

Superstar 1421

Chapter 1421: Zhang Ye's rotten idea!

In the afternoon.

Zhang Ye returned to the studio.

Everyone was working and was rather surprised to see him.

"Director Zhang?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Didn't you say that you were taking two days off?"

"Yeah, it's only been half a day."

"Ah, did something happen again?"

"Is someone trying to challenge you again?"

If it were any other celebrity's studio, how could there always be so many things happening on a daily basis? Besides, no one could bear that much of it either. If something big happened once every six months, that would be more than enough trouble for them to handle. But it was different at Zhang Ye's Studio. Here, if there wasn't a major incident or two per week, they wouldn't be known as Zhang Ye's Studio anymore. This was the epicenter of the Asian entertainment industry's problems.

Zhang Ye smiled. "Nothing bad happened."

Only then did everyone heave a sigh of relief. "You gave us such a fright."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Come, let's have a meeting."

In the conference room.

Everyone took their seats.

Zhang Ye asked, "Old Zuo, how are recent developments?"

Zhang Zuo smiled and said, "Although Japan and Korea have introduced the restrictions, we're actually still doing great. Our popularity in Asia rose again yesterday."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "The more we get scolded, the more popular we become."

Little Wang flattered, "Director Zhang is mighty! Director Zhang is powerful!"

Zhang Ye said in amusement, "Enough, enough, it doesn't sound like a good thing no matter how I hear it."

Zhang Zuo said, "If this continues, even if Japan and Korea maintain their restrictions on us, we'll still be able to hold our ground in the Asian Celebrity Rankings. We might even be able to keep moving up bit by

bit. But if we want to reach the summit of Asia, that could prove to be very difficult, and it also would take a long time to achieve.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged, “That’s why this is still not enough. We mustn’t be satisfied with the status quo.”

Ha Qiqi looked at him. “What do you mean?”

Zhang Ye said, “Since things have come to this, there’s no way we can resolve it. So let’s just take it all the way with them. But we can’t keep on fighting like this. It doesn’t mean anything and doesn’t answer the problem. Yes, it does increase our popularity. But if we want to reach the summit in Asia, this bit of increase is too negligible. We need a greater spurt of popularity increase by doing something impactful, so I think there’s a need to change our strategy. We can’t wait for them to come over. We have to take the initiative and take it to them!”

Can’t be passive or wait to get attacked?

This thinking made sense, but—

Wu Yi said startled, “We’re going to attack first?”

Tong Fu also said, “But how do we fight?”

Zhang Zuo said, “Aren’t the restrictions already in place over there?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Then let’s circumvent the restrictions. They explicitly restricted me by name, but what if I changed my name? Who would know that it is me?”

Nobody understood what he meant.

Change names?

How are you going to change it?

Use a pseudonym?

Ha Qiqi said, “Then where are we going to take the fight to?”

Zhang Ye laughed. “We have two choices. One is Japan and the other is Korea. Which country should we begin with? Everyone, give me your opinion.”

Wu Yi said, “If you really want to do it, then I guess we should target Korea.”

Tong Fu nodded. “We’re more familiar with them since we’ve been fighting with them for so long.”

Zhang Zuo added, “Yeah, we’re more familiar with Korea.”

Then Zhang Ye said, “Alright then, I’ve decided. Let’s target Japan first!”

Everyone was floored!

Pfft!

Then why did you ask us?

Aren't our opinions redundant!

Ha Qiqi asked, "Th-Then how are we going to do it?"

Previously, Zhang Ye wasn't sure of how to proceed either. However, the lottery draw that he played at noon had given him a completely new train of thought. It had broadened his horizons and opened his eyes. Since he had always been taking the unconventional path, then he might as well continue taking it. The paths of other celebrities didn't fit him, so he would just have to find his own way forward!

Japanese language?

Drawing?

The answer was obvious!

Zhang Ye smiled mysteriously. "If we're going to do it, we have to go big. We're not gonna sweat the small stuff since that won't help us get much popularity anyway. Think about it. What is the most popular in Japan, captures the most attention from people, has a lead on any other country by far, has their products sold throughout Asia, and is the most watched industry of all?"

Zhang Zuo was startled. "Are you saying?"

Zhang Ye grinned and said, "Yes."

Ha Qiqi was gobsmacked. "Are you intending to?"

Zhang Ye nodded with a smile. "That's right."

Little Wang said in shock, "Are you going to star in an adult video?"

Flop!

Zhang Ye nearly fell off his chair. He roared, "Me? Star in an adult video? Your sister!"

Little Wang said, "Didn't you say that it's an industry that catches the most attention from people?"

Zhang Ye nearly fainted from anger. "Is that the only one you can think of? I'm telling you! You had better watch less of those videos from now on!"

Little Wang looked really embarrassed. Her face had turned all red. "I've never watched it before!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Hahahahaha!"

Everyone in the meeting was laughing hard.

Little Wang said anxiously, "Then what are you talking about?"

Ha Qiqi clutched her stomach and laughed. "Director Zhang was talking about comics¹, right?"

Zhang Ye banged the table and said, "Look at Old Ha! Just look at her! It's comics! Comics, my dear comrades! I want to use this as an entry point for all Japanese people to learn about me. I want to turn

everything upside down! It's decided. We'll go ahead with the comics. Starting from today, we'll be doing this!"

Zhang Zuo said nervously, "You aren't joking, right?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Do I look like I'm joking?"

Little Wang said, "But you don't even know how to speak Japanese."

Zhang Ye opened his mouth and spoke what sounded like gibberish to the team.

Little Zhou was startled. "Is that Japanese?"

Tong Fu cursed, "Damn, when did you learn it?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "I just picked it up. I'm good at studying, and the Japanese language is considerably simpler among languages. It's not too hard to pick up."

Not too hard to pick up?

But you still couldn't have picked it up that fast!

Everyone was skeptical.

Little Wang wiped at her sweat. "But I've never seen you draw before?"

Zhang Ye said, "There are many things that you don't know about me. Anyway, the direction is set. Within the year, we will definitely achieve the status of becoming an Asian S-lister. I know that we've never done anything related to the field of comics before, but it doesn't matter. After all, practice makes perfect. Everyone, I need you to make use of your channels to get in touch with your contacts and prepare for the big plan after this. By the way, keep it a secret and don't let anyone know about it. When we contact the Japanese publishing studios, we must also ensure that our identity does not get revealed. Otherwise, there will be nothing left to play for."

He kept going on for a while.

Only then did everyone gasp to themselves.

Is he serious?

Is he really serious?

But does Director Zhang know how to draw comics? Isn't this field mainly dominated by the Japanese?

However, seeing how confident Zhang Ye looked, no one said anything else about it. If he could actually rely on comics to break into the Japanese market and gain the popularity from their entire population, that would really be another way of doing things. When that happened, their popularity would definitely increase by leaps and bounds! Alright then, let's take a shot at it!

However, Zhang Ye's next line left everyone on the verge of collapse!

Zhang Ye was about to leave the meeting room when he suddenly turned around. "Eh, what kinds of tools do we need to make comics?"

“Ah?”

“You mean you don’t know?”

“Dear God!”

Chapter 1422: The first comic series is decided!

At the studio.

Some people went to get in touch with their contacts in Japan.

Meanwhile, the remaining people were giving advice and suggestions to Zhang Ye. They were discussing the necessary tools required for making comics. As the saying goes, two heads are better than one, so they held a brainstorming session together.

Ha Qiqi said, “They use fountain pens, right?”

Someone said, “I think it should be drawn with pencils.”

Zhang Ye shook his head. “It cannot be pencils.”

Little Zhou suddenly said, “I know, I’ve heard someone say that they draw with dip pens ¹. That’s what they use specifically in Japan to draw comics. I think there are even many types that are used too.”

Zhang Ye’s eyes lit up. “Yes, yes, there’s such a thing! There’s such a thing! I’ve heard of it before. Good one, Little Zhou! Dip pens! Quickly, make a note to procure them.”

Little Wang was sitting next to him and taking minutes in all seriousness.

Zhang Zuo said, “We need A4 paper too.”

Zhang Ye smacked his thigh and said, “That’s right, that’s needed as well.”

Wu Yi said, “A ruler, don’t forget a ruler.”

“Right, a ruler.” Zhang Ye nodded.

Little Wang raised her head and asked, “What if you make a mistake while drawing? What will you do about that? You surely need some whiteout too!”

Zhang Ye pointed at her. “Look at how meticulous Little Wang is. Right, we need whiteout too!”

Little Wang was very happy to get praised. “It’s all because of Director Zhang’s good leadership!”

A bunch of laymen were enthusiastically conversing and the list of items to be procured kept growing longer.

At a desk in the corner of the studio, a rookie who had just joined the studio was dumbfounded. He looked at Zhang Ye, Ha Qiqi, and the others in a daze as countless grass mud horses rampaged across his heart! Many of the words that were coming out from their mouths had seemingly brought him back to his childhood!

Ruler?

A4 paper?

And even whiteout?!

The fuck? What year are those antiques from!

Why the fucking hell was whiteout even mentioned?

Why don't you use artist tape ² instead if you make an error while drawing!

Little Sun was hesitant to speak, but he slowly raised his hand. "Director Zhang, about that..."

Everyone looked over at him.

Ha Qiqi asked, "What's the matter, Little Sun?"

Little Sun didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "The way they draw comics in Japan these days don't require those tools anymore. They've long since switched to using computers and specialized professional drawing software."

Zhang Ye said, "Huh?"

Ha Qiqi said, "Uh?"

Zhang Zuo said, "Damn, is that so?"

Little Sun wiped off his sweat. "What you all just mentioned were drawing tools from many years ago. They don't use them anymore these days. I have a relative who settled in Japan, so I'm pretty familiar with the scene over there. Besides, I occasionally draw comics as well, so I've come across these things too. There's really no need for something like whiteout!"

The few upper management staff of the studio reddened in embarrassment.

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Look at you guys, always blindly suggesting ideas like that. Little Sun is a professional at drawing, so we should listen to his professional opinion on this matter!"

Us? Blindly suggesting ideas?

You were the one who agreed with everything we just said!

Everyone rolled their eyes.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Alright, Little Sun, I'll let you handle this matter. Just let Little Wang know what kind of equipment and software we need and she'll get it set up."

Little Sun immediately received the order. "I'll ensure that the task gets complete!"

...

On that same night.

The equipment, tools, and even specialized tables and chairs were set up.

Zhang Ye had requested two sets, one to be placed at home in the villa, and another to be placed in the studio.

The computer was the latest touchscreen model from this world's leading tech company. He could operate and draw right on screen. It did not require any other external input. The software could be downloaded from the Internet, and there were all kinds of them for him to choose from. There wasn't anything unusual about this anymore.

Back at home.

A call from Wu Zeqing came in.

"You're home already?"

"Ah, I had something to deal with."

"Do you want to go to my parents' place for dinner tonight?"

"No, you guys can go ahead."

"Then I'll go back and prepare dinner for you."

"Aiya, there's no need. I can just order takeout."

"What's going on at home?"

"Oh, I'm setting up a drawing studio, so there's a lot of moving to get done. Isn't that small study of yours hardly used? I'll be converting it into a drawing studio, OK?"

"Hur hur, sure."

"Alright then."

This was the good thing about Old Wu. She didn't mind whatever Zhang Ye wanted to do.

Since Old Wu was going to stay over at her parents' house tonight, Zhang Ye planned on drawing a little and making a decision on the series. As a result, he ordered some takeout and ate it for dinner. When the workers finished setting up the studio, he finished eating. After they left, he soaked in a hot bath for half an hour to sort out his thoughts before getting ready to start work.

...

8:30 AM.

In the drawing studio.

Zhang Ye went over to sit on his new ergonomic chair and immediately got into the zone.

He powered on his computer, then clicked on the professional drawing software, and began trying his hand at drawing. It wasn't supposed to be serious, but he ended up getting shocked!

Fish?

Birds?

Houses?

Cars?

As long as it was something that he could imagine, he could replicate it in its most intact form. There was nothing stopping him, and the feeling was beyond amazing. Based on his form, he wouldn't have any trouble drawing any of the comics that he had read in his previous world. The only thing that he wasn't too familiar with was the software. So Zhang Ye spent an hour exploring and familiarizing himself on how to operate it, such as filling in the colors, making alterations, or saving the files.

An hour later.

He was all set.

He didn't have any problems with his drawing techniques either.

All that was missing now was a series?

Zhang Ye opened up the game ring's interface and immediately clicked into the merchant shop where he crazily bought a lot of Memory Search Capsules. He ate them one by one and then closed his eyes. Immediately, he started recalling all of the comics that he had ever read in his previous world. He carved every single detail of every chapter from the different comics deep into his mind. In his previous world, Zhang Ye was also a comics and animation fan. He watched cartoons when he was young but started reading comics as he grew older. Although he was not a fanatical comic fan and did not come across many of the other works, he still had the pleasure of reading some of the most famous Japanese comics.

Which one should he choose?

Which series should he use first?

Zhang Ye pondered it and could not make a decision. That one? That one was quite good! How about this one? This one is not bad either! Which one should he use to fire the first shot? However, after much hesitation, Zhang Ye broke out into laughter. Damn, wouldn't any of them be the same? The comics that he had in mind did not exist in this world, so whichever one he brought out would impress no matter what!

Alright then, let's try it out with "that" one first!

With a decision in mind, Zhang Ye immediately got down to drawing!

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One Piece

Chapter 1: Romance Dawn

Gol D. Roger, the King of the Pirates, had achieved it all. Wealth, fame, and power had all been his. His last words before he died inspired people all across the world to head for the seas: "You want my treasure? It's yours if you can find it! I left everything in the world there. You just have to find it!"

The world...

...is about to witness a great age of piracy!

...

Swish, swish, swish.

Swish, swish, swish.

There was only the sound of the stylus brushing against the screen in the drawing studio.

An hour.

Three hours.

Five hours.

He spent the entire night drawing.

From the unfamiliarity at the beginning, he slowly got the hang of it and got faster at drawing!

Zhang Ye lost track of time as he became engrossed. When he got down to work, it was always like this. He did not care about eating, drinking, or sleeping. No one could stop him until he was satisfied or until he was unable to move.

One chapter.

Two chapters.

When dawn broke, he managed to finish drawing two full chapters!

After Zhang Ye filled in the background of the second chapter's last panel with black, he took a look at the hard work that he had put in all night. He was shocked with himself. Isn't this speed way too fast? He had finished drawing two chapters in just one night of work? He heard before that some of those cartoonists living the miserable life would either publish their work weekly or monthly. That would mean that the fastest they needed to submit their work was once per week, and it was only one chapter each time? And they would have to tire themselves out just to reach this target?

But why do I not feel tired?

This bro is not exhausted at all!

Only then did Zhang Ye put down the stylus and head out in high spirits for breakfast.

He wasn't tired at all. He did draw very quickly, but that's because his mind was already filled with the final product of other people's work. He didn't even need to come up with a draft, or a plot, or character designs. All he had to do was draw them as he knew it! Coupled with all those Fruits of Agility and Fruits of Stamina—

How the fuck could he not be quick!

Chapter 1423: The debut of One Piece!

Later that morning.

At the studio.

Zhang Ye did not look tired at all after taking a two-hour nap at home. Instead, he seemed very fresh and even arrived at work humming a little ditty.

"Director Zhang."

"Morning."

Good morning."

"Director Zhang, you're here?"

Everyone greeted him with a smile.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Is everyone busy? Did you manage to link up with your contacts?"

Ha Qiqi said, "We're doing that right now. Thanks to Little Sun's relative who settled down in Japan, a lot of matters became much easier and convenient to deal with."

Little Sun scratched his head in embarrassment. "It's what I should do."

Zhang Ye patted him on the shoulder. "Well done, Little Sun. When the time comes, we might have to ask your relative to help represent us regarding some things. After all, everyone, including the media, knows the identities of our studio's staff. If any of us were to reveal ourselves, we would get exposed. And besides, no one else here understands Japanese other than me."

Little Sun immediately said, "That won't be a problem."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright then, I'll be troubling you."

Little Sun quickly said, "Director Zhang, you're welcome. Oh right, your drawing studio has been set up."

Little Wang shouted from upstairs, "Director Zhang, everything has been prepared. You can start drawing anytime you wish."

Zhang Ye said, "Start drawing what? I've finished drawing two chapters already."

Little Wang nearly tumbled downstairs!

Everyone was dumbfounded!

"Ah?"

"What?"

"Finished drawing?"

"Two chapters?"

"What the heck!"

"Do you have to be this quick!"

“When it comes to work productivity, I really freaking have to give it to you!”

This difference between people was too great!

Thinking about the other celebrities and their studios, they were all working in the same industry and would often interact with one another. In their private conversations, they discovered that everyone was always complaining about things like how this celebrity had quit on some project, that celebrity not wanting to take on certain work, some new song getting delayed by a month, or how there was conflict in a drama crew that made the celebrities refuse to rejoin the filming. A lot of people who worked at a studio would often have to painstakingly coax their celebrities on such matters!

But at their studio?

It was completely not the case!

In fact, it was the exact opposite!

Before the subordinates were even prepared or warmed up yet, they discovered that Director Zhang had already completed it!

What kind of an experience was this?

It was an unimaginable situation that no one would understand unless they had worked at Zhang Ye’s Studio before!

Ha Qiqi smiled wryly. “You’re too fast!”

Zhang Zuo said happily, “Director Zhang has always been impatient like that.”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “Of course. Come, come, I’ve already emailed the final copy to everyone. Everyone, have a look at it and give me your opinion!”

Instantly, everyone surrounded a computer to read it.

“Ah!”

“It really is a comic!”

“Looks like it’s really what it is!”

“Wow, it’s in Japanese!”

“Director Zhang really knows Japanese!”

Everyone was exclaiming in amazement.

Zhang Ye smiled as he saw everyone’s reaction. He was feeling really satisfied with this.

A few minutes later, everyone was done reading it.

Zhang Ye said happily, “So how is it? What do you guys think?”

Ha Qiqi said, “About that...”

Zhang Zuo also balked and did not dare speak.

Zhang Ye smacked his lips and said, “Don’t worry, be brave and speak up. Tell me what you think.”

Ha Qiqi was the first to speak. “So then, I’m not very into comics and have not read that many of them before. But at first glance, it does feel a little offbeat. Pirates? Is that suitable as subject matter? Isn’t that basically about robbing? If we’re to gain popularity in Japan, surely we should be a little more mainstream, right? But I don’t think I’ve ever heard of such alternative comics in the Japanese comic industry. Maybe you should—well, isn’t this a little too niche?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Any other opinions?”

Little Wang coughed. “About this character’s design, why does he look a little—”

Zhang Ye asked, “A little what?”

Little Wang said, “A little ugly.”

Little Zhou wiped away his sweat. “It’s indeed a little unacceptable. This character’s design is too simple.”

Little Sun looked at Director Zhang’s expression before saying, “I’ve read a lot of comics. The characteristics and spirit of a character are reflected in their eyes. B-But for this character that you drew, why are his eyes only represented by dots? I-Isn’t this as good as having no eyes? Will that work?”

The background.

The character design.

The plot.

Everyone started complaining about it.

“Director Zhang, surely this won’t work, right?”

“Why don’t we change it to something else?”

After Zhang Ye heard them out, he smiled and said, “Listening to your opinions, I’m rather relieved. Alright then, we’ll go ahead with this. I’ll draw a few more chapters over the next few days and send them over to Japan!”

Everyone was speechless.

They could not understand what Zhang Ye was talking about.

Only he knew what was going on.

Why was he relieved?

Because in his previous world, that was also the assessment from everyone when One Piece first debuted!

Weird!

Ugly!

Strange character designs!

Good! Both of the worlds seem to have the same aesthetic appreciation of comics!

Then all is well!

One Piece is definitely going to be popular!

Everyone was cautiously trying to persuade Zhang Ye, but they gave up after realizing there was no effect on him.

Ha Qiqi asked, "Then what pen name are you going to use?"

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "Oh yes, what name should I use?"

Zhang Ye definitely could not use his own name, nor a name that was similar to any Chinese names. He couldn't let anyone guess his identity, so he had to think of a name that was obviously Japanese in order to blend in.

What should he call himself?

The first name that floated up in his mind belonged to a famous Japanese person, so he immediately blurted out, "I shall call myself Sora."

Sora?

What kind of a name was that?

The studio staff did not understand.

Ha Qiqi said, "Alright, then let's just call you—Sora?"

As they were speaking.

Ring, ring, ring. A phone call came in.

Zhang Ye answered it. It turned out that it was a call from someone at the Asian Charity Association.

It was a Chinese person named Qu Huahua, and she was one of their managers.

"Teacher Zhang."

"Hey, Sister Qu, hello."

"We'll be holding a charity event in Japan next week, so we would like to invite you to join us. Do you have time to attend?"

"In Japan?"

"That's correct."

"What kind of an event is it?"

"It's the Asian Public Service Announcements Award Ceremony."

"I'm included?"

"Absolutely."

"Didn't they restrict me from entering the country?"

"It's for our charity's award ceremony. They wouldn't dare stop you!"

"Got it! Alright then, I'll go."

"OK, then can you please send me a photo of your passport? I'll help you make the arrangements."

"Sure, thanks!"

After hanging up, Zhang Ye went to inform Ha Qiqi and the others about it.

Ha Qiqi immediately made a note of it. "OK, I'll follow up on it."

Little Wang blinked and said, "Are you really going to Japan?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Why not? We intended to take the fight to them this time anyway, so we have to get a feel of the mood over there and check out the situation."

He had just returned from Korea?

And now he was headed to Japan?

Everyone was trembling a little with fear!

Director Zhang had always managed to get into conflicts with other people without having to step out of his house, to say nothing of if he did go out, and even more so if he did go abroad. When had he not caused earth-shattering chaos before? As a result, all of them shivered when they heard that Zhang Ye was heading abroad again!

Chapter 1424: The incident with the Japanese hotel's magazines!

In the evening.

In his home drawing studio.

Zhang Ye buried himself in work and was drawing the third chapter of One Piece, looking focused. He wanted to complete at least ten chapters before heading to Japan.

One page.

Two pages.

Three pages.

The characters came to life on the canvas one by one.

When he suddenly looked up, Zhang Ye realized another person was inside the small drawing studio.

Zhang Ye put the stylus down. "Whoa, when did you come in?"

Wu Zeqing, who was standing behind him, smiled and said, "I've been here for a while now. Did you set up this new drawing studio because you wanted to make comics?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yeah." He turned back. "Here, read it."

Old Wu said with a smile, "I read it already. It's pretty good."

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "You always say the same thing for everything I do."

Old Wu said, "Hur hur, but it's really pretty good."

Zhang Ye said, "Oh yes, I'll be going to Japan next week to receive an award."

Old Wu asked, "Alright, for how many days?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm thinking of staying a little longer to get a sense of the market there."

Old Wu said, "OK. But the people there aren't that welcoming of you, so just be careful, alright?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "I will. I'm gonna continue drawing then."

Old Wu said gently, "I'll go make you a cup of coffee."

"Thanks, honey!" Zhang Ye acknowledged before getting back to work.

An hour.

Three hours.

The third chapter was finally completed.

When he checked his watch, it was 12 AM.

Zhang Ye did not go to sleep and continued drawing the fourth chapter.

If any Japanese cartoonists would have present, they would definitely have been shocked by Zhang Ye's speed. Zhang Ye did not even blink as he started drawing the moment he held the stylus. Swish, swish, swish. His hands seemed to produce afterimages at the speed he drew. He did not even stumble at any point in time while drawing the comics. There was no erasing, no alterations, and no errors. This had nothing to do with speed. Reaction, agility, strength, and stamina, all of it was indispensable. No one could draw as quickly as he did. Only a martial arts master who had knowledge of his previous world's completed comics, like Zhang Ye, could do it!

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One day.

Two days.

The final copy was building up page by page.

Eventually, ten chapters of the final copy were completed.

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On the morning of the third day.

Zhang Ye returned to the studio and showed everyone the final copy.

The studio staff could no longer express how they felt at this moment.

“Ten chapters?”

“You drew up eight chapters in the last two days?”

“Jesus!”

“You’re too fast!”

“Director Zhang, you must take care of your health!”

“Yeah, don’t tire yourself out!”

However, Zhang Ye said in a relaxed manner, “What about me tiring out? What’s the big deal with just this bit of workload?” He wasn’t bragging; he really didn’t feel tired at all. When he left the house with Old Wu this morning, he even jogged three laps around their neighborhood before driving over to work without breaking a sweat.

Everyone was speechless.

They sometimes wondered if Director Zhang was made of metal.

They really wanted to take off his clothes to see if there were steel plates underneath.

Ha Qiqi said at this moment, “Oh right, Director Zhang, the itinerary for the Japan trip is out.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “OK, let me have a look.”

“Here.” Ha Qiqi passed it to him. “It’s from the Asian Charity Association.”

Schedule:

Next Monday.

Plane arrives in Tokyo.

Check-in to the Asakusa Hotel.

And so on.

Zhang Ye read over it. “Alright, we’ll travel according to their itinerary. But for the return trip, there’s no need to rush it. Let’s stay for a few more days.”

Ha Qiqi nodded. “Alright, I’ll go and liaise with them.”

Zhang Zuo asked, “Who will be in the entourage this time?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Who wants to go?”

Little Wang raised her hand and shouted, "Me, me, me!"

Little Zhou also raised her hand. "I've never been to Japan before either!"

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "It's not like we're letting you guys go there to have fun. We're going to be handling important matters."

However, Zhang Ye was not that particular. "Haha, it doesn't matter. It's going to be a work and R&R trip. Alright, Little Wang and Little Zhou will be coming with me. And Little Sun too, you'll definitely have to come along as well."

Little Sun smiled. "OK!"

Zhang Ye looked at Ha Qiqi. "Old Ha, why don't you go too?"

Ha Qiqi said, "I will definitely be going."

Zhang Ye nodded. "So then, that's about it?"

Zhang Zuo felt a little uneasy and immediately said, "Director Zhang, why don't you bring Little Yang along as well?"

Ha Qiqi quickly added, "That's right, that's right. We weren't prepared when we went to Korea the last time, so we nearly got into trouble when we hit a snag. It won't work if we don't have a bodyguard with us while we're abroad. Moreover, the Japanese are always scolding you nowadays, so we definitely have to bring Little Yang along with us. Safety first!"

Across the office, Yang Shu was leaning on the windowsill and staring at the BMW X5 parked downstairs. Upon hearing that, she slowly turned her head in a daze and asked, "What's the matter? Where are we going?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes.

Ha Qiqi said, "We're going to Japan. We'll be depending on you for protection."

Yang Shu nodded and said, "Alright."

Zhang Ye lectured her, "Don't cause any trouble when you're there."

Yang Shu replied, "OK."

Zhang Ye said, "And stop setting your sights on other people's car windows!"

Yang Shu said, "Uh-huh."

Zhang Ye harrumphed, "If you get into trouble while we're there, we'll leave you behind in Japan. Don't think about coming back here either. Do you hear me?"

Yang Shu said, "OK."

Nobody knew whether to laugh or cry!

Director Zhang!

How can you be so thick-skinned to lecture others?

You're obviously the one who is always getting into trouble!

Every one of those words that you said was referring to yourself, alright?

The itinerary was finalized, and the entourage was determined as well. The remaining item to take care of was the paperwork.

Getting passports.

Booking the plane tickets.

Making the hotel reservations.

The Asian Charity Association had only invited Zhang Ye, but they did say that they would reimburse and make arrangements for his entourage as well. After all, they knew that for a celebrity of Zhang Ye's level, he could not possibly travel alone for a trip like that. However, since Zhang Ye was planning to bring a lot of people with him, he didn't want to trouble the charity to arrange all that. Zhang Ye was a fair and just person, so he decided that he would fork out the money himself.

There were three more days to go.

Everyone was looking forward to this trip to Japan.

But just before they set off, an incident that would cause a heated discussion throughout Asia happened!

...

On this morning.

The news came completely out of the blue!

A Korean journalist brought to light the in-house magazines in a hotel in Tokyo, Japan that were provided to their guests. The articles in it were extremely harsh: whitewashing history, tampering with history, denying past military atrocities, and even using language in an obviously insulting tone to the Chinese and Koreans. It was terrible and horrible! Most importantly, this hotel was even quite a famous one. It was called the Asakusa Hotel, and many of the accommodation needs of large conferences' attendees and foreign athletes during important competitions were handled here. It was also a corporate partner to many travel agencies, and a lot of Chinese tour groups would arrange for their guests to stay with them. However, those magazines were all published in the Japanese language, so it managed to stay undiscovered until now!

In the history of this world, there were also quite a lot of similarities to that of Zhang Ye's previous world. There were differences, but the general development of both universes did not vary by too much!

As such, many of the countries in Asia were having none of it this time!

China.

Korea.

The media.

The people.

All of them immediately started criticizing!

Chapter 1425: I will stay at the Asakusa Hotel!

The Chinese netizens.

“Damn, they’re purposely trying to pick a fight!”

“This is clearly a provocation!”

“This hotel is too arrogant!”

“The Asakusa Hotel? I stayed there when I took a vacation to Japan last year!”

“Fuck! What’s the meaning of this?”

“Apologize! They have to apologize!”

“This is bullying!”

“If it were some smaller hotel, it might not matter. But this is the Asakusa Hotel we’re talking about. Fuck, how can they do something like that? So many organizations and travel agencies work with them too! Oh, they’re secretly placing some right-wing mags in the hotel while making money off of our Chinese citizens? Motherfucker!”

“They must make an explanation for that!”

“Right, this is too disgusting!”

The Korean netizens.

“Ask the hotel manager to step forward!”

“Does anyone care about this?”

“Actions like these are despicable!

“I can’t believe it! There’s actually a hotel like that?”

“Apologize!”

“Boycott staying in the hotel!”

“I suggest that us Koreans should permanently cut all corporate ties with the Asakusa Hotel!”

“Those magazines must be destroyed!”

“This kind of talk cannot be forgiven by providence!”

“History is not something that you can erase just because you want to!”

Many of the Asian countries’ peoples came forward to curse at this. They had long forgotten about the boycott of Zhang Ye. When it came to such major national issues, there was absolutely no room for negotiation. So everyone’s attention was diverted to the Japanese in an instant!

Similarly, a lot of Asian celebrities came forward to protest!

Xu Meilan posted on Weibo: “Despicable!”

Zhang Yuanqi posted on Weibo with a remark: “Let’s see how long it’ll take for your hotel to be done in!”

Jiang Hanwei’s Studio’s Weibo: “Respect should be mutual. Don’t overstep your limits!”

Another Heavenly King: “To all the Chinese people, please remember the name of this hotel! Even if you’re going to throw your money away, don’t let them earn it!”

The people were firing shots!

The celebrities were firing shots!

The media was firing shots!

This incident grew in intensity at once!

...

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Everyone here also saw the news.

Ha Qiqi was stunned. “The Asakusa Hotel? Isn’t that the hotel where Director Zhang will be staying?”

Wu Yi cursed, “Those fucking Japanese! Fuck their grandpas!”

Zhang Zuo said, “They’re trying to cause trouble!”

Little Wang said, “The main issue is, who knows how long those problematic magazines have been on display for? It was intentional! They’re intentionally provoking us!”

Everyone was scolding!

This was indeed a bit too much!

If you weren’t looking to earn the Chinese and Korean people’s money in the first place, then fine! You could have shown that attitude right from the start. You didn’t have to accept the Chinese tourists, or corporate bookings of the other countries’ travel agencies and the accommodation of the foreign athletes. They wouldn’t have wanted to stay at your hotel either! But no, the hotel actively sought out many corporate deals and managed to get a lot of Chinese and Korean tourists to stay at the hotel. Yet they still secretly placed all these problematic reading materials inside of everyone’s rooms, deliberately mocking them for not understanding what was written in them. Moreover, the other Japanese guests

and hotel employees who could understand Japanese would secretly laugh at them without bringing the matter to their attention!

What was that supposed to mean?

Are you taking us to be idiots?

Everyone was furious, except for Zhang Ye, who remained rather stoic. This was because he found this news rather familiar. It had happened before in his previous world as well. The incident also happened in Japan, and it was also an issue with the in-house reading materials. The only difference was that the hotel was different. It seemed like some incidents were simply inevitable even after the world was now a different one. There would always be idiots with no idea of the stupid things they were doing.

...

The situation kept getting worse!

The voices of protest were getting louder and louder!

Sports organizations, charities, travel agencies, and many other corporate partners of the Asakusa Hotel put forward their requests to have the hotel take away their problematic reading materials!

The Chinese authorities also protested!

The Japanese media was also highly concerned about this incident!

But in an interview that was leaked out, a Japanese official gave a statement.

"Hello!"

"Yes."

"Can we ask you what you think about the Asakusa Hotel incident?"

"That is a matter for the hotel to handle. We have no authority to interfere."

"But many countries in Asia have raised serious protests!"

"As I said, the hotel has its own way of managing its operations, so we won't be interfering."

After a few hours.

The Asakusa Hotel held a press conference.

Many reporters from China, Korea, and Japan showed up at the venue!

In the end, the hotel owner's first response was, "We will not be taking away the reading materials in question! Those magazines will always be placed in every one of our hotel rooms!"

Arrogant!

Too arrogant!

The Chinese and Korean reporters were enraged!

A female Korean reporter said loudly, "Aren't you afraid of losing the foreign tourists as your customers?"

But the hotel owner looked at her and said, "Our hotel will always welcome every guest. If you don't wish to stay here, don't come. We can't force you to stay here either. We have our own way of doing business, and as long as we keep our real customers happy, the hotel won't suffer any losses. On the contrary, we're doing great every year, and the hotel is even thinking of expanding its operations. This matter won't affect us at all."

The Japanese authorities were indifferent!

The Asakusa Hotel's attitude was terrible!

This was the answer they had given!

The Chinese and Koreans cursed like crazy.

"Fuck!"

"What kinda people are those!"

"Can't we curb them?"

"Quickly take away the problematic magazines!"

"Motherfucker!"

The matter blew up even more!

Many Chinese and Korean travel agencies immediately announced the termination of all future cooperation with the Asakusa Hotel, and many travel service sites also announced that they would immediately blacklist the Asakusa Hotel from their search results and reservation services!

...

One day.

Two days.

Furious scolding!

Denouncements!

Cancellations of cooperation!

Wave after wave of attacks were aimed at them!

But it was all in vain as the Asakusa Hotel stood firm no matter what the outside world did. They refused to take away the reading materials and continued behaving however they wanted. They even used this matter as a way to attract more right-wing Japanese guests to their hotel. No one could do anything about them!

It seemed like the matter was going to carry on unanswered like this.

...

At the studio.

Zhang Ye still did not make any comments about the incident.

The netizens were scolding and the celebrities were all calling for a boycott, but only Zhang Ye did not make a response. This left everyone in Zhang Ye's studio extremely surprised.

Little Wang blinked. "Director Zhang, let's express our stand as well!"

Ha Qiqi also suggested, "Yeah, we have to at least scold them a little as well."

However, Zhang Ye smiled and said, "There are already so many people scolding them. I won't be missed."

Little Wang was getting a little anxious. "But that's not the same. We have to express our stand. Otherwise, how will people view us? Every time something like this happens, haven't we always been obliged to say something about it?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "What does it matter what others think of me? You've already seen the attitude of those people at the Asakusa Hotel. What's the use in scolding them further? They won't give a damn."

Ha Qiqi said, "But!"

What was going on with Director Zhang?

Why was he so low-key this time?

They could not understand.

At this moment, the Asian Charity Association called because tomorrow was the day of departure to Japan.

The call connected.

Qu Huahua said: "Teacher Zhang."

Zhang Ye said: "Hello, Sister Qu."

Qu Huahua said: "Too many things have happened over the past few days, so we didn't have the time to contact you until now. We've already held many discussions with the Asakusa Hotel, but nothing conclusive came out of it. We've decided to terminate our corporate agreement with them, so we'll be switching you to another hotel. Why don't you see if there any other place that you'd like to stay at and we'll arrange it for you?"

However, Zhang Ye's reply was shocking!

Zhang Ye laughed for a bit. "I think that the Asakusa Hotel should be pretty good."

Qu Huahua was stunned: "Ah?"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said: "Just go ahead with them. There's no need to change the accommodation."

Qu Huahua gasped: "But no Chinese citizen dares stay at their hotel anymore. Don't you know about the incident with their problematic magazines?" This—"

Zhang Ye said: "No one dares to stay there anymore? Well, I do."

Qu Huahua was speechless.

As was the staff of Zhang Ye's Studio.

Zhang Ye said happily: "Sister Qu, I have decided to stay there."

Qu Huahua said in a speechless manner: "Since you say so, then alright. But have you thought it through?"

Zhang Ye: "Hur hur, I've thought it through."

Don't dare to stay?

Why would I not dare to stay there!

You should instead be worried about whether they dare to let me stay there!

Chapter 1426: Big news!

The next day.

On the morning of departure.

Wu Zeqing was making breakfast while Zhang Ye's mother was helping him with his luggage.

"Are you bringing your toothbrush?"

"They have one over there. I don't need to bring one."

"Bring a towel. The ones at the hotel are not clean."

"Aiya, there's no need to."

"Why do you have to go there for so many days?"

"Hai, I just want to go there and hang out."

"You must watch out when you get there."

"I know, Mom. Don't you know how skilled I am at fighting?"

"Who's talking about you? I was talking about watching out for other people's safety. Don't create any more trouble when you're over there. Otherwise, how are you going to come back if you get arrested by the police?"

"I won't, don't worry."

"Like I could possibly not worry about that temper of yours!"

“Just help me take care of Old Wu over here.”

“Need you ask? Just go on your trip.”

The luggage was packed.

After breakfast.

Zhang Ye pulled the suitcase behind him and left the house.

At the entrance, Yang Shu had already driven Ha Qiqi, Little Wang, and the others over and were waiting outside. Little Sun quickly got out of the car to help him load the luggage into the car. Zhang Ye pulled open the door and got inside.

The car drove away.

Ha Qiqi said with a wry smile, “You didn’t tell your family where you would be staying, right?”

Zhang Ye shrugged. “I didn’t mention it.”

Little Wang said, “Why do you insist on staying at the Asakusa Hotel?”

Little Zhou said, “Yeah, that place is on everyone’s tongue right now, and everyone is avoiding it.”

Zhang Ye laughed. “That hotel feels pretty good to me.”

Little Wang: “Pfft! And where did you get the idea that it’s pretty good from?”

However, Zhang Ye did not explain anything to them.

They drove to the airport, got out, checked-in, went through security, and boarded the plane.

...

On the plane.

Everyone started to discuss the comic series.

How to submit the final copy.

How to go about the workflow.

How to keep their identity secret.

After all, that was the real purpose of their trip.

...

The plane landed.

At the airport in Tokyo.

Little Wang and Little Zhou were both traveling out of the country for the first time. They looked around curiously inside the airport.

Suddenly, Little Wang pointed. “They’re here to pick us up, right?”

Everyone looked over. Indeed, there was a welcome sign with their names on it.

Someone from the Asian Charity Association had come to pick Zhang Ye and his team up from the airport, and that person happened to be Qu Huahua whom Zhang Ye had met once. Qu Huahua was a woman in her thirties. She was slightly plump and looked extremely friendly. If you said she wasn't involved in charity work, people would actually find it hard to believe that.

Qu Huahua stretched out her hand. "Teacher Zhang, how have you been?"

Zhang Ye shook hands with her. "Sister Qu, you needn't have come personally."

Qu Huahua smiled and said, "A lot of people have found out about your schedule. I came here personally because I was worried."

Ha Qiqi was taken aback, as though she did not understand why being worried had anything to do with Zhang Ye's schedule getting found out by other people. However, the next moment, all of them understood.

Not far away.

Several dozen Japanese people suddenly started shouting.

"Zhang Ye!"

"Over there!"

"It's him!"

"That hooligan!"

"Get out of Japan!"

"Get out of Japan!"

"We don't welcome you here!"

"Ptui, whoever said that you could come here!"

"Fuck off back to China!"

The group was making a scene!

Some people even held up signs in Chinese with swear words on them.

With the uproar over here, quite a few passengers turned to look.

"Is that really Zhang Ye?"

"So that's him?"

"Damn, he still dares to come here?"

"That bastard!"

In the end, a lot of Japanese passengers who were not here for Zhang Ye followed suit and started scolding him.

Unlike the other countries in Asia, the Japanese people did not really care about the Asakusa Hotel incident. Many of them did not even know about it as the matter did not cause much of a sensation here. Their sentiments were still focused on the boycott of Zhang Ye. Be it the video of Zhang Ye's scolding incident at Peking University, the Rivers Run Red scolding incident, or the matter of Kimura Kazuya getting "sent" back to Japan from China, everyone had accumulated a belly full of anger. In the past month, which day did they not spend cursing at Zhang Ye? Yet this fellow's Asian popularity score continued rising by the day, nearly driving them to their graves. Now that Zhang Ye had come to Japan, many of the Japanese people came over and started cursing at him!

Ha Qiqi and the others stayed very vigilant.

Little Wang and Little Zhou also stood closer to Yang Shu, feeling a little safer that way.

Qu Huahua said helplessly, "There, your popularity over here is rather 'high.'"

Zhang Ye laughed as he calmly said, "There aren't even this many people welcoming me back in China. I hadn't expected such a reception here in Japan."

When the charity association's staff who came to welcome them heard this, they gave Zhang Ye another look. So this was their newly appointed philanthropic ambassador? Most of them were only seeing Zhang Ye in person for the first time.

What a legend indeed!

This Teacher Zhang is really big-hearted!

In the face of all this scolding by everyone, he could still banter?

Qu Huahua said, "Shall we go then?"

Zhang Ye said, "Sure."

The airport also deployed the police to escort them out.

It wasn't because the Japanese police were willing to do so, but that they had their duties to perform.

In the car.

Qu Huahua said, "It's still not too late to change hotels."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "There's no need for that."

Qu Huahua spread her hands. "Alright then, I really don't understand what you're thinking, though."

Along the way, everyone was treated to a simple taste of the Japanese scenery.

When the car reached the hotel, it was already afternoon. After they came to a stop, Qu Huahua said, "Alright, I'll be dropping you all off here and leaving the rest to Little Yan to help you check-in."

But Zhang Ye said, "There's no need. I can handle it myself."

Qu Huahua gave it some thought. "OK, but there are a lot of reporters around, and the controversy is not minor. Do be careful and immediately notify me by phone if anything happens."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Great job, Sister Qu."

Qu Huahua said, "No worries."

Zhang Ye and the others got out and watched as their ride drove off.

Ha Qiqi looked across the road at the Asakusa Hotel. "So that's the place?"

Little Wang snorted. "It looks like a rather big hotel."

Little Sun said, "Director Zhang, so do we?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "You guys go ahead and check-in."

Little Zhou said, "Don't! Let us accompany you."

Zhang Ye said, "There's no need for that. I intend to rest up for the next few days at the hotel. Do whatever you guys need to. Don't worry about me. There's no need to come over to look for me either. We can keep in contact via cell."

Ha Qiqi said, "Ah?"

Zhang Ye said, "That will be all."

Little Wang said, "But—"

"Little Yang, take care of everyone's safety," said Zhang Ye.

Yang Shu nodded. "Don't worry, Senior Bro!"

After that, Zhang Ye pulled his suitcase along and crossed the road.

Little Zhou said in a terrified manner, "Will Director Zhang be able to handle it by himself?"

Ha Qiqi gave a bitter laugh and said, "Whatever, let's not worry about that. I'm sure he has a plan."

They did not book their accommodations at the Asakusa Hotel and were instead staying at a hotel opposite it. As it was just across the road, they just needed to turn around and enter the hotel to process their check-ins. As for what Zhang Ye was really up to, they did not know nor could they guess.

...

The Asakusa Hotel.

In the main lobby.

Zhang Ye slowly strolled inside and discovered that there was a rather long line at the counter. It seemed like business was rather brisk here and was completely unaffected by the scolding from the Chinese. He went over and joined a line. Two or three minutes later, it was finally his turn and he placed his documentation and passport onto the front desk.

The female receptionist greeted him with a smile.

“Hello.”

“Mmm.”

“Are you checking in to your room?”

“Mhm.”

“Please wait.”

When the female receptionist finished speaking, she gave him a few more looks as she found him rather familiar-looking. However, she did not think too much about it. But when she flipped open Zhang Ye’s passport, she got a shock!

What?

Zhang Ye?

That Chinese Heavenly King?

The female receptionist looked up and asked in English, “Do you really want to check in?”

Zhang Ye said with a smile, “Yes.”

The female receptionist was dumbfounded. “Are you sure you didn’t come to the wrong place? This is the Asakusa Hotel.”

Zhang Ye said, “I know. This is where I’m staying.”

The female receptionist checked the reservation list and received an even greater shock. Zhang Ye’s freaking name was really there. What is the meaning of this? Why are you staying at our hotel? Don’t you watch the news? However, she did not stop and quickly processed Zhang Ye’s check-in. She also informed the president at the same time.

...

Upstairs.

In the office.

The hotel owner received the news soon after.

“Zhang Ye checked in to our hotel?”

“Yes, President.”

“Why is he here?”

“It’s a corporate booking from the charity association.”

“Didn’t they cancel it?”

“They did; they canceled all of them except for Zhang Ye’s booking.”

“He’s the only one who’s going to stay here?”

“Yes.”

“For how many days?”

“The booking is for ten days.”

“Is he crazy or what?”

“President, his reputation in Japan is very poor and everyone is cursing him these days. Should we reject his booking?”

“Haha, just let him stay. I was just worrying about how to hype up the publicity further. After the incident blew up, he still chooses to stay at our Asakusa Hotel? He must have so much trust in our hotel! This will show those people in China and Korea! Weren’t they trying to boycott us? Weren’t they going to cancel their bookings? Look! There will still be people coming here to stay! And it’s even a big name in Asia! This is free publicity for us!”

“That’s right!”

...

Zhang Ye’s stay was quickly processed.

Unbeknownst to him, he had been recognized by quite a few foreign correspondents the moment he walked in.

“Ah!”

“Isn’t that Zhang Ye?”

“What’s he doing here?”

“Is it for the Public Service Announcements Award Ceremony?”

“But why is he staying here?”

“Hurry, write a report on it!”

“This is big news!”

Chapter 1427: Zhang Ye’s two demands!

In the hotel.

Upstairs.

The elevator came to a stop with a ding.

There was the occasional chatter from the nearby Japanese guests.

“Did you read the magazines?”

“I read them.”

“Haha, the hotel president really dares to speak out.”

“I like him.”

“Me too, that’s why I chose to stay at this place.”

“Yeah, many others also think the same.”

“To dare to say such things, I hope that the hotel president will continue to stand firm in his views.”

“Yeah, many organizations and people in the country have sent in words of support too.”

“The Asakusa Hotel is going to become so popular.”

In the past, Zhang Ye would definitely not understand any of these conversations. However, after “eating” the Japanese Language Skill Experience Books, he could even understand accented Japanese. He smiled as he dragged his luggage along and found his room. There, he unlocked the door.

He swept his eyes over the place. This hotel’s layout was similar to the average star hotels back at home. The decorations were more or less the same, except it was a little small. Although he had booked a larger suite, the space still felt rather cramped. He wasn’t picky about it though. He closed the door behind him and placed his luggage aside. Then he started wandering through the suite.

The bathroom.

The living room.

The bedroom.

Finally, at a very conspicuous spot on the nightstand, Zhang Ye saw a book. He bent over to pick it up and casually flipped through a few pages of it—this was it.

The content was ugly.

A bunch of nonsense.

After Zhang Ye verified this, he went over to sort out his luggage.

Towel, clothes, shoes, he took them out one at a time.

Throughout it all, he was just like any other guest who checked into a hotel. In fact, he was even more normal than the average hotel guest!

...

Across the sea.

In China.

At this moment, a great disturbance was stirring!

“Asakusa Hotel president makes another snide comment!”

“Many Japanese government officials express their support!”

“The Japanese citizens send out thousands and thousands of support letters!”

“The latest update: Zhang Ye checks into the Asakusa Hotel!”

“Zhang Ye travels to Japan and stays at the problematic hotel!”

“Reporters at the scene send in their reports: The person’s identity has been verified as Zhang Ye!”

“Why did Zhang Ye choose to stay there at this time?”

When the news came out, an uproar burst in China!

Zhang Ye’s cell phone immediately exploded with calls!

...

His mother called!

“Mom, I’ve arrived. I’ve disembarked from the plane and checked in to my hotel already. Haha, I forgot to inform you.”

“Where are you staying?”

“Why?”

“Are you staying at the Asakusa Hotel?”

“Eh, your news is quite up-to-date?”

“Up-to-date my ass! It’s all over the news in China!”

“Really?”

“Why are you staying there! I was reminding you a few hours ago not to get into any trouble, but look at you now! You immediately came up with this stunt the moment you arrived?”

...

Zhang Xia called!

“Grandma Zhang.”

“What are you trying to do?”

“Haha, nothing at all.”

“If it’s nothing, then why are you staying at the Asakusa Hotel? That place is the source of all current trouble. Aren’t you trying to invite gossip by staying there right now?”

“It’ll be fine.”

“Oh you, you’re too bold.”

...

Ning Lan called!

“Old Ning, what’s the matter?”

“Quickly check out now!”

“I only just checked in. Why would I check out?”

“Didn’t you see the news before you went over?”

“I did.”

“Then why do you still dare to stay there?”

“Haha, why can’t I stay here?”

...

Xu Meilan called!

“Zhang’er, what are you up to?”

“I’m not up to anything.”

“Everyone is calling for a boycott of the hotel, yet you still stayed there? Was it a booking by the charity association? Couldn’t you have just canceled it? And book another place yourself?!”

“That’s too troublesome.”

“You—”

...

The Koreans began scolding as well.

Voices of denouncement resounded all over the Internet against Zhang Ye.

“That idiot!”

“Why did he still stay there?”

“This is pissing me off!”

“What is he trying to do?”

“It’s blown up over in China too. The celebrities there are all stepping forward to call for a boycott and expressing their stand, but he’s the only one who didn’t do so? And he even stayed there?”

“*faints* What a dipshit!”

...

The Chinese netizens were also rather speechless!

“Teacher Zhang, your sister!”

“What has gotten into Lord Zhang this time?”

“Who knows? That fellow often relapses into fits like this every once in a while!”

“I really have to take my hat off to Zhang Ye. How does he always manage to get into all this trouble?”

“Can you not take your hat off to him? At a time like this, which Chinese celebrity wouldn’t avoid that place like plague? But for him, not only does he not avoid the place, he’s even stepping right through their doors? And took up occupancy as well?”

“Zhang Ye has never done things according to common sense.”

“But this is still too illogical. What is he trying to achieve by staying there?”

“When it comes to causing trouble, if Zhang Ye claims that he is number two, no one would fucking dare to say that they’re number one. He only just caused a ruckus over in Korea, but he’s already making the news in Japan? He really can’t settle down peacefully wherever he goes! This fellow is a born troublemaker. The entire world is in chaos all because of him!”

“Teacher Zhang, please stop messing around!”

“Teacher Zhang, your grandpa!”

“Hurry up and check out of there. We can still get along after that!”

No one knew what Zhang Ye was trying to do!

No one knew what he was playing at!

Even Zhang Ye’s relatives and friends were stunned when they heard about this. They all knew that this was not somebody else but Zhang Ye they were talking about. He was a nationalistic young man who often fought with others every other day and could start a mess from nothing. Further, it was such a big incident this time, yet? Zhang Ye didn’t even say a single word or scold anyone on the Internet, nor did he take to calling out the other party. In fact, he even went there to stay at the hotel. This was too abnormal. This was too illogical. Surely this fellow wasn’t planning to kick up some earth-shattering trouble, was he?

...

Tokyo.

The Asakusa Hotel.

In the cafeteria on the second floor.

A lot of Japanese people were eating. The hotel’s president dropped by at this moment, and a group of people were looking at him with smiles while making conversation with him.

“President, we support you!”

“Well done!”

“Right, you must stand firm on this!”

“We’ll be cheering you on!”

"You're a national hero!"

They even went as far as calling him a national hero.

There was even a spring in the president's footsteps.

At this moment, a young man came strolling into the cafeteria. He found a spot and took a seat, then ordered and ate his meal.

Everyone noticed him.

"Doesn't that guy look familiar?"

"Could he be Zhang Ye?"

"Damn, it's really him!"

"What? He actually dares to stay here?"

"What on earth is going on? Why is he here?"

They were all stunned!

The president looked at Zhang Ye and was prepared to ignore him. He continued chatting with everyone else as he went from table to table. But when he passed Zhang Ye's table, a line in Japanese astonished him and stopped him in his tracks!

Zhang Ye did not raise his head. "There are two things."

The president was so shocked his jaw dropped. "You can speak Japanese?"

Zhang Ye took a bite of his food and chewed as he spoke, "First, destroy all of the problematic reading material."

The president's face sank.

Zhang Ye took another bite. "Second, make a public apology."

The president looked at him with a dark expression.

Only then did Zhang Ye look up with a smile. "Simple, right?"

The president sneered and said, "Impossible!"

But Zhang Ye calmly said, "Consider it. I'll give you a day's time. If I don't see any response by the deadline, you'll be responsible for the consequences."

Consequences?

What consequences can there be!

You're even giving me a day's time?

Who do you think you are!

The president was not having any of it. The Japanese celebrities only cared about Zhang Ye because they were artists too, because they were interested in developing their careers in the Chinese market. But their hotel had no plans to expand into China, so what was the use of threatening him? Do you think I'm afraid of you? Do you think you're someone important?! And besides, shouldn't you know where you are right now? This is not China! This is not your territory! This is Japan! This is the Asakusa Hotel!

The president stared daggers and said, "Well, I'll be waiting then!"

Zhang Ye glanced at him. "I personally suggest that you think about this carefully first."

The president found it ridiculous. "There's no need to!"

Zhang Ye smiled and went back to eating. "Alright then."

Nobody heard the conversation between the two of them. Everyone else only saw the two of them talking about something.

After the meal, Zhang Ye wiped his mouth and slipped out of the cafeteria. He took the elevator and returned upstairs.

Why did he come to the Asakusa Hotel?

Of course he wasn't here to travel.

Not scolding anyone?

Not saying a word?

Not expressing his stand?

That was because Zhang Ye did not have to do any of that!

Because he had always been one to let his actions speak for themselves!

Chapter 1428: Zhang Ye's underhanded tactics!

The next day.

Morning.

The charity association's car arrived at the hotel to pick him up.

Zhang Ye packed his luggage and headed to the venue of the awards ceremony.

It was an internal awards ceremony, so there wasn't even anyone from the media present. After that, an appreciation event was held, followed by a luncheon.

About two hours later, the events finished up.

The business done, Zhang Ye returned to where he came from.

...

In the afternoon.

The Asakusa Hotel.

Zhang Ye had just returned when Ha Qiqi's call arrived.

"Director Zhang."

"Yes?"

"Is the event over?"

"It's done."

"Did it go well?"

"Haha, of course it went well."

"Did you see the news from back home?"

"I've seen it."

"Everyone knows that you're staying at the Asakusa Hotel, so what do we do now?"

"There's nothing we need to do about that. By the way, Old Ha, have you completed the certification that I requested?"

"It's already done. The certification has been passed."

"OK."

"What are you using it for?"

"Hur hur, I have grand plans for it."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye looked around the hotel room. When he walked back into the bedroom, the sheets were folded and that magazine had reappeared at its original position. They still did not remove it. Zhang Ye smiled and was not surprised. After a glance, he continued to the bathroom where he filled the bathtub up before taking off his clothes and getting in. He closed his eyes and luxuriously soaked in the warm bath while humming a little ditty.

Meanwhile.

Upstairs in the hotel.

Several executives were holding a meeting.

"Did he really say that, President?"

"This Chinese celebrity is too arrogant!"

"Haha, how can we be afraid of him?"

"I would like to see just what kinds of consequences he's talking about!"

"A day's time is almost up? But he still hasn't acted!"

"Hur hur, what could he possibly do? Does he think that he can tear down our hotel? What is he bragging about! If he even dares to try, the police will take him away immediately!"

"The Asian entertainment circle's people are always saying this and that about him, about how amazing he is. It looks like they've deified him too much and made him sound more impressive than he really is. He's only an artist, and he's even in Japan, which is our territory, so how does he plan on taking us on? Isn't that just a fantasy! If this were China, he might be able to gather the people to surround our hotel or boycott us with just a shout. That I believe. I believe he does have that influence. I would apologize immediately if that were the case! But this is Japan! He can try all he wants to gather forces! I don't believe that anyone will respond to him! Haha! If even ten people respond to him, I'll be convinced!"

"Not even ten, even five will impress me!"

"Hahahaha, just three is enough for me!"

"What three or five people are you two talking about? I'd consider him capable if even one person shows up!"

The hotel's top brass started laughing as they discussed the matter.

But at this moment.

In the room downstairs, Zhang Ye had finished bathing. He went over to the sofa to sit down and took out his laptop. Crossing his legs, he started doing something that was unimaginable to anyone else. He did not tear down the hotel, nor did he not haggle with the hotel staff. All he did was log on to a website with his verified account and inject himself into Japan's own social network that wasn't unlike China's Weibo. A lot of celebrities and government officials would also post their updates on this platform.

On it, a lot of Japanese people were still scolding him.

This kind of denunciation had been going on for many days.

"I heard that he came to Japan!"

"Yeah, he even won a prize!"

"It makes me so angry!"

"Who allowed a notorious artist like him to come to our shores? And he was even awarded a prize?"

"Don't let me find out where he stays! Otherwise, I'll definitely avenge Kimura Kazuya-sensei!"

"Right, we won't take it lying down!"

"This man is as good as a tumor in the Asian entertainment industry!"

"It's just too bad that we can't locate him. Otherwise, everyone could spit on him and drown him!"

Over here, Zhang Ye was basically the most wanted man alive. There was scolding all around as the Japanese people remained immersed in a wave of deep anger over Zhang Ye. His "popularity" over here was very high.

Zhang Ye started typing.

...

Yamashita Takenao.

An A-list celebrity in Japan.

At this moment, he posted the promotional activities for a new movie he was starring in. The people were eagerly waiting and wishing for him to have a box office sellout for his new film. There was a very celebratory atmosphere around.

Then, an extremely dissonant voice appeared.

Zhang Ye commented: "Are you insane?"

—Sent from the Asakusa Hotel, Tokyo.

"What the hell!"

"Who's he calling insane?"

"Who is this person?"

"Ah, Zhang Ye?"

"Is that a fake account?"

"Look at the verification! It's Zhang Ye himself!"

"Fuck, it really is him!"

"Motherfucker! What does he mean by that!"

Yamashita Takenao was hopping mad!

...

Koizumi Masumi.

A Japanese S-list superstar.

Her new song had just been released, and she was currently chatting happily with the netizens.

That "voice" appeared again.

Zhang Ye commented: "Are you insane?"

—Sent from the Asakusa Hotel, Tokyo.

"Holy shit!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

“You’re the insane one!”

“Your whole family is insane!”

“Fuck, this fellow is too arrogant!”

Koizumi Masumi was also exasperated!

...

Komatsu Ryuu.

A Japanese A-list star.

The latest Japanese drama that he starred in had won a major domestic award. Komatsu Ryuu had just posted a message of thanks online, but it was met with that “voice” yet again.

Zhang Ye: “Are you insane?”

—Sent from the Asakusa Hotel, Tokyo.

“Zhang Ye!”

“It’s him again!”

“This is pissing me off!”

“Ahhhhh!”

“How can there be such a shameless person!”

“Why is he taking the fight here?”

“What is he trying to do!”

When Komatsu Ryuu saw this, he nearly fainted from anger!

...

B-listers!

A-listers!

S-listers!

More than 30 Japanese celebrities were greeted by this message of Zhang Ye’s. Of these people, all were actively involved in the denouncement of Zhang Ye in recent days. They had their fair share of scolding him online and expressing their stance in public. But in the end, Zhang Ye came looking for them one by one. This stunned a lot of people who were watching!

No one expected Zhang Ye to be so bold!

This is Japan!

You’re in Japan now!

But you came here looking for trouble with them?

Do you have a fucking death wish!

At this moment, the Japanese entertainment industry was enraged!

At this moment, the Japanese media turned furious!

At this moment, the Japanese people blew their tops!

“How infuriating!”

“I can’t take this anymore!”

“Brothers, get him!”

“Fuck, kill him!”

“Look! He didn’t turn off his location reporting!”

“That dumbass exposed his address!”

“Where is he?”

“He’s in Tokyo! The Asakusa Hotel!”

“Let’s get him! We found him! He won’t be able to get away this time!”

“Everyone, let’s go together! Make him get out of Japan! Let him have a taste of our anger!”

“Who’s coming?”

“Count me in!”

“And me too!”

“Damn! I’m going as well!”

“Everyone, calm down. He’s the Asian philanthropic ambassador and is protected by the authorities as well as the charities!”

“Fucking philanthropic ambassador, my ass! Have you seen anyone with an attitude like his become a philanthropic ambassador before?”

“He’s gone mad! Everyone, let’s get him!”

Chapter 1429: The Asakusa Hotel gets besieged!

Later that afternoon.

Tokyo.

Outside the Asakusa Hotel.

A crowd started gathering in all directions. Some people were scolding angrily, some looked enraged, and some had sullen faces. There was a mix of men and women, young and old.

“We’re here!”

“It’s the Asakusa Hotel!”

“This is the place!”

“Motherfucker!”

“Zhang Ye is in there!”

10 people!

50 people!

A 100 people!

More and more people were gathering. Within a short period of time, the crowd grew to over a 1,000 people!

The front, sides, and back entrances of the hotel had all been clogged up by angry crowds of people!

Upstairs, in the president’s office.

Several of the hotel’s top brass were talking and laughing.

At this moment, the hotel’s lobby manager ran in in a panic.

“This is bad! President! Something bad has happened!”

“What’s going on? What happened?”

“The hotel has been surrounded by crowds of people!”

“What? People from where?”

“I, I don’t know!”

“How big is the crowd?”

“Uncountable! Totally uncountable!”

“How is that possible!”

“Hurry, go out and look!”

The top brass were shocked and started panicking. They jumped to their feet and ran outside to see for themselves. But when they saw the surrounding area of their hotel jam-packed with people, they nearly pissed themselves! Why? What is this?! Is Zhang Ye the one behind all this? But it’s impossible! This is Japan! Not China! How can that Zhang fella possibly have such a great influence! These executives were mocking Zhang Ye a while ago for being unable to gather anyone to the hotel. But when they saw this scene in front of them, when they saw the densely packed crowd of people, they were all dumbfounded. This was too fucking outrageous!

The crowd's numbers were still increasing!

The crowd was still growing larger!

In the blink of an eye, another 100-odd people had joined in!

Suddenly, someone shouted, "Hand Zhang Ye over!"

"Hand Zhang Ye over!"

"Hand Zhang Ye over!"

Countless people were shouting in unison!

The leading voice roared, "Get out of Japan!"

"Get out of Japan!"

"Get out of Japan!"

"Get out of Japan!"

"Get rid of the tumor!"

"Get rid of the tumor!"

The roads had been blocked off!

The passersby looked over in shock!

The hotel president paled. He finally understood what was going on!

When the hotel's top brass heard that, they also understood what was happening. They nearly jumped and started cursing at this!

Many of the hotel staff got so scared that they did not dare show themselves!

Shit!

This is bad!

Zhang! You're too fucking evil!

...

At the hotel across the road.

Ha Qiqi and the others were holding a meeting in the room. Everyone was discussing the comic series that Zhang Ye had delegated to them. As they were talking, thunderous shouts and screams came from outside. They jumped with fright and immediately felt that something big had happened. They ran over to the window in a panic and looked down. When they saw it, Ha Qiqi and the others all gasped in shock!

Little Wang shouted, "Damn!"

Little Zhou shouted, "Damn!"

Little Sun shouted, "Damn!"

Ha Qiqi anxiously said, "Are they shouting Zhang Ye's name?"

Little Sun, who understood a little Japanese, said, "Yes!"

Ha Qiqi said, "This is bad! Something has happened!"

She quickly called Zhang Ye who was staying at the hotel across the road.

Du du du. It went through.

Ha Qiqi said: "Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye asked: "Old Ha? What's the matter?"

"What's going on over there?"

"Nothing is happening?"

Ha Qiqi nearly vomited blood. "How can you call that 'nothing is happening'?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said: "It's fine. Just carry on with whatever you all are doing. Didn't I already say not to look for me these few days? I have some matters to handle, so I'll go look for you all after I'm done over here."

After hanging up, Ha Qiqi and the rest were all shaking in fear!

They only understood now what Director Zhang was planning!

They only understood now why Director Zhang had insisted on staying at the Asakusa Hotel!

Little Wang slapped her forehead and exclaimed, "I knew it! I knew that Director Zhang would surely start something big the moment he came abroad! Look at that! Will you all just look at that!"

Little Sun was almost in tears. "What are we going to do now!"

Little Sun had only joined Zhang Ye's Studio for a short period of time, and this was his first time going out for work with Zhang Ye. Although he had heard many stories about Zhang Ye, now that he was experiencing it firsthand for the first time, he finally understood why his colleagues at the studio got so terrified the moment they heard that Zhang Ye was going abroad. He finally had a taste of this feeling and thought that it wasn't something that most people could bear. Their hearts wouldn't be able to take all of this stress!

...

At the hotel.

Zhang Ye's room.

The shouting outside grew louder. However, Zhang Ye did not even have a frown on his face. Instead, he was relaxing on the sofa with his legs crossed and checking out the comics and animation of this world on his cell phone.

One page.

Five pages.

Ten pages.

This comic was pretty good.

Zhang Ye was reading it with relish.

...

Downstairs.

The crowd was howling.

“Get out of Japan!”

“Hand Zhang Ye over!”

Some people made a dash for the hotel!

The Asakusa Hotel’s security team rushed to stop them, while the hotel staff were crying over the situation. They braced themselves into a human wall to keep the crowd at bay.

“Don’t squeeze through!”

“You’re not allowed inside!”

“Manager, quickly call the police!”

“I’ve already done that!”

“What do we do now!”

“Block them! Stop them from entering!”

“Go and close the back entrance! Hurry, hurry, hurry!”

The hotel was full of guests, so they couldn’t possibly allow the protesters to get inside. If the guests complained, the hotel couldn’t bear it. Moreover, these people were all so angered, so who knew what they might do if they got in? If they were to thrash the place, none of them could suffer the losses!

A few minutes!

In just a few short minutes!

The Asakusa Hotel was plunged into chaos!

The hotel president stepped forward to speak up. “Everyone, please calm down! Listen to what I have to say!”

The crowd was enraged and wasn't going to listen to any explanations. "Hand Zhang Ye over! We know that he's inside!"

The hotel president said loudly, "I don't know where you all got your information from, but we really don't know anything about Zhang Ye staying with us. We did not receive any news about it, so could everyone please go back! Hurry up and go back! Zhang Ye isn't at our hotel! You can all go elsewhere to look for him!"

The crowd shouted, "Impossible!"

The hotel president said, "He's really not here!"

An executive of the hotel said, "Right, there's no such person staying here!"

For a moment, the crowd fell silent and hesitated a little.

But right at this moment, a hotel window upstairs was pushed open from the inside. The figure of a young man appeared at the window with his elbows resting on the windowsill and a cell phone in his hand. He was reading comics on it with a smile while basking in the warmth of the sun.

Someone looked up!

Someone pointed upstairs!

"Quick, look up there!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Fuck! It's him!"

"He's really in there!"

"There he is!"

"The hotel is in cahoots with him!"

"Damn! So they banded together to lie to us!"

With this, the people became even more enraged!

The hotel president and staff also looked up at that window. They were so enraged they nearly burst into tears. They had never come across someone as despicable as this!

This bastard was doing it on purpose!

Zhang Ye!

Fuck your grandpa!

Are you fucking trying to do us in?!

Chapter 1430: Inviting the Devil in is easier than sending him away!

The people downstairs were furiously cursing and scolding.

It was chaos inside and outside of the hotel.

The police hastily arrived at this moment.

“Zhang Ye, scram back to China!”

“The hotel has associated themselves with this scourge!”

“Get back, all of you! We’re the police!”

“Who’s causing trouble here? Arrest them!”

“Who is the hotel manager? What is going on here?”

“Me, I’m the manager!”

“Get back, all of you! No loitering around here!”

With the three groups of people caught in the mix, it couldn’t get messier than this!

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye was standing absolutely still at the window. He had a smile on his face as he concentrated on his cell phone. It was as though he wasn’t the target of scolding by the people downstairs and that the matter did not involve him at all. Further, he even began singing happily. “You are the most beautiful cloud in my sky. / Let me do what it takes to have you stay! Have! You! Stay!”

Below, when a Japanese police officer who understood Chinese heard that, his legs gave way and he nearly fell face first onto the floor!

Have you stay?

Have you stay, your sister!

The police officer shouted to the rioting crowd, “Disperse immediately!”

Three groups of people!

Three squads of officers!

Everyone was gnashing their teeth in hatred!

But Zhang Ye was happily humming a song upstairs?

What kind of a scene was this?

When Ha Qiqi, Little Sun, and the others saw this heroic air of Director Zhang’s through their window, they were greatly touched for a moment.

Ha Qiqi sighed.

Little Wang gave a wry smile.

Little Zhou’s eyes lit up in awe.

Little Sun was stunned and suddenly overcome by a sense of fascination.

This was Zhang Ye!

This was their boss!

In all of Heaven and Earth, there wasn't another like him!

...

An hour later.

The farce came to an end. The situation was barely brought under control after three squads of police officers got deployed to the scene.

The complaints at the hotel blew up instantly as the front desk and lobby got swarmed by the hotel guests!

"I want to cancel my booking! Refund me my money!"

"But you only just checked in?"

"How can I still stay here?"

"Sir, we are sorry."

"I was discussing a contract with my friends just now, but the shouting downstairs totally drowned out our voices. So tell me, how can I continue staying here? Cancel the booking!"

"Uh, I have to consult with my manager first."

"You can consult with whoever you want. I'm still going to cancel the booking!"

"I want to cancel my booking too!"

"Me too!"

"What kind of a hotel is this!"

"Is there a war going on?"

"I was woken up by all that noise after managing to fall asleep."

"There's no way I can stay here anymore. I had a booking for three nights, but just cancel the remaining days of my stay!"

"Right, refund our money!"

"We don't care what kind of unexpected situation your hotel has encountered, but it cannot affect us. A fight nearly broke out today. When I was downstairs observing things earlier, I nearly tumbled over from the pushing. It's too dangerous, so it doesn't matter what you all try to say now! I just want a full refund!"

The hotel guests started kicking up a fuss. Many of the guests who were supposed to check-in today also left when they saw the commotion outside the hotel's entrance. Meanwhile, more than half of the

guests who were already staying at the hotel were now haggling for a refund. Before this, many of these people were shouting their support for the Asakusa Hotel's president, claiming he was a national hero and asking him to stand firm in his views. But when trouble started to affect them directly, none of them cared about what had been said!

We just want a place to stay at!

Surely you don't expect us to put our lives in danger, do you?

The crowd of over a thousand people that had surrounded the hotel earlier had frightened them terribly!

For a moment, a wave of unrest stirred again. The hotel was struggling to deal with all the requests as the hotel president and executives came forward personally to deal with the situation. They reassured the guests one by one and offered them their apologies. They brought along the service staff and went from room to room to apologize and promise that the room rates would be halved for the day. They even presented the guests with some small gifts and fruits, and in doing so, managed to convince some of them to continue staying with them. But even so, a third of the checked-in guests still insisted on getting a full refund as they dared not stay here any longer.

At around 2 PM.

Peace finally returned to the hotel again.

The hotel staff looked at one another with a sense of lingering fear, then at the mess of a place within the hotel. An exterior wall had been vandalized by the rioting crowd with some unknown substances on it that could not be washed off no matter what.

The hotel had suffered a heavy loss!

Looking at this sight, the hotel president's heart was dripping with blood. This was too painful even for him. All of this had fucking cost him so much money, yet even now, he was unsure of what had actually happened!

Why had so many people come to the hotel?

How did everyone know that Zhang Ye was staying with them?

Why was everyone who came to make a scene so full of rage?

They were all busy dealing with the mess earlier, so there wasn't any time to check the news.

A female employee said, "What the heck is this?"

The president said angrily, "Who can tell me what just happened?"

Someone said, "It's Zhang Ye! He launched a tirade at more than 20 of our top Japanese celebrities on the social network! What's more, he didn't hide his location, and it was shown on those posts that he was scolding them from our hotel!"

The president said startled, "What?"

An executive was stunned. "He scolded more than 20 celebrities?"

Another executive: "Fuck! Is he not afraid of dying!"

An executive said, "I knew it must have been him! That son of a bitch!"

A manager said, "We got screwed over this time!"

An executive said, "President, we cannot allow a person like him to continue staying here! He might not be afraid to die, but we cannot stand it any longer!"

Another executive yelled, "He's a fucking madman!"

The hotel president said with a dark look, "The charity association booked his room for 10 days? Cancel it! Cancel it immediately!"

A service employee responded, "Yes, I'll get it done right away!"

With the chaos that happened today, the president also became a little fearful.

You're great!

You're impressive!

I will not let you stay here anymore, alright?

Hurry up and get out of here immediately!

However, the development of the situation was entirely different from what they had in mind.

When the Asakusa Hotel went to cancel the charity association's room booking, they alarmed an important person at the Asian Charity Association.

It was Director Chen!

The call was somehow routed to him!

The hotel employee said dumbfoundedly: "Ah, Director Chen."

Director Chen said: "Who's canceling our booking?"

The employee hurriedly said: "It's just that something has suddenly come up on our side, so—"

"The money has already been paid, right?"

"Uh, it has been paid."

"And you all have accepted the booking, right?"

"We did accept the booking, but—"

"Since the money was paid, the booking was accepted, and the guest is already checked in as well, then a contract has been established. How can you chase away the guest as you wish? Can you simply not accept the booking? You can just handle it any way you want? You can just back your way out of the contract? Do you all want to die?!"

Do we want to die?

That employee was dumbfounded!

She could never have expected that such an important person from the Asian Charity Association would speak like that!

What the hell! Is this how you people from charities act and speak?!

Director Chen said in anger: "If Teacher Zhang says that he doesn't want to stay at the hotel, then you all can process his checkout for him. But if he wishes to continue staying, then I'd like to see which one of you dare make him check out! It's a ten-day booking! Any day less, and I'll bring my people down personally to find you! Hear that?" After he said that, the call ended with a loud click!

The employee turned around to look at the president!

The president blanched!

The Asakusa Hotel's staff were also stunned!

It was only now that they remembered that Zhang Ye was the one and only philanthropic ambassador of Asia!

It was only now that they remembered that all the charities in Asia were backing Zhang Ye!

In Asia, one could offend the common folk, the businesspeople, or the celebrities, but no one would dare to offend anyone from the charities!

There was really no one who'd dare to do that!

This wasn't just some ordinary organization they were talking about. Such organizations usually had great influence and credibility among the people, and were not comparable to any other organization in the world. They were basically an organization that no one would dare offend, nor want to offend. This organization and its people had always been committed to philanthropy and rarely took part in any other matters, but that did not mean that they had no temper. Just some days ago, when Japan and Korea joined hands to get Zhang Ye banned and restricted him from entering their countries, several major figures of the association collectively protested against the action. They made calls to the highest levels of authority and wrote letters of protest that were placed onto the desks of the highest executives! And for the outcome that was now known by everyone, the Japanese and Korean governments modified their "restriction order" to allow Zhang Ye to freely enter their countries when there were charity events taking place. Also avoiding the ban were Zhang Ye's PSAs and his participation in those charity events.

Even the Japanese and Korean governments had to give in!

Much less any other organization?

Much less the Asakusa Hotel?

A small private hotel?

Who had now attracted the personal denouncement of a major figure from the Asian Charity Association? They wouldn't dare unless they were crazy!

"President!"

"This, this—"

"That Zhang Ye, he—"

The booking could not be canceled.

They could not chase him away either.

The hotel president's face sank as he grit his teeth and said, "Alright! Isn't it only for ten days? No, there are only nine days left. I'll just have to accept it this time. Surely he can't keep staying here all his life, can he? If he wishes to stay here, then let him stay! The police have already come and handled the matter anyway. And we only lost a few guests, didn't we? We can stand these few losses! There will still be another wave of tour groups arriving tomorrow and the day after. Everyone, pay attention and service the tour groups well. We'll make up what we lost, so don't get affected by what happened today! From tomorrow onwards, business will resume as usual. This bit of setback is no big deal."

"Yes."

"Understood."

"Got it, President."

Everyone responded to his speech and then went back to their work.

However, each time they passed by the room that Zhang Ye was staying in, everyone could not help but steer clear of it!