

## Superstar 151

### Chapter 151: Not Giving the Leader Face!

After work.

Hou Ge asked, "Teacher Zhang, how about we have dinner together?"

"Count me out." Zhang Ye waved, "You guys go ahead."

Xiao Lu also invited him along, "Come on; let's go together. It won't be the same without you."

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly as he patted his pockets, "I need to save now. Any spare money needs to be saved. Otherwise, I won't be able to pay my Communist Party of China fees. You guys go ahead; don't bother about me."

Hou Ge said "I will treat."

"Still, leave me out. Maybe next time." Zhang Ye said.

Xiao Lu queried, "Teacher Zhang, you are still a member?"

"Yes, I joined in university." Zhang Ye answered.

Zhang Ye had joined as a member in his third year of college. Of course, that happened in his world, but it was about the same in this one, also. When he sounded out his mother, he knew that he had applied to be a member around that time. He had also followed the crowd and handed in the application form. After two meetings, he became a probationary member. He was already a proper member now, but he never participated in any of the Party's activities. He was only messing around in there... Eh, no. That's wrong. Zhang Ye was... He was receiving the edification and education from the party.

Why did messing around become edification?

Nonsense! There was no why! It has to be said that way!

Hou Ge could only reluctantly say, "Alright then. Let's go ahead. Teacher Zhang, you must join us next time."

Xiao Lu waved, "Wait a few minutes for me. I have to switch off the computers. The windows are also not closed."

"You guys go. I will do it." Zhang Ye insisted that they go for dinner. He switched off everything and packed up before locking up to leave.

In the corridor.

Editor Wei's stooped figure came towards him from far away, "Teacher Little Zhang."

"Uncle Wei, you have not knocked off yet?" Zhang Ye knew how Editor Wei was. He respected him very much and ever since that time, he addressed him as Uncle Wei.

Editor Wei smiled. "I have to work overtime today."

“Why are you always working overtime? I’ve never seen you every time I leave the office.” Zhang Ye expression tightened.

Editor Wei was a very optimistic person, “It’s alright. I have lots of work. The others have less. Even if I go home, I have nothing to do.”

Zhang Ye knew by now that it must be Wang Shuixin who made Editor Wei work overtime. Bearing the grudge from a few years ago when Editor Wei beat up his son, he had always been making it difficult for Editor Wei. Actually, not only Editor Wei was treated this way. Wang Shuixin did this to many others, too.

Previously, Zhang Ye had not really noticed it, but after Wang Shuixin took advantage of him by buying Zhang Ye’s copyrights at a cheap price, Zhang Ye completely saw through what sort of person he was. Wang Shuixin usually appeared dignified, was full of cultural bearing and was even quite a famous poet, but from that matter, it could be seen that he was a guy who did not treat others as humans. Zhang Ye and Hu Fei had already said that it was the medical fees for a leukemia patient, but not only did Wang Shuixin did not have any human compassion, he even took advantage of Zhang Ye’s desperate need for cash and obtained the maximum benefits for the station. It had also maximized his own personal interests!

One could find a person with an ugly face annoying!

But a person with an ugly heart like Wang Shuixin was to be hated!

And it happened that Editor Wei mentioned the same name, “Director Wang’s secretary told me to tell you to go over. There might be something.”

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, “His secretary is the one who’s calling me over? Why doesn’t he come here himself?”

That Wang guy was already ordering Editor Wei around. Now even his secretary wants to order him around?

Editor Wei had a good temper, and he even defended the secretary, “He’s also rather busy. Why don’t you make a trip there?”

“His secretary, busy? I’m the one who’s busy!” Editor Wei might be good-natured, but Zhang Ye’s was well known for being bad-tempered. He was already suppressing his anger towards Wang Shuixin. His anger was already simmering on the edge to begin with. If they had wanted him to meet them during office hours, that’s fine. But it was already after work. It was already past the legal working hours!

Look for me?

Not free! I don’t care who he was!

If one put it nicely, a person like Zhang Ye was a more emotional person. If one didn’t put it nicely, it would be a prickly person. When he was happy, when others were nice to him, he would go along with anyone and be courteous with them. But if someone made him unhappy, the rascal wouldn’t give a d\*mn who you were. Be it a Leader or a Leader’s secretary, Zhang Ye would even dare point at one’s nose and curse. And it was something he had indeed done before.

Editor Wei smiled bitterly.

A few co-workers who had just knocked off heard Zhang Ye's words. They saw him leaving after that without going to Wang Shuixin's office. They all could only look at each other with wry smiles.

"Zhang Ye is Zhang Ye."

"Right. A lot of news and online discussions recently were commending him for his righteousness, as he'd rather become broke to help a fan. But they don't know that when he gets angry, he doesn't give a d\*mn about anyone. That "Dead Water" had shocked so many people during the Golden Microphone Awards! Oh, but then again, this could be the reason why so many people like him."

"Me, too. I find Teacher Zhang Ye to be a rather nice person."

"But why does he show that attitude? Director Wang has offended him?"

"Hey, don't you know yet? The royalty fees to the rights for 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' was reduced to a million by Director Wang. And that was the DVD and broadcasting rights combined. To give such a low price for such a popular program, even if Zhang Ye is an employee of our television station, that's still too little. The crux of the matter isn't just about money. Did you see the newspapers? That money was the money needed by a patient to save her life. In the end, Director Wang didn't even give enough. Zhang Ye had to borrow from others to scrape it all together. It would be a wonder if Zhang Ye was happy with the station doing that!"

"But the Leader is calling for him, yet he won't go? Is this appropriate?"

"If it's other people, of course it's inappropriate. But it's not a problem for Teacher Zhang Ye."

"Right. He is one of the most important hosts of our Arts Channel. Anyone has to give him some face. Fire him? That's completely impossible. For the programs of others, even including very popular variety shows, nothing much would happen when the host is changed. There would certainly be some effects, but it would not be too great. After all, people watch it for the program itself. But Zhang Ye is different. His role is not just as simple as a host. He is a lecturer. And 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms' has just reached the halfway mark. To take Zhang Ye down? Then who will analyze the Three Kingdoms? Nobody can analyze it! His role is irreplaceable. Hur hur. Everyone on the internet says that Zhang Ye only has ordinary looks, but what do they know? Those who are good-looking exist in large numbers, and they could all be easily replaced. But how many people in the country could replace a talent like Zhang Ye? Absolutely none! Even if the Leader is offended, he has to bear with it. Otherwise, if Zhang Ye leaves, what will happen to the station's ratings?"

"A big shop can bully its customers, but a big customer can bully a shop, too!"

"When can I reach the level of Teacher Zhang, and able to not give a f\*\*k about the Leader whenever I want? Haha. Just thinking about it makes me excited!"

It became a conversation before you knew it.

Editor Wei shook his head helplessly, "This Teacher Little Zhang, ah."

A person said, "Uncle Wei, you might as say that you did not see Teacher Zhang Ye. Tell them he has knocked off."

"I guess that's the only way." Editor Wei did not want to create any more trouble for Zhang Ye, so he helped him to cover it up.

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Arts Channel.

Director's office.

The secretary knocked and entered, "Director, Zhang Ye has gone home. They didn't find him."

Wang Shuixin was standing by his window, watering his plants. He was shaking his head, as if he were reciting some flowery poetry. He looked back at the secretary and signalled for him to come over, then pointed outside the window.

The secretary went over and looked, then immediately saw Zhang Ye's figure. He was walking towards to subway, obviously just leaving work. When he saw this, the secretary was angered, "I got Old Wei to call for him, and he still said he was not around? Isn't he just leaving? I'm sure they met each other. Is Old Wei lying to me? Leader, leave this to me. I will go look for that Wei guy right now! Is he rebelling now?"

"No need." Wang Shuixin said calmly.

"But this isn't conducive!" The secretary had been following Wang Shuixin for many years, so he could speak freely with him. "He didn't even come when you had summoned for him, and that Old Wei also covered up for him. If it happens once, it will happen twice. Your credibility....." He knew that Wang Shuixin viewed his own reputation and credibility highly. For a poet and a literary figure, these are characteristics that won't be lacking in them. They all valued themselves highly.

Wang Shuixin finishing watering the plants and turned around to sit down. He said, "Deduct all of Old Wei's overtime pay for this month."

"I understand." This was a good reason, but even if there wasn't a reason, it's always been this way. It was a practice set by Wang Shuixin that anyone else would get overtime pay, but only Editor Wei, even if he were to work overtime every day, would not received a single cent of overtime pay. There would always be a reason to deduct it off. As for the reason why, everyone had a tacit understanding. Wang Shuixin had wanted serve justice for his son. He was his only son, so he spoiled him badly. Even Wang Shuixin could not bear to hit his son, but Editor Wei had used a chair to beat and chased him away some years ago. Wang Shuixin did not take it up with Editor Wei back then, but from then on he had been slowly getting back at him.

"For Zhang Ye....." Wang Shuixin said slowly, "Deduct all his bonuses."

The secretary nodded, "But what reason do we give?"

Wang Shuixin said, "Didn't he take a few days off?"

The secretary pondered, "But he also worked overtime for a lot of days. He was even recording the program on a few public holidays. If he took time off accordingly, then....."

“Who authorized his time off?” Wang Shuixin asked. “It was true that he took time off. If he took so many days of time off, then would there be a problem with deducting his bonuses?”

The secretary immediately said, “There’s no problem. I’ll process it tomorrow. I’m just afraid if Zhang Ye will flare up. After all, he is lacking in cash now. After donating the surgery fees and having borrowed money, if we deduct his bonus, he might... Besides, his program is currently very popular. What if...”

Wang Shuixin said, “Just do it according to my instructions!”

The secretary did not dare say more, “Yes.”

Chapter 152: Beating the sh\*t out of Wang Shuixin’s Son

Early in the morning.

The telephone had awakened him.

“Little Zhang, what did you do yesterday?” It was Hu Fei on the line.

Zhang Ye sat up, “Brother Hu, what do you mean?”

Hu Fei said, “We are getting our salaries today, but you only received your basic salary and your bonuses for the month have all been deducted. Even your basic salary is not in full, as you have not even been here for a full month, so it was prorated. When I checked for you with Finance, they said you took too many days off. I said that you were given time off-in-lieu, as you had worked overtime even more and had not rested for a whole week, but they said that they did not see the off-in-lieu timesheet!” Pausing, he then said, “Let’s talk when you get to the unit. I’ll definitely help you get back the bonus. Don’t worry!”

Zhang Ye’s expression sunk, “Yesterday, while knocking off, Wang Shuixin’s secretary sent Editor Wei to look for me. I did not go. I did not care about that bunch of people, so I headed straight home!”

Hu Fei said, “You still have that temper of yours!”

Zhang Ye said without any guilt, “If people respect me, I respect them. If they don’t respect me, why should I respect them?”

“Forget it. I will bring you to see Director Wang when you reach the office!” Hu Fei became unhappy, not towards Zhang Ye, but towards Wang Shuixin’s attitude. Everyone in the whole station knew that Zhang Ye was broke and going through a difficult time. But Wang Shuixin, this Leader of the channel, rather than helping Zhang Ye when he needed it the most, he instead pressured him on the copyright fees and was now rubbing salt into his wounds? While knowing that Zhang Ye was already broke, he still deducted his bonuses? Even if Little Zhang was wrong in some way, he shouldn’t have done this!

After hanging up.

Zhang Ye thought over it. He decided to give his mother a call.

Ring, ring. The call was connected, “Hello, son.”

Zhang Ye was feeling embarrassed, “Mom, that thing. Lend me some money.”

His mother asked cautiously, "How much do you need? If it's more than 500, don't bother asking!"

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, "How is 500 even enough, I'm a little hard up recently. Didn't I tell you already? My fan had to have an emergency operation. You saw it on the news, too."

"You are a good person, aren't you? A million given away just like that... Are you not silly? There's a lot of good-hearted people around. Why did you offer to help then? You aren't a tycoon!" His mother got angry at the thought of this.

But there was some murmuring on the other side of the call.

"What are you doing!"

"Give me the phone!"

Finally, his father answered, "Little Ye, what you did was right. You didn't embarrass our Zhang family. Don't listen to your mother's nonsense. If you meet someone less fortunate than you, then you must help them within your means. You are a Communist Party of China party member, so you must be conscious of this. You did really well. How much do you need? The money you gave to your mother, she has spent some of it on a few gold necklaces. The rest is still unspent. Is 50,000 enough?"

Zhang Ye said, "Enough? 50,000 is good enough. I will return the money I owe first."

His father said, "Good. I will transfer it to your account now."

Zhang Ye added, "Tell mom that when I earn more money, I will make it up to her."

Zhang Ye did not want to bother his family initially. He had wanted to return Hu Fei's money slowly with every paycheck. But it seemed that he couldn't do that now. His bonuses were a lost cause. How long would it take to pay off what he owed with just his basic salary? So he had no choice but to turn to his dad and mom. Sigh, he will make it up to them in the future.

He was in a bad mood early in the morning. After showering, he went to the office angrily.

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At the television station building.

Having just arrived at work, there was already a person waiting to be hit by Zhang Ye's cannon!

Just as Zhang Ye stepped out of the lift, he heard a commotion not too far away. He walked over to take a look, but there were many bystanders around.

"What's happening?" Zhang Ye moved towards the front.

Hou Ge and some others were not here yet, but Xiao Lu was amongst the crowd. When she saw Zhang Ye, she pointed in there angrily, "Teacher Zhang, come quickly. It's Wang Cen; he's harassing our female colleagues again!"

"Who's Wang Cen?" Zhang Ye asked.

"Director Wang's son!" Xiao Lu answered.

In there, he saw Editor Wei confronting Wang Cen.

“You bast\*\*d! You still dare to be arrogant in the television station?” Editor Wei was always a very good-natured person, but right now his face was totally cold!

Wang Cen stared at him, “What am I arrogant about? Can’t I chat with them? Is that your business?”

Editor Wei scolded, “Chatting? Do you need to put your hands around the young lady if you were just chatting? Eh?”

Wang Cen became angry, “What age and era is this now? This is how we chat. What has it got to do with you?”

“Didn’t you see the young lady trying to push you away? And to think you even made greater advances? Are you a hooligan? Do you believe I will not beat you up and chase you away?” Editor Wei pulled the young lady over and stood in front of her.

The young lady said thankfully, “Thank you, Uncle Wei.”

Editor Wei protectively said, “Don’t be afraid; I’m here!”

Wang Cen smiled angrily, “Beat me and chase me out? Do you think that this is a few years ago? I don’t believe it, but you can give it a try!”

The surrounding crowd was watching, but no one dared to help. After all, that was the Director’s son. No one felt like it was their place to say anything. Back then, when Editor Wei beat up this person, what happened to him? He had directly been given the cold shoulder by Wang Shuixin. Difficulties were created for Editor Wei and he was being schemed against. No one wanted to end up in such a situation.

Editor Wei did not say anything else. He saw a chair by the side and lifted it up, “Are you getting lost or not?”

Wang Cen sneered, but remained motionless.

Seeing this, Editor Wei moved forward with the chair!

As Wang Cen’s eyelid twitched, with a move of his feet, he displayed a certain series of steps.

Others could not tell what was happening, but Zhang Ye knew. This was the basic series of steps in Taekwondo. And from the posture, it looked like the lead-in to a roundhouse kick. After being beaten up by Editor Wei a few years ago, he had been learning Taekwondo the past few years? He was planning on taking revenge one day?

Editor Wei was in danger!

Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye squeezed through the crowd!

At this moment, Editor Wei was already in front of Wang Cen. And as expected, Wang Cen spun his body as he lifted his leg, and was about to hit Editor Wei with a roundhouse kick!

“Ah!”

“Uncle Wei!”

“Be careful!”

Zhang Ye was furious. You came to our unit to take liberties with young ladies, and yet you still want to beat people? Do you think you are reasonable? Are you being this lawless just because your father is Wang Shuixin? Get the f\*\*k away! Wang Shuixin’s son? When Zhang Ye heard this, it was an even greater fresh animosity added to an old grudge. He charged forward and blocked before Uncle Wei. As he also knew Taekwondo and had eaten many skill books, he naturally knew the weakness of a roundhouse kick. Its preparation time was too long, and the amount of movement was too much. Hence, Zhang Ye aimed for the appropriate moment and moved up to give a kick, as he quickly kicked Wang Cen’s side hip!

Smash!

Wang Cen was still in the midst of his attack, but this kick, together with his flawed kick’s momentum, caused him to scream out as he slammed into the ground!

Smash! He fell to the ground!

“Aiyah!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

Xiao Lu shouted!

No one had expected Zhang Ye to attack!

A few years ago, Editor Wei had beaten up Wang Cen. A few years later, it was Zhang Ye’s turn!

“Uncle Wei, step back a bit. Everyone, step back, too. I don’t want to hurt you!” Zhang Ye said loudly, “This bro will serve justice today!”

Do you think everyone will give you face as the son of Wang Shuixin?

Bullsh\*t! The matter with the copyright, the matter with the bonus, the matter with Editor Wei, Zhang Ye had already put up with Wang Shuixin for too long. Your son was the one asking for it! If I don’t f\*\*king beat him, who do I beat!?

Wang Cen also never expected someone to dare to step forward and even beat him. He was quick to react. With a flip, he bounced up. It could be seen that he did not slack in his Taekwondo. He was not some dabbler, but had really put in the effort, “Grandson! You dare touch me!?”

Zhang Ye said, “The one I’m touching is you!”

With a huff, Wang Cen charged up and began fighting with Zhang Ye!

Cross kick!

Side kick!

In a few seconds, the two crossed four to five moves!

Zhang Ye was frowning deep down. In terms of technique, they were about at the same level. However, it was clear that Wang Cen had mastered it bit by bit, so his strength and speed were slightly greater



than Zhang Ye. As for Zhang Ye, he had directly learned Taekwondo from eating skill books. His strength and reaction speed was not up to snuff. Two kicks from him on Wang Cen were met with four kicks back. The difference was becoming more apparent!

“Little Zhang!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

The crowd was dazzled, but they could see that Zhang Ye was losing!

Zhang Ye was hit quite a few times and was almost unable to take it anymore. However, Wang Cen was not any better. But he was clearly stronger than Zhang Ye by a bit. He could still fight!

Just as Zhang Ye was about to be defeated, he narrowed his eyes and recalled the bottle of “Health Potion” that he had obtained from the Lottery. Turning his body to the side, he immediately retrieved the little red bottle from the game ring, opened the cap and drank it down. Immediately, Zhang Ye felt the pain in his body diminish greatly. He could stand straight now!

Wang Cen was just about to give Zhang Ye the fatal blow!

However, Zhang Ye suddenly flared up as he took it on with a kick that was as swift as a sudden clap of thunder which left no time for one to cover one’s ears.

Wang Cen was alarmed. The surrounding crowd was also alarmed. They clearly knew Zhang Ye was about to be defeated, but he suddenly became energetic!

Smash!

A dull thud!

Zhang Ye’s kick had hit Wang Cen in the chin. Wang Cen’s head flew up a few centimeters before crashing flat onto the ground. It was still not the end, as Zhang Ye rushed forward and began stomping, “Trying to be a hooligan? You f\*\*king still want to be a hooligan? I’m telling you! Don’t you dare come here to act wildly again! Everytime I see you, I’ll beat you up!”

More than ten stomps were made consecutively!

Wang Cen covered his head and cried out in pain. He no longer had the strength to fight back!

Editor Wei rushed up to pull Zhang Ye back, “Stop beating him, Little Zhang. It’s enough. Just teaching him a lesson is enough!”

Xiao Lu, together with Hou Ge and Dafei, who had just come to work, rushed forward to stop the fight. One pulled at Zhang Ye’s arm, while another pulled at his waist, “Teacher Zhang! Someone will die if you carry on this beating!”

Zhang Ye was pulled back a bit, but he was not mollified. He kicked at Wang Cen without any warning once again, as he cursed, “You f\*\*king bast\*\*d!” From the angle of genes, this curse included Wang Shuixin!

“Aiyah!”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“He already can’t get up!”

Only then did Zhang Ye “reluctantly” give up!

Everyone stared with their eyes wide open. This Teacher Zhang was not only good at talking, he was actually quite brutal when he beat someone up!

Chapter 153: Zhang Ye has been Arrested!

In the corridor.

The crowd was in chaos.

“What do we do?”

“No idea!”

“Let’s call an ambulance first!”

“Right, let’s call 120 before anything else!”

“Teacher Zhang is too formidable. I heard that Wang Cen had trained in Taekwondo for two whole years and is already a green belt. Teacher Zhang, who is just a literary person and makes a living with his mouth, can actually beat him up that badly? F\*\*k, could Teacher Zhang also have practiced before? Both of their techniques seemed about the same!”

“Such a good vent!”

“Shh, say it quietly. Don’t let others hear it.”

“But Zhang Ye has really gotten into trouble this time. There’s no way of turning the situation around anymore.”

“That’s right. Back then, Editor Wei only hit Wang Cen once and then chased him out the door. He wasn’t even injured, but in the end... Now, for Teacher Zhang to beat Wang Cen into such a state, his father will definitely not let it go. Could he report it to the police?”

“How could he?”

“It was that Wang Cen who first took liberties against a woman, and he even wanted to beat someone!”

“Right, Teacher Zhang did it to protect Editor Wei. It was in self-defense!”

“Besides, Wang Cen isn’t that injured, right? None of his bones have broken. It’s just a superficial wound!”

Everyone began to discuss amongst themselves. On the whole, everyone was supportive of Zhang Ye. Wang Cen had, after all, brought this upon himself. No others were to be blamed. If they had Teacher Zhang Ye’s courage and skills, they might have beaten Wang Cen up earlier already! If you were a staff member of our television station, it might have still been discussable, but you haven’t even graduated from university. How dare you come to our television station to mess around? This was too outrageous.

It even led everyone to question Wang Shuixin's ability to rein his child in! The last time, it was Editor Wei who taught your son a lesson. Rather than being impartial, you condoned his actions. That Wang Cen was beaten up like this today. The fault lies with you, Wang Shuixin! It was because you condoned his behaviour!

Hu Fei had just arrived at the unit at this moment. When he saw the commotion, he knew something must have happened. He pulled a friend over to ask and then his face immediately changed!

The ambulance arrived.

Wang Cen was put on a stretcher, but before he left, he pointed at Zhang Ye. "You grandson! Wait and see!"

"You still dare to be arrogant towards me? I don't need to wait! If you have a problem, you can say it now! What's there to wait!" Zhang Ye's stared at him as he rushed towards him.

Wang Cen immediately backed up further.

Xiao Lu pull him back, "Teacher Zhang!"

Hou Ge and Hou Di were also afraid that Zhang Ye would beat him up further, so they held him back together with Xiao Lu. The two of them did not know whether to laugh or to cry. Teacher Little Zhang's image now... Which part of it seemed like a literary man! Which part of him looked like a historical lecturer! A streetside hooligan would have looked decent beside him!

Wang Cen was pulled away, but was still scolding. It could be seen that his injuries were not serious.

Hu Fei came forward in anger and shouted, "Little Zhang! Come with me. Now!"

Zhang Ye was seeing Hu Fei so angry for the first time. He blinked and didn't say anything, going back to his office together with Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and the others.

Once inside, Hu Fei slammed the table, "What were you doing!"

Xiao Lu tried to explain for Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang was acting bravely for a just cause. All of us saw it!"

"Right, we can be witnesses. That grandson was being a hooligan, and even wanted to beat Editor Wei and Teacher Zhang, which was why Teacher Zhang beat him up. It's not Teacher Little Zhang's fault," Hou Ge added.

Hu Fei said, fumingly, "Do you need to beat someone up so badly while being a Good Samaritan? If he gets a medical opinion and reports this to the police, what would you do? Eh?"

Zhang Ye was not one who would regret his action. That was his personality. Like a scoundrel, he sat on a seat, "Anyway, I've already beaten him up. This person deserved it. Brother Hu, I know what you are talking about, but so what? If that Wang guy dares to come again to play the hooligan, I'll still beat him up every time I see him!"

Xiao Lu secretly gave Zhang Ye a big thumbs up.

Hu Fei stared at Xiao Lu, "Are you all revolting!?"

Xiao Lu muttered, "It's supposed to be a matter that satisfies the masses."

"Enough with the bantering! Time to work! Begin recording!" Hu Fei gathered everyone to the recording studio, also taking the opportunity to dodge Wang Shuixin.

However, there were certain things that there were impossible to dodge. The people who should be in the know knew, and the people who should come eventually came.

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Arts Channel.

Director's office.

Wang Shuixin's secretary was the last person to receive the news, which showed how terrible his interpersonal relations was in the unit. Only when Wang Cen was sent away by an ambulance did he receive the news. He was immediately struck dumb as he entered the Director's office without knocking, "Director! Wang Cen got beaten up!"

Wang Shuixin was on the phone. His face was extremely sullen. Clearly, he already knew of it.

The secretary fumed, "That Zhang Ye! Does he even look up to the Leader!? What is he doing!?"

Wang Shuixin put down the phone and with a cold face said, "Report it to the police!", and with a pause, "You don't have to care about it! Go out!"

"Yes," the secretary left upon hearing this.

Wang Shuixin flipped open his telephone book and called a number, "Hello, Superintendent Song. I'm Old Wang. My son got beaten up. Please send the police!"

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Recording studio.

Zhang Ye had finished recording two episodes.

The audience was paying full attention. Sometimes they bent over laughing, while sometimes they applauded.

At this moment, the door to the recording studio was pushed open. A few policemen came in!

"What are you doing?"

"We are recording a program!"

"Unauthorized people are prohibited from entering!"

Hou Ge and Dafei said in an unfriendly manner.

The Leader, Superintendent Song, flashed a warrant, "Police. Is Zhang Ye here? Come with us to the station! There's a matter that requires investigation!"

Xiao Lu shouted, "That can be done later!"

“It cannot be done later! It has to be now!” Superintendent Song turned fierce!

Who knew that Zhang Ye did not even mind them. He was even too lazy to even give them a glance. He continued lecturing about the Three Kingdoms. He looked unperturbed and did not even stammer once. He still did what he needed to. The noise from the live audience was quite loud, and there were a few cameras, but Zhang Ye’s microphone was the only one that mattered. As long as the scene was not too chaotic, it would not affect the audio recording.

The audience turned back and were shocked. They did not know what was going on.

Police?

They were here to catch Teacher Zhang Ye?

What, what had happened?

Hu Fei suppressed his flames of anger. He never expected Wang Shuixin to allow the police to enter the recording studio and even do it in front of the audience. The reason why Hu Fei took Zhang Ye away for recording was to dodge the trouble and to allow everyone to calm down and digest it. Who knew that Wang Shuixin was such an \*\*\*hole that he would let the police into the recording studio? From the fact that they were here, didn’t it mean that Wang Shuixin disregarded anything else because of his son? He did not ask why, nor did he care if his son was in the wrong, and all he wanted was revenge? He didn’t even care how much trouble and negativity it would bring to the television station and their Arts Channel’s program? Wang Shuixin’s reaction made Hu Fei feel cold. He knew that when a person abandoned all objectivity and principles for his own son, that was a very scary and dangerous signal!

“Are you not stopping?” a policeman said angrily.

“Where is your Leader?” Superintendent Song said impatiently.

Hu Fei stood forward, “I’m the Leader. If you have anything to say, say it to me, but not here. This is a recording studio. It does not welcome anyone!”

Superintendent Song looked at him, “Alright, I’ll wait till you finish recording this episode!”

Outside.

Dafei simmered with anger as he said, “Based on what are you arresting Teacher Zhang? Do you even know about the situation?”

Superintendent Song, “We understand the situation already. Wang Cen is injured and is currently hospitalized. This is intentionally causing bodily harm. We need to bring Zhang Ye back for the investigation!”

Xiao Lu said, “I can testify! Teacher Zhang was doing it in self-defense!”

“I can testify, too! Everyone can testify for Teacher Zhang!” Hou Ge said.

Superintendent Song was unyielding, “We have already heard many of such testimonies. I’m telling you, we already understand the situation very well. Regardless of the reason, battery is battery! No one can escape the arms of the law! Is your program done? Quickly bring him over!”

Xiao Lu gritted her teeth, "Wang Cen was taking liberties with a woman! And he was arrogant enough to beat people! And Teacher Zhang was wrong to return blows? What sort of logic is that!?"

Superintendent Song said, "You do not need to care how we handle the case!"

Not long later, the episode was done recording.

Zhang Ye signaled to the few cameras and packed his stuff and walked out of the recording studio, "Dear policemen, are you looking for me?"

Superintendent Song said coldly, "Take a trip down to the station with us!"

Zhang Ye was already mentally prepared. He was without any fear. Anyway, he had beaten Wang Shuixin's son to a pulp, "Alright, let's go."

"Teacher Zhang..." Xiao Lu said anxiously.

Zhang Ye waved his hand, "It's alright. I'll be right back."

A lot of the audience also followed outside. They stretched their necks to see what the commotion was about as they muttered.

Hu Fei came close to Zhang Ye and said softly into his ear, "Wang Shuixin should be acquainted with this Superintendent Song. You just insist it was done because of self-defense. Don't talk nonsense. The station will definitely not be too harsh on you, as this program still needs you to record. Without you, who is to lecture about the Three Kingdoms? So don't worry. You will be fine." Hu Fei comforted Zhang Ye. Actually, he was also not so sure.

There was reason to it.

The matter was as such.

However, Wang Shuixin currently had his eyes closed. He could do just about anything for his son. It was not impossible for him to use some underhanded methods to remand Zhang Ye for an extended period of time and charge him with criminal penalties! From the way Wang Shuixin handled things today, there were signs that he was crazy! His condoning of his son had far exceeded Hu Fei's expectations and imaginations. He, too, did not know what Wang Shuixin would do!

However, Zhang Ye, as the person involved, was calm. He followed the police and was very gentlemanly, and the bearing he had was impeccable!

Why?

This was because Zhang Ye had a clear conscience!

Chapter 154: Causing an Uproar!

Courtyard of the police station.

The police car entered the back gate and stopped the car in the courtyard.

It was very messy and noisy. There were robbers who had just been arrested and were being prepared to transfer to another station, and people, who were arrested for drunken rioting the previous night, being released.

“Superintendent Song?” An old policeman looked over.

Superintendent Song said, “Old Zhao, is there any empty spare room?”

Old Zhao nodded, “There is. Eh, you arrested someone personally?”

Superintendent Song looked at Zhang Ye beside him, “This person is a bit special. He’s a public figure, so I personally led the team.”

“Alright, then hand it to me. I’ll bring him there. Is there a need for handcuffs? What crime did he commit?” Old Zhao looked quizzically at Zhang Ye. Typically, when a public figure was brought to their station, they had to be a bit more careful. After all, a public figure had a lot more fans and the public attention on it was greater. Sometimes there were even reporters, so it was not a simple thing to handle.

With some thought, Superintendent Song said, “He is suspected of intentionally causing bodily harm. Also the matter is a bit serious, so handcuff him, just in case.”

“Alright.” Old Zhao accepted the order.

Zhang Ye looked at them, “Have you investigated properly? Handcuffing me?”

“How we investigate is our matter!” A policeman said from behind, “Let’s go!”

Zhang Ye did not resist, “Alright, I sure want to see how you do your investigations!”

“You sure have lots of nonsense to say! Are you going?” The policemen were a bit unhappy from seeing him so unyielding despite being in the police station.

In a small dark room.

A remanding cell used to temporarily imprison people in the police station.

Zhang Ye walked in. Taking a few looks around, there was a table in the room. Bottles of finished mineral water were scattered on the ground. Other than that, there was nothing else. The room wasn’t too big, and the environment was not that clean. There was a faint moist smell to it that was slightly pungent.

Superintendent Song said to Old Zhao, “I’m handing him over to you. I’ll go to the hospital to check on the victim’s injuries. The hospital’s assessment report should be out soon.”

“Alright, be rest assured, ” Old Zhao said.

Only then did Superintendent Song leave with an old policeman.

A junior policeman left behind asked, “Brother Zhao, where should we secure him to?”

After some pondering, Old Zhao pointed to a heating pipe, “Old place.”

“Alright.” The junior policeman lowered his head to cuff Zhang Ye’s ankle and then, with a clank, cuffed it to the heating pipe.

Zhang Ye moved his foot around, and he was still sneering.

Old Zhao said to the junior policeman, “Go check his record.” Then he said to Zhang Ye, “Comrade, we are just doing business accordingly. Before we finish our investigations, it might be tough on you.” As Zhang Ye was a public figure, and seemed somewhat famous, they did not dare to be violent.

The junior policeman went to check and not long later, he came back with a surprised look. He was even holding a copy of a document, “Brother Zhao, take a look. This...”

“What’s the matter?” Old Zhao looked it over.

The junior policeman was very surprised, “This person has no prior record. However, the Guimen police station has a record of his. Two burglars had entered his neighbor’s house and were wielding knives. Back then, to protect a young girl from the neighbor’s house, he even fought with the criminals himself and even subdued them. The records even said he was slashed by the criminals and was injured.”

“Oh? There was such a thing?” Old Zhao was a bit surprised. He looked at Zhang Ye and gave him a thumbs up, “Two knife-wielding criminals... I can’t even handle that!”

Zhang Ye said nonchalantly, “You can’t hide from what you meet.”

The attitude the junior police gave to Zhang Ye also changed. He said softly, “Old Zhao, seeing this record, the matter this time is likely because he was acting bravely for a just cause. When I was checking the case, I heard people from Records say that. This Zhang Ye is quite famous in Beijing. Do you remember the news on television talking about a celebrity dissipating all his wealth to save a fan? That celebrity seems to be him. He used all his cash and even borrowed money just to pay the surgery fee for his fan. From these two matters, this person’s character and personality...is impeccable!”

Old Zhao was also in a dilemma, “Superintendent Song has already gone to investigate. We can’t be sure before the investigations are done. However...” Looking at Zhang Ye, “Wrap a cloth in Teacher Zhang’s handcuffs, so that we don’t scuff his ankle.”

“Alright, I’ll do it.” The junior policeman found a piece of cloth and squatted by Zhang Ye’s foot and wrapped it around the handcuffs. He even brought a bottle of mineral water to Zhang Ye. For a person who had fought two knife-wielding criminals to save a young girl and a person who was willing to dissipate his wealth to save a fan, they only felt respect. So their attitude was a lot kinder.

Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony as he drank a mouthful of water. After capping the bottle, he asked, “When can I go?”

Old Zhao said, “We still need to investigate and receive the injury report. The fastest would be within 24 hours. If it’s slower, we might need to transfer you to a branch for police custody.”

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, “Police custody?”

Old Zhao shrugged, “It’s not up to us.”



At this moment, a policewoman came in, "Where's Teacher Zhang? Aiyah! It's really Teacher Zhang? I heard that they brought you here. I never expected it to be true!" She took out a book and a pen, "I'm one of your biggest fans! I love your poems to death! Especially the modern poems! It's completely... Can you give me an autograph?" However, thinking of Zhang Ye's present situation, she turned awkward. "Sorry, I was also too excited. This setting is really too... Heh!" When she saw the handcuff by Zhang Ye's foot, she raged, "Who cuffed Teacher Zhang?"

Old Zhao said helplessly, "It was instructed by Superintendent Song."

The policewoman's expression changed, "How can this be!?"

"It's not my intention. Go talk to Superintendent Song about it." Old Zhao raised his right hand.

However, Zhang Ye said, "It's okay. Give me the book. I'll give you an autograph."

The policewoman quickly handed it over, "Thank you, thank you."

Zhang Ye signed his name and handed the book back to her, "I should thank you for liking my works."

The policewoman asked Old Zhao, "Brother Zhao, what happened to Teacher Zhang? Are you sure you didn't arrest the wrong person?"

Old Zhao said, "I also don't know the details. I heard he beat someone up, and it was not light either."

The policewoman immediately knew it was trouble, but she could not help in any way. "Teacher Zhang, it's almost noon. I'll bring you your meal in a while!"

The junior policeman blinked, "It seems unnecessary. Usually the people in the small dark room just receive some bread..."

The policewoman leered at him, "Can't I use my own money to buy something from a restaurant? Can't I bring the food box to Teacher Zhang myself?"

The junior policeman said with a wry smile, "Fine, as Sis Lei wishes. You don't have to do it. I'll buy in a while. Alright, Sis Lei?"

The policewoman said, "That's more like it."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "There's no need to be so troublesome. Thank you. I'll be fine eating what others eat."

The policewoman waved her hand, "That won't do. My parents watch your 'Lecture Room' every day. They also know about you paying the surgery fees for your fan. They're all full of praise for you every day. If my parents know I did not treat you well, they will tear me apart."

.....

At the same time.

A rumor spread on the internet!

"Something big has happened! None of you know yet, right?"

“What’s the matter?”

“My wife and I, who received two live tickets of ‘Lecture Room’ from a friend, went to the television station to watch the live recording. In the end, we saw a few policemen from the police station come to make an arrest. The moment that Teacher Zhang Ye finished recording, he was brought away by the police. I even watched them board the police car with my own eyes!”

“Threadstarter, please take notice. Do not create rumors!”

“That’s right. Teacher Zhang is such a nice person. Why would he be arrested?”

“The threadstarter didn’t create rumors. I was present there, too. Zhang Ye was really arrested. I even happened to hear that Zhang Ye had intentionally caused bodily harm!”

“What?”

“Is that true?”

“Teacher Zhang got into big trouble!”

“It can’t be? Then will ‘Lecture Room’ still carry on broadcasting? It can’t be halted, right?”

Back then, there were too many people in the recording studio, so there was no way of keeping this news under wraps. In the blink of an eye, the news proliferated. As for the actual reason for why Zhang Ye was arrested, most were still unsure. Hence there was some erroneous information as people speculated. Some said Zhang Ye murdered someone, while some said Zhang Ye had put on airs and beat up a colleague. There was all sorts of talk on Weibo.

Not long later, the news appeared on several internet portals.

Although Zhang Ye was not that famous, and it was just a small piece of text in the entertainment news section, the title was very eye-catching, “Famous ‘Lecture Room’ Lecturer, Zhang Ye, Taken in for Questioning by Police”!

Finally, someone in the know revealed what was going on. It could be seen that this insider was an employee of the Beijing Television Station.

“Something very infuriating happened today. This is because I witnessed a very disgusting matter. The television station’s Leader’s son came to the unit to take liberties with a woman. When he was prevented from doing so, that person did not heed the warning and even wanted to beat someone up. And that someone was a 50+ year old comrade. When Teacher Zhang Ye saw this, he sprung forward and protected the old comrade and the woman who was taken liberty of. He was kicked more than ten times before he barely managed to subdue the villain. But in the end, it was Zhang Ye who was arrested. As for who the Leader is, it’s not my place to say, but this matter really makes one feel coldness! Isn’t this confusing right from wrong? I want to ask what is wrong with this society! All the witnesses in the station can testify for Teacher Zhang Ye. All of them said Teacher Zhang was acting as a Good Samaritan, and it was also in self-defense. After all, the other party was too brutal in his attacks, so Teacher Zhang had no choice but to fight back. However, the police did not even listen to anyone’s words. They disregarded what anyone said and just arrested him! I dare to guarantee that someone is working the police behind the scenes, and might even have used personal relationships! Anyone who has a little

conscience and sense of justice, please push this thread to the top! Let even more people see it! Rescue Teacher Zhang!”

“Propping!”

“Holy shit! So insidious!”

“Supporting Teacher Zhang!”

“Let that bunch of people die!”

The number of hits for the thread quickly soared!

Many people replied to the thread in anger as they demanded for Zhang Ye’s release!

However, in less than half an hour, this thread was deleted by the administrator of the forum. The reason for deleting the thread was, “spreading unhealthy information”.

This move ignited the fumes of anger in even more people!

“The thread was deleted?”

“What does it mean, ‘unhealthy information’?”

“This is infuriating! I’m really angry!”

“There must be someone behind the scenes! Someone is trying to push Teacher Zhang Ye to his death!”

“Could it be done by the television station’s departmental Leader the threadstarter mentioned? To have such a high position, he must have some interpersonal connections in the media circles. It’s nothing to get them to delete the thread!”

“His son was being a hooligan and even tried to beat someone up, and to think he thinks he is being reasonable?”

“I never liked Zhang Ye before. I felt like he does not know how to restrain himself and that he dares to even curse his Leader. There are some problems with that. But today, I support Zhang Ye. Well beaten! This sort of person should be beaten to death!”

Very quickly, the negative comments were also deleted. Not a single one was left!

Threads that reprimanded Zhang Ye for beating someone or that he deserved being arrested remained undeleted!

When everyone saw this, they were furious. This was wiping out any negative opinions on the person behind the scenes? Only negative comments about Zhang Ye were left behind? Using this censoring method to enforce a narrative about Zhang Ye’s battery matter? No one was allowed to comment or question?

F\*\*k!

You are crazy!

Chapter 155: Zhang Ye’s “My Confession”!

Afternoon.

Police station.

The sun was overhead, and the sunlight was blazing. However, it was not hot, as it was autumn.

In the small, dark room, Zhang Ye was quite fine. He did not know how big a stir he had caused online. He was sitting there, eating. There was Kung Pao chicken, sea cucumber with scallions, bean curd mixed with chopped green onion, and there was also hot and sour soup. It was really three dishes and a soup. This was all bought by someone, according to the policewoman's instructions.

"How does it taste, Teacher Zhang?" the policewoman asked.

"It's good. Thank you." Zhang Ye thanked her.

"You are welcome. Try the soup." The policewoman gave him some soup.

Suddenly, Superintendent Song came back from the hospital with the old policeman. When he saw Zhang Ye sitting there like a lord, eating a hearty meal, and it was even three dishes and a soup, Superintendent Song was speechless for a long time. Even the old policeman nearly fainted. What the heck! What sort of treatment was this? The Superintendent and I were outside, busy all day, and we did not even have our meals, and yet a suspect like you, is eating? And even eating so well?

"Little Lei, what are you doing?" the old policeman was displeased.

Zhang Ye was also done eating, and he put down his chopsticks and wiped the corners of his mouth with a napkin.

"Alright." Superintendent Song did not pursue the matter and pointed to Zhang Ye, "Release his handcuffs and bring him to the interrogation room."

The old policeman uncuffed Zhang Ye, but he did not remove the entire handcuff. He had only released the side on the heating pipe. The other side was still cuffed on Zhang Ye's foot.

The interrogation room was also in a small yard.

The moment that they entered, Superintendent Song and the old policeman sat behind a desk.

Zhang Ye also did not wait for them to say anything. Without standing on ceremony, he sat down.

"Be honest with the truth!" The old policeman said with a gloomy expression, "Why did you beat him up so brutally? I'm telling you the truth. The injury assessment is out. Wang Cen's injuries are very serious!"

Zhang Ye asked, "Did his bone fracture?"

The old policeman said, "No, but..."

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes, "He didn't even have a bone fracture and you call that seriously injured? Can I understand why are you scaring and threatening me? Using vague words to lead me on... Are you trying to get a statement that you want from me?" He had attacked through measured means. He knew how heavy he had hit.

The old policeman slammed the desk, "You dare to even answer me with questions?"

Superintendent Song looked at him, "Teacher Zhang, it would be best if you were serious! This matter is no trifling matter. I'm advising you to tell the truth, so that we can all save our time."

Zhang Ye laughed, "It's not saving all of our time. It's just saying your time and the time of the Wang Shuixin father-son duo. It's not me. I have already talked about my problem. My problem is that I do not have a problem. But if you insist that being a Good Samaritan is a mistake, then I have nothing to say! If so, then you should say it early. You must publish an official statement, telling everyone that being a Good Samaritan is wrong. Everyone should not do that, or they will be arrested. If I had known it would be this way, then I wouldn't have been so nosy!"

The old policeman was a bit angry, but he was helpless. This person indeed made a living with his mouth. His words were formidable, and ordinary people could not engage in a battle of words with him.

Superintendent Song said, "Wang Cen said that he did not take liberties with that female. Back then, he was only having a chat with her. But when you saw it, you came attacking!"

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh, "Then what is the result of your investigations? There were so many people there to testify for me. I don't believe that not a single person has told you the sequence of events. You can ask in the television station. There were at least 50 people there who can testify for me. But did you listen? You were completely indifferent to it? A simple sentence from that villain, Wang Cen, and you believed it? You are taking his testimony as fact? Is this how you deal with cases?"

The old policeman said angrily, "Who said that we have settled this case? We are still doing our investigations! We are telling you each other's testimony. Zhang Ye, do you like that female colleague? Is that why, when Wang Cen interacted with her normally, you turned jealous and beat him up?"

Zhang Ye stared at the old policeman for a long while, "I see it now. So all of you are in on this together? You are so protective of Wang Cen? Willing to perjure for him? I don't even know that female's name. I don't even have an impression of seeing her before. I like her? Turning jealous because of love? You sure are funny. Are you trying to write a story in front of a novel author like me? Just by opening my mouth, I can come up with 200 stories like that in a day!"

Superintendent Song said, "Then why did you beat him?"

"Why did you not ask Wang Cen why he was taking liberties with that woman?" Zhang Ye asked.

The old policeman snorted, "Fine. If you are not going to cooperate, then we have nothing more to talk about. Then go wait in that small, dark room. When you are willing to cooperate, we will talk again! It's useless, even if you refuse to speak. It has already been established that you have caused substantial injuries to him. There is no way for you to escape from that! Superintendent?"

"Take him away!" Superintendent Song knew that he would not get anything from him. This person's mouth was more more formidable than theirs. They also had a headache facing such a person.

They brought Zhang Ye out of the interrogation room.

However, inside the small yard, there were suddenly a lot of people!

"Hey! What are you doing?"

"We are reporters!"

“Get out, all of you! What the heck!”

“We want to interview you! How is Teacher Zhang Ye now?”

“I want you out of here! Who allowed you to rush in from the back door? We are not accepting any form of interview! We will give an official word after the case’s investigations are completed!”

A few reporters from Beijing’s various newspapers had gotten in while people were not paying attention!

“Hey! Look there!”

“It’s Zhang Ye!”

“Quickly go over! Quickly go over!”

The reporters did not heed any instructions and pushed past a few policemen, rushing forward!

There were not many policemen, so they could not stop that many people. They could only watch helplessly as the reporters surrounded Zhang Ye, Superintendent Song and the old policemen!

A Beijing Time’s female reporter raised her microphone and said hurriedly, “Teacher Zhang, someone familiar with the matter said that you had beaten up your Leader’s son because you were doing it for a just cause, resulting in you being framed and sent to the police station. May we know if this matter is true? If it is true, do you have anything to say?”

Before Zhang Ye opened his mouth, the old policeman pushed the reporter away, “Get out of here! This is state territory!”

Another young reporter from a Beijing tabloid blinked, “Sir policeman, why are you bringing Zhang Ye away?”

Superintendent Song said in an official manner, “He is suspected of intentionally causing bodily harm. It is still under investigation. It is still not convenient to release any other information.”

The tabloid reporter asked again, “Many people are saying that Zhang Ye is prone to violence, as he has a bad temper, which was the reason why he brutally beat up a person. Is this true?”

This time, the old policeman did not stop him, “We are still investigating.”

Another reporter came forward, “Teacher Zhang Ye, may I know when did you have bouts of violence? When you were young? Or after you became famous?”

A fourth reporter asked, “I heard you often put on airs, and this is not the first time you beat someone up. Can you explain this?”

A fifth reporter followed up, “I am a reporter from the Daily News. Is this beating up of someone true? Was it done on purpose? Please give an explanation to everyone and the fans who like you!”

Upon seeing this, Zhang Ye nearly laughed out. What sort of questions were these reporters asking? Other than the Beijing Time’s reporter being neutral, what sort of questions were the other reporters asking? They were clearly giving him the death sentence. He was prone to violence? He often beat

others? He often put on airs and beat others? These were all matters without any basis. In the end, when these reporters asked, it was as if they were speaking matters of fact and had given Zhang Ye the title of a devil!

Was this due to Wang Shuixin's personal connections?

Was this one of Wang Shuixin's tricks?

Ha! Fine! You activated so many people to malign me? You sure are unscrupulous!

Even the police station's Leader's attitude made Zhang Ye lose the last bit of patience he had. The reporter who asked properly was chased away by you, preventing her from speaking. But towards a bunch of reporters who were maligning me, you did not even stop them. And even answered them in a warm manner? Making others think that I was really guilty of the crime? Just that the investigations were not done, so it was inconvenient to announce it?

Good!

Then don't you blame me!

The reason why Zhang Ye was not worried when he had followed them to the police station was firstly because his conscience was clear, for he had done nothing wrong, and secondly because he had his own methods to retaliate and killer moves! To others, Zhang Ye looked like a little lamb in a cage that was to be slaughtered. Whatever others said would be made fact, but they seemed to forget that Zhang Ye's greatest weapon was his mouth!

The policewoman could no longer take it any more, "What are you saying!?"

Old Zhao pulled at the policewoman, preventing her from going forward. He could tell from Superintendent Song's attitude that it would be useless, even if they wanted to help Zhang Ye!

However, Zhang Ye spoke, "You want me to answer?"

The Daily News reporter said, "Please explain the reason behind hitting someone!"

Zhang Ye roared with laughter and asked again, "You want me to explain?"

Another tabloid reporter said, "Don't you need to explain after beating someone?"

Zhang Ye laughed to the heavens in a very exaggerated manner, then he took a step forward. As the handcuff on his ankle scratched the ground, it echoed a dull metallic sound. Zhang Ye looked at them and everyone in the courtyard of the police station. He then said in a proud and loud manner, "No matter how heavy the iron shackles clang at my feet, no matter how high you raise the whip, I have no confession, even if a bloodied bayonet is pointed at my breast! Humans cannot lower their noble heads. Only cowards will plead for 'freedom'!"

Poem?

The crowd was dumbfounded from shock!

Zhang Ye's tone suppressed his anger, "What do torture and beatings amount to? Even death has no means to open my mouth! In the face of death, I laugh out loud. My laughter rocks this palace of

demons!” Then, his gaze swept the crowd from front to back, left to right. Then, he punctuated his words in a ruthless tone, “This is my, a communist member’s, confession!”

Zhang Ye was sure wicked!

Since he felt that they were inhumane towards him, then there was no reason to blame him for being unjust!

This fellow even used a poem said by a revolutionary martyr back then, “My Confession”!

Chapter 156: Fans Seek Justice for Zhang Ye!

This poem had a long history.

Just about everyone from his previous world knew of this poem, or had even recited it before. This was quite a famous poem in the language textbooks!

It was during the revolution of April, 1949. As the underground political mouthpiece, “Advancement Report” was raided by the Kuomintang. The “Advancement Report” Special Branch’s Secretary, Chen Ran, was arrested. In prison, Chen Ran was subjected to all kinds of torture, but only confessed that he had handled all of the editing, printing and publishing of the paper. He was determined to sacrifice himself, in order to protect his team and comrades. His captors used threats and coercion to force his confession. So Chen Ran picked up his pen and wrote an earth shattering poem — “My Confession”.

This was a great revolutionary poem!

This was the freedom of a communist member, an uprightness that symbolizes the heroism of martyrdom!

If it wasn’t in extreme circumstances, Zhang Ye would not bring out this poem, since it was really extreme. But now, Zhang Ye no longer had any hesitations!

You want to torment me?

You want to insult me?

Sure! Then I will f\*\*king torment and insult all of you, too!

.....

He was done reciting the poem.

There was silence in the police station’s yard due to the shock!

The policewoman, Old Zhao, as well as the others in the police station, and even the reporters, drew a gasp because of Zhang Ye’s poem!

Or perhaps it was the Fruit of Charm’s effect. No, it had to be the Fruit of Charm’s (Voice) effect! Those 38 fruits had greatly increased the charm in Zhang Ye’s manner of speech and voice. They caused his poem to enter deep into their hearts, and showcased the soul of the poem to its fullest extent! There might even be some of the effects from the few Fruits of Charm (Eyes), which made the present Zhang Ye awe-inspiring. The aura emitted from his gaze, and the dauntless words he shouted out, had



influenced a majority of the people present, turning them emotional and making them dumbfounded!  
Even those who were not heavily influenced by Zhang Ye could not help be slightly moved!

The policewoman's eyes even turned red from hearing it!

The female reporter from the Beijing Times also shed a tear. She quickly wiped her eyes as she felt a surge of warm blood!

In the face of death, I laugh out loud?

The Devil's palace trembles from the laughter?

Many of the people now had their eyes focused on Zhang Ye. What kind of a great spirit of a man would it take to write a sentence like this!

The female reporter came back to her senses. She hurriedly noted down the poem from memory! Many of those reporters reacted by noting it down, too!

This was news!

It was big news!

Before they came here, someone had talked to them. It was either their Leader's instructions or friend's request. But faced with the current situation, their reporter's instinct had also taken over. Who cares about the story of Zhang Ye beating someone up! This poem was the highlight!

Why?

Because the message it conveyed was huge!

The reporters began to take a flurry of pictures. Instantly, Zhang Ye was flooded by bright lights, and especially the handcuffs on his leg, and the few bruises on Zhang Ye's body, which were a result of the fight with Wang Cen, were specially focused on by the reporters. They kept taking photos with all they got!

"No photographing!"

"What are you doing?"

"No photography is allowed here!"

Superintendent Song panicked and tried to prevent it.

But with so many reporters, how could they control them in time!

The reporters behaved like they were on stimulants, acting all excited. But what made some happy, made others sad. With Zhang Ye's poem, Superintendent Song and the old policeman had somehow been mesmerized by Zhang Ye's inexplicable charming voice for a split moment, before they quickly regained their composure. Their faces were already pale!

Zhang Ye!

F\*\*k your grandpa!

A kid like you is such a grandson!

Superintendent Song and the old policeman wished that they could swear openly! Despite all their planning, they had never expected Zhang Ye to recite a poem, and it was such a poem!

The heavy iron shackles clang at my feet?

Iron shackles, your sister!

It's just a handcuff! And it was loose! All the people locked in the small, dark room basically received such a treatment!

No matter how high you raise the whip?

Whip, your sister! Where did we have a whip!?! We didn't even lay a finger on you!

And that line about even if there is a bloodied bayonet by my chest?

Bloodied, your grandma! Bayonet, your grandpa!

Are you trying to malign our police station!?

What do torture and beatings amount to?

Who tortured you!?

Even death has no means to open your mouth?

Big Bro! My dear Bro!

At most, you had deliberately caused harm! According to this situation, you would at most be detained for fifteen days!

Death?

Death, your sister! You didn't intentionally murder anyone!

What sort of adjectives are you using? What adjectives are they?

After a long time, the reporters were finally chased away.

Superintendent Song and company wiped their sweat and quickly brought Zhang Ye back to the small, dark room!

.....

Afternoon.

The Beijing Times began selling!

“Zhang Ye’s ‘My Confession’” : This afternoon at the police station, our reporter witnessed the police taking Zhang Ye away. Under the flurry of verbal attacks by other reporters, Teacher Zhang said righteously in his own words a poem... No matter how heavy the iron shackles clang at my feet, no matter how high you raise the whip, I have no confession... The above was the poem’s original text. From this, we can tell that unless there was a great grievance and fury, how would a person be able to

write such a poem? Together with the bruises on Zhang Ye's body and the handcuff on his leg, we do not know what sort of unjust treatment Zhang Ye had endured in the police station. This matter will be followed up by our newspaper's reporters!

The other city tabloids also published an evening edition!

"There are hidden facts behind Zhang Ye's assault?"

"The police station tortured Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Of course, some of these tabloids were still discrediting Zhang Ye, writing him as being a heinous guy. They wrote that he hit others because of personal desires, or that he had taken a fancy to the female colleague!

.....

Jiaomen East.

"Aunt, Zhang Ye was arrested!" Rao Chenchen said waving a newspaper.

"This kid's getting into trouble again?" Rao Aimin frowned. She grabbed the papers to take a look and laughed, "Hur, this kid was already brought to the station, but still did not forget to write poems?"

Chenchen said anxiously, "What to do? What to do!"

Rao Aimin threw down the newspaper, "That rascal is smart; don't worry about him."

Chenchen pulled at Rao Aimin's clothes and said, "Aunt, go and save him! Break him out of prison!"

"You wench, you are so protective of your Uncle Zhang?" Rao Aimin was speechless. "Break into the prison? This is a lawful and orderly society. It does not matter if you have the skills. Besides, your Uncle Zhang was just brought in to assist in the investigations. He hasn't been judged yet!"

.....

Caishikou.

Zhang Ye's house.

An old neighbor knocked on the door and came in, "Old Zhang, things are bad. Your son was arrested!"

"What? Little Ye was arrested?" Dad shook his head, "Impossible. My son is a Party member! He's law-abiding!"

A neighboring auntie threw them a Beijing Times newspaper, "Look at it yourself. It's already in the newspapers!"

Zhang Ye's mom, who was cooking in the kitchen, rushed over. Seeing this, she was alarmed, "Who dares to accuse my son? That bunch of bastards! And he even dared to beat my son?"

Dad was also furious as he got up, "Let's go! To the police station!"

.....

On the web, Zhang Ye's "My Confession" had been spread!

If it were anyone else's poem, it might not have attracted that much attention. But this was a poem by the author Zhang Ye, who had composed "Dead Water", "A Generation" and others like them. Whether it was classical poetry or modern poetry, it would be anticipated highly. His least popular work even surpassed a million hits! You could imagine his popularity! Furthermore, "My Confession" was in a similar style as "Dead Water"! Everyone was even more interested!

"Great! This poem's absolutely great!"

"Zhang Ye is truly talented! I'm convinced!"

The Devil's palace trembles from the laughter? What a strong spirit! I am already beginning to like him! This person is so f\*\*king charismatic!"

"Especially that last line. This is my, a communist member's, confession. It's so empowering!"

"I feel that even though many people in the literary world do not acknowledge Zhang Ye, no one can deny that no one can match the literary value and the ability to speak to one's heart in his works! Personally, I think amongst all of Zhang Ye's poems, this is the best!"

"Right. Especially this Confession. I stood up just from reading it. I never felt my body's blood surge from reading a poem!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye must have definitely been framed! Look at the mass deletion of threads on several forums. Isn't it clear? Someone is trying to entrap Zhang Ye! It was the last straw when Teacher Zhang Ye issued his angry roaring sound, feeling the senselessness in this! That bunch of people are too much!"

"Let's go! Let's post!"

"That's right! Count me in!"

"I've prepared my clone accounts! If they delete the threads or ban us, let's just carry on!"

"Right! They delete one! We post ten! Let's see if they are faster or if we are faster! I don't believe this world has no justice! Teacher Zhang is a person who can go to such means for a fan. Would he do something illegal? Only a ghost would believe so! This must be insidiously done by someone! They are guiding the public opinion!"

.....

Inside Zhang Ye's Nest Tieba.

The other netizens were only angry. But when Zhang Ye's fans saw the "My Confession", they were furious to the extreme!

"Bastard!"

"That bunch of bastards!"

"Teacher Zhang is in trouble! Everyone quickly come!"

A junior moderator posted, "Comrades, brothers. Everyone should already know what's going on, so I won't say anything else. I don't even want to know the cause and course of the matter. All I see is that Teacher Zhang is in trouble! I ask all of you! When we fans were in trouble! Who reached out a helping hand!? Who was the one who dissipated all his wealth to pay the medical bills for a small fan?"

"It's Teacher Zhang!"

"It's Teacher Zhang Ye!"

The junior moderator said angrily, "Right! It's Teacher Zhang Ye! When a fan was in trouble, Teacher Zhang reached out his helping hand without any hesitation! Now that Teacher Zhang is in trouble, it is time for us to help him!"

Big Saber Bro posted, "My large saber is again again again again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

The junior moderator said, "Big Saber Bro is here, too? Good! All the brothers have gathered. Big Saber Bro, this moderator who doesn't bother about the board or bothers thinking, please lead everyone to the various Tieba forums, Weibo and other public media sites and post Teacher Zhang Ye's poem! Let's seek justice for Teacher Zhang!"

"I'm going!"

"Count me in!"

"There's me, too! I'm going all out!"

"They deleted a thread! I'll f\*\*king post a hundred!"

"That's right! Let's see if they have more people or if we have more people! I refuse to believe we have less manpower!"

Chapter 157: Another "Prisoner's Song"!

There were discussions so intense that they could overturn the heavens outside.

Yet the small, dark room in the police station was quiet.

It was almost time for dinner, but Zhang Ye had eaten quite a lot for lunch. He had nearly finished everything from the three dishes and the soup. He was still even burping now.

There were two others in the room. One was the old policeman, and the other was Superintendent Song.

The old policeman's face was a bit black, "Zhang Ye! Who allowed you to say such a poem?"

Zhang Ye was amused, "I was suddenly inspired, and said it however I wanted to say it. Do I need someone's permission to write a poem?"

Superintendent Song angrily slammed the table three consecutive times, "But the poem you composed does not match the actual situation! It's completely fabricated and meant to incriminate!"

Hur Hur.

All of you should know what it means to incriminate, right?

Zhang Ye said with a dumb face, “No, I didn’t? How would I dare to incriminate a state vessel. I was just inspired to compose a poem, and it had no other meaning. Do you know what art is? Do you know what literature is? This is all drawn from life and on a realm higher than life. It requires proper artistic embellishment!”

The old policeman angrily said, “But you made us appear to be in the wrong!”

Zhang Ye looked at him, “It is you who first made me appear to be in the wrong, alright? Ask your conscience, were you objective in your investigations from before? Are your asses still upright? From the beginning, you have already decided on my guilt, and you did not care if I was acting bravely for a just cause, so I had nothing I could do. I just casually recited a poem to express my emotions. The powerful can do whatever they want, but the weak are not allowed to do anything?”

“You...” The old policeman was so angry that he stood up.

Superintendent Song was also angered by Zhang Ye’s attitude. Before he entered the small, dark room, Superintendent Song had received a few calls from the main branch’s Leader, inquiring about the matter’s origins and the situation. He was even given a scolding, which made Superintendent Song feel very restrained. Also, he had looked at the internet.

It was fine if he did not know, but just looking at him scared him out of his wits. The internet and Beijing’s area were completely plastered with Zhang Ye’s matter. He did not know where so many people came from who were helping seek justice for Zhang Ye. They were even shouting for the police station to immediately let him go.

Zhang Ye was, after all, a public figure. And the news of him saving a fan’s life had was still fresh in people’s minds, so they were still focused on him. Now, with this matter suddenly jumping out of nowhere, the attention people paid to Zhang Ye was once again extended! Hence, their police station had immediately been thrust to the forefront of a wave! All of Beijing’s citizens’ eyes were instantly on them! The people were seeing how they would handle the matter!

A prickly person?

Trying to be a scoundrel?

I sure wasn’t afraid of that!

Superintendent Song was enraged by Zhang Ye and did not turn generous toward Zhang Ye. He even wanted to teach Zhang Ye a lesson, “Regardless of what you say, we will still do our investigations. We will do it in an official manner. Do not think that we will do things in a lax manner, just because you are public figure. It is precisely because you are a celebrity which is why we are extremely strict with you. This is because your every action is something of the people’s concern. You are responsible to set an exemplary model.”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Then my exemplary model is to admit that I am innocent?”

“You are innocent?” Superintendent Song stared, “Then let me ask you! Who beat up Wang Cen?”

Zhang Ye answered back sarcastically in an unrelenting manner, "Then let me ask you! Why did I beat Wang Cen?"

Superintendent Song said, "He was beaten by you and has been hospitalized. You have broken a law, so whatever you say is useless! Let me tell you, Zhang Ye! I've seen all sorts of hooligans! You are not an exception! If you confess the truth fully right now, we can still negotiate and reduce your punishment! Your parents are already here. If you don't want to think for yourself, you should at least think for your parents. Are you letting them stay outside, feeling worried and fear for you? Be honest and speak the truth! Or you will suffer the consequences!"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Then I really want to see how you will make me suffer the consequences!"

Superintendent Song said coldly, "Don't think that you will be saved just because you have a few fans! The law is watching you!"

Zhang Ye also looked at him, "Don't think that because you are in a police uniform that it means you can knowingly violate the law! The citizens are watching you!"

"You fuc..." Superintendent Song nearly swore, but quickly stopped himself. He took a deep breath to calm himself. It was too infuriating! This Zhang was too infuriating, "Fine. You are a broadcasting host, so people like us cannot cross words with you. But don't think of leaving! Have some self-reflection in this tiny, dark room! When you decide to admit your mistake, come look for me! I'll be waiting for you in my office!"

Zhang Ye laughed without a word.

The old policeman said, "Superintendent, should we..."

"Let's go." Superintendent Song did not say anything else as he led him away.

With a bang, the door was slammed shut from outside and locked tightly!

Zhang Ye was left alone in the room. He sat on the floor and touched his pocket. His phone had also been confiscated, so there was nothing that he could do. He could only close his eyes to take a nap.

Slowly.

The sky turned dark.

Many people had already gotten off work, and the police station was deserted.

Zhang Ye could not fall asleep, so he opened his eyes again. At this moment, the door was opened.

That old policeman walked in and threw a loaf of bread and a bottle of mineral water to him, "Have you decided on explaining? If you say it, you will be given a lighter sentence!"

Zhang Ye picked up the bread, "I've decided how to eat my meal."

"Still being stubborn? Fine!" The old policeman closed the door and left. He did not believe that Zhang Ye could hold out and wanted to see how long a pampered celebrity could last!

Outside, the policewoman had come, too.

“Little Lei, it’s almost time to get off work. Why are you here? You are not on duty today.” The old policeman frowned.

The policewoman ignored him and squeezed through, “I’m bringing food for Zhang Ye.”

“What? I’m here, and you still want to break the rules?” The old policeman reprimanded, “As a member of the police force, how can you deliver food to the criminal?”

“Who’s the criminal? The investigations aren’t clear yet!” the policewoman said unyieldingly.

The old policeman said, “I already gave him his meal. You don’t have to care!”

The policewoman stared with her eyes wide open, “You call that crappy bread a meal?”

“Everyone who goes there eats that, right?” the old policeman said unhappily.

Zhang Ye very naturally broke the bread and said to the policewoman outside, “Comrade Little Lei, it’s alright. The bread smells pretty fragrant. Let me try it.” He tore open the wrapping and pinched it. It was a bit hard, “Hey, is this is French bread?” Lowering his head to bite at it, Zhang Ye then said with a pleased expression, “Ha, who knew our police station’s food was so good? The bread is so delicious! Where do you buy it from? Next time when I go out, I’ll buy a box of it. The taste is really good. Yes, so fragrant!”

The old policeman was shocked. Even this was delicious? He felt that Zhang Ye was being stubborn. Disregarding a celebrity like him, even a typical thief or burglar could not put up with their food!

But in reality, Zhang Ye did find it delicious because he grew up poor. The old policeman thought he was pampered? That was actually bullsh\*t. Zhang Ye didn’t even get to drink milk when he was in elementary school, or else why would he be this short? After earning money, Zhang Ye was still not very particular about food. He was already used to a tough and simple life.

Ignoring everything else and talking about instant noodles, if it was someone else, who could eat instant noodles for a whole week and swallow it down? Zhang Ye could! He was not picky with food. Besides, this fellow was recently short of money, and since this place settled his meals, he was of course happy to have something to eat.

The old policeman refused to have his beliefs shaken as he stared through the window for a long time.

However, Zhang Ye really happily finished the entire bread, and finally, he even poured all of the bread crumbs in the bag into his mouth.

The policewoman was impressed. As expected of Teacher Zhang Ye!

The old policeman did not say a word about that, “Let’s go. It’s time to go home!”

.....

8 P.M.

Zhang Ye knew he had to spend the night here. They were not letting him go, right? They were trying to force a confession from me? Fine, it looks like the “My Confession” was still not powerful enough. Your police station’s resistance sure is strong. With that, Zhang Ye stood up, having eaten and drunk his fill.



Looking around, he found an extremely tiny stone on the ground. He picked it up and checked it. It was passable.

Suddenly, a large commotion came from outside the door!

“Policemen, please accept our interview!”

“May we know where Zhang Ye is locked up at the moment? Let us in!”

“We want to interview Teacher Zhang! Our newspaper has already submitted an application for an interview!”

The reporters had arrived once again. From the sounds, there were probably more than two to three times the number of people than in the afternoon. Also there were even video cameras. Even people from the television stations had come!

Zhang Ye understood that it was definitely a result of “My Confession” from the afternoon. It had garnered public interest. They were here just in time!

The few policemen on duty tried to block the reporters.

“Why are all of you here again?”

“And to forcefully barge in? Do you believe that we won’t arrest all of you?”

“The interview request has not been approved by the Leader! All of you, get out!”

The three policemen clearly could not stop more than twenty reporters, as the reporters charged in. “Where’s Zhang Ye? Where is Zhang Ye locked up at? Ah! Over there! Over there! He seems to be writing something! Quickly video it!”

There was a lamp in the small, dark room. Despite it being not bright, it was enough for people to see.

Zhang Ye knew that the reporters were standing outside the door. He could not help but use the small stone, and he faced the wall while having his eyes closed to gather his mood. Suddenly, he opened his eyes and wrote two words on the wall with the stone, “Prisoner’s Song”!

You want me to explain?

You will judge me once I explain?

I can leave once I lower my head?

Zhang Ye sneered and then wrote forcefully on the wall:

Shut are the doors for humans,

Open is the entrance of a dog’s cage,

A high-pitched sound is heard:

crawl out and freedom will be granted!

I’ve been longing for liberty,

However, I am acutely aware  
that a human body should never ever crawl out from a dog's cage!  
I have a dream that one day  
the fierce fire from the underground  
will consume the contained me,  
And I shall live with fire and warm blood ever after!

.....

Every word seemed to be filled with extreme anger! It was the same with "My Confession"! It also contained a dauntless spiritual essence that was not afraid in the face of death!

Zhang Ye had eaten calligraphy skill books, so even though he was writing with a stone, the words were very well-written. Every word was written in wide strokes!

It looked like a letter written in blood, causing people to feel shock!

The reporters seethed with excitement once again, "Hurry! Hurry! Snap it!"

"Where's the light?"

"It's too dark! Turn on the lights!"

"The people holding the lights have been intercepted by the police!"

"Let's use our cell phones to illuminate it! Hurry! We must film it!"

"Right, our cell phones have flashlights!"

At this moment, the reporters worked together in unison. The reason was that a famous poem had appeared once again, "Prisoner's Song"!

Chapter 158: That Zhang Ye is Writing a Poem Again?

In the endless night sky.

It was 9 P.M.

Superintendent Song, who had tired himself all day, finally reached home. The moment that he entered his house, he said, "Hurry and make me a bowl of noodles. I can't take it anymore. I'm starving!"

His wife came out to give him a pair of slippers, "You haven't eaten?"

"I didn't have the time." Superintendent Song sighed, "A troublesome figure came in today. I was busying myself on this small case the entire day. I ran around to do all that, all for what? That Wang Shuixin. I'm definitely not helping him in the future. It's a thankless, arduous task. If I don't do it well, I'll get into big trouble. Thankfully, I can still handle some of that stress, and it's also giving Old Wang some face." Superintendent Song laughed and bragged to his wife, "After all, I have been working on the police force for more than a decade. I still can handle the pressure from Zhang Ye!"

His wife disagreed, "I saw the news, too. I think that Zhang Ye is quite a nice person. Don't make an uproar with him. You mustn't take things too far."

Superintendent Song was at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry, "I make an uproar with him? I just need to say a sentence, and he would be dying to retort with ten sentences. And every single sentence pricks a person's heart, preventing anyone from answering. I'm telling you, just that Zhang Ye's mouth makes me not feel like talking about it, but I believe that even a corpse could be revived using his mouth. Now, as long as I see him move that mouth of his, I get a headache. You may not know about him coming up with some "My Confession" in front of so many reporters at the yard of our police station. The branch Leader even gave me a scolding on the phone after seeing the news. He blamed me for not doing things well! Tell me, who did I offend? In the future, I'll never speak to people who are in the broadcasting or literature business. Their mouths are too vicious! Being a policeman for so many years, I have never seen a person who debates so well."

His wife went to the kitchen to prepare noodles for him, "Since he's troublesome, why did you arrest him? It's not a big deal either. If it were me, I would have let him go and that would be it."

"But he did beat someone, and had done so quite badly." Superintendent Song consoled, "Don't worry, I'm just helping Old Wang. I have a sense of propriety. If Old Wang really wants me to help his son right a wrong, I wouldn't even agree. How can I not settle this problem properly?"

"Yeah, yeah, only you are the one who's awesome." His wife laughed with a curled mouth.

"Indeed." Superintendent Song sat at the dining table, waiting for his meal, "Who do you think I, Old Song, am? Do you think a single Zhang Ye like him can..."

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang.

Superintendent Song smacked his mouth and picked up the phone, "Little Sun, I just came home and haven't even gotten to eating a warm meal. Why did you call again? What happened again?"

The other side was a junior policeman's voice, "Superintendent! Not good! The reporters came again! This time, there're tens of them! We can't even stop them! There are too few people on duty!"

Superintendent Song said, "Just throw all of them out. Is there a need to tell you that?"

"B...But..." The junior policeman was on the verge of tears, "That Zhang Ye, he, he wrote another poem again!"

"What? Repeat that again!" Superintendent Song nearly fell off from his chair when he heard it!

"He wrote a poem again. This time, he wrote it on the small, dark room's wall with a stone." The junior policeman hurriedly said, "It's... It's called 'Prisoner's Song'!"

Superintendent Song said angrily, "How was it written? Quickly repeat it to me!"

The junior policeman said, "I can't remember it all. The deepest impression I had was of the first two sentences, 'Shut are the doors for humans, open is the entrance of a dog's cage... Now, the reporters

have taken pictures of the poem on the wall! Some of them have even returned to their offices! It seems that they are going to report it!”

Superintendent Song may be a boor, but these days, few in the civil service were illiterate. He had gone through the education system and knew a bit of literature, hence when Superintendent Song heard the first two lines, he cursed in his heart. He only wished that he could curse all of Zhang Ye’s eighteen generations of ancestors. He immediately said, “Hold the ground! I’ll be there immediately!” Then he shouted into the kitchen, “There’s no need to cook the noodles. I’m leaving!”

His wife came out, surprised, “I’ve already boiled the water. Leave after you eat.”

“What is there to eat!” Superintendent Song wished that he could die, “I encountered a darn hooligan! I got eight generations of bad luck! In the past, people said that eight out of ten scholars were hooligans! I didn’t believe it! But now, I instead feel that ten out of ten scholars are f\*\*king hooligans!”

His wife asked, “Is it that Zhang Ye’s matter again?”

Superintendent Song said, “Of course! He wrote a poem again!”

His wife said, “Didn’t I already say it? You should not have arrested him! He’s such a good person!”

.....

On the web.

Zhang Ye’s “Prisoner’s Song” was first published on a tabloid’s official website. They could not wait for it to be published the next day, as it would definitely be published by someone first! Sure enough, following that, several of Beijing’s newspapers began to publish “Prisoner’s Song” and even included pictures. Every newspaper’s pictures were different. Some were taken from the side, some were diagonally taken. Some were bright and some were dark. In the end, it was still Beijing Times, which had the biggest distribution in Beijing, that had the highest quality with their employees. The photography skills were excellent, and the picture they published was very clear and had a great feeling to it.

The picture gave off a tragic atmosphere!

Zhang Ye’s foot was cuffed and he had reached out, using a small stone to write the last period for “Prisoner’s Song” on the wall. In front of him, none of the text of “Prisoner’s Song” was blocked. It was presented clearly, and with the dim lighting, and that empty, small, dark room, the entire atmosphere matched that poem perfectly!

“They still haven’t released him?”

“This is too infuriating! This is too infuriating!”

“What a good ‘Prisoner’s Song’! What a good shall live with fire and warm blood ever after!”

“Open is the entrance of a dog’s cage? They want to make Teacher Zhang lower his head and beg for mercy? Dream on!”

“After seeing that ‘Prisoner’s Song’, I was enraged! Teacher Zhang! You should not live in the fire for eternity! But you should let those people suffer in the fires for all eternity!”

For this matter, many celebrities and public figures were conservative with their words. Some of them even didn't make any comment or express a stand, as no one knew what had really happened. If they did not say something right, they might be pulled into this matter. Was there a lack of such matters in the entertainment industry? However, after "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song" was released, a very prestigious person in the literary circle spoke out!

It was Elder Qian!

The Elder Qian who had made an acquaintance with Zhang Ye at the Beijing Couplet Competition and had strongly recommended his entry into the National Writers' Association!

Elder Qian posted on Weibo, "What sort of environment can force a person to write a poem of such despair? And what sort of land could raise such a fearless person? I am not very familiar with Little Zhang, but I know him as a person. I also dare to be sure of his character. If the police station is rejecting Little Zhang on this matter, then it must be a ridiculous joke. A person, who can take out all his savings and even borrow money just to raise funds to pay for his fan's surgery, will beat up someone because of his personal desires or for no good reason? Whose intelligence is the police station insulting? Ever since Little Zhang's message, it has already been ten hours. Have you not obtained a result from your investigations? You still haven't announced the actual reason?"

"Teacher Qian has stood forward!"

"Right. Well said. Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"Strongly appealing to the police station to release him! You should arrest that culprit who had molested a woman and still wanted to beat someone! And not Teacher Zhang!"

"No one is answering?"

"The police station is pretending not to see it?"

"Fine. Brothers, let's carry on posting. This time, we will add 'Prisoner's Song' to it. It will be posted once on every Tieba and discussion forum... No, a hundred times! I don't believe that the relevant authorities will not see it! I don't believe that this world is one with no justice! Anyone who has a little conscience, please push the two poems to the top!"

"Propping!"

"Count me in!"

"I am the moderator of City Forum, Beijing edition, and have stickied it at the most prominent spot!"

At this moment, Zhang Ye's hardcore fan, Big Saber Bro, posted a picture on Weibo and added a message, "I have already posted it on all of the comment pages and complaint pages of Beijing's official websites, such as the public safety department, branch departments, and station departments. Who has the link to the official website of the Commission for Discipline Inspection? I'm too lazy to check. Give it to me in private chat. I'll carry on smearing the boards with Teacher Zhang's poems. My large saber is again again again again again again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Holy sh\*t, so fierce?"

“Big Saber Bro has combat power!”

“Once the Big Saber appears, who can challenge it!”

“Haha, that’s so coquettish! Big Saber Bro is still the same as ever!”

“As expected of the Big Saber comrade who has the strongest combat power in Zhang Ye’s fan club!”

“Right, only Big Saber Bro has a broad mind. We should not be restricted to forums and Tieba. We should smear the boards of governmental websites! We must make the matter big! Let those Leaders all know of the unjust treatment Teacher Zhang Ye has received! I don’t believe that no one will care about this matter to the end! Teacher Zhang Ye is nice to us fans, so how can we flinch when he is in trouble! This is the best chance for us to repay Teacher Zhang Ye! So what about governmental websites? Kill!”

“Right! Attack!”

“Who’s afraid of who!”

“I’m going all out, too!”

“Big Saber Bro, I have private messaged you the Commission for Discipline Inspection website. Please check!”

“Give it to me, too! Do you still remember the words Teacher Zhang Ye gave to our fan club? If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life? This was a promise Teacher Zhang Ye gave to us! It is also a promise we made to Teacher Zhang Ye! Never leaving! Everyone, let’s fight shoulder to shoulder!”

“Alright! That was done too well!”

“Never leaving! Always be at your side until the end of life!”

“We will return the debt owed by Number1 for her!”

“Brothers, what are we waiting for!? Teacher Zhang Ye has already used ‘Prisoner’s Song’ to express how he doesn’t fear death! It is time for us to use our strengths!”

Suddenly, there were voices from others.

A person called FloatingRain said, “Friends, I’m not a member of Zhang Ye’s fan club. Can I join?”

Another person called CHAIDJD44 said, “That’s right. I also didn’t previously join the fan club. Seeing that your cohesion is so high, is it too late to join now? Count me in for smearing the boards!”

A junior moderator of Zhang Ye’s fan club said, “All men are brothers! What do you mean, ‘late’? What do you mean, ‘can you join’? This is like a stranger’s words. We are thankful if everyone supports Teacher Zhang Ye, and we can’t be more thankful than that! Everyone is a Brother! Let’s fight together!”

“Alright, count me, Old Chen, in!”

“Me, too. Let me feel my blood boil today!”

“I also want to join your fan club! I’ll listen to your commands!”

Many onlookers joined in the fray. There was nothing else, but they were moved seeing all this. The words exchanged by Zhang Ye's fan club made their blood surge. They had never seen such a united fan club. There weren't that many people, but they were like strands forming cohesively into a rope! None of them flinched! Not a single one felt fear! They were all thinking of ways to help Teacher Zhang Ye in a single-minded fashion, as well as contributing their tiny bit of strength! They did not hide and watch the show! To these people, this was probably Zhang Ye's personal charm!

This was the charm from Zhang Ye's works!

It was even more so the charm of his personality!

Zhang Ye gave his heart to his fans! To the point of dissipating all of his wealth!

Now, the fans would naturally repay him wholeheartedly. This scene touched many people!

Hence, about 3,500 people started to follow the "Zhang Ye's Nest" on Tieba, which also meant them joining Zhang Ye's fan club, becoming one of its members!

Chapter 159: The Heavenly Queen gives Zhang Ye a "Like" on Weibo!

What was united we stand?

This was united we stand!

On every discussion forum, Tieba and every government website, there were traces of Zhang Ye's fans. His Tieba subscribers only numbered in the tens of thousands, so on this night, those who were online and could help only numbered in the thousands. At its highest peak, it numbered around 10,000 at most. But it was these supporters who were stationed on several of the larger discussion forums which were deleting and censoring their threads, fighting back by posting more threads until the top pages were flooded by their posts!

This fighting spirit and cohesiveness were too great!

Some of the larger Tiebas which numbered in the hundreds of thousands did not even have this ability!

Those Tieba subscribers were great when things were going well, but if something were to happen and the group needed their support, a majority of them would disappear. Only a few would be left to fight the battles. But this wasn't the case for Zhang Ye's fans, as almost every one of those online were fighters!

"This fan club is too passionate!"

"That's right; it's as passionate as Zhang Ye's poetry!"

"Seeing this, I can't sit around anymore; I've gotta help!"

"Yes, they don't have too many people, after all. If this goes on, there won't be much effect!"

Many of Zhang Ye's ex-colleagues from the Beijing Radio Station also appeared on their verified Weibo accounts!

Wang Xiaomei posted on Weibo, Zhao Guozhou responded to Zhang Ye's poem, while Big Sis Zhou and Auntie Sun stepped up, too! Tian Bin, who was now at Central Radio Station, also posted an emotional and angry statement through his Weibo!

His colleagues and friends all supported Zhang Ye, each in their own way!

.....

A few minutes later.

A moderator from the SS Tieba also posted a thread. This SS Tieba was the hottest FPS game forum these days, and its subscribers numbered over 300,000, many more than Zhang Ye's fan club. As it was, gamers from an FPS game were naturally more hot-blooded and angry.

That moderator was one of them!

He wrote, "Brothers of the SS Tieba, after a discussion with the moderators and administrators, we are angry over an incident that happened today. It's the case of Teacher Zhang Ye's arrest. I am a fan of Zhang Ye and I like his poems very much. Perhaps those not from Beijing have never heard of Zhang Ye's name. So even though I am a moderator, I do not wish to make the decision for everyone; we would like everyone's view instead. I will post the key point of this incident and have a vote about whether we will help in this matter or not!"

A few links were posted!

A few pictures were also posted!

After viewing, many of them were angered!

"Holy sh\*t!"

"Is it this messy over at Beijing?"

"How did this kind of thing happen? Such a good person was arrested? And not even let out yet?"

"That person was harassing a woman! Why did they arrest Zhang Ye instead! Are the police crazy?"

"The discussion forums are even deleting threads? In my opinion, there's someone behind the scenes, manipulating the matter!"

"So what if he's the son of television station's Leader? Can he misbehave just because of that? And he can't take a beating because of that? What the heck! Zhang Ye served justice!"

"These two poems were written too awesomely!"

"So this is who Zhang Ye is? I have not watched his programs before, and I don't live in Beijing either. But I have read his poems on the web; they are really quite good!"

The moderator asked, "Does everyone think we should help or not?"

"Help!"

"F\*\*k! We definitely must help!"



“Zhang Ye’s fan club’s guys are really brave! I saw them flooding those forums! Even though they were deleted, they continued to repost. I can feel their anger; even I can’t let this pass. Help them! They don’t have enough people! Their strength is not enough! We must definitely help!”

“Right! Support them!”

“Let’s agree to support ‘Zhang Ye’s Nest’ Tieba!”

“There’s no two ways about it! We definitely must help on such a matter!”

“I’ve just finished a round and have nothing better to do! Let me help out, too!”

“We can’t let them battle alone!”

SS Tieba’s members all leaned towards helping Zhang Ye’s fan club. Their sense of justice was high as they all prepared to lend some support to his fan club!

The Tieba moderator acknowledged and immediately sent out a post announcing, “In response to Teacher Zhang Ye’s arrest, and with everyone’s approval, SS Tieba has decided to immediately give support to Zhang Ye’s fan club and help them with manpower and resources to seek justice for Teacher Zhang Ye!”

A screenshot of the post was then quickly posted onto Weibo.

Zhang Ye’s fan club members who saw the post were touched!

“Men of SS Tieba! Thank you!”

“Words can’t express our gratitude! If you all need any help in the future, just say it!”

“We will always remember this kindness! We will repay it a hundredfold in future!”

“A friend is best found in adversity! From now, any problem of SS Tieba will be the business of our Zhang Ye’s fan club!”

The SS Tieba moderator replied “Don’t mention it! Let’s delegate the duties. Your group has less people, so you all should concentrate on the forums. We are more experienced with Tieba, since we’ve been around here for so many years. Our SS Tieba has got contacts in many places, so let us handle the Tieba front! Let’s bombard Beijing Television Station’s Tieba! As for the other Tieba pages, let’s split up and go break the news to them! We need to let more people know of this incident!”

A moderator from Zhang Ye’s fan club said, “Okay! Let’s split up and get to work!”

With the sudden surge of supporters from SS Tieba, the news of Zhang Ye’s arrest captured the internet within a few minutes. Many of the discussion forums did not manage to delete the threads in time. The posts were sprouting like weeds in the spring wind and this helped to further attract attention on the incident!

Soon after.

While Zhang Ye’s fans and SS Tieba’s members were busy with their spreading of the news of Zhang Ye’s arrest, an unexpected person made an unexpected move! This came totally out of the blue!

This was one of the few S-list heavenly queens!

This was the superstar with no less than 10 million fans, both domestic and overseas!

It was not a studio, nor a company's Weibo, but her own personal Weibo. This account had actually Liked the "Prisoner's Song" posted by the Beijing Times newspaper! After a minute, she still used her personal Weibo account to Like another of Zhang Ye's poems, "My Confession"!

The first time could have been a coincidence, for she might have Liked it accidentally!

But with two Likes, and was purposely on one person, this couldn't be a coincidence!

Zhang Ye's fans were all stunned, and SS Tieba's bros were all dumbfounded. All those who were observing were tongue tied. Everyone only had a thought. They felt it was.. impossible!

"Is what I'm seeing right?"

"It's really happening!"

"It's really the Heavenly Queen's Weibo account!"

"Holy shit! Even the Heavenly Queen has appeared!"

"This is turning into something big!"

"Zhang Ye's news was even noticed by the Heavenly Queen?"

Everyone knew that Zhang Yuanqi was a very friendly celebrity; she had no airs about her. Even those D-list or E-list celebrities weren't as friendly as her. But she usually interacted more in person and did not often use social media like Weibo. Her popularity was already at the peak, so she did not need Weibo for her promotions. So whenever there were any posts that appeared on her Weibo, they were usually symbolic promotional materials; for example, the dates of her concerts, or the date her latest movie would screen. It was basically requested by her company, and it was very rare that Heavenly Queen Zhang would interact with her fans on this platform!

But to Like?

And to Like two posts in a row?

Zhang Yuanqi's fans swore that they had never seen that happen before!

Sister Zhang's Weibo could actually Like posts? Sister Zhang actually reads news on Weibo? Everyone was not used to this, so they were a little stunned!

After getting over it, they exploded with thoughts!

All those who had supported Zhang Ye in this incident were now inspired!

"The Heavenly Queen has pressed Like! Does this mean that she also supports the idea that the police should not have arrested him?"

“How can that be? Was it someone else who used the Heavenly Queen’s account, such as her manager or her assistant? The Heavenly Queen couldn’t have pressed Like! She’s a Heavenly Queen; she wouldn’t have time for this!”

“But she did press Like!”

“It’s definitely the Heavenly Queen who Liked it! Her personal account can’t be accessed by others! If it were her manager who wanted to publish any official information, they couldn’t possibly use her account to press Like! She would have used her own account, right?”

“Good point!”

“It’s really the Heavenly Queen?”

“This is my closest experience with the Heavenly Queen!”

After the unexpected moment, many of Zhang Yuanqi’s fans had now joined in the fun!

“What poem is it that’s so charming? Even the Heavenly Queen likes it? Let me take a look!”

“Aiyo, these two poems, who are they written by? So kickass, Zhang Ye? Who is this Zhang Ye?”

“I don’t know him either, but his name sounds familiar. He might be a small-time celebrity, and is probably not very famous.”

“Looks like this Zhang Ye has some grievances. Otherwise, how could he compose two such earth-shattering poems? It really evokes thoughts when reading it!”

“What shall we do?”

“That should be needless to say! Let’s bump it up!”

“Sister Zhang has already Liked it! How can we not Like it?”

“Yes, let’s go along with Sister Zhang! We will go wherever Sister Zhang points us to!”

“Haha, for something to be able to get the Heavenly Queen’s attention, we have to support it!”

It was just two simple Likes without even mentioning anything, yet it had attracted millions of people to take notice. These people numbered many times more than those who had gathered from SS Tieba. This was the charm and popularity of Zhang Yuanqi. In this world, amongst the Heavenly Queens, Zhang Yuanqi was in the top two!

“Let’s go; let’s support Zhang Ye together, too.”

“Although I don’t know who he is, for him to be able to attract Sister Zhang’s attention... I believe he is not an ordinary person. I don’t care so much. Wherever Sister Zhang goes, I will go!”

At this time, there were countless Likes and countless shares!

Zhang Ye’s two poem-related searches were now in the top 9 and 10 spots on the front page of Weibo. From this, it could be seen how strong Zhang Yuanqi’s fan club were!

Chapter 160: We Aren’t Issued with Bayonets!

The web was teeming with discussions!

The pressure was increasing!

Superintendent Song's house was quite far from the station. His drive back to the station was also delayed quite a bit. This time, it was a phone call. He thought that it was a call from police station again. Just as he was about to give them a scolding, he saw from the side of his eyes the Caller ID and kept his mouth shut.

"Chief Shen." Superintendent Song said politely.

"Old Song! What mess did you create?" Chief Shen said in a low voice.

Superintendent Song hurriedly explained, "I will take care of it. I guarantee it will be settled without a hitch!"

Chief Shen rebutted angrily, "You will solve this? My ass! It has already exploded all over the web now! Everyone's questioning your station! The branch's website has been getting so much traffic! It almost crashed! This case has already captured the attention of the city's people! You still can settle it? How are you going to settle it? Wasn't this just an ordinary case of fighting? Why couldn't your station even deal with this kind of a case? Look at what it has blown up into! Do you even know how much trouble this has caused? All of you have even caused the branch here to be activated! Even the superiors from the city's Commission for Discipline Inspection have called us to question us! They sound like they want to take over the investigations!"

"Ah? The Commission for Discipline Inspection?" Superintendent Song was dumbfounded, "That won't be necessary, right? We were just following procedures. This case hasn't been investigated thoroughly yet. That Zhang Ye really did beat someone up quite badly and the 24-hour custody period has not expired. This is all within the norm. We are....."

Chief Shen said, "Don't explain it to me! Leave it for when the Commission for Discipline Inspection board questions you!"

"Don't be like this, Chief Shen!" Superintendent Song was anxious, "Let's not bother the Commission for Discipline Inspection department!"

"I still have the same words – don't explain it to me!" Chief Shen said, "It's spreading now on the web that your station had forced a confession, tortured him and even used a bayonet!"

Superintendent Song nearly fainted, "That's not true! Chief Shen, I swear to God that's not true! That poem of Zhang Ye's is full of sh\*t! No such thing happened at all!"

Chief Shen said, "But the people take it to be the truth! Everyone is spreading it as such!"

Superintendent Song was almost crying, "We have really been framed! That Zhang Ye! He's too wicked!"

"The branch's other Leaders also know about this case. Old Song, if you insist on doing it your way, even I won't be able to stand up for you! Do as you see fit!" Chief Shen obviously knew about this case, "I can't be bothered anymore! A hooligan who tried to attack others, even if he was beaten up, so be it! It's not like there were serious injuries, right? Why are you arresting the Good Samaritan instead? The station's procedures for handling cases need to consider the law and following the will of the law, but

where did the laws come from? The law can be viewed as a form of service for the people! Therefore, it has to take into consideration the people's feelings, too! That's it, I'm not talking to you anymore! I've said all that I could! If you don't have the abilities to handle this case, then alright, scram! I will ask someone more capable to handle it!"

Du du, the phone was cut off!

"Don't, Chief Shen, Chief Shen...." Superintendent Song was sweating by now. He knew that he had gotten into big trouble now. No, it wasn't him who caused it. It was Zhang Ye who caused all these troubles!

At this moment, Superintendent Song only wanted to curse at Wang Shuixin 10,000 times! Just as Superintendent Song had told his wife, he was only helping a friend within the laws. Zhang Ye's behavior and actions, as long as they were tolerable, they could close an eye regarding the matter. But if they had to be strict, according to the law, they could still hold him in custody for a few days. Therefore, Superintendent Song did not have any pressure. Even if there was any pressure, he could still handle it. But now, Superintendent Song obviously could not handle it!

The Commission for Discipline Inspection wanted to take over?

The whole city was paying attention to the case?

The branch Leaders were also keeping an eye on them?

Superintendent Song could only feel cold sweat on his back, and his uniform was all wet. This wouldn't do. He had to quickly handle this. Otherwise, he might really be sacked. He sped up quickly towards the station!

.....

10 P.M.

It was already late at night.

However, the station was brightly lit. A few of the spotlights were also switched on. The on-duty policemen also increased from 3-4 to over 10 of them. They knew that something had happened here, so those who were off duty had returned to help with controlling the reporters. They were now kept out with barriers in the courtyard at the back gate.

A car arrived. The door opened.

"Superintendent Song!"

"Superintendent, you're finally here!"

"What do we do now? I've seen the situation on the internet....."

"There are too many reporters outside. A wave of them just left, but another wave has arrived. They are blocking the gate. The back gate and the front gates are full of reporters!"

"Superintendent, our station's 'famous' now. When I was taking the public bus here, I was on the phone regarding a previous case and when I said that I was from this police station, a few people overheard

me. They were all looking at me with contempt. That feeling was so burdensome and I didn't dare raise my head until I got off! Who do you think we offended?"

When Superintendent Song arrived, everyone was complaining.

"Where's Zhang Ye?" Superintendent Song asked directly.

Old Zhao pointed over to the other side, "Still in the dark room."

Superintendent Song did not answer their questions. Instead, he walked straight toward that room.

He pulled open the door and saw Zhang Ye sitting down, holding the cuffs on his legs, He was idly humming a song like nothing had happened.

"Superintendent Song?" Zhang Ye looked up.

A few policemen also followed over. They wanted to see how Superintendent Song would handle this. It was Zhang Ye's two poems that had caused all the trouble. With Superintendent Song's hot temper, he would be crazy if he didn't get mad! Sure enough, Superintendent Song shouted out. But what they did not expect was that the shout was directed at them, not Zhang Ye!

"Who cuffed up Teacher Zhang Ye? Eh? Who was it!" Superintendent Song face was full of anger. He pointed at the policemen, "Who was it? Stand forward now!"

Everyone was confused!

A policeman nearly vomited blood. Superintendent Song! Wasn't it you who asked us to cuff him up?

Superintendent Song angrily slammed his fist on the table in the dark room, "Are you all rebelling? Eh? Do you all even care that I am your Superintendent?" Then, he pointed towards Zhang Ye who was seated on the floor, "Do you know who this is? Do you? This is one of the famous writers in Beijing! A writer! And a historian! Such a prestigious teacher! How could you all beat him? And even put cuffs on him? How do you all handle things around here? Eh? Are you not trying to drive me to the grave!"

Old Zhao, "....."

The policewoman, "....."

The policemen were all unsure of what was going on!

Superintendent Song shouted, "What are you all looking at me for? Quickly take the cuffs off Teacher Zhang Ye! What are you waiting for!"

A junior policeman quickly came forward, "Let me do it, let me do it!"

When the cuffs were off, Superintendent Song continued, "I've only been away for a short while! And you guys have already caused such a big mess! How many times have I told you all! To a venerable person like Teacher Zhang Ye, you have to be respectful and courteous! But see what you all did? Did you just ignore my words? Instead of treating Teacher Zhang Ye properly, all of you cuffed him up instead?" Superintendent Song said disappointedly, knocking his clenched fist on the table, "I am bitterly disappointed! I'm really disappointed in all of you!"

Zhang Ye was venerable?

You want us to treat him with respect and courteously?

F\*\*k, when did you tell us that!

Seeing Superintendent Song like totally a different man now, with that air of righteousness, made Zhang Ye, who was still seated there, speechless. The small table looked like it was about to collapse from his knocking. The table's four legs looked like they were now embedded in the crumbling cement floor!

"Go! Go away, all of you. You guys are a sore sight!" Superintendent Song chased away the group of policemen.

When they left, Superintendent Song quickly helped Zhang Ye up. "Teacher Zhang, sorry to have let you suffered. I did not teach my men well; please quickly get up."

Zhang Ye got up and patted off the dust on his butt.

Superintendent Song looked at him, "But Teacher Zhang, I feel that you are not particular. You were really not particular. What whip? What bayonet? Speak with your conscience. Have we lay a finger on you ever since you came? We didn't! But your poem was written with those descriptions, like torture? I really feel that you are a little not particular!"

Zhang Ye casually said, "Those are artistic embellishments. Actually, I didn't mean to be sarcastic. It was just a stroke of inspiration, and it had nothing to do with you all."

Superintendent Song was at a loss to cry or laugh, "But the public believes it. Everyone's saying that we used torture on you. Don't you feel that we have been maligned? Right?"

Zhang Ye threw up his arms, "But I am a literary person; I don't care how others look at it."

"Look at you. We can talk this out. Actually, we weren't intending to press any criminal charges against you. Such a Good Samaritan's acts are good! This act should be strongly encouraged and publicized!" Superintendent Song said sternly, "We would keep you in custody? That's impossible! We were just going by the book by bringing you back for the investigations to show everyone. Look, you must have been mistaken about us!"

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, really?"

"Yes, really." Superintendent Song looked up at the writing on the wall, which was "Prisoner's Song", "And this poem, aiyo, who would dare not let you out? We would open the door for you to come and go anytime. Whoever dares to stop you is asking for it from me, Old Song! What 'I shall live with fire and warm blood ever after'? That's not necessary. Your words are too strong, too strong! Teacher Zhang, you can go back now. Let me send you home!"

Zhang Ye knew that his poem had caused a commotion, so he was not in a rush, "It's okay, Superintendent Song. I'm happy to be here. I understand your job. As a citizen, I have the duty to cooperate. I will wait until the investigations are done."

Superintendent Song hurriedly said, "Don't. How can we do that? The environment here is so bad; it's not suitable for a man of your stature. I will get someone to send you back!"

Zhang Ye dismissively waved it off, "It's pretty good here. You're overthinking it, Superintendent Song. I can write some stuff here and compose some more poetry. It's not that boring at all." Having said that, Zhang Ye looked down as if he was looking for something. He saw the broken cement and mud pieces at the foot of the table and went over to pick it up!

When Superintendent Song saw this, he nearly felt his spirit escape from his body. He rushed forward, "No! Teacher Zhang! If you have something to say, let's talk! Let's have a good talk! Please, don't you write a poem!"

Two poems had already caused chaos to their police station. And you still want to write? Do you really still want to write?

"Someone! Someone, come here quickly!" Superintendent Song shouted.

The old policeman pushed the door and entered, "Superintendent, what's the matter?"

As Superintendent Song pulled on Zhang Ye, he pointed to the floor, "Quickly clean the gravel on the ground! Sweep them all away! Don't leave any behind!"

The old policeman wiped his sweat, "Alright!"

Zhang Ye was speechless, "What are you doing? I'm just writing a poem, and just writing a few words to relieve my boredom."

"Teacher Zhang! You are wanting our lives! Don't write. Please don't write!" Superintendent Song noticed that the old policeman was being slow, so he ended up doing it himself. He dug out all the gravel and cement blocks and quickly passed it to the old policeman for him to throw them away.

Zhang Ye was at a loss.

Are you a graduate of the Lanxiang Vocational School?

Why are you so good at digging?

Superintendent Song had his unspeakable reasons. He didn't dare let Zhang Ye write anything again. Other people had to use guns to kill, or had to use fists to fight, but a person like Zhang Ye could not be described in a normal way. If he wanted to pick on anyone, he only needed to write. Superintendent Song and the station had apparently tasted Zhang Ye's medicine and were suffering. And so, once bitten, twice shy!

"Teacher Zhang, why don't we take a seat and talk this out? Give me, Old Song, some face." Superintendent Song said, "We are gentlemen and we talk with our mouths, not our fists!"

Zhang Ye said, "But I didn't use my fists?"

Superintendent Song complained, "Your words are like your fists! Our attitude from before was inappropriate. I would like to apologize right here. Teacher Zhang, won't you go back home? Don't make it difficult for us anymore. We are just a small police station. We can't take your bashings. Please, have mercy, have mercy."



Zhang Ye was not an unreasonable person, but as Superintendent Song's attitude from before had annoyed him by pushing things too far, "What about the case? It has not been fully investigated yet!"

Superintendent Song hesitated for a moment, then clenched his teeth and said, "It's already been fully investigated. You were just doing a good deed, and you did nothing wrong. That hooligan, Wang Cen, attempted to hit someone. So when he is out of the hospital, we will bring him in for investigations! Detention! And also press civil charges against him!"

That's better.

Zhang Ye thought for a while, "Alright then, since it has been investigated already, I will leave."

Superintendent Song let out a heave of relief, and eagerly told the old policeman, "Quick, send Teacher Zhang back home. Drive safely and don't make Teacher Zhang uncomfortable."

The old policeman could only helplessly say, "Yes."

Seeing Zhang Ye leaving, Superintendent Song said loudly, "Teacher Zhang, when you are home, could you please post on Weibo to clear our names? Our station really didn't use any bayonets! The city's armory does not even issue any bayonets to us at all!"

Zhang Ye just looked straight and waved back at him. It wasn't clear if he would do as they asked.

Superintendent Song wiped the sweat off his forehead. He finally had sent away this jinx. He did not even want to see Zhang Ye anymore as long as he was alive!

He had seen wicked people before!

But he had never seen anyone so wicked as this!