!

It was reaching the climax!

The bids were going back and forth as the price kept climbing!

Japan, Korea, and China. The parties from these three countries had launched into a fierce fight for the item. The price had reached an astronomical figure that shocked many people!

"41 million!"

"42 million!"

Xiaodong was wiping away sweat!

Amy nearly pissed her pants!

Xu Meilan was stunned!

This was way too crazy!

Were they really going all out for it?!

But at this moment, just as the auction was reaching a stalemate with the bids seemingly unable to rise any further, and when many of the businesspeople were starting to hesitate!

A voice rang out!

“I’ll bid 100 million!”

The entire venue fell silent!

Everyone turned in shock to look at the person who had just spoken!

100 million?

\$100 million USD?!

It was Qian Haitao!

China’s richest man, Qian Haitao!

Boss Sun gave a bitter smile.

Boss Han sighed.

The Japanese businessmen’s faces changed and they went quiet!

A Korean businessman was just about to say something but held back. In the end, he could only throw down his paddle!

The host said, “100 million, going once. Are there any higher bidders? 100 million, going twice? Anyone? Are there any higher bids? And sold!”

The hammer was dropped!

The deal was complete!

Chapter 1383: Zhang Ye’s calligraphy ascends to the altar!

It blew up online!

The Japanese were stunned!

The Koreans were stunned!

The Chinese were stunned!

All of Asia’s people were stunned!

“How much?”

“How much did he say?”

“100 million? USD?”

“That’s almost fucking 700 million RMB!”

“Fuck that shit! Isn’t that too much?”

“Even if this were an ancient masterpiece or an original manuscript of a calligraphy piece with historical value, \$100 million USD is still not a practical price to pay for it. There has never been an item worth this in any of the past auctions! How can this ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion’ measure up to those works? It

was written just today! There is no history behind it! \$100 million USD? Is this a joke? Is this calligraphy piece by Zhang Ye really worth such a price? Oh my God!”

“Even Master Wu’s calligraphy doesn’t command such a price!”

“What do mean by it doesn’t command such a price? That’s a far cry from this!”

“Yeah, Master Wu’s most treasured piece of calligraphy is probably only worth about 8 million RMB! Compared to 700 million RMB, that’s almost 100 times of that!”

“Goddammit, 100 times?”

“Wow, you’re right!”

“Miyamoto Shinshou’s work is lacking by far as well! It’s totally not on the same level of quality!”

“Modern calligraphers, including the living masters and those who have passed on, none of them can command such a price for their works. How is this just an astronomical price? It’s totally gone beyond that!”

“Zhang Ye is too awesome!”

“This result will shock all of Asia!”

“This fellow is too fearsome!”

“That was really some big-time face smacking that he dished out! It was a bruising blow!”

“I bet Master Miyamoto is in tears!”

“Master Miyamoto must have pissed his pants!”

“Yeah, who the fuck has seen a calligraphy piece fetch such a price?”

...

At Zhang Ye’s maternal grandma’s house.

Everyone was shouting for joy.

“Ahhh!”

“\$100 million USD!”

“He’s on fire!”

“Our brother is on fire!”

...

At Zhang Xia’s house.

Her daughter was dumbfounded.

Zhang Xia inhaled sharply!

Her daughter said, “Mom, didn’t Teacher Zhang gift you a piece of calligraphy?”

Zhang Xia was startled. “I think so, I asked him for it.”

Her daughter suddenly became very excited and shouted anxiously, “Where is it? Where’d you put it?”

“Why?” Zhang Xia asked.

Her daughter anxiously said, “I’ll take it out and frame it!”

...

At Old Wu’s parents’ house.

“Changhe.”

“Ah!”

“Why is Little Ye’s calligraphy worth so much!”

“How the heck should I know!”

...

At Yao Jiancai’s house.

Yao Jiancai suddenly said, “Where’s the calligraphy that Zhang’er gave me?”

His wife was taken aback. “I put it away in a box, why?”

“In a box?” Yao Jiancai said angrily, “You ruinous woman! What if it gets creased or folded!?”

Yao Mi also said in a panic, “Mom, hurry up and take it out! Bring it out quickly! That will be our family heirloom from now on! Hurry, hurry, hurry!”

The three of them hurriedly rummaged through the boxes for it!

...

The outside world was in an uproar!

Everyone was shocked silly by this heaven-defying price that the calligraphy piece by Zhang Ye had fetched!

The people from the calligraphy world in Asia quickly went to check through the historical auction records and found to their surprise that the value of this “Preface to the Orchid Pavilion” was unprecedented!

\$100 million USD!

This was the highest record set in an auction for a calligraphy piece in Asia!

This was the highest record set in an auction for a calligraphy piece in the world!

No other works came close!

“Preface to the Orchid Pavilion” was now the most expensive calligraphy work to have been sold in the entire world. Further, this calligraphy piece was not written by Master Wu, nor was it written by Master Miyamoto. It was actually written by the hands of a celebrity from the entertainment industry, a Chinese Heavenly King who was also a big shot A-lister in Asia!

This moment was bound to go down in the annals of history!

At this moment, Zhang Ye’s calligraphy work ascended to the altar!

At practically the same time the hammer fell, the various major trading and auction forums in Asia blew up. They were flooded with countless threads requesting the acquisition and purchase of some items!

On a Japanese painting and calligraphy trading and auction platform.

“Request to buy Zhang Ye’s calligraphy!”

“Who has any of Zhang Ye’s calligraphy? Buying for a high price!”

“Those with Zhang Ye’s calligraphy, please approach us. We guarantee that you’ll be satisfied with the price that we offer!”

On a Korean platform.

“Buying in for a high price!”

“Requesting Zhang Ye’s calligraphy, urgent!”

It was even more so in China.

“I remember that Zhang Ye has written many works, right?”

“Yeah, Yan Mei owns one of them herself!”

“Right, she requested it from Zhang Ye during the interview!”

“Who else is there?”

At this moment, Yan Mei posted onto Weibo the poem that Zhang Ye had gifted to her.

Immediately, a lot of people commented below it with their offers.

A Chinese toy company’s CEO: “Teacher Yan, are you selling it?”

A CEO from the food and drink industry: “Old Yan, quote a price!”

“1 million RMB!”

“I’ll offer 3 million!”

“5 million, deal?”

Although this piece wasn’t written in the semi-cursive script that Zhang Ye had just used at the charity auction, people still offered a high price for it. A lot of businesspeople and rich second generations were asking to buy it!

Central TV host Yan Mei was frightened by all these offers. Damn, they're willing to pay so much? She quickly deleted the Weibo post and posted another one, saying: "I was just showing it off; it's not for sale."

Zhang Ye was on fire!

His calligraphy were also on fire!

In a flash, their prices were sent soaring!

There was even a shopping site that had people selling Zhang Ye's autograph!

"Does anyone want to buy Zhang Ye's autograph?"

"How much for it?"

"100,000!"

"What? 100,000 for a signature?"

"It's Zhang Ye's writing we're talking about here!"

Everyone was speechless!

"Pfft!"

"Crazy, it has gotten way too crazy!"

"Zhang Ye's words are practically worth a thousand taels now!"

"Aiya, if I had known, I would have ambushed Zhang Ye at his doorstep every day to get an autograph!"

...

Seoul.

At the venue of the charity auction.

Boss Han said sourly, "Congratulations, Old Qian."

China's richest man, Qian Haitao, laughed heartily and said, "Thanks!"

Boss Sun rolled his eyes. "Let's have a viewing session at your place some time. Don't you dare not let me look at it."

Qian Haitao said, "Haha, thank you for giving in to me."

It could be seen that Qian Haitao was in a very excited mood. He really loved this calligraphy piece so much that he was willing to spend however much it took to get it. He wasn't short of money anyway. This was a national treasure! Even if it wasn't that yet, it would definitely become one in the years to come! Therefore, this "Preface to the Orchid Pavilion" must never land in the hands of foreigners!

The Japanese businesspeople all had looks of pity on their faces!

The Korean businesspeople were also looking on in regret!

They had missed out on the opportunity to get their hands on the “Preface to the Orchid Pavilion”! Over there.

The Chinese celebrity team.

Amy grabbed hold of Zhang Ye and said, “Lord Zhang, you’re so godly! That was simply too godly of you!”

Big Qi was also utterly convinced. “So your calligraphy is actually at such a high level!”

Li Xiaoxian said, “What an astronomical price that is!”

Xiaodong said, “Look, Teacher Zhang’s eyes have turned red. He must not have thought that his calligraphy would fetch such a price either.”

Amy said, “Yeah, Teacher Zhang must be touched to know that his calligraphy has finally been acknowledged by the world! Who wouldn’t feel excited if they were in his shoes?”

Excited?

Acknowledged?

Zhang Ye had tears flooding down his cheeks!

Excited, your sister!

Acknowledged, your sister!

As if this fellow’s eyes had reddened because of that. He was simply feeling the pinch!

\$100 million USD!

It was \$100 million USD!

Fuck your sister!

If I had known that it would sell for this much, I would have secretly written it at home and taken it to a commercial auction to sell, alright! I...As if I have nothing better to do than show off here!

Chapter 1384: Zhang Ye’s Asian Celebrity Ranking!

It had grown dark out.

The live broadcast came to an end.

The crowd had also dispersed from the charity banquet’s venue.

The coordinator of the Asian Red Cross Society that organized the banquet grabbed hold of Zhang Ye’s hand the moment he came up to him. He was visibly excited and kept shaking Zhang Ye’s hand.

The coordinator said, “Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye said, "Hey."

"Thank you! Thank you!"

"Uh, you're welcome."

"We're really very grateful to you! Thank you so much!"

"This is how it should be; this is all for charity."

No one knew how hard it took for Zhang Ye to lie about this.

The coordinator was so excited that he was speaking incoherently. "\$100 million USD! We will never forget this contribution that you have made to the cause of charity in Asia. The Asian people will remember this good deed of yours and Mr. Qian's! Today's donations greatly exceeded our expectations. It's a figure that we didn't even dare to imagine! Our staff at the Red Cross were all holding back their tears just now. Even adding up the donations from the last five Asian Charity Banquets wouldn't exceed the selling price of your auction item. Your generous action has moved me, and I believe many of the others as well. With your lead, there will definitely be more and more people joining in to support such charitable causes in the future!"

Oh, so you think it's a lot too?

If you think so, why don't you issue me a refund for some tens of millions of dollars then!

Can I not donate that much?

Zhang Ye was still feeling the pinch.

The coordinator said, "There's actually a reward of some kind to be given away at every Asian Charity Banquet to the person who makes the greatest contribution, and we had decided on the reward earlier on." With a pause, he said, "But now, it must be changed. This reward would not be enough to express our Red Cross's gratitude to you. I will need to go back and hold a meeting with the higher-ups to decide on it. Please wait for my news! I'll get it done for you immediately! For someone who has made such an outstanding contribution to charity, we must return the favor with the greatest possible encouragement!"

Close by, quite a few Red Cross Society employees who had just finished their work came over. They looked at Zhang Ye and broke out into applause!

This was grateful applause!

This was respectful applause!

This was admiring applause!

Seeing this crowd of excited people, Zhang Ye thought that it would be rather embarrassing if he were to ask whether there was a commission rebate for him. Perhaps this was the price to pay for showing off. Thinking of this, he started looking around the venue. He spotted Miyamoto Shinshou heading for the exit with everyone else and called out to him.

"Master Miyamoto!" Zhang Ye said.

Miyamoto Shinshou turned around, stunned.

Zhang Ye said, "What was it that you said earlier about China's calligraphy?"

The Japanese interpreter started translating and explaining to him what had just been said.

Miyamoto Shinshou stumbled and nearly fell. He pretended not to have heard it and turned back around to leave.

Zhang Ye called after him, "Eh? Why are you leaving? Why don't we chat for a while? Didn't you say that you wanted to give some pointers regarding calligraphy to our Chinese celebrity team?"

Miyamoto Shinshou stumbled again before he hurried away!

Zhang Ye sneered. What was that you were bragging to me about earlier? The calligraphy skills that you have were all learned from us, so what makes you think there is a need for us to listen to your pointers?

The Japanese celebrity team: "..."

The Korean celebrity team: "..."

The staff of the Red Cross Society: "..."

Most people just beat up others instead of smacking faces!

But for Zhang Ye, he only specialized in smacking faces!

He wouldn't even settle for a hit on the head and would fucking readjust just to ensure his slap landed on the face!

Only the Chinese celebrity team's members were still talking and chatting as though nothing much had happened. They were used to this. Which of them did not know Zhang Ye's temper? Besides, it was Miyamoto Shinshou himself who wanted to show off. However, instead of showing off, he walked straight into Zhang Ye's line of fire! The Chinese celebrity team was also thinking about how Miyamoto Shinshou was very unlucky!

...

Outside the venue.

It was very crowded.

As soon as Zhang Ye came out, he was swarmed by reporters from all over Asia. They gave him no chance of slipping away and stopped him the moment he stepped out!

"Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"I am from KBS ¹!"

"I am from China's Xinhua News Agency!"

"We are from Japan's Daito Nippo!"

“Please accept our interview!”

“Do you know that your ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion’ has broken the world record for the selling price of a calligraphy piece?”

“Who did you learn your semi-cursive from?”

“There are experts who evaluated you to be the most skilled person in calligraphy in the world today. What do you think of that?”

“Do you feel that your semi-cursive can be hailed as the world’s best?”

“You’re so good at writing in semi-cursive, do you think you will switch fields to specialize in the art of calligraphy in the future?”

He couldn’t understand Japanese.

He couldn’t understand Korean.

It was a good thing that those foreign reporters were all speaking in English.

Which, of course, he couldn’t understand either!

So Zhang Ye could only answer the questions that those Chinese reporters had posed to him. “It broke the world record for the selling price? I’m not sure about that, but it might be possible. My teacher is Wang Xizhi, but I doubt that any of you would know him. The world’s best? The most skilled person in calligraphy? I dare not accept such an assessment of me. There are so many calligraphy masters in China, and I also don’t specialize in the art of calligraphy. As everyone knows, I am just a normal, small-time artist.”

Question after question.

Zhang Ye answered them one by one.

During this time, he managed to figure out one thing. “Preface to the Orchid Pavilion” was not from this world and had never appeared before. So when the people of this world saw it for the first time, they were stunned by it and hailed it as a godly piece. In actual fact, if Zhang Ye were to bring out this calligraphy piece in its exact original form back in his previous world, it would still only be a copy of the original even if every character he wrote carried the same mannerisms within them.

\$100 million USD?

Thinking of this, Zhang Ye didn’t feel that bad anymore.

...

On the same night.

News reports started appearing all across Asia.

“A Chinese celebrity takes top honors!”

“\$100 million USD sends a shockwave throughout Asia!”

“A shocking piece appears in the calligraphy world: ‘Preface to the Orchid Pavilion!’”

“A Chinese celebrity becomes a calligraphy master of the new generation!”

“China’s semi-cursive shocks the world!”

“The Asian Charity Banquet a great success!”

“Japanese calligraphy master Miyamoto Shinshou gets face smacked onsite!”

The reports were over overwhelming.

Many of the Asian people who did not watch the charity banquet’s live broadcast only found out about this from the news and were all extremely shocked!

...

Late into the night.

At the resort.

The Chinese celebrity team ordered some food and brought back some alcohol to the hotel room and threw a celebratory party.

“What a fun day that was!”

“We finally took the top honors!”

“Haha, did you all see the look on Miyamoto Shinshou’s face?”

“I saw it, I saw it. He looked so dejected when he made his escape.”

“Come, let’s have a toast.”

“Might I suggest that we toast to Teacher Zhang?”

“Right, it was all thanks to Zhang Ye that Xiaoxian and Sister Zhang were spared the embarrassment!”

“Cheers!”

“Let’s drink!”

The party concluded.

Everyone opened up the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index and suddenly discovered that on the Asian A-list rankings, Zhang Ye’s name had jumped up two places. He had surpassed Lee Anson, who was very popular of late!

This was the Asian Celebrity Rankings!

This was the most authoritative list in Asia where celebrities battled each other!

To rise two ranks overnight?

How ridiculous was that?!

Chapter 1385: A crazy reception at the airport!

The next day.

In the morning.

On the return flight.

The Chinese celebrity team was still discussing yesterday's events.

"Has the Red Cross given the reward to you yet?"

"Not yet, but I'm not exactly anticipating whatever it might be."

"Hur hur, it's good enough to garner all of that popularity from yesterday."

"Yeah, your popularity must have blown up this time."

"You've shot to fame with just one appearance in Asia."

"Haha, Zhang'er, don't forget to treat us all when we get back."

"You're the only one who experienced a popularity boost."

"Yeah, and it's popularity in Asia too. It's much harder to climb in the Asian rankings than our rankings back home. The changes are often and huge since there is a lot of competition over here. Like for Spring Garden, it would already be a very good result if we don't drop off from our monthly ranking. It would take the best of our efforts just to maintain our position. We're totally unlike Teacher Zhang who has it so easy. He can just go abroad for a short trip, sing a song or two, do some calligraphy, and then see his popularity in Asia shoot up."

"You can't say that he has it easy either. The key is that Zhang'er has already accumulated enough with his past results and achievements. Just naming any one of his achievements overseas would be enough to shock a bunch of people, like his status of being the world's best player in Go, or his world-class mathematician title. With those serving as a foundation, once he makes his appearance in Asia, his popularity would naturally follow. And those past achievements that Zhang'er got were achieved with pure hard work from him. He hasn't had it easy along the way, and it's not a path that just anyone could copy."

"Teacher Zhang, are you seriously planning to develop your career in Asia?"

"This is good momentum. I think within the next year or two, Teacher Zhang will have a chance of making it into the Asian S-list rankings. After that, he can start thinking about fighting for a spot among the international celebrities."

Everyone chipped in with their views on the matter.

The international stage?

I better concentrate on getting to the top of Asia first.

Zhang Ye did not think that far ahead and knew that he would have to take this step by step.

Soon after.

Their plane landed.

The Chinese celebrity team's people were bidding each other goodbye as they walked out, ready to part ways. The various celebrities' assistants or staff were also here to pick them up.

Sunglasses.

Face masks.

Caps.

The three essentials that a celebrity should carry were worn by everyone.

However, the moment they passed the security check, the situation outside at Arrivals spun out of control!

It was crowded with people!

The entire place was packed tight as sardines!

"Ah!"

"It's them!"

"They're out!"

"I see them!"

"Ahhhh!"

There were people all around. All of them were fans!

Screams filled the airport's arrival hall!

Zhang Yuanqi laughed and said, "Well, it looks like the news got out."

Xu Meilan said helplessly, "Let's wait it out. It's not safe to step out at this time."

Xiaodong, Amy, and the others also stopped in their tracks. None of them dared to walk any further.

Jiang Hanwei wondered, "Why are there so many people here?"

Only Zhang Ye smiled like it didn't matter to him. "You guys stay around then. This bro will take his leave first." Then he swaggered out.

Ning Lan laughed and said, "Aren't you afraid that your fans will prevent you from leaving?"

Zhang Ye waved it off and said confidently with a laugh, "My fans? My fans would never come to receive me at the airport."

But when Zhang Ye strolled, the situation that unfolded before him was not quite what he had imagined it to be. His eyes blurred at the sight as he saw everyone behaving as though they knew him very well. All of them were crying out for him and pounced forward like a pack of hungry wolves!

“Zhang Ye!”

“It’s Zhang Ye!”

“He finally came out!”

The majority of them did not even cast an eye on the other celebrities of Chinese celebrity team and went straight for Zhang Ye. It seemed like most of the people out here were waiting for him!

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded!

Eh?

What’s with this?

A girl screamed, “Teacher Zhang, I like you so much. I’ve been reading your poems since I was young, and I’ve listened to all of your songs as well. Please give me an autograph!”

Zhang Ye said, “Ah, OK.”

A youth darted over. “Teacher Zhang, you’ve brought so much pride to our country’s people and shown the might of China. Please give an autograph to me!”

“Ah, sure.”

A young woman squeezed her way forward as she roared, “Teacher Zhang, your—your hairstyle looks great today. Please give me an autograph!”

Zhang Ye was speechless.

A student said, “Teacher Zhang, your shoes look great. Can I have your autograph?”

Zhang Ye became even more speechless.

What was with all of this?!

What do my shoes have anything to do with getting my autograph!

For a moment, it was jampacked. Everyone was behaving like they had gone crazy!

“Ah! I got it!”

“I got it too!”

“It’s Zhang Ye’s signature!”

“Hahahaha! I’m rich!”

“Stop squeezing!”

“Teacher Zhang, sign one for me too! Please give me an autograph!”

“Damn, who’s pushing me?”

“Don’t cut in front of me, wait for your turn!”

“Fuck, I was here first!”

“Teacher Zhang, please give me an autograph as well! Just one character of your name is fine too! My family is waiting for me to bring home the bacon!”

Bring home the bacon?

What has my autograph got anything to do with you bringing home the bacon?

Zhang Ye stopped thinking about it and continued giving autographs to them.

The large crowd of people had blocked the entire hallway. Yang Shu, who had arrived from outside, could not make her way in and was stood there in a fluster!

A distance away.

The Chinese celebrity team members were all dumbfounded.

Ning Lan checked left and right before attempting to walk outside. Her studio’s staff had already arrived and the path was now clear for them to pick her up.

When Chen Guang saw this, he also stepped out.

Xiaodong, Li Xiaoxian, and Amy also made an attempt to leave.

No one cared about them!

Absolutely no one had spotted them at all!

Xiaodong turned around and said to the other celebrities, “I think it’ll be fine for us to leave now?”

Jiang Hanwei rolled his eyes. What in the world was this?

Big Qi laughed helplessly. “So they’re all here to receive Teacher Zhang?”

But of course, the two Heavenly Queens, Zhang Yuanqi and Xu Meilan, did not step out so easily. With their popularity, they would definitely get stopped by fans if they did. It was not even necessary to try it.

Xu Meilan asked, “Didn’t he say that his fans wouldn’t come to receive him at the airport?”

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, “Do you think they’re here to receive him? They’re all here to make money.”

“Make money?” Xu Meilan asked curiously.

Amy was amused. “Sister Lan, don’t you know?”

Xu Meilan asked, “Know about what?”

Amy burst out laughing and said, “Back here in China, people are already offering up to 100,000 yuan each for Lord Zhang’s autographs. What’s more, there was even a successful transaction at that price!”

Chen Guang said in surprise, "What?"

Jiang Hanwei stared with wide eyes. "His autograph?"

Xu Meilan also said in shock, "100,000 yuan each?"

Damn!

Whose autograph had ever cost so much?

Even an international superstar's autograph wouldn't be able to fetch 100,000 yuan, would it?

It might be possible if there was a limited quantity. Like how some international superstars never autographed much. If a copy of it were to make it to the market, it could be possible that it would sell for 100,000 yuan since that would be a rare piece of memorabilia. But this wasn't the case for Zhang Ye! This fellow had signed so many autographs for others that the streets were flooded with them. He basically never rejected anyone who asked him for one, after all, so how could it fucking fetch 100,000 yuan each? Just how valuable was his writing! That even his autograph had been squabbled over to a sky-high price!

The Chinese celebrity team members weren't about to wait for him and headed back home separately.

Before they left, they gave Zhang Ye, who had been surrounded by the "pack of wolves," a look while laughing. That fellow was still signing his autograph for them one by one. They wondered when he would finally finish autographing for all of them.

Zhang Ye's writing was really on fire all across Asia!

Chapter 1386: The Asian philanthropic ambassador!

Noon.

12 o'clock.

At the villa.

Zhang Ye pushed open the door and went in, saying loudly, "I'm home!"

Inside the living room, he could see that his parents and Wu Zeqing were here. They were making lunch.

Old Wu turned around and looked at him. She smiled and said, "You're home? What tea would you like? I'll brew it for you."

Zhang Ye waved it off. "There's no need. I wanna rest for a bit first."

His mother asked, "Why are you back so late? Didn't you say that you were landing in Beijing at 8 AM?"

"I did land at 8 AM." Zhang Ye slumped onto the sofa and said in an exhausted voice, "But I was blocked from leaving by all the people asking for my autograph the moment I landed. I signed it for them one by one until my hands went soft." He raised his right hand. "Look, just look at this. I almost can't lift it up. Those awful people tortured me so much."

His father said, "Why didn't you just turn them down then?"

Zhang Ye said tearfully, "I bragged that I would never reject requests for autographs from my fans on A Date with Yan Mei. Who knew that this would happen? If I had known, I wouldn't have bragged on the show."

His mother chuckled. "Didn't the airport authorities intervene?"

Zhang Ye said, "They did."

His mother said, "That's right, drive them all away. Such a commotion would have badly affected the day-to-day of the airport."

Zhang Ye said, "Right! That's why the airport authorities specially arranged a reception room for me so that I could concentrate on signing autographs. The ground crews and flight attendants even joined the line to get one themselves."

The airport staff were terrible!

Thinking about this now, Zhang Ye still had an urge to curse at them.

His mother and father were speechless.

Wu Zeqing laughed as she prepared lunch. "It's because your calligraphy is so very popular. On a domestic trading and auction platform, your autograph was even sold for a sum of 100,000 yuan."

Zhang Ye nearly sprang up from the sofa. "What? 100,000 yuan? Damn, no wonder I was thinking what was up with those animals! Then how much did I sign away today? 50 million? 100 million?"

Wu Zeqing said gently, "You're being too hopeful. That transaction was just a one-off and not the true market price. Did you really think you can depend on autographs to make a living? Hur hur."

His mother was reminded. "Oh yes, just what is with your calligraphy?"

His father also wondered, "Yeah, your mom and I did not sign you up for any calligraphy lessons when you were young."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Dad, with his calligraphy, it's no longer a matter of getting lessons."

Zhang Ye belly laughed and said, "It was self-taught. I'm just a genius at it."

"Little Ye's writing has always been quite good." Wu Zeqing said, "That 'Ode of Mulan' is still framed in our house. But compared to the 'Preface to the Orchid Pavilion,' there are indeed no comparisons. I also watched the live broadcast and found that this 'Preface of the Orchid Pavilion' was the most stunning piece of semi-cursive calligraphy that I have ever seen. There's nothing that comes close to it."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "It's been some time since then. I oughta have improved."

His father said, "The media blew up yesterday as well. Little Ye's name was all over the headlines and they even said something about his writing being the greatest semi-cursive since ancient times. I'm not sure what that means."

His mother added insult to injury by saying, “Hmph, that means our foolish son donated away a calligraphy piece worth nearly 700 hundred million RMB to the Red Cross. Greatest semi-cursive since ancient times? More like the greatest fool since ancient times!”

His father was speechless.

As was Zhang Ye.

Wu Zeqing stood there laughing.

She was done cooking.

The family sat down together and had lunch.

Talking about the Korea trip, Zhang Ye bragged as he ate, his eyes lighting up. “Dad, Mom, Old Wu, it’s not that I’m bragging to you all, but it was really a crisis at that point in time. I was ignoring Miyamoto Shinshou at first, but who could’ve guessed that he’d create trouble for himself. I kept wondering to myself why he insisted on showing off! He even wanted to discuss calligraphy with me? I could easily demolish him with my eyes closed! So how could I hold back? I decided to roll up my sleeves and take him on. After I finished writing the piece, I looked into the crowd and saw that everyone had turned silent. Miyamoto Shinshou was standing there dumbfounded and tried to flee after being defeated. He didn’t even dare make a sound to me after that!”

His father said in a speechless manner, “Why do you always look so spirited whenever you get into a fight with a foreigner?”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “Do I?”

His mother looked at him. “You do!”

Zhang Ye said, “Alright, so be it. But I’m only doing so for our country and its people. It’s indeed meaningless to clash with our own, and I’m getting annoyed from fighting on home turf. There’s too much discord within the Chinese entertainment circle with people trampling on each other every day. Once they head overseas, they turn headless and don’t know what to do when a conflict arises. But that’s OK! Isn’t there still me, Lord Zhang, around in the Chinese show business? Have I ever been afraid of anyone in the domestic industry? So of course I can deal with them even if they come from abroad! I don’t care who it might be!”

His mother said, “Good, that’s my son!” She picked out a piece of meat for him and asked, “So you’ve taken the first steps to your development in Asia?”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. “What first steps? I’ve already taken off and am soaring!”

His mother curled her lips and said sarcastically, “Right, right, soaring.”

Wu Zeqing gave him a timely reminder. “Little Ye, don’t assume it to be so great. Your relations with the Japanese and Koreans were already no good prior to this since you’ve fought with and scolded their people before. Although it brought you quite a bit of attention at that time and your current ranking within Asia is very high, if you really wish to continue progressing in the region and aim for the Asian S-list, all of those past incidents you were involved in will become stumbling blocks in your attempt to reach the top of Asia.”

Zhang Ye said, "You've said this to me before."

Wu Zeqing acknowledged, "Yes, you have to be prepared for it."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "It'll be fine. I'll deal with it as it comes."

After lunch.

The calls started coming in one after another.

While he was in Korea, there were times he couldn't get a signal on his cell phone. He was overseas, after all. But now that he was back, many people were looking for him again.

...

Yao Jiancai called.

"Whoa, you're great, Zhang'er!"

"Haha, it was alright."

"When will you be coming over to my place?"

"Why?"

"Write another two calligraphy pieces for me."

"Get lost! I'm not free!"

...

Grandma Zhang Xia called.

"Little Zhang, you're back?"

"Yes, I just reached home."

"You've managed to stabilize your position in Asia this time."

"Haha, I didn't expect it to be so smooth sailing either."

"Your talents always glow wherever you go."

...

The Calligraphy Association called.

"Teacher Zhang."

"Hello, President Sun."

"Let's skip the niceties! Will you join the Calligraphy Association? I'll arrange for it immediately!"

"Ah? Please don't."

"That won't do. If a great calligraphy master like you isn't in the association, how would it look on us? You definitely have to join us. I'll push for you to be the vice president, and when I retire next year, we can arrange for you to take over as the president or honorary president. Master Wu also feels the same way about it!"

"President Sun, let's talk about that again in the future."

"Don't push it back anymore! Everyone is really hoping for you to join us!"

"I'm just an artist, so I really shouldn't be poking my nose into your people's business."

"A calligraphy celebrity is a celebrity too! And we're now regulated by the entertainment industry as well!"

"Pfft, don't tease me."

...

Later that afternoon.

Zhang Ye's phone rang again.

But it was this call that stunned Zhang Ye.

The caller was someone from the Asian Red Cross Society.

"Is this Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"That's me."

"Hello, I am with the Red Cross."

"Hello."

"Regarding your outstanding contributions to charity work, we are extremely grateful to you and also very touched by your actions. We held a meeting with the higher-ups and came to a unanimous decision. We would like to invite you to take the role of our new Asian philanthropic ambassador and join us in contributing to the philanthropic cause. Will you accept our invitation?"

"Ah?"

"Teacher Zhang?"

"Ah, I'm here."

"We're officially inviting you. Would you be willing to join us?"

"Of course I am. But may I ask a question first? How many ambassadors are there going to be?"

"There will only be one in the whole of Asia."

"Is there going to be a selection round then?"

"No, you will be appointed as the ambassador as long as you agree to it."

“Of course I will agree. This popularity—to contribute to the philanthropic cause, I am more than willing to play my part.”

“Thank you! Then we will immediately issue a letter of appointment to you. We will notify the media of the different countries around Asia and call for a press conference to be held.”

The call ended.

Zhang Ye was still feeling rather stunned.

The Asian philanthropic ambassador?

This must be the special reward that the Asian Red Cross Society was talking about, right? This reward was indeed too generous! Prior to this, Zhang Ye actually had no expectations at all. He never thought that a charitable organization would be able to hand out such a reward! But who could have thought that such a big move would be made the very next day!

Chapter 1387: The most unreliable philanthropic ambassador in history!

On the first floor of the villa.

Zhang Ye rushed down from upstairs. “Dad, Mom.”

“Are you done taking calls?” His parents were both watching television in the living room.

“Yes, I’m done.” Zhang Ye said with a smile, “There’s something that I want to tell you two about.”

His mother asked, “What is it?”

Zhang Ye said, “The Asian Red Cross Society has officially appointed me as their new Asian philanthropic ambassador.”

His mother snorted. “Knock it off.”

Zhang Ye said, “But it’s true; the appointment letter will be issued very soon.”

His father also did not believe him. “Why would they appoint you?”

Zhang Ye said, “Because my calligraphy was sold for almost 700 million RMB and the proceeds were all donated to them.”

Only then did his mother say in surprise, “Did they really appoint you?”

“Didn’t I just get off the phone with them?” Zhang Ye said in amusement.

Wu Zeqing asked, “When will you officially get the role?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “They should be holding a press conference soon.”

His mother said, “Aiyo, that’s great then. What a good opportunity!”

Realizing that he wasn’t just bragging, Zhang Ye’s parents became excited. The Asian philanthropic ambassador? What a great honor that was! They certainly knew the weight that this title carried. It

wasn't just an ambassador role for one of the many philanthropic organizations across the country, but an official role for the Red Cross Society. Further, this was an ambassador role that spanned all of Asia!

Zhang Yuanqi?

Xu Meilan?

Ning Lan?

Jiang Hanwei?

They were ambassadors as well, but were only so within the borders of China! It was the same in Korea and Japan. Every country had their own appointed philanthropic ambassadors who were usually the bigger name stars or elites from the business world. They were all public figures with good standing, but the pool of them was limited. That was to say, any public figure who had contributed to charity before could apply for the role. The Chinese Red Cross Society's philanthropic ambassadors numbered twelve at most, while other countries like Japan had about nine and Korea had about ten or so.

But for Asia?

There was only one!

It was a lone role!

There would only be one Asian philanthropic ambassador each year and their status outranked all of the other philanthropic ambassadors in Asia. Usually, the person with the most outstanding contributions to charitable causes would be selected from a pool of philanthropic ambassadors across Asia, and this year, it was actually Zhang Ye who landed this honorable role? Much less his parents, even Zhang Ye himself was a little stunned by it. Before this, he wasn't even an ambassador in China. Before this, he hadn't even participated in any charity events. The Asian Charity Banquet was his first time doing so!

This was indeed a great and pleasant surprise!

To others, they might think of this as just an empty title.

But to Zhang Ye, who wanted to make a name for himself in Asia, this was precisely the kind of good thing he wanted. It was like a pie dropping out of the sky. This opportunity had arrived quite timely for him!

What kind of potential did this position hold?

It was a pass to gain entry to the whole of Asia!

This philanthropic ambassador role was the only one of its kind in all of Asia!

Reputation?

Exposure?

Attention?

It wasn't something that any other role could compare to!

This was truly something that not even money could buy!

Thinking about this, Zhang Ye no longer felt so pinched about donating away the close to 700 million RMB piece of calligraphy. The Asian Red Cross Society was still very honorable when it came to upholding their promise to him!

...

In the rest of the world.

This news started spreading as well.

But when a lot of people heard about it, they were in utter disbelief!

...

At Xinhua News Agency.

“Who?”

“Zhang Ye?”

“Philanthropic ambassador?”

“But that’s impossible!”

“Pfft, are you fucking kidding me?”

“Where did this rumor come from? Can they please stop messing around?”

...

At Central TV.

“What?”

“This must be a joke!”

“That can’t be, it absolutely can’t be!”

“It’s definitely fake news!”

“If Director Zhang can become the Asian philanthropic ambassador, then I can fucking become the president of the United Nations!”

“Yeah, who doesn’t know how terrible Director Zhang’s reputation is!”

...

At the Chinese Red Cross Society.

“Hahaha.”

“That’s impossible.”

“Whoever did that news come from?”

“This must be the greatest joke of the year!”

“Yeah, it can’t be Teacher Zhang no matter what.”

Even the staff at the Chinese Red Cross Society did not believe it!

...

However—

The news spread like wildfire!

More and more people were finding out about it!

A lot of them finally sensed that something was wrong!

Following that, an official announcement by the Asian Red Cross Society struck like a bolt of lightning. It ignited a crazy amount of discussion among the Asian public. “The Asian Red Cross Society will be appointing Zhang Ye as this year’s Asian philanthropic ambassador in the near future and hopes to work hand-in-hand with Teacher Zhang Ye to bring about a grand era in philanthropy!”

Zhang Ye!

It was really Zhang Ye!

He was going to become the Asian philanthropic ambassador!

Countless people were dumbfounded!

...

In the Celebrity Goof Group.

The chat group’s notifications were exploding!

Ning Lan: “Fuck!”

Amy: “\$%^&*()*&^%\$)!”

Zhang Xia: “What’s going on?”

Xiaodong: “Damn! Zhang Ye has landed the role of this year’s Asian philanthropic ambassador!”

Huo Dongfang: “I’m quite surprised too. No one could’ve expected it to be Teacher Zhang!”

Big Qi: “Hahahaha, I heard that quite a few of the Heavenly Kings and Queens from Japan and Korea were also vying for the honorable role this year. This is really a great job since they can perform philanthropy and also gain some fame for themselves. It would also help to increase their exposure in Asia. What’s most important is that I’ve heard that this role would also be considered in the calculation of the Asian Celebrity rankings as a special qualification of outstanding contributions. Who would’ve thought that this role would actually go to Teacher Zhang!”

Amy: “Oh my God! This is gonna be interesting!”

Li Xiaoxian: “I truly didn’t expect this.”

Director Li Ke: "Director Zhang is quite the lucky one."

At this moment, Zhang Ye also appeared in the group.

Zhang Ye: "Thank you, thank you."

Chen Guang: "Director Zhang, hurry up and give out some red packets!"

Xiaodong: "Director Zhang, hurry up and give out some red packets!"

Xu Meilan: "Director Zhang, hurry up and give out some red packets!"

Zhang Yuanqi: "Director Zhang, hurry up and give out some red packets!"

Instantly, the big names in the group appeared as well!

Zhang Ye said stingily, "What red packets? This bro is committed to his charity work. In the future, I'll have to save all of my money and do my bit for philanthropy in Asia!"

Fan Wenli: "Pfft!"

Amy: "*scorn*"

Xiaodong: "*scorn*"

...

Japan.

The netizens threw a fit.

"Why is it him?"

"Why didn't they get Oda-kun instead?"

"What is Zhang Ye?"

"That's right, how is he qualified for the role!"

"He donated \$100 million USD though. Hai, who can outdo him?"

"Is that a lot of money? Oda-kun also donated quite a lot of money for the whole of last year."

"It's a \$100 million USD. Even if we were to combine the total amount of donations by the Asian celebrities from China, Japan, and Korea, it wouldn't amount to half of that figure, alright?"

"Ah, it's that much?"

"Why else do you guys think that they would appoint him as the Asian philanthropic ambassador?"

...

Korea.

"I don't accept this!"

“Right, it’s not fair!”

“In terms of an Asian celebrity’s influence, our Korean stars are the top!”

“Yeah, the role should belong to us. Why did they let a Chinese celebrity get it instead!”

“Zhang Ye?”

“I’ve never heard of him before.”

“Where did this person pop out from? He’s been all over the news for the past two days!”

“But his calligraphy is indeed very good. Didn’t Master Kim also say it in private—that in calligraphy, he is truly unable to compare to Zhang Ye?”

...

The commotion was still the greatest among the Chinese netizens.

Others might not know what kind of person Zhang Ye was, but would they not know? So when they found out about this news, many of the netizens nearly vomited blood!

“Pfft!”

“How did this scammer get appointed as the Asian philanthropic ambassador!”

“The Asian Red Cross Society’s people are so brave!”

“This fellow can even be a spokesperson for charity? And he’s actually going to be a spokesperson for all of Asia? I just spat blood onto my monitor!”

“With that foul temper of Zhang Ye’s, how could he have anything to do with philanthropic causes?”

“This fellow is always cheating people, every day, but still ends up becoming a philanthropic ambassador all of a sudden? Give me a break!”

“I’m rolling on the floor laughing. Getting appointed as a philanthropic ambassador, just how ironic is that! Is the Asian Red Cross Society doing this on purpose? They must be, right?”

“They must not have studied Zhang Ye’s background!”

“Hahahaha!”

No one knew where the Asian Red Cross Society found the courage to do this!

He was the biggest thorn in the Chinese entertainment industry!

Fighting!

Face smacking!

Scolding!

There was simply no “evil” that he did not commit!

In the end, he actually became the Asian philanthropic ambassador?

Th-This...What an unreliable choice of person this was!

Chapter 1388: Zhang Ye the Great Philanthropist!

Monday.

In the morning.

It was a pretty good day, and the skies were clear.

After breakfast, Zhang Ye made his way to the studio for work. When he pushed open the door, the sound of party poppers being popped made him jump. The studio's staff had been waiting here since early in the morning to celebrate him. They had bought everything and hid in wait behind the door to welcome him.

"Director Zhang!"

"Congratulations!"

"Congratulations to you on becoming the Asian philanthropic ambassador!"

"We're truly going to soar now!"

"We're getting closer and closer to the summit of the Asian region!"

"A lot of people in the Asian region have learned about you."

"You did a great job during the Korea trip."

"Teacher Zhang is almighty!"

"As long as we stick to Director Zhang, we'll always have meat to eat!"

"From now on in Asia, we're also going to become someone with status!"

Zhang Ye was also very happy. He flapped his hands in a calming gesture and said to everyone, "Calm down, calm down, we aren't even there yet. In the future, our goal is to reach the summit of the international scene and become an S-lister! We're only halfway there and there's still a long road ahead." His gaze fell onto the table where he saw a leftover bun on it. He said, "Hey, who didn't finish the bun? How can you be so wasteful? That's a bad habit."

Little Wang exclaimed, "I'll finish it immediately!"

Zhang Ye looked at the trash can. "Aiyo, who drank that bottle of water? Why was it thrown away after only drinking half of it? Wasteful, how wasteful!"

Tong Fu's face turned red. "I was the one who threw it away. I-I'll be more aware in the future."

Zhang Ye took two steps to the front of the trash can. "Aiyoyo, who did this? Why were the melon seeds thrown away after only eating half of them? Lavish, how lavish. Don't you guys know how many people in disaster areas are still living in dire straits?"

Little Wang said, "Uh, I think you threw that away."

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "Was it me?"

Tong Fu confirmed, "It was you."

Zhang Ye asked, "Why don't I remember this?"

Little Zhou said, "A few days ago, you said that the melons seeds had turned rancid and didn't taste good anymore. You got me to throw it away for you."

Zhang Ye pointed at her. "Look at you, look at you, I knew I wasn't the one who threw it away. Little Zhou, I have got to criticize you for that. I only asked you to throw it away to test you. Didn't you realize that? That is half a packet of melon seeds there. If you bring it to a poorer region, a family of three could munch on it for several days if they ration it well."

Little Zhou: "..."

Zhang Zuo: "..."

Ha Qiqi: "..."

Zhang Ye said earnestly, "Don't do it again."

Little Zhou got scapegoated. "I got it, Director Zhang."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "Let's all pay more attention in the future. We cannot drag Director Zhang back and must do our part for charity as well. Let's start with not being wasteful."

Zhang Ye pointed at her. "Look at how enlightened our Sister Ha is, just look at her." Then he looked to Zhang Zuo and said, "Brother Zuo, do hold a meeting with everyone to get a grasp of their thoughts and awareness. We must change the way we think, especially now that our status has changed. Regarding the basic necessities, we all have to be more attentive to such things."

Zhang Zuo laughed and said, "Sure thing, I got it."

Zhang Ye pretentiously went on for a long while, clearly having slipped into his role as the Asian philanthropic ambassador. He just couldn't tolerate many of the things that he was seeing!

Later that morning.

In his office.

Ha Qiqi knocked on the door and came in. "Director Zhang, the Asian Red Cross Society's officials have contacted us. They've completed the coordination on their side and will call for a press conference in Beijing three days later to officially announce this news. Furthermore, it will entirely be broadcast live, so they reminded us to make the necessary preparations for it."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Heh, they're making such a big fuss out of it?"

Ha Qiqi smiled. "It's the philanthropic ambassador for the whole of Asia, so of course it has to be a grander affair. They're also hoping to ride on your popularity coattails to do a wave of promotions so that everyone will start participating in charity."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright, then we most definitely have to support them."

Ha Qiqi said, "Alright, I'll get someone to arrange for it then."

On this day, the fax machine at the studio did not stop printing. They kept receiving congratulatory messages from various organizations.

The Chinese Red Cross Society.

The Japanese Red Cross Society.

The Chinese Charity Association.

The Korean Civil Charity Association.

The Korean Red Cross Society.

And other civil, non-profit organizations.

Many of the charities from many different countries had sent their congratulations, and there were even some who invited Zhang Ye to take part in their activities. For example, one of the organizations hoped to invite him to organize a charity auction at an art exhibition, or an association wanted to invite him to front their event, or an invitation to make a support trip to the countryside to bring warmth to the children of a poor rural area.

There was even a Chinese government agency that sent over a congratulatory letter too. When Little Wang brought it over in great surprise, Zhang Ye saw the stamp at the end of the letter mentioning that it was from the Office of the State Council. What did these words represent? Zhang Ye knew what it meant, of course, and was extremely flattered. Of the officials that he had met, the highest rankings ones were from the SARFT and the Ministry of Culture. Oh, there were also those from the Sports Administration he had scolded...which was also considered a form of meeting. But he had not come across any other officials above that level, so this was the first time he had any contact with them.

In the letter, they offered their congratulations and also expressed their expectations regarding Zhang Ye's future work in the charity sector. Although a lot of it was just your usual fluff, Zhang Ye was still very honored by it. He immediately called a meeting with everyone.

They discussed and learned at the same time.

Everyone was receiving a baptism to their ideologies!

Sublimation!

Sublimation!

And further sublimation!

...

At Beijing Television.

“Ah!”

“What’s the matter?”

“Teacher Zhang just posted on Weibo!”

“What? Did he get into a fight again?”

“Who is he going up against this time?”

“Uh, it’s not a fight—”

...

At Zhang Xia’s house.

“Mom.”

“What?”

“Zhang Ye just made a lot of posts on Weibo.”

“What? Who is he scolding this time?”

“Uh, he’s not scolding anyone.”

“That can’t be right. Let me have a look.”

...

On Weibo.

Many people discovered to their astonishment that Zhang Ye’s Weibo account and his studio’s account had both started posting a lot of news related to charity work in a short period of time.

“Who will help them?”

“Please extend a helping hand!”

“One blanket a bed, a lifetime of warmth!”

“Are you still wasting food?”

“Children in rural areas have no education opportunities!”

10 posts!

50 posts!

100 posts!

He was flooding his Weibo with so many of such posts!

There were all kinds of messages that he was reposting!

Zhang Ye's Studio very quickly turned from the most notorious team in the industry into a main driving force of the Asian charity scene!

Its entire attitude had changed!

The people in the industry rolled their eyes!

The netizens rolled their eyes!

"Pfft!"

"This joker!"

"Teacher Zhang, can you stop faking it already?"

"Who in China doesn't know what kind of a person you are?"

"It's already too late to try to change your image! If you have the time, why don't you write another calligraphy piece and donate it!"

"I totally can't fucking accept this change in attitude!"

"Me too! In the past, whenever I saw updates from Zhang Ye's Weibo, it would always mean that a storm was brewing in China and that there was some kind of shocking battle about to happen!"

"Yeah, which Weibo post of Zhang Ye's isn't about scolding people!"

"@ZhangYe stop messing around. Wash up and go to bed!"

"Has this fellow repented his evil ways? Pfft! Why do I not believe it!"

"Him? Repenting his evil ways? A pig could fly if that were the case!"

"Carry on pretending! I wanna see just how long this fellow can last!"

"If he can persist in not scolding someone for a month, I'll spell my name backwards forever!"

"Yeah right, it will last at most half a month!"

"Hur hur, I think that even half a month would stifle him!"

Weibo was a social media app that celebrities used very often. However, Zhang Ye's usage of it was different from theirs, with his Weibo having an extremely special status within the entertainment industry. In the recent years of countless fierce battles and scolding wars, of which a few had gone into the annals of the entertainment circle's history, they were mainly a result of Zhang Ye's Weibo posts. So everyone was used to him using his Weibo to scold others, and it was something that they were very amused by, as well as something that was deeply etched into their minds. As a result, when they saw that there weren't any scoldings on Zhang Ye's Weibo and that it had started promoting various charity events instead, everyone felt a little shocked. They found it really difficult to adjust to this change!

The netizens started ranting!

Zhang Ye's fans also came forward to start a commotion!

...

When those at the studio saw these comments, they nearly burst out laughing.

And when Zhang Ye saw the comments, he nearly fainted.

They were undermining him! No one had ever undermined him like this before!

Why can't this bro start engaging in charity?

Fighting?

Scolding?

Hmph, I'm no longer the person that I was!

From now on, this bro won't scold anyone anymore. Because I am the great philanthropist!

Chapter 1389: Creating a charity storm across Asia!

Tuesday.

Back at home.

In the morning, Zhang Ye was checking his Weibo while still under the blanket. There were traces of his philanthropic efforts in many of the news articles, Weibo posts, and trending topics as he browsed through them.

—This behavior cannot be advocated.

—Passion for charity starts from me.

—Come, friends, join us at #TeamCharity#¹!

—Reject extravagance, resist wastefulness.

—Think about the children in poor rural areas. Do you think your actions are right?

—Comrade, I have to criticize you. We cannot give up halfway when it comes to charity!

Comment after comment!

In no time at all, he left over a hundred of them!

Old Wu had already left for work. It was almost 9 AM, but Zhang Ye still hadn't got out of bed. He was holding his cell phone and typing out a flurry of comments with a serious look on his face.

The news reports were also unending.

"Zhang Ye's Studio donates 200,000 RMB to aid Hope Elementary, located in the mountains!"

"Zhang Ye calls for all of the country's citizens to do their part for charity!"

"Zhang Ye appeals to everyone to show love to children suffering from leukemia!"

On Weibo.

The netizens were sneering unceasingly.

“This fellow is at it again!”

“Ignore him!”

“I laugh at his attempts!”

“This fellow must have gotten addicted!”

“Heavens, Face-smacking Zhang is really going further and further along the path of charity!”

“Is there a screw loose in this fucker’s brain?”

“Will somebody awaken Face-smacking Zhang? I find it unbearable to see him this way!”

“Yeah, and it’s been going on for two days!”

“Has this fella fully dedicated himself to performing charity?”

“Are we really not going to see him fighting with others in the future? That would be really boring.”

“Zhang Ye! Wake up!”

“Face-smacking Zhang! Come back to us!”

A lot of people could no longer bear to watch. Very quickly, a barrage of “awaken Face-smacking Zhang” comments went out in full swing. The netizens spontaneously joined into the action. Some of them direct messaged him, while others left messages on his and his studio’s Weibo. Others replied to his comments. However. It didn’t seem like Zhang Ye saw anything at all. He continued battling at the front lines for charity. Wherever there was a topic related to charity, there would be signs of Zhang Ye’s “industriousness”!

The fans: “...”

The netizens: “...”

The entertainment circle: “...”

In the end, they could do nothing about it.

But with these posts by Zhang Ye, the effects turned out to be quite remarkable.

There was an upswing in attention towards philanthropic causes.

Donations to the Red Cross Society soared!

The number of volunteers signing up with various charities increased!

...

On the same day.

The Red Cross Society's letter of appointment arrived.

The Red Cross Society had already updated the public service announcements with Zhang Ye's picture in them. Below it, some text introduced the new Asian philanthropic ambassador for this year. Zhang Ye's name and picture also started appearing in the various local languages of the countries across Asia through their print ads and television stations.

Online.

"Eh, the ads are out?"

"Zhang Ye has officially stepped into the role?"

"It should be rolling out Asia-wide, right?"

"I think so."

"It's no wonder those Asian celebrities are all vying to become the Asian philanthropic ambassador. It's only logical that they're all trying so hard to fight for it. There's the contributing score to the Asian Celebrity Rankings and also a chance to build up a positive image in Asia, not to mention the free advertisements from the Asian Charity Association that can increase one's exposure throughout the region!"

"But there shouldn't be too many people watching those ads, right?"

"No matter how small, a mosquito is still meat ²!"

"Right, it's free exposure for him!"

A lot of people saw it, but it didn't really cause much of a reaction.

They were charity advertisements, after all, so there was going to be a limited amount of attention given to them.

TV series?

Variety shows?

Even if they were not compared to these and just an ordinary type of advertisement, the PSAs were still less appreciated. Most people would usually only sweep a glance at it.

...

Noon.

At the studio.

Everyone was seated together. The television was switched to Central TV where a charity advertisement was running. Such advertisements were run for free and coordinated by the charity organizations with the various countries' television stations. Each year or each month, there would be an allocated amount of minutes given to broadcast such PSAs. This was something that Zhang Ye had done for Beijing Television as well.

The ad was quite normal.

Zhang Ye's picture only flashed onscreen during the final two seconds.

Then the PSA ended.

Ha Qiqi turned off the television. "That's it."

Zhang Ye was not very satisfied with it. "That's it?"

Ha Qiqi blinked and said, "I thought it was pretty alright?"

"Isn't this just a run-of-the-mill charity ad?" Zhang Ye said with a shrug.

Ha Qiqi said, "Yep."

Zhang Ye said disdainfully, "It's too average. No one would watch this. The team behind this ad is too unimaginative. What time do we live in? They really need to keep up with the times. Otherwise, if they keep up their old mindset, what would become of the charity ads? Even charity ads need to be done in a way that can attract people's eyes and catch their attention."

Zhang Zuo said with a wry smile, "The charities are mostly run by volunteers, although there's full-time staff as well. But from a professional point of view and their abilities, there's really no comparing to the commercial businesses. Their annual salaries are not on the same level, so it's not like a truly capable advertising team would be willing to step up and bend over backwards just for a charity, right? I also find this ad to be quite alright. At least in terms of its quality, the majority of the advertising teams in the country still can't come up with something like it."

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, "This kind of PSA doesn't have any influence at all. They're scheduled to be broadcast every month for free across Asia, but for such a good spot and time slot to be used in such a way, it can only be deemed as a joke. Even with a good hand of cards, it's totally wasted by them. This is such a shame!"

Little Wang exclaimed, "Are you thinking?"

Ha Qiqi was also taken aback. "Do you mean to say?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Didn't you guys say that they don't have a good advertising team? Then I'll do it for them. Old Ha, get in contact with them and let's do it as we just discussed!"

"Alright, understood!" Ha Qiqi immediately went to get it done.

Zhang Zuo, Little Wang, and the others were also very excited to hear this.

That's right!

Isn't there Director Zhang?

This is exactly what Director Zhang is a professional at!

Conserve electricity!

Quit smoking!

Bottled water!

Toothpaste!

Milk!

Health supplement products!

What kinds of advertisements had Zhang Ye not done before?

In the Chinese advertising world, Zhang Ye's name was a prominent one. Even the former number one of the advertising world, Li Xiaoxiao, had suffered a defeat at the hands of Zhang Ye. The phenomenal advertisements that surfaced in China in recent years were the handiwork of Zhang Ye!

Over there.

Ha Qiqi managed to get in contact with the liaison.

When the employee at the Asian Red Cross Society heard, he was also startled. "Did Teacher Zhang really say that?"

Ha Qiqi said, "Yes."

The employee said, "But to remake the PSA, our budget—"

Ha Qiqi readily said, "We'll pay for it."

The employee said, "But the manpower—"

Ha Qiqi did not hesitate. "We'll provide the manpower as well."

Providing the money.

Providing the manpower.

Providing the facilities.

Ha Qiqi clearly understood Zhang Ye's thinking. She also knew exactly what they needed most right now. Money? What was that to them? Even if Director Zhang often yakked about money being an issue, if he really wanted to earn it, he could simply sell his calligraphy or take commercial appearances and the money would come rolling in. There were some things that couldn't be bought with money, like this role of the philanthropic ambassador, and even more so, the broadcast of this charity advertisement that would be shown all over Asia. If they handled this well, how much popularity and fame would it bring Zhang Ye? Ha Qiqi knew exactly what it meant!

They did not lack money! What they lacked was an opportunity!

An opportunity for him to show himself to all of Asia!

The employee got excited. "Aiyo, th-then that's great! Who doesn't know about Teacher Zhang's reputation in the advertising world? He's absolutely the vest person in the Chinese advertising world! We've all seen those PSAs by Teacher Zhang so many times. They're such classics. To have Teacher

Zhang personally directing our ads for us, we definitely won't have any issues with that. We're just afraid of troubling you all, and the funding is also—"

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "No worries. Since Teacher Zhang has accepted the role of Asian philanthropic ambassador, he will naturally do his best. We're willing to come up with the necessary money and manpower and not scrimp on that. We are all doing this for charity, so you don't have to be so polite with us."

The employee quickly said, "Thank you so much! We're burdening Teacher Zhang!"

Ha Qiqi said, "It's what we should do."

The employee said, "Then I'll report this to the leaders immediately!"

When Ha Qiqi was finally done talking with them, she informed Zhang Ye.

Ha Qiqi said, "It's done. The charity's executives were full of praise for you. The top two executives even called in personally to convey their thanks."

Zhang Ye smiled and waved it off. "It's all for the people, all for the people!"

Ha Qiqi blinked and said, "I told them that we'll be providing the money and manpower since I doubt they can afford it."

"Alright, that won't be a problem." Zhang Ye said, "Let's get started then."

Zhang Zuo was taken aback. "Right now?"

Zhang Ye was an impatient man. "Of course, the faster, the better. Let's make the most of it and produce two ads today, then another three tomorrow. As for the manpower and facilities, those won't be issues either. If we just head to Beijing TV or Central TV to borrow their venues, the production of the PSAs will be completed in no time! When we're done, we can quickly get them to start broadcasting the new ones. The current ads are terrible and annoy me so much!"

Wu Yi said with trepidation, "But we haven't even decided on what kind of ad to make."

Zhang Zuo looked at Ha Qiqi. "Did they mention what kind of ad they want?"

Ha Qiqi shook her head. "They didn't say, so I guess anything is fine. In any case, the focus of each country will be slightly different from each other. Some of the countries geared their PSAs more towards addressing AIDS, while others use whichever types of PSAs based on their requirements. When the time comes, someone will plan out how to unify the different PSAs and decide on which country they want to show them in. They can also take turns running the different charity ads."

Little Wang said in a speechless manner, "If they didn't mention any requirements, how do they expect us to know what to do?"

But Zhang Ye said, "Something for the deaf-mute children? Leukemia sufferers? A quit smoking ad? How about one for AIDS? Regardless, I'll just give them whatever they want! If not, we can just do everything once over! It's not like it'll take much effort anyway!"

"Director Zhang is mighty!"

“I really have to give it to you!”

“How domineering!”

Give them whatever they want?

Give them however many they need?

Only Zhang Ye would dare say stuff like that!

When it came to creating advertisements, one would have to first write a rough draft and then make a proposal. Afterwards, it would have to be approved by the higher-ups before considering the manpower and the scheduling of the shoot. From the pre-production to wrap, it would be fantastic if they could finish it within half a month. If it were slower, it might even take up to a month to complete. But Zhang Ye, he always did things in a rapid-fire fashion. The moment he opened his mouth, it was two ads a day, or three ads a day. He even said that he could give them whatever they wanted and provide the money and manpower as well? He was going to take on this huge project all by himself!

Come on!

Let’s do it!

Let’s create a charity storm across Asia!

Let’s spread the charitable reputation of Director Zhang across Asia!

Chapter 1390: Taking all of Asia by storm!

On this day.

In the morning.

A lot of people were chatting online.

Some of them were university students who didn’t have classes in the morning, and there was also the working class who were browsing their Weibo and chat app’s Moments in their free time.

“Hey, did the sun rise from the west today?”

“What’s the matter?”

“Take a look at Zhang Ye’s Weibo.”

“Eh, why’s there no activity?”

“Why didn’t that guy repost any charity news today?”

“Yeah, that bastard had been posting them for the past two or three days!”

“Hahaha, has this fellow finally returned to being his usual self?”

“Oh yeah, did our ‘awaken Face-smacking Zhang’ operation succeed?”

"I'm very relieved to hear that Face-smacking Zhang has recognized the reality of things!"

"This fellow has finally stopped. I'm so not used to seeing him post so often on Weibo. Everything has finally calmed down once again!"

Amid the laughing and joking, there was a flurry of flaming.

But all of a sudden, some people started exclaiming in surprise.

"Holy shit! Damn!"

"What's the matter?"

"Did something happen again?"

"Quickly turn your TVs to Central TV Department 1!"

"What is it?"

"That Zhang guy has gone to promote charity on TV!"

"What?"

"Pfft!"

"I knew it, I knew he couldn't have stopped just like that!"

"Where, where?"

"I wanna have a look!"

Everyone caught wind of it and came in force to have a look!

...

On Central TV Department 1.

A PSA started running.

The scene depicted the joyous new year. A family had come together for their reunion, and it was the hundredth-day celebrations of their child. The father, who Zhang Ye played, held a rattle and was teasing his son with it. The entire family was very happy and blessed as they celebrated this new life. Everyone had smiles on their faces.

Zhang Ye said, "My darling baby, look at this rattle that Daddy's holding."

The scene cut to the child's perspective.

The sound disappeared and the confused child looked at the adults.

The scene cut to a hospital.

The doctor said, "After our hospital's diagnosis, we found your child to be suffering from severe congenital hearing impairment. That is to say, he is deaf."

Zhang Ye was silent.

His wife was silent.

The scene cut back to their home.

Zhang Ye was smiling. "Little baby?"

His wife said with a smile, "Little baby?"

Day after day.

Year after year.

Zhang Ye started teaching his child to speak. He let him feel what sound was and made him touch his own throat as he learned and practiced.

Zhang Ye: "Be good, my baby."

The child: "Oo...ah...oh."

Zhang Ye: "Be good, my baby."

The child: "Ah...oh."

Daddy, I want to learn how to speak.

The child signed to Zhang Ye to let him know.

Zhang Ye hugged him as tears filled his eyes.

A year later, at a school.

The child had a scuffle with his classmates.

Zhang Ye hurriedly rushed to the school. "Sweetie! Sweetie!"

The child flailed his limbs around. "Ao...wu...oh!" But he couldn't say anything.

Classmate 1: "What a rascal!"

Classmate 2: "He can't even talk and only knows how to make those weird sounds!"

Zhang Ye hugged his child and became silent. Then he stood up angrily and shouted at those people, "What are you all talking about!" At this moment, a hand tugged at him.

"Dad...dy."

Zhang Ye turned around, startled.

The child was trying very hard and saying, "Be...good, Dad...dy."

On the 11th of June, the child spoke for the first time.

Caption: "The Heavens have silenced his world, but he can still make the most beautiful sound of all. With early training, hearing impaired children can still learn to speak."

...

The advertisement ended.

It blew up online.

"Is this Zhang Ye's new PSA?"

"Motherfucker, it made me cry!"

"This ad is really touching!"

"I couldn't hold it in either after hearing 'Be good, Daddy' and started crying!"

"He's too good at making us cry!"

"When it comes to making ads, Zhang Ye is so goddamn good!"

"There's nothing I can criticize about this charity ad!"

"Compared to those PSAs from before, this is simply on another level!"

"Zhang Ye has personally taken them on by himself! Was this ad made by him?"

"Of course! Other than him, who can make a PSA like that in the country?"

"It's indeed very impressive! This PSA is amazing!"

"Zhang Ye is still that Zhang Ye. With him getting involved, the difference in quality can be seen immediately! He's on a completely different level compared to the advertising teams on the charities!"

"After watching this ad, I'm sure a lot of people will remember it. In the future, this will definitely help a lot of hearing-impaired kids. This is so great. This is what a PSA should be like. They should have done it this way earlier since only such classic and excellent PSAs can shock the viewers into action. It makes it unforgettable to them once they watch it, which achieves the intent of a PSA!"

"Put it on again!"

China gave it an enthusiastic reception!

...

Elsewhere.

Japan.

Zhang Ye's figure appeared on TV.

This was a charity advertisement promoting love and care for dementia patients.

"How touching!"

"I couldn't control my tears!"

"Isn't that the Chinese celebrity?"

“Yes, it’s the one who was just appointed as the Asian philanthropic ambassador!”

“He can even make ads? And it was done so well too?”

“None of our Japanese PSAs have been shot so outstandingly!”

“How did he do it?”

...

Meanwhile.

Korea.

“It’s really good!”

“I get a sense of shock each time I watch it!”

“This PSA has greatly exceeded the quality of those in our country!”

“Was this made by that Chinese celebrity?”

“It certainly can’t be something the charities came up with. It’s not like we haven’t seen those charity ads they made in the past. They don’t have the skill to create something like that!”

“It’s really good! I want to watch it again!”

“Although I really hate this Zhang Ye person, there’s nothing I can criticize this ad about!”

“When did China’s advertising quality reach such a level?”

...

India.

The PSA was shown.

“How frightening!”

“It’s too terrifying!”

“So AIDS is this scary!”

“Who is that guy?”

“I think he’s called Zhang Ye. He’s the new philanthropic ambassador for Asia!”

“This guy is amazing!”

“Yeah, I’ve never seen or heard of a PSA that was done this way!”

...

One country.

Three countries.

Five countries.

The Asian Charity Association had exchanges and cooperated with many countries. Even though the state of affairs, policies, and laws of each country were different, they still shared a similarity between them, and it was that they were all very receptive of charity work. If these were advertisements for commercial businesses, Zhang Ye would definitely find himself with many limitations if he wanted to enter into the market of another country since he was a foreigner. Some countries would not even let you appear on their TVs. For example, there were people from a minority of countries who did not know the top Asian S-listers like Zhang Yuanqi and Xu Meilan. They were simply unable to develop into those markets.

But it was different for Zhang Ye.

Because his status now was that of the Asian philanthropic ambassador!

Providing the money.

Providing the manpower.

Providing the advertisements.

Zhang Ye did not need to worry about anything else as the Asian Charity Association and Red Cross Society had already handled the necessary work like the dubbing of the advertisements and translation of subtitles to the countries' specific languages. Everything else was kept intact, and it was directly broadcast to the audience. None of the Asian countries would stop this and the entire process was greenlit!

To block a PSA from the Asian Charity Association?

They would have to be crazy to do that!

On this day.

Seven of Zhang Ye's PSAs landed on the various major television stations of countries in Asia. Although the advertisements' duration was short and they were only broadcast once, their effects were sensational and explosive. Countless people couldn't forget them after watching them just once!

These were the most classic PSAs from Zhang Ye's previous world. There were some from China, and also foreign ones that were used by him after carefully going through them. He modified and changed whatever was necessary and repackaged them with a whole new look to present to the people of this world!

On the same night.

The news in Asia was endless!

Many of the countries in Asia reported about it!

"The new Asian philanthropic ambassador debuts!"

"China's Heavenly King uses his ads to send a shockwave across Asia!"

“The best PSAs in history!”

“PSAs take Asia by storm!”

“PSAs can also be stunning!”

“The Asian philanthropic ambassador personally oversaw and produced seven charity ads to a shower of praise!”

“The Asian Charity Association issues a public statement to thank Zhang Ye and his team!”

“The new philanthropic ambassador gets soaring exposure!”

“Zhang Ye captures the attention of everyone in Asia!”

“Zhang Ye: An upcoming, glittering Asian superstar!”