

Superstar 1431

Chapter 1431: The Asakusa Hotel gets besieged again!

On the same night.

China.

The news had spread back to China. A lot of people found out about the news from the Japanese media, and many of them were stunned by it. They were so shocked that their jaws dropped to the floor!

On the Internet.

Weibo.

Moments.

At this instant, the news blew up everywhere!

“What?”

“Zhang Ye launched a tirade at over 20 Japanese celebrities?”

“His location was exposed?”

“The Asakusa Hotel got besieged by the Japanese citizens?”

“Over 30 police officers were dispatched to the scene?”

“Holy shit! Our Zhang’er is so impressive!”

“This—this—”

“Hahahaha, well played!”

“Lord Zhang is so awesome! My idol! How ruthless!”

“Motherfucking hell! I knew it! I knew that a nationalistic young man and professional face slapper like Zhang Ye wouldn’t possibly have checked into that Asakusa Hotel that’s on everyone’s tongue for no good reason! I should have thought of it! That fellow clearly went there to make trouble! Hahahaha!”

“This is gonna be really interesting to watch!”

“Everyone, forward this piece of news! There’s something exciting to watch again!”

“Lord Zhang has made his move!”

“This really came without any warning at all. Face-smacking Zhang did not even say a word prior to this, so this is such a great turnaround! When I read that he had checked in to the Asakusa Hotel previously, I even criticized him for being unpatriotic!”

“This is who Zhang Ye is. If he can prove something with his actions, there isn’t a need to pay lip service at all!”

“What’s the situation like over there?”

“I don’t know. Let’s wait for the news!”

...

Back at home.

Zhang Ye’s mother was floored.

His father was speechless.

When Wu Zeqing saw the news, she chuckled.

...

At Old Yao’s house.

Yao Jiancai was dumbfounded.

Yao Mi was at a loss for words.

Yao Jiancai’s wife facepalmed and didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

...

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Zhang Zuo was sweating profusely.

Wu Yi hurriedly called Ha Qiqi to find out about the situation.

The other staff who had stayed behind in the office were also panicking.

Some of them were used to this, while some of them were not used to it yet. Whenever Zhang Ye traveled for work, there would always be trouble. If he went on a short trip, there would be a minor incident. If it was a longer trip, there would be a major incident. The further he went, the more trouble there would be. This was the usual practice over here, and no exception had ever been made. There were truly no exceptions!

...

...

The next day.

Tokyo, Japan.

An uneventful night passed.

In the morning, Zhang Ye got up before 8 AM. He stretched lazily and had a look at his watch before getting out from bed to wash his face. Then he headed down to the hotel’s cafeteria for his free breakfast.

Significantly fewer people were in the cafeteria now that many of them had checked out yesterday.

Zhang Ye found a table with no one around and ate by himself.

At this moment, the guests who were eating breakfast and the hotel staff also noticed him.

“Zhang Ye!”

“That’s him!”

“The people who came and caused a commotion yesterday were all here for him!”

“This fellow is so awful!”

“Yeah, I’ve seen the things that he said on the social network as well! I’ve met people who are offensive, but I’ve never come across anyone as offensive as him!”

“He has made enemies out of those 20 celebrities!”

“This fellow is horrible!”

“Why is he still staying here? Why hasn’t the hotel chased him away yet?”

At this moment, the president arrived with his people. When he saw Zhang Ye, his expression changed as he shot a dark look at him. He didn’t say anything, conversing with the other guests instead.

“President, what’s going on?”

“Why hasn’t he left yet?”

“How many more days will he be staying here? Cancel his booking!”

“Right, he was the one who started that mess!”

Everyone was expressing their views.

The president could only think to himself how he would have liked to chase him away as well, but the issue was that he couldn’t do so. This fellow had really strong backing. However, he could not say that aloud. “We always try our best to serve any guest who comes to stay at our hotel. That has always been the motto of our hotel.”

Not long after.

The president led his people and left the cafeteria.

As the president walked past Zhang Ye who was lowering his head to eat, Zhang Ye spoke again. “About the two demands. Have you thought them over?”

The faces of the president and his followers sank.

Zhang Ye said as he ate, “If you haven’t made a decision yet, think it over again.”

The president sneered and said, “Do you think that we’re afraid of you just because of this little stunt that you pulled? Aren’t you underestimating us a little too much that way! Don’t mention that small crowd of people from yesterday, even if a crowd that is five or ten times larger came, I could still bear it.

At most, I'll lose a few more customers, no? That bit of loss won't count for much at all! Ha! If we even care about this bit of money, that would be the real joke here!"

The hotel staff stole a glance at the president.

Hey!

This wasn't what you said yesterday!

Your reaction was the biggest for yesterday's losses!

But they understood that the president was just saying this so that he could continue portraying an imposing manner.

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Good." Then he continued eating breakfast.

The president snorted and led his people away with a swagger.

After breakfast, Zhang Ye sauntered over to the elevator and went upstairs. He went back to his room and filled the bathtub with hot water before getting in to take a hot bath.

Five minutes.

Ten minutes.

Zhang Ye dried himself off and then brewed a cup of tea. After that, he sat himself down in front of the computer.

...

In the president's office.

"Has the tour group arrived yet?"

"They're almost here."

"OK, take extra care to serve them well."

"We understand."

"Don't worry about that Zhang Ye anymore. He did not really affect us too much even after causing that mess yesterday. He's probably going to behave himself over the next few days."

After having a look at the sky outside, the president broke into a smile. It was rare to have such good weather with the sun shining so brightly, so their business would surely be quite good today as well.

All of a sudden, someone pushed the door open!

"President! They're here!"

"What are you shouting for! Isn't it just a tour group? They're already here?"

"It's not the tour group! Come and see this!"

Everyone in the room was startled!

The president and several of the executives' hearts skipped a beat as they ran to the window and opened it to look down. When they saw it, they nearly slumped to the ground!

A 100 people!

A 1,000 people!

2,000 people!

The enraged crowd was converging in from all directions!

The president froze. "Didn't the police already handle things yesterday?"

An executive was shocked silly from the sight. "What the fuck! Why are they here again?"

Then someone pointed at the computer and shouted, "Oh my God! Look at this! It's on the Internet!"

The president and the others all leaned over to have a look and nearly spat out a mouthful of blood!

...

Yamada Akira's social network.

Zhang Ye's commented, "Are you crazy or what?"

—Sent from the Asakusa Hotel, Tokyo.

...

Fujiwara's social network.

Zhang Ye's commented, "Are you crazy or what?"

—Sent from the Asakusa Hotel, Tokyo.

...

It was all Zhang Ye!

The Japanese social network was covered with Zhang Ye's fingerprints again!

This time, it wasn't just 10 or 20 celebrities!

This time, on this day, Zhang Ye had launched his tirade on a hundred Japanese celebrities!

Loud, cursing voices suddenly boomed from the president's office!

"Your grandpa!"

"Zhang! You motherfucker!"

"This is crazy! That Zhang fella is a madman!"

"Oh my God!"

"Quick, close the doors! Hurry!"

“Call the police! Call the police first!”

“Zhang Ye, fuck your sister!”

“You may fucking wish to die! But don’t drag us into it!”

Outside, the crowd was growing larger and larger!

A lot of people were standing in front of the hotel and cursing at them!

In the end, it grew to a crowd of several thousand people, which was five to ten times the amount of yesterday’s crowd!

The executives looked resentfully at the president. Why did you have to say those words to spite Zhang Ye! You wouldn’t be afraid even if it was a crowd that was five times larger? It would be fine even if it was a crowd that was ten times larger?

Damn!

He actually managed to gather that many people today!

Chapter 1432: The hotel gets wrecked!

The scolding voices on the streets thundered.

The shouting was so loud that even the guests in the hotel across the road could hear it.

When Little Wang leaned out the window to have a look, she paled. “This is bad! They’re here again! Oh my fucking Heavens! Why are there so many more people today!”

“What?”

“This is bad!”

“What should we do?”

“What has Director Zhang done this time?”

“Ah, check out the Internet! Director Zhang went to direct his scolding at over a hundred Japanese celebrities!”

“What did you say?”

“Over a 100?”

“Holy shit!”

“What is Director Zhang trying to do!”

Ha Qiqi was looking very anxious. Zhang Ye had told them not to worry about him, and to just concentrate on their work and not look for him, but as the external communications manager at Zhang Ye’s Studio, how could she possibly just sit around and do nothing? At a time like this, everything else

was secondary. The only thing that mattered was the safety of Director Zhang. Who could guarantee that he would be fine?

As such, Ha Qiqi immediately told Yang Shu, "Little Yang, hurry over to where Director Zhang is!"

But Yang Shu said, "Senior Bro instructed me to take care of you all and told me not to leave your side."

Little Wang yelled, "Aiya, look at the current situation. What's there to protect us from!"

Little Sun added anxiously, "Yeah, Director Zhang's safety is the priority. If those people manage to get inside, who will be responsible for Director Zhang's safety? Sister Yang, hurry up and go!"

Senior Bro's safety?

Yang Shu glanced out of the window and curled her lips. She dismissed, "Just with those people, they could never get near my senior bro."

Everyone rolled their eyes. Why are you still bragging on behalf of Director Zhang at this time? There are several thousand people out there, so how is it impossible that they can't get near Director Zhang? Do you think he's a sorcerer with an AoE attack?

However, only Yang Shu knew that at the level of Zhang Ye's and Rao Aimin's martial arts, it was no longer a matter of being outnumbered. It didn't matter how many people there were since her senior brother could take care of three of such ordinary attackers with just a single slap. Once he sent 20 to 30 of them flying, no one else would dare go against him. Having the numbers and using the ordinary way of "piling up" to overpower her senior brother was a possibility that only existed in theory. However, that was all bullshit in a practical situation.

...

The Asakusa Hotel.

Back upstairs.

Zhang Ye pushed open the windows and sat down at them looking all calm and relaxed.

He picked up his cell phone.

And started reading comics.

As well as sipping on his tea.

Meanwhile, the situation downstairs had boiled over!

"Zhang Ye!"

"He's over there!"

"It's him!"

"Damn! We finally found him!"

"He didn't leave yet!"

“That bastard!”

“Get out here! Who were you calling crazy?”

“You’re the crazy one! You’ve gone mad!”

“This is infuriating! He’s pissing me off!”

“You had better get out of Japan!”

Not many people had experienced getting scolded by several thousand people before, and a scene like this was very difficult to put into words. At the front and back entrances of the hotel, and up to three streets away, it was densely packed with people everywhere. The police arrived very quickly as five police vehicles reached the scene in succession. However, when the dozen-odd police officers alighted from their vehicles, they were stunned by what they saw. All of them drew in a sharp breath as they stood among the rioting crowd. They could not even hear their own shouting voices as the raging crowd’s scolding voices drowned them out immediately. There were simply too many people!

They immediately called for more support!

Even the police officers were panicking!

Much less those in the hotel!

The two groups of tourists who had just arrived were petrified by the scene. Their tour bus could not even get to the entrance of the hotel as it got stuck in traffic three streets away.

The tour guide was pissing his pants.

The driver nearly fainted from fright.

“This—”

“What’s going on?”

“Is there a riot going on?”

“How can we still stay at such a place?”

“Let’s cancel the booking!”

“Right, we don’t wanna stay here!”

“We’re here on vacation. We won’t be risking our lives like this!”

The few buses immediately turned around and went back the way they came!

Inside the hotel.

The telephone lines were bursting with calls!

“President, the tour group has canceled the hotel bookings!”

“President, the tour group from the UK has also canceled their bookings!”

“President, we’re getting a load of complaint calls!”

“What do we do now? What should we do?”

The president shouted with a dark look, “Calm down, all of you, calm down! Don’t worry, the police are already here. The situation will be brought under control, so quickly go and close the doors, and get a few young and strong employees to hold down the gates. We mustn’t allow anyone to get in. Those people are just scolding to vent their anger and wouldn’t dare be rash!”

The situation was in a deadlock.

One minute.

Five minutes.

People were still arriving in waves!

Some came by themselves, while others brought along their whole family to denounce Zhang Ye!

The media and television stations’ vehicles were also parked all over the place. The reporters got out of the vehicles in shock as they took in the view before them. Having lived for so long, and worked as a reporter for so many years, this was also the first time that they’d witnessed a scene like this. Some of the reporters looked up at where Zhang Ye was staying and started scolding as well!

In Japan, Zhang Ye had become the target of everyone’s criticisms!

The Japanese media.

The Japanese celebrities.

The Japanese public.

Everyone was gnashing their teeth in hatred!

How dare you scold our celebrities in our country? You scolded them one after another? And didn’t stop after scolding them for one day? And then carried on scolding them for a second day? You’re back to scold them having already scolded them yesterday?

This is unacceptable!

No one behaves in the way that you did!

But the people outside could not make their way into the hotel. The police were standing guard at the doorways and the hotel staff had already blocked off the entrances. Although it was a large turnout and there were a lot of rioters, it seemed like the matter was going to end in the same way it did yesterday. However, at this moment, Zhang Ye, who was sitting at the window upstairs, suddenly put away his cell phone and looked down for the first time.

Then he said something.

He said it in Japanese.

Zhang Ye said, “If you have a problem, come at me! Don’t wreck the hotel!”

Hearing that, the president nearly faceplanted!

Zhang Ye!

Fuck your ancestors!

There was nothing wrong with what he had just said. Everyone was only here because of Zhang Ye and had no intentions of wrecking the hotel. But when these “well-intentioned” words came out of Zhang Ye’s mouth, it sparked something in the raging crowd gathered outside the hotel. All of them cried out in anger!

Bang!

A loud crash boomed!

A rock smashed into the hotel’s glass window. It had been aimed at the window Zhang Ye was at, but as that was so high up that nobody could reach it with a throw, it resulted in a glass window on the third floor getting smashed instead. Someone was inside the room when the glass window shattered, and the sound of the guest’s shocked screams instantly rang out from inside!

The police were dumbfounded. “Stop! Stop that!”

With someone leading by example, a second person and third person followed suit!

“Crush him!”

“Crush!”

“Everybody, get him!”

Bang!

A second crash boomed!

A third crash!

A fourth crash!

Many people were picking up items from around them and throwing them upwards!

Some people threw eggs!

Some people threw bricks!

Some people threw instant noodles!

What Zhang Ye spoke was too devious. It was simply too evil. A lot of people had never thought about wrecking the hotel, but the moment he mentioned it, everyone erupted into action!

Crash!

Thud!

Plonk!

The hotel turned into a war zone!

The people outside were calling for an execution!

Inside the hotel, chaos ensued among the guests!

“Holy fuck!”

“Who threw a slipper in!”

“The fuck! Why did a sanitary pad get thrown in here!”

“Motherfucker, why are you all throwing things at me for!”

All hell broke loose!

Everything descended into chaos!

The hotel staff lost their spirit!

The president slumped to the floor with a thump and a stunned look!

It’s over!

Everything’s finished!

Chapter 1433: A champion of communism!

Two hours later.

At a room in the hotel across the road.

Little Wang wiped away her sweat. “They’re gone.”

Little Zhou said with lingering fear, “Oh, my heart.”

Little Sun had nearly pissed his pants. “I wouldn’t have come if I’d known this would happen!”

Ha Qiqi smiled wryly. “When we get back, I’ll have to talk to HR about the recruitment process for our new staff. The criteria for all new hires should be for them to have strong mental fortitude. Else, if we encounter such situations again in the future, not everyone will be able to withstand the stress!”

Little Wang did not know whether to laugh or cry. “That mouth of Director Zhang’s, there’s really no one else like him!”

...

The Asakusa Hotel.

The crowd had dispersed, leaving behind shambles.

The Asakusa Hotel had gone through turmoil and was barely recognizable. Its outer walls were all vandalized with swear words, and there were even traces of rotten eggs on it. The majority of the glass

windows from the fifth floor and down were also shattered, leaving many of the rooms unprotected from the elements. The hotel lobby's glass and revolving doors were also spat on by many of the rioters while the floor was in an even worse state. Rocks, plastic bags, glass fragments, sanitary pads, wooden staves, thermos flasks, and basically anything that you could find in a supermarket were strewn all over the place.

The president was crying!

The hotel staff were crying!

How much had they lost?

This had probably cost them more than several million in damages!

If they had known that this would happen, they wouldn't have allowed him to stay here!

If they had known, they would never have agreed to let Zhang Ye check into the hotel no matter what!

They'd heard of Zhang Ye's notoriety before, but until they witnessed it with their own eyes, they had always believed that the rumors were exaggerated. So it turned out that Zhang Ye's notoriety was even more notorious than it was reported in the news. He had only said a few words, but it was precisely because of those few words that their hotel was in such a state!

What kind of a person was this!

What kind of a hooligan was this!

They had finally learned to be afraid of him. This time, they were truly scared of him!

If anyone had told them in the past that Zhang Ye could set off an earth-shattering storm with just his mouth alone, without having to lift a finger, they would never have believed it even if their lives depended on it. But now that they'd witnessed it for themselves, they were finally convinced. That wicked mouth of Zhang Ye's could fucking kill someone!

The president roared, "I'll fight it out with him!"

Everyone rushed over to hold him back.

"President!"

"Calm down!"

"Don't do something stupid!"

The president shouted, "My hotel! Look at my hotel!"

An executive howled, "Why haven't the police arrested him!"

Someone else said, "Yeah, he was the one who got the rioters to wreck our hotel!"

Someone hesitated for a bit before saying, "I think he said to not wreck the hotel?"

Everyone was speechless.

“What a bastard!”

“He was intentionally messing with us!”

“H-How are we supposed to carry on doing business like this?”

“The bookings have all been canceled!”

“There’s no business left for us to do!”

“President, is it because of those magazines?”

“President, why don’t we—those magazines—”

The moment someone brought it up, the president angrily cut them off. “Impossible! The magazines must not be touched! Zhang! I’m going to take it all the way with him!”

At the Asakusa Hotel, only the staff were still around. After the rioters had dispersed, all of the hotel’s guests packed their luggage and checked out en masse. Some of them had only just checked in, but they were already asking to check out without even wanting a refund. All of them took their luggage and left the hotel in a panic, not wanting to stay around for even a minute longer!

Who could take this?

With all that fighting and rioting happening, they would be putting their lives at risk if they continued to stay!

Which of these guests would want a sanitary pad or instant noodles flying through their windows while they slept in their rooms?

All of the guests left!

Except for one!

Only Zhang Ye remained behind!

He continued to stay without a care as the sole remaining guest of this large hotel!

...

Noon.

It was lunchtime.

Zhang Ye strolled downstairs and came to the cafeteria.

It was deserted. Not only was it devoid of guests, no meals were being served!

The staff all turned to look at him, wishing they could go up and bite him!

Zhang Ye wondered out loud, “Where’s the food? Where’s the buffet?”

Everyone nearly vomited blood!

You still want the buffet?

There isn't a guest in the hotel other than you!

Even the cooks have gone home!

Besides, this entire farce was started by you, and all of those people came for your head. You were the one who caused our hotel to be in this state, so how dare you come down and ask to eat! Why don't you just die!

Zhang Ye said, "Hurry up and get the food ready."

The service staff broke down into tears!

They'd rather choose to have ten years cut from their lifespans instead of talking to Zhang Ye!

Over there.

The president stalked over in a rage. "Zhang!"

Zhang Ye said, "Yo, if it isn't the boss?"

The president pointed at him and said, "Don't think that I'll be afraid of you! I'm not done with you! Let me tell you, Zhang Ye! This isn't over! I won't remove the magazines! Not only that, I'll even place two magazines in every room starting from today! No! I'll put three magazines! Continue to stay here! Stay as you wish! I want to see how long you can stay here for! I'll see if you don't return to your country!" Since the hotel was already wrecked, the president no longer held in his anger and took it up with Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Sure then, I have nothing to do anyway."

The president sneered. "I'll see how long you can do nothing for! Don't leave if you're so capable!"

He was expecting that an Asian big name like Zhang Ye would have a long schedule planned and be much busier than people like them. The charity association's event had finished up, and Zhang Ye should be returning home any moment now, so how could he stay at the hotel forever? Wouldn't he have to attend to other matters?

However, he did not seem to understand Zhang Ye's temper.

Don't leave if you're so capable?

Zhang Ye was truly capable of that!

To him, work was just a triviality. He could drop everything work related, but he couldn't miss out on any fights!

If there was a fight, he would join in!

If he fought, he would definitely win!

This had always been Zhang Ye's principle.

Everyone knew that the president had been forced to the precipice and was afraid that something would happen. Two of the staff went over to hold him back, not because they were afraid that the

president would take it out on Zhang Ye, but because they were afraid that Zhang Ye would make a move on him. The video of Zhang Ye smashing the Korean car brand's bulletproof cars from several days ago had also made its way around Japan, so they were terrified that their president would get shredded by a single slap from him!

Soon after, Zhang Ye placed his hands behind his back and sauntered out of the hotel to get some food.

The president was so angry that he was panting heavily. He said loudly, "Go and clean his room, then place three magazines—no, place five magazines in there! One at the bedside! One on the study desk! One in the bathroom! Put them everywhere! And also, cut off the Internet access to his room! Shut off his power! And shut off the water supply for him as well! I'll see how long he can continue staying here!"

"OK!"

"Yes!"

"Understood!"

A group of service staff puffed off!

...

In the afternoon.

When Zhang Ye returned to the room, he was amused.

There were the problematic reading materials everywhere on the study desk and bed. The bathroom was not cleaned, and a lot of areas were not tidied up either. When he tried connecting to the Internet, he realized that the connection was dead. When he turned on the tap, there was no water either.

Fine!

Not bad!

This is what will make things interesting!

This is what will add some spice to the fight!

If it were anyone else that had their Internet, water supply, and power cut off? They would have flared up long ago. However, Zhang Ye was different. This fellow was totally enjoying it!

This was the mark of a true warrior!

He was a champion of communism deep down inside and enjoyed fighting!

Chapter 1434: I'll admit defeat, alright?

On the third day of his stay.

In the morning, Zhang Ye called Ha Qiqi.

"Old Ha, what's the WiFi password over there?"

“Ah?”

“The password.”

“12345.”

“OK, got it.”

“You don’t have a connection over there?”

“Nope.”

“Then why are you still staying there?”

“It’s precisely because of this that I gotta stay here.”

After hanging up, Zhang Ye tried connecting to the WiFi network. But because it was across the street, the signal wasn’t great and was quite intermittent, although it could still be used. He took out a high capacity portable charger and connected it to his cell phone. Then he leaned back on the sofa and continued reading comics.

Everything carried on as usual.

Zhang Ye was enjoying his stay here.

On top of that, he didn’t go online to scold Japanese celebrities either.

Upstairs.

In the president’s office.

Everyone had gathered for a meeting with their guards up.

“Is Zhang Ye up yet?”

“I think he’s awake.”

“He didn’t post anything, did he?”

“Not today, he didn’t.”

“Haha, that’s great then.”

“President, are we going to open for business as usual?”

“Of course. We’ve already cleaned up the place downstairs. Even though many of the rooms below the fifth floor can’t be used for the guests, the ones on the upper floors are all fine. The rooms’ windows are all undamaged, and we can still accept bookings as usual. We’ll see if that can make up for the losses. When that jinx of a Zhang Ye is gone, we will carry on with the hotel operations while we redecorate the rooms on the fifth floor and below. This is the best plan that I thought up yesterday to recoup our losses.”

As they were speaking.

Clang! A sound made everyone jump in fright!

“What’s the matter?”

“What’s happening?”

“Damn, who threw that?”

“Why are they at it again?”

“But Zhang Ye didn’t scold anyone today!”

“My God, another 100-odd people have gathered out there!”

Clang!

Bang!

There was a flurry of scolding voices outside!

“Get out of Japan!”

“Zhang Ye, come out!”

“I’ll come here every day as long as you’re here!”

“Denouncing Zhang Ye!”

“Denouncing Zhang Ye!”

The shouts were deafening!

This affair had turned all Japan upside down. Zhang Ye had torn a hole in the sky here, and all eyes in Japan were now looking at the Asakusa Hotel in anger. There was no need for Zhang Ye to continue provoking anyone. It just wasn’t necessary anymore. Zhang Ye didn’t have to say anything to make the rioters descend upon the hotel. Moreover, the people who came here were clearly organized groups now, with some people leading others. When the hotel called the police, they would immediately turn around and disappear without a trace!

The Asakusa Hotel had another dozen of its glass windows smashed!

The president was cursing and swearing at this in his office!

...

On the fourth day of Zhang Ye’s stay.

Around 4 AM when it was still dark.

The president and hotel staff were all fast asleep.

Bang!

Thud!

The Asakusa Hotel’s personnel awoken in fright. Then they heard thunderous scoldings from outside again!

“Get out of Japan, Zhang Ye!”

“Denouncing Zhang Ye!”

“Everyone, let’s stand united and boycott him!”

“Make Zhang Ye scam back to China!”

This time, the hotel’s revolving door was destroyed as well!

The president and the hotel staff only dared to come out when the police arrived and the rioting crowd dispersed. Seeing this sorry sight, they were all going crazy with hatred!

“Zhang!”

“Why hasn’t he left yet?”

“Who knows!”

“He’ll be leaving. It should be soon!”

“Right, he has so much work to handle. Surely he won’t stay for much longer!”

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye, who was upstairs in his room, did not wake up. He was still sleeping like a log in his room. Come to think of it, it was really strange because Zhang Ye often did not sleep well when everything was going well. However, it seemed like he could get a really good night’s sleep now that he was caught in conflict with other people. He felt extremely at peace with himself and did not even get awoken by the commotion outside.

...

On the fifth day of Zhang Ye’s stay.

The hotel’s personnel did not see any rioters come on this fearful day. Just as they were about to heave a sigh of relief and turn in, the rioters came!

This wave of people arrived at 11 PM!

It was clearly a different group of people this time. They did not wreck the place but stood downstairs cursing and swearing.

They scolded Zhang Ye!

They scolded the hotel!

They scolded everything!

They kept at it until the latter half of the night!

The hotel president was already in the wrong state of mind. For the past two days, he had not had any shut-eye and stood angrily at the window while looking at the people down below in fear. The staff around him had bags under their eyes and looked like they were in a trance.

“It has been five days!”

“Five days already!”

“Why hasn’t he left yet?”

“This bastard, when on earth is he planning to leave!”

“Soon, it will definitely be soon!”

“Hold on for a bit longer. He definitely wouldn’t stay here for the full ten days!”

“President, this is my resignation letter.”

“What?”

“I, I can’t take it anymore!”

“Me too, I haven’t slept for two days!”

On this day, seven staff members resigned from the hotel.

...

On the sixth day of Zhang Ye’s stay.

All of the Asakusa Hotel’s staff were “wandering” around, muttering some strange and incomprehensible incantations to themselves.

“Leave quickly.”

“Lord have mercy, make him leave quickly!”

“He will definitely check out today, he will definitely check out today!”

The scolding outside the hotel was still going on.

The current state of the Asakusa Hotel looked like a landfill. It was a terrible sight, and the paint on the walls was peeling as well; the glass windows were all shattered. Anyone passing by stopped to take a look at the hotel. Some people even took their wives and children there in a taxicab to watch the commotion as they explained to their children what had happened. It was as though the place had become a tourist destination. Right now in Japan, the Asakusa Hotel was a place that everyone know about.

“Zhang Ye is coming out!”

“Get out of Japan!”

This was the fourth wave of people to come today.

It was the sixth day!

There were a total of ten waves of people!

The president’s face had gone numb.

Someone came into the room. “President.”

The president looked at him with a dull face. "Has Zhang Ye left yet?"

That person said despondently, "Not yet. I just passed by his room and think I heard him listening to songs inside."

Listening to songs?

He was in the mood to listen to songs?

The president was furious and banged his fist on the table. He said, "Why isn't he leaving yet! Just how much longer does he want to stay! It's already been six days! We haven't received a single booking! There isn't any more business for us to do! He's trying to kill us!" Then he roared, "Close the business! We'll stop business operations starting today! Cancel his booking!"

That person said, "I've already made a call. The charity association's coordinator said that they made the hotel booking, so we aren't allowed to shortchange them for even a day!"

The president was disheartened!

That person said, "There are still four days left."

The president pointed outside and said angrily, "Four days? Look for yourself. Can our hotel last another four days? In just two more days, our building is going to collapse!"

At this moment, a service staffer rushed in excitedly. "President, we've received a booking!"

The president said happily, "Oh?"

The service staffer said, "We just received it. It's a booking for half a year!"

"Half a year? That long?"

"Yes, it's a long-term booking."

The president said, "Good, good, this is a good sign. There's still someone who wants to stay at our hotel at this time, and that shows that our unyielding attitude has been chiseled into the minds of the people, and they've recognized us for it. Our reputation is out there, so all we need now is to make Zhang Ye leave. After he's gone, our hotel will be redecorated and upgraded to an even better one."

The service staff said, "That's right!"

The president said, "Tell everyone to stand firm for a little longer. Victory is right before our eyes!"

But at this time, another staff member suddenly came running into the room. She panted, "That's not it! Something bad has happened!"

The president was taken aback. "What happened this time?"

The staff said, "It's that booking!"

The president quickly asked, "What's wrong with that booking?"

The staff said anxiously, "Th-That booking came from someone by the name of Qu Huahua at the charity association. It was an extension for Zhang Ye's stay! He's going to extend his stay to half a year!"

What?

Half a year?

Zhang Ye wants to stay here for half a year?!

Fuck you, motherfucker!

Upon hearing that, the entire room of people were stunned!

The president lost his balance and fell to the ground. Look at what this jinx has caused our hotel to become after staying here for just six days! And he wants to stay for half a year? Won't that level our entire building to the ground then?!

The president was having a mental breakdown!

Everyone in the hotel nearly collapsed when they heard this news!

At this moment, they finally knew what kind of an asshole they had offended!

The president had to admit defeat. He really had to admit defeat this time. He didn't know if Zhang Ye would really dare to stay here for half a year more, but he didn't want to find out either!

My brother!

You're my dear brother!

I can't afford to mess with you!

I'll admit defeat! I'll fucking admit defeat, alright!?

Chapter 1435: The evil can only be subdued by the evil!

At the hotel.

In the room.

An elegant piece of music was drifting within as Zhang Ye sat on the sofa, slowly humming along to it. He was really enjoying the relaxing mood from these several days of rare break that he had gotten in over a year. Yes, to Zhang Ye, this was indeed a break. It was a vacation for him because he didn't have to do anything, nor was he bothered by all the fighting and rioting happening outside.

All of a sudden, the lights came on.

The sound of running water came from the bathroom.

The power was back on?

The water supply had come back?

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes and raised his head.

Shortly after, the doorbell rang.

After Zhang Ye answered the door, he saw the hotel president and several executives standing outside. He calmly said, "Yo, what are all of you doing here?"

The president said, "We came here to have a look. There have been too many incidents happening in the past few days, so we didn't have time to take care of many things. We only just found out that the power had been cut and the water supply was stopped."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's fine, I'm a man who can make do with whatever is given. I was born into a poor family, so I'm not picky about such things. It's fine as long as there's somewhere for me to sleep."

The hotel's top brass rolled their eyes.

The president coughed and said, "It's been so noisy for the past few days with so many waves of people gathering outside every day. Even if you could sleep, I doubt that you had sleep well, isn't that so?"

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "No?"

"Ah?"

Zhang Ye said, "I think I slept rather well."

The president and the executives were speechless.

Are you allowing for a discussion to take place?

Tell us! Are you allowing for a discussion to take place?

You slept well? But we didn't sleep well!

The president said angrily, "Teacher Zhang, let's not beat around the bush. Just say it. What do we have to do to make you leave?!"

Zhang Ye said calmly, "I've already told you about my two demands, and I don't wish to repeat myself again."

The president had a ghastly look on his face. "I know that you have the Asian Charity Association backing you. We cannot afford to offend them, but if we were to just stop running the hotel altogether, there's nothing they can say or do about it."

Zhang Ye looked at him. "Then go ahead and do it."

The president didn't expect him to say this and was taken back.

Zhang Ye said, "But when you finish redecorating and resume business, give me a heads up. I rather like your place, so I'll make sure to come back here to stay again. I can be quite free with nothing to do when I go back to my country, so I think I will come here to stay for a few days each time whenever my yearly schedule allows. Oh yes, do you have a membership program? You do offer discounts to your loyal customers, right?"

Membership program?

You still want a fucking membership card?

Have you enjoyed staying here?!

Get out of here! Hurry up and get out of here!

The president was sweating profusely. He couldn't imagine that scene that Zhang Ye had just described a moment ago. Come here to stay a few times a year? For a few days each time? We wouldn't have enough floors to get wrecked if that was the fucking case! The president was scared shitless. He said, "Alright, don't say any more. Just stop. You're more ruthless than I am. I give up, I thoroughly give up!"

Zhang Ye said, "The two demands."

The president was crying. "I'll get them done! I'll get them done immediately!"

Zhang Ye pouted for some reason.

Hey, why are you agreeing to it so easily?

I haven't even shown you what I am truly capable of yet!

Since Zhang Ye was here, he would surely get the matter settled. Before he came here, he had already devised a plan with more than 10 different ways of causing trouble for them. But unexpectedly, he had only used one method so far and the Asakusa Hotel's personnel were already left genuflecting. This gave Zhang Ye no sense of accomplishment at all!

...

Across the sea.

China.

The Asakusa Hotel was all over the news and the Internet in recent days. The commotion in Japan, as well as the latest updates on Zhang Ye, were all setting off unending laughter back at home!

"The Asakusa Hotel has been wrecked again!"

"Quickly, come and see this. There's a picture spreading showing the latest appearance of the Asakusa Hotel!"

"They've been given a fresh coat of 'pain' again? Beautifully done!"

"How many times is this today?"

"It's already the third time today!"

"Pfft, I'm doubling over in laughter!"

"They're really down on their luck!"

"Hahahaha, Lord Zhang is so awesome!"

"What a goddamn great way to blow off steam!"

"Yeah, Face-smacking Zhang is too cruel!"

"Zhang Ye is still staying there?"

“Of course, he’s still staying there.”

“I heard that they cut off his power and water.”

“Aiyo, these past few days have been too fucking funny for me!”

“Yeah, Zhang Ye is merciless!”

“Ah! There’s news!”

“What news?”

“Go and watch! It’s broadcasting on TV!”

“Damn, Central TV News Channel is broadcasting live!”

...

On TV.

The Asakusa Hotel had called a press conference.

Many Asian reporters and media outlets were in attendance. It was extremely chaotic, and it could be seen on camera that many other reporters did not manage to get into the venue. Meanwhile, some of the other reporters could not get a seat after getting inside and had to stand in the aisles where the cameras were set up. When the hotel president appeared, countless reporters immediately shoved their cameras and microphones at him!

The president sat down on stage.

After a moment of silence, he announced three matters.

One: The Asakusa Hotel would be closed for business for three months with immediate effect.

Two: The Asakusa Hotel would remove all problematic reading materials permanently.

Three: The Asakusa Hotel formally apologized to China, Korea, and the other Asian countries.

After saying all that, the president stood up.

The other executives of the hotel also stood up.

Facing the camera, the president and the others bowed deeply.

The press conference ended.

Immediately, there was a jubilant mood across Asia!

...

China.

“They’ve apologized!”

“Quickly watch the news on Central TV! They’ve finally apologized!”

“The problematic mags have been removed!”

“There’s finally a conclusion to the matter!”

“Lord Zhang! Well done!”

“Damn, Zhang Ye was so cool in the way he resolved things!”

“He’s so dashing! I love him to death! I didn’t used to chase after celebrities, but I’m going to follow Zhang Ye closely from now on. I’ve never liked a celebrity so much before!”

“I’ve got to apologize to Zhang Ye as well. When I learned that he had checked in to the Asakusa Hotel, I totally misunderstood him. I should’ve known better. When has Teacher Zhang ever disappointed us?”

“Teacher Zhang, you did well!”

“I’m so excited! There’s absolutely nothing wrong with this turn of events!”

“Fucking hell, we still have to depend on Zhang Ye when push comes to shove. When this matter was first exposed, so many people were criticizing the Asakusa Hotel. Even the Chinese and Korean celebrities expressed their stance on the matter and brought more attention to it. They also denounced the hotel, but so what? The hotel simply ignored all their criticisms and the issue remained unsolved. And what can they do about that? The situation just remained as was, didn’t it? But look at Teacher Zhang. He managed to get things done! Only he is capable of doing something like that!”

“We have to cherish Teacher Zhang. It really wasn’t easy for a celebrity like him to come out of China!”

...

Meanwhile.

Korea was actually praising this as well. Several days ago, the Koreans were scolding him together with the Japanese. But just a few days later, the Koreans and Chinese banded together against a new common enemy!

“We won’t be scolding Zhang Ye today!”

“Right, we won’t be scolding him today. Even if we are, we’ll leave it until tomorrow to scold him!”

“The reason why this matter has been resolved is all thanks to that fellow!”

“This matter was really well handled!”

“There’s a Chinese saying: ‘The evil can only be subdued by the evil.’ Zhang Ye might be evil, but when people like those from the Asakusa Hotel exist, we still have to depend on a villain like Zhang Ye to subdue them! This is truly the biggest hooligan of our Asian entertainment industry! A vermin that only appears once every 10,000 years is indeed a worthy title for him!”

...

On this day.

China, Korea, and many other Asian countries were praising Zhang Ye!

With that, Zhang Ye's name became even more well-known across Asia!

Chapter 1436: Never has there been a celebrity who grows their popularity this way!

Noon.

Packing the luggage.

Taking the suitcase.

Zhang Ye took the elevator downstairs. When he stepped out, he realized that all of the Asakusa Hotel's staff were standing there looking at him. He walked to the front desk and took out some documents.

Zhang Ye said, "Checking out."

Immediately.

The receptionist took it from him.

In the next second.

The receptionist handed the passport back to him.

She said speedily, "It's done!"

Zhang Ye said, "That fast?"

The receptionist said, wiping off her sweat, "Yes, that's right."

Zhang Ye nodded and turned around to leave.

Many of the staff watched him as he made his way out.

Zhang Ye said, "It's fine, you guys don't have to see me out."

The staff were surprised. "Ah?"

Zhang Ye said, "Go back to work, y'all."

Who's seeing you out!

Which of your eyes are telling you that we're seeing you out?

When Zhang Ye exited the hotel, he stood outside on the sidewalk and stretched himself. Then he flipped open his bag and took out a face mask and sunglasses to put them on. When it was time to stand out, he would stand out. Now that the Asakusa Hotel incident was handled, it was time to keep a low profile again. He crossed the road and came to the hotel opposite.

Upstairs.

He knocked on the door.

The door was opened by Little Wang.

Little Wang was taken aback. "Director Zhang?"

Little Zhou came running out. "Ah, Director Zhang is back! Are you alright?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "What could possibly happen to me?"

Little Sun said loudly, "Teacher Zhang, you were amazing!"

Little Wang said, "Yeah, and the issue has been resolved too!"

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Alright, alright, since that issue has been handled, let's get down to business here. I didn't exactly come to Japan for them anyway. It was just a by-the-by thing."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "The comic series is currently being handled."

"Alright, then let's get me a room," Zhang Ye said.

Little Wang said happily, "OK, I'll go and process it!"

Little Wang took Zhang Ye's passport and headed downstairs without a second thought.

About five to six minutes later, Little Wang came back to the room with a look of speechlessness. She was followed by several of the hotel's managers who looked horrified.

A female manager hurriedly said, "Teacher Zhang, we don't have any rooms left. There's really no more rooms left."

Little Zhou said, "But that's impossible. Aren't there still a lot of empty rooms?"

A male manager wiped at his sweat and said, "There really aren't any left, none at all. Can you find somewhere else to stay at, please? Thank you in advance. How about this? We'll foot the bill at this hotel. Let us pay for it!"

The few of them looked alarmed and jittery.

...

Later that afternoon.

They switched to a different hotel.

When the receptionist took their passports from them, they were shocked!

"Ah! Zhang Ye!"

"We'd like to check in."

"There are no more rooms. They've all been booked!"

"Weren't you checking in other guests just a moment ago?"

"There are really no rooms left!"

"We don't mind a standard room."

“The standard rooms are also not available anymore!”

...

They switched to yet another hotel.

The receptionist at this hotel had the same expression as the one at the previous hotel and immediately made a call to the hotel manager.

When the manager learned about this, they nearly pissed their pants. “Don’t accept his booking! You must not accept it! Just tell them that our hotel is full! If that doesn’t work, stop all business operations! Don’t process any more bookings from any customers!”

The hotel was in turmoil!

They got so scared that they nearly wanted to stop their business operations!

...

In the end, a hotel that had a Chinese owner ended up hosting Zhang Ye. Although the hotel was not big and the place a little out of the way, the environment was pretty good.

The owner was a fat man who was very warm and welcoming.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, “We finally found a place to stay at.”

The fat boss laughed heartily. “Don’t worry, just stay here as you like. You don’t have to pay and I welcome you all to stay for as long as you want. Just do as you please and make yourselves at home!”

Zhang Ye said, “That won’t do. We still have to pay what is due.”

But the fat owner said, “I would ask to get paid if it were anyone other than you. You would be insulting me if you insisted. If you want to pay me, then I don’t welcome you here, haha. I guarantee you that no other hotel in Tokyo will take your booking. They’re in a state of panic right now. Not long after the Asakusa Hotel ended their press conference, I heard that many of the hotels in Tokyo started adopting stricter measures when processing new bookings. As long as it’s a room booking from a charity or China, the managers will make sure to screen the bookings personally. They’re all doing so because they’re afraid that you’ll somehow end up staying at their place. They’re assuming you’re like a ticking time bomb.”

Little Wang and Little Zhou laughed but did not say anything.

A time bomb?

With that mouth of Director Zhang’s, he’s definitely much worse than a time bomb!

Finally, everyone settled down.

After Zhang Ye returned to his room, he charged his phone. Only now did he realize he had missed a lot of calls. Just as he was about to return some of them, a call came in.

“Hello, Mom.”

“Why couldn’t I get through for so long?”

“Hai, I just charged my cell phone.”

“Did you get hurt?”

“No, I’m fine.”

“You rascal! You’re such a troublemaker. I should’ve known that nothing good would come out of your overseas trip!”

“Haha, how’s Old Wu?”

“She’s pretty good. I go over every day to prepare meals for Zeqing.”

“It’s been hard on you, Mom. I’ll be going home in another two days.”

“Come home quickly.”

Zhang Xia.

Yao Jiancai.

Chen Guang.

Xu Meilan.

The calls from his friends and relatives were coming in one after another.

Zhang Ye answered them all.

When evening fell, everyone gathered in the room and had a meeting.

Ha Qiqi said, “Director Zhang, if you’re going to do something next time, can you please inform us in advance? Let us be mentally prepared so that we don’t have to be so shocked. Do you know how terrified we were during these past several days when the hotel you were staying at got surrounded by all those people? We couldn’t even sleep well.”

However, Zhang Ye brushed it off. “It’s no big deal.”

Little Zhou gave a bitter laugh. “It might not be a big deal to you, but it affected us greatly. Coming out on a business trip with you nearly gave me a heart attack this time. Director Zhang, please don’t take me along the next time you go on any business trips. This one time is more than enough for me.” Pausing, she sighed and then said, “But I’ve also benefited from this. Having gone through all these major incidents with you on this trip, I won’t have anything to be afraid of if I ever encounter another major incident in the future. This is such good training.”

Little Wang giggled and said, “Right, if you’ve worked with Director Zhang, you’ve seen it all.”

Little Sun asked, “Is our Asian popularity going to go up again?”

Ha Qiqi looked at her watch. “We’ll find out in a while.”

But Zhang Ye didn't seem to have thought about this. He hadn't checked the rankings either in these past several days. "Did it go up again?"

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "After reaching the middle of the Asian A-list rankings, your position didn't really move. But during these past several days, it went up by a little again. After all, the fallout from the Asakusa Hotel incident was quite widespread. Who in the whole of Asia does not know about it? With that issue now settled, there will surely be another outbreak of popularity. Just have a look at the Internet and the news. For the entire day today, besides in China, many of the other Asian countries, including Korea and Japan, are talking about you and discussing this matter. This time, even the Koreans are praising you, so let's hope that there will be a pleasant surprise later."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright, let's wait and see then."

An hour.

Two hours.

Everyone sat in the room and chatted while drinking tea.

Similarly, many people and industry insiders from China, Japan, Korea, and other countries were also waiting for the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index to be updated. They were also curious to see Zhang Ye's ranking.

When it was time.

They saw it.

One spot!

Two spots!

On the Asian Celebrity Rankings Index, Zhang Ye's name had actually advanced by two spots!

...

China.

"What the heck!"

"Quick, look at the Asian Celebrity Rankings!"

"It's risen again! Zhang Ye's popularity has risen again!"

"Eh?"

"He can even increase his popularity like this?"

"Amazing, My Lord Zhang!"

...

Japan.

"What?"

“Why has his popularity gone up again?”

“That damned hooligan! Why does his popularity get higher the more he scolds people!”

“Who knows! How infuriating!”

“After scolding so many of our Japanese celebrities, his popularity can still rise?”

...

Korea.

“He advanced by two spots?”

“This fellow has gotten closer to reaching the summit of Asia again?”

“Surely not, right?”

“How much more ironic can it get!”

“Yeah, I’ve never come across something like this before!”

“How could his popularity have gone up by so much this time!”

...

Two rankings. That might not be a lot if it were the Asian C-list rankings. It would still be acceptable if it was on the Asian B-list rankings. But the Asian A-list rankings were different. In this list, every position change required a huge amount of popularity to be earned. If that was even the case for one position change, then it was all the more so for two position changes!

Countless people were dumbfounded!

A lot of them were at a loss!

You can even do that?

Are you seriously considering fighting your way to becoming an Asian Heavenly King?

In all of history, never had there been a celebrity who grew their popularity in such a way!

Chapter 1437: The serialization of One Piece!

The next day.

Tokyo.

At Shōnen Publishing.

The number of comic publishers in Japan was as many as the amount of hair on a cow. However, of all the comic magazines out there, there were always three publishers who led the circulation ¹ of such weekly serialized magazines targeted at teenage boys.

Shōnen Publishing².

Shūkansha.

POO Studios³.

And Shōnen Publishing was the one with the highest circulation figures.

—#1 in Japan, #1 in Asia, #1 in the industry.

In the editorial department.

Seto Kyoko looked down at a comic manuscript with a complicated expression. She had been thinking over it for several days. Her breakfast placed on the side had already turned cold. She hadn't even taken a bite from it yet.

Beside her, an editor said, "What's the matter, Kyoko?"

Kyoko gave a wry smile. "I don't know whether to submit a manuscript I have for approval."

The editor said, "Just submit it if you think it's good. Otherwise, axe it."

Kyoko said, scratching her head, "The plot is fine. It's just that the art style and character designs are so weird that it's unlike anything that I've seen in all my years as an editor."

"Oh? Let me have a look."

"Here."

"Pfft!"

"Right? Right?"

"It's indeed a little odd."

"Forget it, I'll just submit it and see how it goes."

Across the room, someone shouted, "The meeting with the editor-in-chief is starting."

Everyone in the editorial department stood up silently and proceeded to the innermost conference room.

13 people sat around a long table. They were the key leaders of Shōnen Publishing's editorial department.

The editor-in-chief spoke, "Today, we'll discuss the serializations for the upcoming issue."

The deputy editor pushed up his spectacles and said, "We freed up two slots since Onee-chan's Daily Life has ended, and with Monster's Revenge coming in last place for the past three weeks in the reader polls, we've decided that we will cut it from serialization. We have to decide which other titles will take their places today."

The editor-in-chief said, "Let's have a look then."

All the recommended works had already been placed onto the table by the various editors.

Everyone lowered their heads and scanned through them as the recommending editor explained their work.

“This won’t do.”

“Yeah, it’s definitely not going to work.”

“The plot moves too slowly.”

“Next.”

“This one is not bad.”

“But it’ll require some editing. The story’s setting is not so good.”

“Next.”

They went through the manuscripts one by one.

It finally came to Seto Kyoko’s recommended manuscript.

Kyoko said, “This work was submitted by a rookie, someone by the pen name of Aoi. I find the story and plot to be very good, so I submitted it for the meeting.”

An editor frowned. “Someone who hasn’t debuted?”

Kyoko said, “That’s right, a pure newcomer.”

Another editor said, “In principle, we would never go straight to serialization with a newcomer’s work.”

Kyoko said, “I know that. But the other party has submitted 10 chapters of the manuscript in one shot. I’ve gone through the work and find the continuity to be very strong. Furthermore, it really suits the style of our Shōnen Publishing.”

So everyone lowered their heads to read it and were dumbfounded.

What is this?

What kind of artistic style is this?

The deputy editor looked at her. “What’s with the character design?”

Another editor facepalmed. “This character design is done too casually!”

A male editor said, “Surely this won’t do, right? The story’s about pirates?”

A female editor said, “I think it’s quite good. The plot is interesting, although the character design is really ugly. Why are the eyes drawn like this?”

Everyone got into a heated debate.

Kyoko said, “I think we can forget it if it’s not good enough.”

The editor-in-chief said calmly, “Let’s move on to the next one.”

In the end, after going through a dozen different manuscripts, only one of them was unanimously approved. There was still a spot left for the serialization that no one could seem to agree on.

“Are there any more submissions?”

“There are no other ones. This is all we have for the coming issue.”

“We’re still short one title.”

“Any other works that the editors would like to recommend?”

“Nothing, everything is here.”

“Then let’s go through them from the beginning again.”

The dozen manuscripts made their way around the table again.

Half an hour.

An hour.

After a series of intense debates, and with no other good works left to choose from, the editor-in-chief picked up the manuscript of One Piece again and went through it twice in detail. “Alright, we’ll use this.”

“But what about its character design?”

“This work will surely be cut even if it gets serialized.”

“But there’s really no other work that meets our criteria.”

“That’s true.”

“There aren’t many precedents of a newcomer’s work being serialized either.”

“We can only give it a try.”

...

Elsewhere.

In the morning, Zhang Ye and company were having breakfast together.

At the dining table, Ha Qiqi asked, “They haven’t replied yet?”

Little Sun said anxiously, “No, not yet.”

Zhang Ye said, “Who submitted the manuscript?”

Little Sun said, “My older sister.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Alright, we’ll have to thank you sister when the time comes.”

Little Sun hurriedly said, “There’s no need, Director Zhang. My sister is a diehard fan of you. When she heard that she would be submitting the final copy on your behalf, she reacted like she had been shot up

with adrenaline.” With a pause, he said, “It’s been sent in for three days, but I still haven’t heard anything from my sister. It must be because there isn’t any news from Shōnen Publishing.”

Zhang Ye said, “Just wait a bit, there’s no hurry.”

Little Wang said worriedly, “The comics industry here is too advanced. In the streets, everyone can be seen walking around with a comic in their hands. Sister Ha and I even spotted quite a few aunties and uncles reading comics. We don’t know or understand anything about this industry, so could that One Piece comic of ours really work here?”

They were starting to get the feeling that Zhang Ye’s decision was made too hastily. Using a comic to circumvent the restriction order? Using comics and animation to break into the Japanese market? And extend that reach towards Asia? It sounded like a really good plan, and if it were successful, their popularity would surely jump by leaps and bounds. But they were laymen when it came to this, and it was even a case of being utterly inexperienced. So how could they possibly fight it out with the local, homegrown cartoonists of Japan? By depending on those weird character designs of Zhang Ye’s? That weird art style? Would it really work? At Zhang Ye’s Studio, they’d been slapping people’s faces for the entirety of their existence. What if they got slapped this time around? How humiliating would that be!

But Zhang Ye was firm as a rock. He didn’t while away his days at the Asakusa Hotel. Over there, he took a cursory glance at some of the most popular comic series in Japan over the past decades and analyzed them a little. He discovered that this world’s comics and animation styles were very similar to his previous world. The subject matter, genres, art styles, and many things were different, but the core was more or less the same, with a common selling point behind them. Thus, he didn’t see any problems with his plan.

At this moment, a call arrived.

Little Sun was startled. “It’s from my big sister.”

Little Wang urged him, “Quickly, take the call.”

When he answered, Little Sun’s sister could be heard yelling excitedly in such a loud voice that anyone within three meters of the phone could hear.

His sister said excitedly: “It went through! It went through!”

Little Sun was taken aback. “Sis, what went through?”

His sister shouted: “Shōnen Publishing’s editor just called me! The manuscript was passed! One Piece is going to be serialized in the new issue of their weekly magazine!”

Little Sun said in surprise: “That’s great!”

Little Wang nearly sprang out of her seat. “Damn, it really went through?”

Zhang Ye said in amusement, “What do you mean by that? Were you hoping that it wouldn’t go through?”

Little Wang said repeatedly, “No, no, no, I...I just didn’t expect it!”

This news was exhilarating to hear. Although they didn't know what kind of result One Piece could achieve, the first step had been taken!

Chapter 1438: The astonishing One Piece!

On this day.

Friday.

Shōnen Publishing's new issue of their weekly magazine went on sale.

In the morning, Zhang Ye's mother called again. This was already the second day that she was nagging him.

"Are you coming back or not?"

"I will be going back soon."

"When are you coming home?"

"Aiya, tomorrow."

"Have you gotten so comfortable in Japan that you don't wish to come home?"

"I have serious business to attend to over here."

"Who are you fighting with again?"

"Heh, why does it always have to be a fight with others?"

"Hasn't fighting become your main job these days?"

"Pfft! Goodbye, Mom."

After hanging up and eating breakfast, Zhang Ye brought Ha Qiqi, Little Wang, and the others out. They strolled on the streets and went into a huge bookstore.

Such bookstores were very common in Japan. The size of the comics industry here was not something that any other country could compare with. Be it the bookstores or small shops, and even in many of the supermarkets, many comics were on sale. Moreover, they were all placed in very prominent, large zones in the stores. Standalone volumes ¹ of comics and comic magazines could be seen at every turn.

This was a country of comics and animation.

The comics and animation center of Asia.

Little Wang looked all around her. "There are so many comic series here?"

Little Zhou asked, "Which ones are from Shōnen Publishing?"

Little Sun immediately spotted it. "It's over there!"

Everyone went over and picked up a copy.

Zhang Ye flipped open a magazine and found One Piece in an inconspicuous location. It was placed very far back in the magazine and could only be seen after flipping through many pages. The magazine was quite thick and had roughly 10 serialized comics in it. Actually, as a Chinese citizen, Zhang Ye found this sort of serialization method quite difficult to accept. At least, he wouldn't have the energy to keep buying the magazine week in and week out, especially if he missed an issue, which would result in a break in the continuity of the content. But in Japan, the reading habits of the people were deeply ingrained. This was the result of cultivating it for several decades and the national sentiments being different.

One page.

Two pages.

Three pages.

The group of them were discussing as they read.

Around them, streams of people kept coming over and taking the magazines. In the blink of an eye, they watched several dozen copies of the magazine getting sold. The sales volume was alarming.

Little Wang asked, "How do we know if a comic is popular?"

Ha Qiqi replied, "By the sales volume?"

Little Zhou said, "But aren't there a lot of different comics in one magazine?"

Little Sun said, "It will be based on a popularity poll, the most direct way of learning the statistics. Of course, the sales volume of the magazine will still be looked at. For example, a phenomenal national cartoon could increase a comic magazine's sales by several times. That is to say, without a hint of doubt, there aren't too many comic magazines out there that can depend on just a single comic to carry the publication. Also, the sales of a comic's standalone volumes are also important. But since our series has only just had its first chapter released, there's no chance of us getting a standalone volume published yet."

Little Wang asked, "Eh, why we didn't we just go straight to releasing a standalone volume?"

Little Zhou clapped. "Yeah, that would've been so great. We could have released 10 or 20 chapters at once!"

Ha Qiqi said, "With Director Zhang's speed, it wouldn't be a problem releasing two chapters a day. When it comes to update speed, no one is a match for Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye bragged, "Two chapters a day? I can do three chapters a day!"

Little Wang said, "Yeah, are there any comic magazines that are sold daily? The weeklies are too slow. This business model is problematic. It's too immature."

Daily updates?

Three chapters a day?

Do you think that everyone is as abnormal as Director Zhang?!

When Little Sun heard this bunch of laypeople discussing the matter so seriously, he was overcome by a sense of exhaustion.

...

At a school.

“Hey, have you read it yet?”

“This week’s issue of Shōnen Magazine?”

“I just finished reading it. Martial King is still padding the story with filler.”

“This issue’s Dark Souls is quite good. It was really hot-blooded.”

“I like One Piece.”

“Ah, I know that one! It’s the newly serialized comic!”

“Yeah, the first chapter’s not bad. I’m looking forward to reading it.”

“It’s great, but the character designs are a little strange.”

...

On the light rail.

“Eh? One Piece? It’s a new series?”

“The character design is so strange.”

“Why are the eyes so small?”

“It’s a good read; try it.”

“Yeah, I couldn’t really get into it at first either. But once I got past the weird character design, the plot and setting pleasantly surprised me.”

“I like this comic too.”

...

At a company.

“Aoi?”

“A pure greenhorn? I’ve never heard of this person before.”

“It could even get serialized with character design like this? Motherfucker! But why can’t I seem to get enough of it?”

“Luffy is so cute!”

“Yup, yup, I like him!”

“I like Luffy too, although his eyes are a little small.”

“How is that just a little small? It’s basically just a dot!”

...

Noon.

In the editorial department of Shōnen Publishing.

Seto Kyoko and her colleagues came back from lunch.

“Kyoko, the comic that you’re in charge of has been serialized already?”

“Yup, One Piece.”

“Is it that one with the really ugly character design?”

“Don’t call it that. Every cartoonist has their own style after all. This drawing style is actually—actually quite unique. It leaves a deep impression on people.”

“Alright, if you say so. The popularity rankings should be coming out soon, right?”

“The first batch of statistics should be out soon. Let’s see how the rankings are for this issue. Who do you all think will get first place?”

“I don’t have a chance. One Piece was included as a stopgap for this issue. If there were any other comic worth choosing from during the editors’ meeting, I wouldn’t have been in the running. The deputy editor has already put it clearly that if One Piece does not perform well within 10 issues, it will be canceled. Hai, Heavens, why can’t you just give me a good comic series to handle?”

“Haha, Kyoko has such bad luck.”

“Yeah, Kyoko, you’re a veteran editor, but you’ve never had any of the comics under you get first place.”

“Hey, hey, can you people not bring that up?”

The group was teasing her.

Seto Kyoko was very disappointed.

On a drawing board that was hung on the wall, the result of the rankings was displayed.

A lot of editors surrounded it to take a look and were very concerned about the comics they were managing. If the titles under them consistently ranked at the bottom for too long, it would be possible for the comic to get its serialization run stopped.

Kyoko also wanted to look, but she was not brave enough to do so.

Please, oh, please!

Don’t let me be in last place again this time!

Close by, a lot of people were starting to exclaim.

“Ah!”

“Quick, look at this!”

“This...huh!”

“Kyoko! Come here, Kyoko!”

Everyone was shouting for her.

Kyoko was startled. “What’s the matter?”

She stood up and went over. Then she looked up at the drawing board.

#1: One Piece, 1023 votes.

#2: Martial King, 986 votes.

#3: Dark Souls, 922 votes.

Kyoko was dumbfounded!

The entire editorial department of Shōnen Publishing was also dumbfounded!

At some point in time, the editor-in-chief arrived, along with his two deputy editors, behind the crowd. They were all staring with hanging jaws at the drawing board, disbelief on their faces!

What?

One Piece got first place?

That weird comic that they used to fill in a spot for the comic magazine? It had taken first place in the popularity rankings right on the first day of serialization? Was this some kind of a mistake?

A second later, a lot of the editors looked at Kyoko in envy.

“Congratulations, Kyoko.”

“That comic is a dark horse!”

“You’ve hit the jackpot this time!”

“Congrats on getting first!”

Seto Kyoko was so happy that she almost cried!

A good comic?

A good series?

I’ve finally gotten one after waiting for so long!

Chapter 1439: Old Wu breaks her leg!

The next day.

Later that morning.

Zhang Ye and his entourage returned to China. When they left, everyone was still feeling a little perturbed over how they did not really understand the comics industry. But when they arrived back at home, everyone looked exhilarated.

After they got off the plane, they drove back to the studio.

Zhang Zuo and the others were waiting for them.

“Director Zhang!”

“Aiyo, you’re finally back?”

“You’re not hurt, are you?”

“Don’t go abroad anymore. You gave everyone such a fright.”

“Fortunately, nothing bad happened this time.”

“Pfft, and your Asian popularity has grown further too.”

Zhang Ye’s popularity was getting higher and higher by the day as he got closer to becoming an Asian S-lister. As such, their studio naturally became more popular as well, with countless invitations to work on projects all over the country. Zhang Ye had been away for 10 days, so the work was also piling up. A lot of it had to be personally looked through by Zhang Ye.

Wu Yi anxiously asked, “Oh yes, how did the comic go?”

Ha Qiqi said happily, “It was a great success!”

Zhang Zuo’s eyes lit up as he said, “Really?”

Little Wang said excitedly, “Director Zhang’s comic has been serialized. Furthermore, it received a very enthusiastic response as soon as the first chapter was released. It was ranked first in Shōnen Magazine’s popularity poll.” Seeing how no one reacted to that, Little Wang added, “Perhaps you guys don’t grasp what all of that meant, so let’s put it this way instead. You all know about Martial King, right?”

Wu Yi blinked. “I’ve watched the cartoon.”

Little Wang said, “Yes, it’s that extremely popular cartoon. Martial King’s comic was ranked second place behind One Piece!”

Everyone was shaken!

He really did it?

Director Zhang’s comic had really become popular?

Ha Qiqi said, “Only one chapter has been released so far, but Shōnen Publishing’s editorial department is placing a lot of importance on it. The editor has already given us several calls, so it seems like they’re already handling this comic series with a lot of priority. Who knows? We might even get to see One Piece getting an animated adaptation soon. If that happens, it will even be able to propagate to the rest

of Asia. We can only observe how popular One Piece can become for now. This is not something that anyone can guarantee at the moment, so we'll have to see how it performs."

A comic series also had many levels of popularity.

Becoming a little popular.

Becoming very popular.

Or even becoming popular on a national level. The degrees of popularity were all different.

One Piece had only just started, so everything was still unknown.

Zhang Zuo said, "Director Zhang, quite a lot of work piled up over the past 10 days—"

Zhang Ye laughed. "Put it aside, I have to go home right now. My mom has been nagging me for the past few days, so I'd better go back and report to her first. I'll come back to handle these business matters at a later time."

Zhang Zuo said, "Alright, quickly head home then."

He took his luggage and drove back home.

...

Back at home.

In the villa.

Zhang Ye took out his key to open the door. When he went inside, he called out cheerfully, "This bro's finally back!"

However, he realized there was something wrong with the atmosphere. It turned out that his parents were here. Furthermore, Old Wu's parents were also here. Then he saw his wife. She was sitting on the sofa with one of her legs perched up. It was wrapped in a white cloth, and a cast seemed to be on it. There was even a pair of crutches next to her.

His mother harrumphed and said, "You still know to come back?"

Zhang Ye was horrified. "Aiyo, my dear wife! What's going on here?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "It's nothing, I just fell down."

Zhang Ye bounded over to Old Wu and crouched down beside her. He touched her leg lightly. "How did you fall?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "I wasn't paying attention while walking, so I fell. The baby is fine, don't worry."

Zhang Ye stared hard and said, "It's not fine if you're not alright either."

Wu Zeqing said, "I'm fine, can't be better."

“You’re like this, so how can you not be better?” Zhang Ye’s heart was aching badly. He turned around and groused to his mother, “Hey, how could you have kept this from me!”

His mother rolled her eyes. “Didn’t I keep asking you to hurry back home!”

Zhang Ye remembered that. “So it was because of this that you kept bugging me with your phone calls? Then you should have said so! If you told me directly, I would’ve returned two days ago!”

His father said, “Zeqing insisted on not letting us tell you.”

Zhang Ye said angrily, “How many days has it been since the fall?”

His mother curled her lips. “Two days.”

Li Qinqin said, “Her ankle is fractured, but everything else is alright.”

Wu Changhe also said, “They’ve set her bones and placed a cast on it, but she has to recuperate for the next few months.” Then he looked at his daughter and said, “Why didn’t you be more careful when taking the stairs?”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “Which stairs did you fall down?”

His mother was amused. “Why? Are you going to chip them?”

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth and said, “I’ll break them apart!”

Everyone laughed at that.

Zhang Ye checked on his wife for a long time, showing concern for her injury at times and checking the X-ray film from the hospital at times. He suddenly remembered that he still had the [Spring Water of Health] that he received from the lottery draw. If he let Old Wu drink it, it should be able to heal her injury easily. But after considering and hesitating for a long time, Zhang Ye knew that he couldn’t use it on her. He had used it on Old Rao before to cure her of her internal injuries. But as internal injuries were not something that could be seen, and coupled with the fact that Rao Aimin had also been recuperating for a long time before that, it didn’t seem strange when she suddenly recovered from it. Meanwhile, Old Wu’s fracture was a different matter as she had only just broken her ankle two days ago. The hospital X-rays were right there, so how would it look if she could suddenly skip around or run a marathon when she was still walking with the aid of crutches a while ago? How could he explain something like that?

Noon.

They started eating.

Everyone began discussing how to take care of Wu Zeqing during this period.

Li Qinqin suggested, “Changhe and I will bring Zeqing home with us. This place has two floors, so it will be very inconvenient for her to move around. It’s better if she stays with us so that we can take care of her.”

Wu Zeqing smiled. “There’s no need for that. I can handle myself.”

Li Qinqin shook her head. “You definitely can’t take care of yourself alone.”

Zhang Ye's mother objected, "Leave it to Little Ye's dad and me to take care of her. Haven't we been doing so for the past two days already?"

Wu Changhe said, "The two of you are not young anymore. If you keep traveling to and fro every day, cooking and doing the chores, that's definitely not feasible. Why don't you just leave it to us?"

Both families argued over the matter for a long time.

In the end, it was still Zhang Ye who made the decision.

Zhang Ye put down his chopsticks. "Stop arguing. She's my wife, so I'll be the one taking care of her, of course."

His mother glanced at him. "Son, it's not that Mom doesn't believe in you. I trust that you are capable of caring for her in normal times when she is uninjured. But the problem is that it takes Zeqing a lot of effort to even go up and down the stairs, to say nothing of doing the laundry and cooking. Let you take care of her? With that culinary skill of yours? Even Pigsy would starve until the skin on his stomach became loose ¹!"

His father also said, "Zeqing is carrying a child. Fast food is full of MSG, so she mustn't eat too much of it. She can't take a lot of medications either, so she will have to recuperate her injury by herself. You don't even know how to cook or make tonic soups for her to strengthen her body, so you should just forget about that idea of yours. At worst, your mother and I will come by daily to help out."

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "There's no need for that. In any case, don't bother yourselves with this matter."

Li Qinqin said, "That won't do. You already have so much work to attend to every day, so where would you find time?"

But Zhang Ye said, "I'll push away back. Starting today, for the next few months, I'll stay at home and take care of my wife. I won't be going anywhere, so that's that! Nobody say any more!"

Doing the laundry?

I'll learn!

Cleaning the house?

I'll learn!

Cooking?

I'll learn!

This is my wife! I won't have anyone taking care of her but me!

Chapter 1440: Zhang Ye turns househusband!

The next day.

Zhang Ye's Studio made an announcement: Effective immediately, due to family reasons, Teacher Zhang Ye will be halting all business activities for a period of three months. We seek your kind understanding.

Interviews? They were turned down!

Projects? They were turned down!

Advertisements? They were turned down!

All activities were stopped!

Zhang Ye had always worked in this way. If he wanted to do something, he would take it to the extreme. Otherwise, he would not do it at all!

This news created a buzz.

The reporters were naturally well-informed of what had happened.

"Zhang Ye halts all business activities!"

"The latest update: Zhang Ye's wife suffers a leg fracture!"

"Zhang Ye's wife injured in an accidental fall!"

"Teacher Zhang to turn into a househusband?"

On Weibo.

"This came out of the blue?"

"I hope it's nothing serious!"

"I think it's not serious, just a regular fracture."

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Get well soon."

"Teacher Zhang, good one. You should be at home accompanying your wife at this time."

"Right, don't worry about your job (fighting) for now and just take good care of your wife."

"Right, you can work (fight) at any other time."

"The parentheses in the previous posts made me lol."

"Every time Face-smacking Zhang takes a leave of absence from work, his popularity soars. Meanwhile, other people experience a drop in their popularity when they go on a break from work. To a celebrity, being in the limelight is the source of their life. But this increase in popularity is exactly what makes Teacher Zhang an oddity of the industry. So I really can't help but laugh whenever I see him say that he'll be taking a break from work."

Back at home.

His friends started ringing him. Although a fracture wasn't too serious, it wasn't trivial either.

Zhang Xia asked in concern: "Is she alright?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said: "It's not that bad."

Zhang Xia said: "Speak up if you need any help."

Zhang Ye said: "Sure, Grandma Zhang, I'm currently learning how to cook."

Zhang Xia said: "Hur hur, that's great. You can make use of these few months for some spiritual cultivation to curb that fiery temper of yours."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Forget about my temper. What I need to get in order first is to make sure my wife gets taken care of. I've never realized how difficult it is since I've never done it before. When I went to the market to buy groceries this morning, I was at a complete loss. I don't even know what a Gibel carp¹ looks like. In fact, I got it wrong even though I was buying the ingredients off of the shopping list. It was only then that I understood how difficult it was for my wife to do all of that. I've really not done enough as a husband."

Zhang Xia laughed, then sighed: "In the entire world, only your wife has the ability to subdue you."

It was almost noon.

Wu Zeqing was still busy working in the bedroom. Although she had applied to recuperate at home for the next few months, a lot of work at the SARFT still required her attention. She was a government official, after all, so she couldn't possibly just willfully drop everything like Zhang Ye and stop working when she wanted. She still had to handle a lot of work from home.

Zhang Ye was making lunch downstairs.

This is soy sauce.

Then what is this?

He had a taste. Oh, this is salt.

He cooked the rice while checking recipes on his phone.

Right at this time, a call came in. This time, it was from Yao Jiancai.

Yao Jiancai asked: "I just heard about your wife. How is she? Is she alright?"

Zhang Ye said: "She's not too bad. It's just that she requires more effort to get around."

Yao Jiancai said: "Did you drop all your work?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said: "Don't talk to me about work. Talk to me about cooking."

"Whoa." Yao Jiancai was amused. "Are you for real, kid? Talk about cooking?"

Zhang Ye chuckled and said: "By the way, is Sister-in-law around you now? Hand the phone to her. I want to ask her how to make silver carp soup. There are too many different ways of cooking it that I found on the Internet. A simple soup like that has more than a dozen different ways of preparing it.

Everyone comes up with their own different styles, so I don't know whose recipe I should follow. I've had the silver carp soup that Sister-in-law made and found to be really tasty."

Yao Jiancai couldn't be more amused. "OK, OK, I'll get her to the phone."

The person on the other end of the line changed. "Hello, Little Zhang?"

"Hi, Sister-in-law, I'd like to learn your recipe."

He managed to stew the soup.

Next, he wanted to prepare some pork trotters.

Who knows how to cook pig's feet?

Zhang Ye thought for a while before calling Spring Garden's Li Xiaoxian.

"Xiaoxian, how should pork trotters be prepared?"

"What?"

"Pork trotters. Didn't Sister Dong and Amy always used to say that the braised pork trotters that you made were good?"

"Ah, you're cooking?"

"Yes."

"Pfft, I'm recording for a TV show at the moment."

"What are you recording? Teach me first."

"OK, OK, OK—Director, sorry, please excuse me for five minutes."

After a busy hour.

The dishes were done.

The soup was finished stewing as well.

Zhang Ye shouted upstairs, "Old Wu, it's time to eat." Then he went up to help his wife down. "Slowly, watch your step."

Wu Zeqing smiled. "What did you cook? It smells so good."

Zhang Ye said proudly, "A delicious meal, of course."

Wu Zeqing said, "I'm really hungry."

He wasn't very good at taking care of people. Just going down the stairs was taking them a very long time. The staircase was too narrow for him to support and help her down, but if he gave her a piggyback ride, he was afraid that he would accidentally touch her ankle. And with Zhang Ye's quick temper, he decided to lift Old Wu by her waist. Then he took large strides down the staircase to the lower floor.

Old Wu quickly said, "I can walk on my own."

Zhang Ye insisted, “There’s no need to.”

His mother opened the door with her key at this moment, just in time to see this frightening sight. She ran over as she shouted, “Stop right there! Aiyo, stop right there!”

Zhang Ye let go of Old Wu and said, “There we go!”

His mother said in a speechless manner, “Who goes down the stairs the way you did?”

Zhang Ye said confidently, “I’m strong, so I won’t fall. What are you doing here? Did you follow the aroma? There’s more than enough food, so why don’t you join us?”

“I wasn’t sure that you could take care of Zeqing by yourself, so I came to have a look. If my daughter-in-law gets hurt in any way, you can be certain that I’ll get you taken care of!” His mother harrumphed. She looked to the dining table. “What is all of this?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Silver carp soup, pork trotters, and stir-fried vegetables.”

His mother said, “It doesn’t look half-bad, but I wonder how it tastes.”

Zhang Ye invited, “Have a taste, give it a try.”

Considering everything up to now, this should be the first time that Zhang Ye had seriously whipped up a meal other than making instant noodles.

The three of them sat down and started eating.

Wu Zeqing gracefully tasted the soup. Her beautiful eyes closed as she said gently, “This is really quite nice.”

His mother had a taste too. She smacked her lips and said, “It’s not too bad, although it’s nothing compared to the soup that I make. But based on your skill, it’s exceeded my expectations by a lot.”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes at her.

You don’t say! It’s just because I haven’t drawn the Culinary Skills Experience Book yet. If this bro had maxed out on that skill, I’d be whipping up the entire Manchu Han Imperial Feast for you!

Eating lunch.

Washing the dishes.

Cleaning up the kitchen.

His mother might’ve spoken quite harshly of him, but she still doted on him. She said, “Alright, alright, just leave the dishes for me to do. I’ve never made you do the chores in all these years.”

But Zhang Ye stopped her. “Don’t move. I won’t let anyone do my chores for me—hey, Old Wu, sit down. Who said you can stand up? You want water? I’ll get it for you, I’ll get it for you—I’m done here. Is there any laundry to be done?—Eh, where’s the detergent? Oh, found it!”

In the house, Zhang Ye was bouncing around to get all the chores done. Although the meal that he made wasn’t that great, although he wasted a lot of water washing the dishes, although he didn’t handle the

laundry too well, every task at hand was taken seriously by Zhang Ye, who put in his best effort as he performed them.

When his mother saw this, she finally put her mind at ease.

After his mother left, Wu Zeqing said, "Little Ye, stop already."

Zhang Ye came over to her with a smile. "What's the matter?"

Old Wu reached out to wipe off the detergent foam on his wrist. "Oh, you, work hard on your own work. I only had a fracture, that's all. Do you think that I can't take care of myself? I'm not as delicate as you think."

Zhang Ye said, "My work now is to make sure you're taken care of."

"You don't have to."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Don't worry, I won't fall behind on my work."

"How's that?"

"Didn't I tell you? Haha, this bro has already 'infiltrated' the enemy's camp. It's just that no one knows about it yet. Comics are much more flexible to work with since I can draw them wherever I am. It's nice that I can finally work on them in the next few months. When the time comes to reveal the truth, I'll gain a huge amount of popularity within Asia. This is not hindering my work, so you just worry about recuperating from your injury. There's no need for any pretense between the two of us."

Old Wu said, "Well, alright then. I guess I'll just have to enjoy being taken care of by my husband for the next few months."