

Superstar 1601

Chapter 1601: Major international news!

The next day.

The Lucky Medal's countdown duration: Still 32 hours to go.

...

At the studio.

A lot of reports were coming in.

"Director Zhang, we've sold 10.8 million copies!"

"Good, very good."

"Director Zhang, we've been contacted by someone from Portugal!"

"Director Zhang, a Korean publishing house has also contacted us!"

"Director Zhang, several translators from Japan have approached us for an opportunity to cooperate on the novel."

"They're looking to translate *Gone with the Wind*?"

"Yes."

"Let them do it."

"Great! In that case, it shouldn't be long before the translated versions of your novel are sold all over the world. I'll go and hold talks with them."

...

On the news.

The multilingual editions of *Gone with the Wind* were announced, and they would gradually be making their way into the markets.

A storm called *Gone with the Wind* swept across the globe.

The characters in the novel.

The plot.

The symbolism in the book.

They were all broken down and thoroughly analyzed.

All of a sudden, it spread throughout the world!

When a novel gets extremely popular, the impact it has can also be astonishing!

...

North America.

Many black people came out onto the streets.

A lot of white people also joined in the protest.

“Abolish the Exclusion Act!”

“We demand equality!”

“Reject racial discrimination!”

The appearance of *Gone with the Wind* had turned the pages of history to its darkest times!

Numerous people were holding up the novel *Gone with the Wind* and protesting against the last remaining bill from years ago!

...

Russia.

Many citizens were out on the streets.

“Say no to war!”

“Halt the use of military force!”

“We want peace!”

“Open the peace talks!”

More and more people were joining in the protests as the crowd size exploded.

They were holding up signs with quotes taken from *Gone with the Wind* as their protest slogans.

...

India.

Countless women launched their protests.

“Please respect women!”

“Reject discrimination!”

“We want equality!”

“We want respect!”

“We want freedom!”

“Bring all criminals who humiliate women to justice!”

...

Bangalore's team.

They also saw the crowds protesting in the streets.

"Damn!"

"Why is it like this?"

"This book's influence is too massive!"

"Has the Chinese writer really become our competitor?"

"How's Embers of Humanity's sales doing?"

"Gone with the Wind has left it in the dust!"

...

Within the Japanese writers' circle.

"What?"

"It's sold over 10 million copies?"

"How is that possible!"

"What sorcery is this!"

"Does he really intend to charge towards the Nobel Prize in Literature?"

"Only the old masterpiece novels have had such influence. How did Gone with the Wind also do it?"

"Several literary giants have also released their new books during this period, but his sales volume still exceeded theirs by more than ten times!"

"This is too terrifying!"

However, they did not know that something even more terrifying still laid ahead.

...

Russia.

In the Presidential Senate ¹.

"Mr. President, the citizens are marching to protest us going to war."

"Alright, I understand."

"The Western troops have begun to mobilize, and the military is on standby."

"Understood. You may return."

"But—"

"Go back."

“Yes.”

The door closed with a gust of wind.

The wind flipped open a book that was lying on the president’s desk.

The president walked over and picked up the book with curiosity.

Gone with the Wind?

He sat down and began reading it quietly.

...

On the same night.

At the studio.

The staff had already left the office, but Zhang Ye remained behind. He called Old Wu to inform her that he would not be going home tonight. Then he started browsing the Internet in his office and looked around online. He checked out the reviews of *Gone with the Wind* from everywhere in the world and the impact that his novel had on the people.

Tick tock.

Tick tock.

Time slowly ticked away.

Zhang Ye was still hoping for something much bigger to happen.

Because he knew that the duration of the Lucky Medal was still not over.

An hour.

Two hours.

On the rankings, the sales of *Gone with the Wind* kept setting new records.

In the end, it even charged into the International Top 50 Best-selling Novels chart!

This was the overall rankings chart that tracked the global sales figures of novels. They were the top 50 best-selling books in the world! *Gone with the Wind* had already broken records and been hailed as the best-selling full-length novel in a decade. But no one would have expected that *Gone with the Wind* could actually get onto the International Top 50 Best-selling Novels chart in such a short period of time!

It entered the charts at 48th place!

What did that mean?

Of the 50 books on it, every one of them had a history of 10 or more years. Some of the books had even been selling for over 20 to 30 years, or even 50 years. The novels on this best-seller chart had several decades of sales before they appeared on it. Some of the original authors were not even alive anymore, with some of the book’s sales figures extremely large in the tens to hundreds of millions of copies. But

how long had they been published? How many years did it take for them to get such results? But for *Gone with the Wind*? It had only taken it less than a month to get there!

11 million copies!

11.5 million copies!

Gone with the Wind's ranking was still increasing! With its momentum, when all of the various language editions were sold in countries around the world, it shouldn't be much of a problem for it to squeeze into the international top 20!

The top 20?

Every novel at those rankings were masterpieces of the world!

Zhang Ye was very happy to see this. Then he dozed off.

The next day.

Early in the morning.

Sunrays shone in as dawn broke.

A noise from downstairs woke Zhang Ye up. He opened his eyes and yawned several times before realizing he had fallen asleep in the office in his chair.

The door suddenly opened.

Little Wang came in, screaming, "Ah, Director Zhang!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "What? Are you trying to frighten me to death?"

Little Wang shouted, "You didn't go home last night?"

"No, I didn't." Zhang Ye stretched.

Many of the others also rushed into the office.

Tong Fu shouted, "Something major has happened! Director Zhang! Something major has happened!"

Zhang Ye was startled. "What happened?"

Zhang Zuo also came upstairs. "Q-Quickly check the news!"

Ha Qiqi came up shortly after. "*Gone with the Wind* has made waves again!"

Zhang Ye hurriedly asked, "What is it?"

Ha Qiqi said in shock, "It's major international news! Russia has withdrawn its army from neighboring countries! They've started to engage in peace talks! They've formed several negotiation groups and sent them to the neighboring countries!"

Zhang Ye was stunned. "What? They aren't going to war anymore?"

Tong Fu cried out, "There won't be any more fighting!" There won't be any more fighting!"

Zhang Ye said, "What's that got to do with us?"

Zhang Zuo said loudly, "In his speech at the press conference, the Russian president mentioned *Gone with the Wind*. He said that he had a sleepless night and read the book all night. From it, he saw how great an impact war had on the people. So he decided to respect the opinion of the public and turned to diplomatic means to resolve the conflict!"

Zhang Ye stared at her in shock. "Impossible!"

Ha Qiqi said happily, "He was really influenced by your novel!"

Zhang Ye's eyes widened. "Are there any anti-war sentiments in *Gone with the Wind*?"

Little Wang was aghast. "You don't even know what's in your own book?"

Zhang Ye said, "He decided not to go to war after reading my book? Oh come on, don't joke!"

"It's true! Go and see for yourself!" Little Wang said.

Zhang Ye's computer was still on. He moved the mouse and the screen came on. Then he checked the news, and his jaw dropped!

Damn!

It's true!

Immediately after that, Wu Yi also ran up.

"Something has happened again! Where's everyone? Where's everyone?" Wu Yi shouted.

Ha Qiqi shouted at the staircase, "Over here!"

The moment Wu Yi came upstairs, he said something astonishing. "America has repealed that bill!"

Zhang Ye said, "Huh?"

Ha Qiqi was stunned. "Which bill?"

Wu Yi said, "The news was just announced a minute ago. That last remaining Exclusion Act has been repealed in part due to the protests of the citizens. The repeal was announced after Congress passed it, and countless black and white Americans have gone onto the streets to celebrate!"

Zhang Ye said, "Has that got anything to do with us?"

Zhang Zuo was also very excited. "Of course it has. The citizens only started protesting due to the influence of *Gone with the Wind*! But actually, this bill was already in discussions to be repealed in America. It was only a matter of time before they did it. However, our novel was definitely a catalyst for it to be repealed at this time, so of course it's to our credit!"

Ha Qiqi yelled, "This is the Heavens aiding us!"

Little Wang shouted, "The Heavens are on our side!"

Tong Fu said, "*Gone with the Wind* will surely rise to another level!"

Zhang Zuo belly laughed. “What do you mean rise to another level? It’s probably gonna sell like crazy now!”

Only Zhang Ye was still somewhat unable to believe it.

...

Russia.

The cheering crowd took to the streets.

“There won’t be a war anymore!”

“This is great!”

“Supporting the peace talks!”

“Supporting the use of diplomatic negotiations!”

...

America.

“The bill has been repealed!”

“Whooooo!”

“Let’s celebrate, bros!”

“Victory is ours!”

“This is the most glorious moment in American history!”

“Long live equality!”

...

China.

On Weibo.

“I’m gonna faint!”

“The Russian president read Zhang Ye’s book?”

“And he even decided to hold peace talks because of it?”

“The bill that America has been dragging on has also been repealed?”

“Fuck! It’s so awesome!”

“For the first time, a novel from our country has had a great impact on the world!”

“Pfft, why do I think it’s only a coincidence!”

“Hahaha, I think so too. In fact, the Russians might not have even wanted to go to war. Why else did they drag it out for so long? It was only a coincidence that the president read Zhang Ye’s book yesterday and a coincidence that they announced the peace talks today. That was the only reason why Gone with the Wind was quoted by the Russian president! It’s the same thing in America as well. The bill was already slated to be repealed anyway, except that the date hadn’t been confirmed yet. In the end, with the popularity of Gone with the Wind, as well as the American citizens protesting, the government saw a chance to bring forward the decision and repeal the bill. Pfft, Face-smacking Zhang’s luck is so good!”

“He has always been quite lucky.”

“Yeah, he’s really become famous internationally this time!”

“He’s probably closed in on the Nobel Prize in Literature by yet another step!”

...

At the studio.

Videos.

Press conferences.

Interviews.

News articles.

Zhang Ye was browsing through the news and getting shocked by everything that he was seeing!

Damn!

It can even be done this way?

Isn’t this as good as a free lunch?

To think that something like this could have happened the moment this bro woke up!

But thinking about it, he also began to understand. How was this a free lunch? It was all the credit of the Lucky Medal. He lowered his head to look at the effective duration left on the item.

Three.

Two.

One.

System notification: The Lucky Medal’s effects have ended!

Chapter 1602: Zhang Ye gets nominated for the Nobel Prize!

Japan.

Korea.

America.

Canada.

The UK.

Australia.

The news spread across the world.

Zhang Ye and Gone with the Wind were once again pushed into the headlines of the news!

...

During the day.

Some guests dropped by the studio.

When Zhang Ye opened the door, he saw a few familiar faces standing outside. Yao Jiancai, Ning Lan, Shu Han, and even Xu Meilan were here.

Xu Meilan waved and greeted, "Zhang'er."

Ning Lan said graciously, "Do you have any water? I'm thirsty for a drink."

"Come in, come in," Zhang Ye said happily. "A warm welcome to you all! What are all of you doing together? And you all even thought of coming up here to my place too? Did you plan this together?"

Yao Jiancai said, "We had an event just now."

Shu Han laughed and said, "The event just ended, and we happened to pass by, so we talked about coming over to have a look."

"Welcome, welcome." Zhang Ye said, "Little Wang, pour some tea for the guests."

Little Wang said, "Got it."

Yao Jiancai asked, "How many copies of your novel have been sold?"

Zhang Ye looked to Ha Qiqi.

Ha Qiqi giggled and said, "Over 10 million copies. We could surpass 15 million copies by today."

Yao Jiancai said in amazement, "I really have to take my hat off to you!"

Zhang Ye said, "I guess it's doing OK."

Xu Meilan asked, "Have you seen the news yet?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Haha, I just saw it."

Yao Jiancai said with a sigh, "You're gonna be damn famous now!"

Shu Han said, "That's right, we specifically came here to cheer you on. The nominees for the Nobel Prize awards will be announced today, right? Are you gonna be one of the nominees?"

"I don't know. I haven't received any news about it." Zhang Ye threw his hands up.

Xu Meilan smiled and said, "That shouldn't be a problem. Even the Russian president has read your book."

Zhang Ye shook his head. "That counts for nothing. The president isn't part of the Nobel Committee."

Yao Jiancai asked, "Actually, with that novel of yours selling so well and it being so popular, you shouldn't be far off from the international celebrity rankings. Can you get onto it?"

Zhang Ye waved and said, "I still have a little more to go before that happens."

Ning Lan explained, "If it were someone else, they would have already gotten onto that rankings index. But for him, he's still lacking by a bit. Although Zhang'er is the number one celebrity in the country, don't forget how he got to that position. A lot of it was due to him winning the highest awards in the country and getting the additional percentages added to his popularity score. He has won so many awards, ranging from mathematics, to variety shows, to singing, as well as in the hosting field. As such, his popularity score would naturally accumulate through winning those honors. However, the international entertainment industry does not recognize our domestic awards, nor does it take into consideration the additional popularity scores gained from them. That's why this guy has the Nobel Prize in Literature on his mind. He's thinking of forcing his way onto the international scene."

Shu Han finally understood. "So that's the reason."

Xu Meilan smiled. "In any case, we're all hopeful about you."

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "Even I'm not so sure myself."

"Do give our Chinese celebrities something to cheer about," Xu Meilan said.

Zhang Ye nodded. "We'll have to see how the selection goes then."

Shu Han stayed for a while longer before leaving.

Ning Lan, Xu Meilan, and Yao Jiancai did not have anything else to do, so they decided to stay behind and wait for the invitation to arrive from the Nobel Foundation.

The so-called invitation was an important signal.

The Nobel Committee of this world had never announced the outcome of their selection process, like who was being nominated for a certain prize, how many nominees there were, or who got eliminated within the first round of the selections. None of this would ever get detailed in black and white. Each year, they would only send out the Nobel Prize invitations shortly before the Nobel Prize award ceremonies took place. The people that were issued with this invitation would then be considered the main nominees of the Nobel Prizes. This meant the Nobel Prize would only be awarded to one of the people in the pool. If they didn't get invited to the venue of the award ceremony, that would mean that they stood no chance of winning.

Half an hour.

An hour.

Everyone was chatting as they waited.

Ning Lan kept looking over. "It still hasn't arrived?"

Yao Jiancai said in amusement, "Could it be that you did not make the final cut?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "Can't you pick something nicer to say?"

Xu Meilan said, "You shouldn't have a problem being selected as a nominee, right?"

"That might not necessarily happen." Yao Jiancai said, "The international awards' committees have always had a bias against China, so it's really hard to say."

Xu Meilan said, "I don't think that would happen for the Nobel Prizes, though."

Suddenly, Tong Fu, who was sitting at his computer, shouted!

"It's here! It's here!"

"What's here?"

"The invitation to the Nobel Prize award ceremony!"

"Ah?"

"It has really arrived?"

"Let me see, let me see!"

In an instant, everyone surrounded him!

It was an email that was written fully in English!

The first line of the email was: "Dear Mr. Zhang Ye."

The last line of the email was: "Nobel Prize Committee."

Yao Jiancai cried out, "Damn, it's really an invitation!"

Xu Meilan gave Zhang Ye a thumbs up. "Impressive!"

Ning Lan asked, "How many Chinese citizens have been nominated for the Nobel Prizes before Zhang'er?"

"He's exactly the tenth person to have received a nomination." Xu Meilan had clearly done her research.

China had never won a Nobel Prize before. Be it in mathematics, chemistry, or literature, it had never happened before. But throughout the decades of the Nobel Prize history, there were still nine Chinese citizens who had made the final cut and received an invitation to the Nobel Prize award ceremony. And today, that number increased by yet another, with Zhang Ye becoming the tenth person in China to stand a chance at winning the Nobel Prize!

The date: Eight days later.

The venue of the awards: England.

Dressing requirements: White tie and tails.

Remarks: You may bring along two family members or staff with you. Accommodation and meals for additional personnel are excluded.

The invitation to the Nobel Prize award ceremony was not exactly elegant and was just a short and simple email. It was basically just information related to the event, as well as arrangements for the accommodation and meals. Now that Zhang Ye's English was no longer the same, he could finish reading it with just a glance. After that, he called over Ha Qiqi and Little Wang.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Both of you, get prepared when the time comes."

Little Wang said in surprise, "Ah? I can go?"

Ha Qiqi asked, "Aren't you gonna bring your wife and kid?"

Zhang Ye shrugged. "It's not convenient for Old Wu to go abroad. She would have to apply to the higher-ups, and there wouldn't be enough time." Then he looked at Little Wang with a smile. "What? You don't wish to go?"

Little Wang cried out, "Of course I want to! This is the stage of the most prestigious award in the world!"

It was only then that everyone remembered Zhang Ye's wife was a deputy minister, so it would be extremely troublesome for her to go abroad since she would have to go through a lot of paperwork.

Tong Fu said in tears, "Director Zhang, I want to go too!"

Little Sun raised his hand. "Director Zhang, me too! I want to go as well!"

Wu Yi said, "It's the venue of the Nobel Prize awards. It's something that you can brag about for the rest of your life!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "We'll talk about that another time. You guys wouldn't be allowed in even if you were there anyway." He then thought of something. He picked up his phone and said helplessly, "Even I might not necessarily be able to go."

Yao Jiancai said, "Huh?"

Xu Meilan let out a laugh. "Why couldn't you go?"

Ning Lan was taken aback before realizing what Zhang Ye meant.

Zhang Ye was already calling the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

Du du du.

The call connected.

"Hello, Old Chi?"

"Who is it?"

"Who do you think it is?"

"Oh, kid, it's you. What is it?"

"I have to travel overseas. Help me with the application."

"Travel overseas? That's impossible!"

"Honestly, I have some serious business to attend to."

"It doesn't matter what serious business you have; no means no. You're third on the list of key protected scientists by the military. Who's gonna ensure your security when you're overseas? There's no need for any applications. This won't be approved by the Chinese Academy of Sciences, the Chinese Academy of Engineering, and even the military itself. If anything happens to you, we can't answer for it!"

Old Chi was very firm in his answer.

Zhang Ye said angrily: "I'll be responsible for my own safety. Hurry up and handle this matter for me. There aren't too many days left. If I can't go, are you going to accept the Nobel Prize on my behalf?"

Fellow Chi was stunned. "What did you say? The Nobel Prize?"

Zhang Ye said: "I've received an invitation from them!"

Fellow Chi couldn't believe it. "Are you serious?"

"Do you want me to send it to you?" Zhang Ye asked.

Fellow Chi said excitedly: "I understand! I'll send in the application for you right away!"

Zhang Ye said happily: "Didn't you say that I'm not allowed to go overseas?"

Fellow Chi said in embarrassment: "If it's the Nobel Prize, you would still have to go. Which prize are you vying for?"

"The field that I started off in, of course," Zhang Ye said.

Fellow Chi clearly did not read the news much. "The field you started off in? The Nobel Prize in Mathematics? The Nobel Prize in Physics?"

Zhang Ye coughed and said: "The Nobel Prize in Literature."

"What?" Fellow Chi said in surprise: "When did your old job have anything to do with literature?" With a pause, he suddenly remembered. "Oh, I nearly forgot. You used to write books and poetry. I still wanted to personally commend you for a citation if you really won the Nobel Prize, but I think I better not since it's only the Nobel Prize in Literature, which has nothing to do with our scientific field. Why didn't you work harder, kid? You should have gone for the Nobel Prize in Mathematics!"

Zhang Ye said helplessly: "Old Chi, I've just realized how narrow-minded you are. Winning a Nobel Prize is already a blessing, yet you're still being so picky?"

"Haha, just kidding. Do well, and come back home with the Nobel Prize. It doesn't matter which field it is. You'll still be hailed as a hero of the nation!"

Zhang Ye said: "That's what I like hearing."

The call ended.

Everyone stared at Zhang Ye in shock.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's settled. Hmm? What are you all looking at me for?"

Yao Jiancai said, looking astonished, "Since when did you become a key protected scientist by the military?"

"I've always been one," Zhang Ye said with a smile.

Ning Lan said stunned, "You're even ranked in the top three on that list?"

Zhang Ye said, "I don't know about that."

Xu Meilan laughed and said, "He's the winner of the country's Highest Science and Technology Award. He the one who built China's first self-developed and mass-produced aircraft engine, and also participated in the research of the radar systems and design of the fighter jet. If I were the military, I would also be sure to focus on ensuring his safety."

Yao Jiancai said in envy, "When will I be able to get the treatment this kid is getting?"

Ning Lan laughed and said, "Why don't you start with becoming a scientist?"

Yao Jiancai waved his hands. "Forget it then, I don't have his smarts."

...

The news was revealed!

China was in a heated discussion!

"Zhang Ye has been nominated?"

"He has really been nominated for the Nobel Prize?"

"Is it the Mathematics or Literature Prize?"

"It should be for the Literature Prize!"

"Zhang Ye has really become a nominee for the Nobel Prize! He's the tenth person in China to be nominated for the Nobel Prize!"

"Oh, my awesome Face-smacking Zhang!"

"India's Bangalore has also been nominated!"

"The Japanese writer too. There are a total of about a dozen people nominated for the Literature Prize!"

"There are still eight more days to go? This will be an intense battle!"

"I really wish that Zhang Ye brings home the Nobel Prize!"

“Yeah, it’s not only going to be an honor for China and the Chinese people, this will also help Zhang Ye to break into the international celebrity rankings!”

This might be the closest that China will get to the Nobel Prize!”

“You can do it, Face-smacking Zhang!”

“If you don’t win it, don’t think about coming home!”

Chapter 1603: You’re a fucking nominee for the Literature Prize?

Several days later.

At home.

The car was already waiting outside.

Wu Zeqing smiled as she helped him with his luggage. “Everything is packed.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Alright.”

His mother reminded him repeatedly, “You better not cause any trouble!”

“Aiya, I know,” Zhang Ye said impatiently.

His mother said, “You had better not get into another fight this time!”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. “It’s the Nobel Prize award ceremony. Why would I be fighting?”

His mother harrumphed, “When have you not caused trouble whenever you’re overseas?”

“Enough.” His father said, “Our son still has a flight to catch.”

Sisi said in her childish voice, “Daddy, when are you coming home?”

Zhang Ye lowered his head to give her a kiss. “Daddy will be home in another two days. Be good and listen to Mommy, Nana, and Pops. Daddy will bring you a little present when I get back.”

Sisi nodded hard. “Mhm!”

Zhang Ye waved and said, “I’m off.”

His father said, “If you really can’t win, then so be it.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “I know.”

He was about to set off for England. This time, Zhang Ye maintained a very good attitude ahead of the award ceremony. With only so much time and so much that he could do, he had done everything that he needed to do and could do. Everything would depend on the Nobel Prize Committee’s decision. He had already done his best, so there was nothing more he could do even if they chose not to award it to him.

...

In the evening.

At the airport.

Zhang Ye and his colleagues boarded the plane.

Zhang Ye's seat was in the first-class cabin. Due to there being very few direct flights from Beijing to England, there were not too many tickets available either. This flight was operated by British Airways, so Ha Qiqi and Little Wang were both booked in economy. If it weren't for Zhang Ye's popularity, he would probably not have even qualified for a upgrade. The Nobel Foundation had only provided an economy seat.

Little Wang brought a blanket over. "Here, I brought this for you."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I already have one here."

"It's too thin. Cover yourself another layer. It will get really cold at night," Little Wang said.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, "We'll be heading back to our seats then. Call for us if there's anything you need."

Zhang Ye said, "Go on then. Rest early tonight."

Ha Qiqi said, "Alright."

Zhang Ye said, "If it's too much of a squeeze there, let me know. I'll change seats with you two."

Little Wang said, "Aiya, there's no need."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "You don't have to worry about us."

The two of them went back to the economy class.

At this moment, an English stewardess came over to help ensure that all of the passengers had their seatbelts on. The flight was about to take off.

Zhang Ye checked his watch. He knew that the plane would be landing tomorrow morning, so he pulled up the blanket and reclined his seat to catch some z's.

Half an hour.

An hour.

After who knows how long, he was awoken by the sound of people speaking near him.

A few foreigners were talking with each other. Their voices were not that loud, and it was obvious that they were trying to keep it down. But as the few of them were seated very close to Zhang Ye, he could still hear their conversation.

"There's no solution to this model!"

"I feel that this train of thought is correct."

"I don't think it is. It was headed in the wrong direction ever since the beginning."

“Yes, this is still an impossible to calculate three-dimensional quantum system.”

“I’m hoping to use the exact diagonalization techniques to find the quantum system’s low energy state.”

They were all speaking in English. Some of them had an average command of English, while others spoke it better. They didn’t seem to be from the same country. Two of the foreigners were by themselves, while the other two were probably teacher-student. The older of those two was debating with the others while the younger one did not say anything at all. He just raised his head and looked at them as he drew and wrote into a notebook while listening to them. It seemed like he was jotting down their viewpoints.

Zhang Ye also got rather interested the more he listened.

Unable to sleep, he casually joined in on the conversation by saying something in English.

Zhang Ye said, “How about using a density matrix renormalization group ¹?”

The few foreigners looked at the youth in astonishment.

The gray-haired foreigner who was the oldest of the group said, “You know what we’re talking about?”

His student asked, “You’re also a physicist?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Something like that. I know a little.”

The 40-year-old foreign lady who was sitting at the front got excited and turned around to pass Zhang Ye a piece of paper. “Have a look at my algorithms and model.”

Zhang Ye took it and scanned it. His eyes lit up. “Interesting.”

The gray-haired man immediately said, “That model of hers is wrong. It definitely has to be wrong.”

That last foreigner, who was a balding man, said, “I still think there’s some feasibility to, and it’s a possible breakthrough. I’ll be preparing a class on this topic when I get back.”

Zhang Ye looked at the calculations for a long time and suddenly shook his head. “This method is pretty interesting, but it still won’t work. You’re trying to reduce the degrees of freedom in the quantum system and attempting a renormalization technique here in the reduced space. In this iterative process, you would want to employ a reduction method to retrieve the true low energy state of the system, but the NRG ² way is generally only suitable for a complex system. When it is used for a grid system like this, it often returns results of rather poor accuracy.”

When the four of them heard this, they were astonished.

The lady exclaimed, “You actually understood that?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “I’ve done research on it for a similar project.”

The bald man said, “There will surely be a slight error, but it should be fixable.”

Zhang Ye shook his head. “For this kind of error, it wouldn’t be fixable even if there was only a difference of 0.01.”

The gray-haired man said in a serious tone, "What are your thoughts then?"

"I think," Zhang Ye said, "we possibly split the system into two subsystems, or blocks, with one being the system and the other being the surroundings. These two blocks would then combine to be known as a superblock. Now a candidate for the ground state of the superblock, which is a reduced version of the full system, may be found. The density matrix renormalization is then applied after that to select the most important states to be kept at the end of each step."

The lady said excitedly, "This is a marvelous way of approaching it!"

The gray-haired man frowned. "But there are still problems with this method."

Zhang Ye did not shy away from it. "Yes, it remains an unsolvable problem. For example, when it comes to specific applications, it would be very difficult to build a model for it."

The bald man immediately said, "Let me do some calculations first!"

The gray-haired man said, "There's no need to calculate anymore. This kid is right. It will be very difficult to establish a working model."

They just couldn't stop chatting.

They analyzed.

They debated.

They studied the problem.

They did calculations.

They chatted all night, and in the end, no one slept at all.

The seats were littered with model drawings and algorithms, filling up over fifty pieces of paper.

It wasn't until the plane landed that they finally snapped out of it.

The gray-haired man looked out the window. "We've arrived?"

The bald man sighed and said, "How time passes."

The lady said, "Thank you all so much. I have gained a lot of new ideas today on this subject. Let's exchange contact info and stay in touch. When can we meet again?"

But the gray-haired man just smiled. "I'm afraid we'll still be seeing each other a lot these few days, right?"

The bald man said with a laugh, "I think so too."

The lady looked at Zhang Ye and the others. "You are?"

"My name is Hans." The gray-haired man pointed at his student next to him and said, "This is my student, and we're here to attend the Nobel Prize award ceremony."

The lady said in surprise, "Oh, you're Professor Hans! The world's leading authority in physics?!"

The gray-haired man laughed and said, "I dare not accept that title."

The lady introduced herself. "My name is Anna, and I'm also one of the nominees for the Nobel Prize in Physics."

Hans said in surprise, "So you're Anna?"

The bald man also looked at her. "The Anna who specializes in quantum physics?"

Anna said, "That's me."

The bald man said, "My name is Paige."

Anna exclaimed, "That's you? Professor Paige? I've read your paper!"

Paige said, "I've read yours too."

Anna said with a wry smile, "Your reputations precede you. So you're all here to attend the Nobel Prize award ceremony." She looked at Zhang Ye and the others. "I was wondering what a coincidence this was. How could there possibly be so many physicists taking the same flight together? Our country does not have direct flights to England, which is why I am transferring flights in China."

Hans smiled and said, "Me too."

Paige noticed that Zhang Ye had already started to take his luggage. He couldn't help but ask, "And which professor might you be?"

Zhang Ye smiled and introduced himself. "Zhang Ye."

Anna asked, "Are you also a nominee for the Nobel Prize?"

Zhang Ye smiled and gave a nod.

The three world-famous physicists looked at each other, obviously not having heard of his name before. However, they also knew that there were too many famous physicists in the world, and they couldn't possibly know everyone. If nominated for a Nobel Prize, none of them would be a pushover. All of them must surely have made significant contributions in some aspects to the field of physics.

Anna said happily, "Let's mingle more over the next few days."

Hans nodded with a smile. "Our ride should have arrived already. Let's continue the talk later."

Paige said, "Alright!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "No problem."

A moment later, the cabin's hatch was opened.

Zhang Ye and the few physicists chatted as they got off the plane.

On the way, they discussed yet another problem. This time, Zhang Ye and Hans had a different stand on the matter. Anna supported Zhang Ye's point of view, while Paige supported Hans's. The group started yet another round of debates at the baggage carousel.

In the distance.

Ha Qiqi and Little Wang also came over.

Little Wang said startled, "Who is Director Zhang talking with?"

Ha Qiqi did not know whether to laugh or cry. "Who knows?"

Little Wang said with a sigh, "Director Zhang is so good at conversation. He can make friends everywhere he goes."

The two of them did not know what the group was talking about. They knew that it was English, but they could not understand any of the technical vocabulary used in the conversation. After getting their luggage, they followed Zhang Ye and the others out of the airport.

The person from the pick-up service had already arrived.

There were two cars over there.

An Englishman raised a placard with Zhang Ye's name on it.

Zhang Ye went up to him. "You must have waited a long time."

The Englishman said, "You're Mr. Zhang Ye, right?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "Yes, that's me."

The Englishman smiled. "Please enter the car."

Beside them, Hans, Anna, and the other two men wanted to get in as well.

But they were stopped by the driver of the other car.

The English cabbie said, "You all must be Professors Anna, Hans, and Paige, right? I'm here to take you all to the hotel. Please enter this car."

Zhang Ye waved to them. "I'll see you all later."

Hans and the others were taken aback. He asked, "Why aren't we traveling in the same car?"

Anna clearly hadn't had enough of the conversation yet either. "Aren't there still seats available in there?"

The English cabbie looked at the car carrying Zhang Ye and explained, "Oh, he's not taking the same car as you all."

Paige asked in a speechless manner, "Why is that? We're all physicists, so wouldn't it be better for us to be taking the same car?"

The English cabbie was taken aback. "Physicists? That car isn't arranged for picking up physicists."

"Ah?" Anna was stunned.

Hans said with a chuckle, "How is that possible!"

The English cabbie didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He said, "That cab is for the nominees of the Nobel Prize in Literature."

Paige said stunned, "The Nobel Prize in Literature? Did you all make a mistake?"

The English cabbie wiped at his sweat. "It can't be wrong."

Anna said, "He's obviously a physicist. We've been talking about the frontiers facing the field of physics for the entire night!"

"I had a look at the sign just now," the English cabbie said with a wry smile. "That person's name is Zhang Ye, right?"

Hans said dumbfoundedly, "Right, he's called Zhang Ye!"

The English cabbie coughed and said, "Then I definitely did not get it wrong. He's a nominee for the Nobel Prize in Literature. Don't you all know him? He was the one who wrote *Gone with the Wind*."

Gone with the Wind?

He was the one who wrote *Gone with the Wind*?

The trio of Hans, Anna, and Paige nearly spat out a mouthful of blood upon hearing that!

We've been talking about physics the entire journey here!

But you're telling us that he's actually involved in the literary field?

Are you fucking kidding us!

Looking at the sedan that Zhang Ye was in driving off into the distance, the four of them were utterly confused!

Chapter 1604: Why have you become a mathematician?

London.

The neat streets.

An old church.

Exotic beauties.

Along the way, the scenery outside the car was completely unobstructed.

Little Wang leaned against the window and exclaimed, "How beautiful."

Ha Qiqi narrowed her eyes and said, "It indeed does feel different here."

Zhang Ye was also in the UK for the first time, so he was quite curious about the local customs.

Little Wang looked at Zhang Ye. "Director Zhang."

“Hmm?” Zhang Ye said.

Little Wang pleaded, “Can Sister Ha and I go shopping tonight?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Don’t you two have jet lag?”

Little Wang giggled and said, “We slept on the plane for the entire journey. We can’t sleep anymore.”

Zhang Ye said, “Go on then. It’s a rare chance for us to come out here anyway, and the award ceremony is scheduled for tomorrow as well.”

“Alright! Thanks, Director Zhang!” Little Wang said excitedly.

Ha Qiqi smiled and said, “Shall we go to Oxford Street?”

Little Wang clapped. “That will be great!”

Up ahead, they arrived at the hotel.

This was the hotel that housed this year’s Nobel Prize award ceremony’s personnel. It was over ten stories high, and the entire hotel had already been fully booked. Besides the Nobel Prize Committee members, there were also the staff for the ceremony, foreign dignitaries, and guests. The remaining people were all the nominees for this year’s Nobel Prize. They came from all walks of life and could be said to have made great contributions to the world in their relevant fields. The guest list was so prestigious that it would shock anyone who saw it.

The car stopped.

The cabbie got out and opened the door for them.

Zhang Ye and his staff came into the hotel and checked in.

Quite a few guests checked in, but some of those who had just arrived were still processing their check-ins. All of them were foreign faces that Zhang Ye could not recognize.

Ha Qiqi asked, “Which floor are we on?”

After registering them, the female English employee smiled and said, “You’re on the seventh floor. That floor is reserved for all the nominees of the Nobel Prize in Literature and their entourage.”

The Literature Prize.

The Physiology or Medicine Prize.

The Physics Prize.

The Mathematics Prize.

The Economics Prize ¹.

And so on and so forth. All except for the Nobel Peace Prize, which was a tad special as it did not have any nominees. The accommodation arrangements for the rest of the award nominees were made according to the category of awards. The organizers had purposely arranged for them to stay on the

same floor so that everyone could interact with one another. This was in the spirit of the Nobel Prizes, after all.

Ha Qiqi nodded. "Alright."

The pretty English lady pointed. "The elevators are over there."

Little Wang smiled and said, "Thank you."

"Um—" The pretty English lady looked at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye was taken aback. "Yes? What's the matter?"

The pretty English lady looked around to check that no one was looking before reaching under the table taking out a book while smiling graciously. It was the English edition of *Gone with the Wind*. "Teacher Zhang, can I get your autograph?"

Zhang Ye was very happy to hear that. "Sure."

He grabbed a pen and signed it for her.

This was the first time he met a foreign fan asking for his autograph. It was a different feeling. Zhang Ye could clearly feel his international reputation growing. However, when he signed the book, he still stubbornly signed it in Chinese. He only had this signature since he did not have an English name.

The pretty English lady was obviously very happy. "Thank you, thank you so much!"

Zhang Ye said to Ha Qiqi and Little Wang, "Let's go."

Little Wang whispered, "Looks like you also have foreign fans now."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "Director Zhang is no longer who he was."

The three of them walked to the elevator.

Behind them, several people suddenly caught up to them.

"Zhang!"

"Wait a moment."

"Slow down."

Turning around, he saw Hans, Anna, and Paige. They arrived slightly after Zhang Ye and had already cleared their check-ins.

They came up to Zhang Ye and company with their luggage behind them.

Anna stared at him in surprise. "Are you really the author of *Gone with the Wind*?"

Zhang Ye smiled. "Yes."

Paige stared in surprise. "Aren't you a physicist?"

Zhang Ye said in amusement, "I do know a little about physics."

“You call that knowing a little?” Hans said floored. “To be able to hold a discussion and debate with us Nobel Prize nominated physicists, you call that knowing a little?”

Hans’s student was also looking at Zhang Ye in shock.

On their way here in the car, they were completely unable to accept this fact. If he only knew a little, even with a very deep understanding of physics, he would not have been able to hold a debate like they had on the plane and after they disembarked. What about was Hans’s student? He was also an expert in physics. Even though he was a student in name, he was still a full-fledged physics professor. However, in their discussions about the topic, Hans’s student was unable to say anything. This was due to his limited ability and knowledge. But Zhang Ye? Not only was he able to chat with them, some of his thoughts even gave them some inspiration. How could he be just an ordinary physicist?!

A world-leading authority on physics like you!

Yet you went into the literary field?

Are you serious!

Hans couldn’t be more disappointed. “Why did you write a novel!”

Zhang Ye was taken aback. “But I originally started out writing novels.”

Anna was stunned. “Ah?”

Paige’s eyes widened in surprise. “You used to write novels?”

“Yeah.” Zhang Ye said with a smile, “Why else would I be vying for the Nobel Prize in Literature?”

Paige couldn’t help but look up into the sky in astonishment.

Anna’s legs turned to rubber.

What the heck?

As they talked, the elevator was delayed.

All of a sudden, a group of people arrived behind them. One of the people recognized Zhang Ye immediately.

“Zhang!”

“It’s you?”

“Zhang! My Chinese friend! You’re here too?”

Zhang Ye turned around. He was very happy to see who it was that called out to him. “John, Steve, were you two nominated as well? Congratulations! I wouldn’t have known if I didn’t see you here.”

An English mathematician said with a smile, “I’m just joining in the fun, not here to vie for the prize.”

An American mathematician laughed and said, “Me neither. I’m not hopeful of winning anything even though I was nominated.”

A French mathematician said, "I have no regrets now that I've been nominated for a Nobel Prize. I never thought about winning, but there's hope for you."

Zhang Ye waved it off. "I wouldn't be so sure of that."

The English mathematician said, "At least you stand a greater chance than us."

The American mathematician said, "But the competition for this year's Nobel Prize in Mathematics is indeed quite intense. There were 28 people who were identified as the nominees of this award alone."

Zhang Ye laughed, knowing that they had misunderstood the situation.

These few people were the best foreign mathematicians Zhang Ye had met back when he solved the global mathematical conjecture. In the global mathematics field, he still knew quite a few people.

When Anna the physicist heard that, she said in stupefaction, "Mathematics Prize? What Mathematics Prize?"

Paige was also stunned. "Mathematics?"

When these people said hello to Zhang Ye, the physicists had thought that they had known Zhang Ye from before and assumed them to be the nominees for the Nobel Prize in Literature. At the beginning, they did not pay much attention to it, but as they listened, they suddenly realized something was amiss.

Who are you all?

Hans's student's eyes narrowed as he hurriedly whispered to his teacher, "I know that English guy. He's Professor John, a world-famous mathematician!"

Ah?

Paige heard it.

Anna also heard it.

This was a group of mathematicians?

The English mathematician looked at the physicists and wondered, "Eh, aren't you all together? Don't you know?"

Hans said in confusion, "Know about what?"

The French mathematician smiled and said, "So you all don't know each other? Then allow me to introduce you. This is Zhang Ye, a world-class mathematician. Years ago, we took part in the verification process of the proof to Dale's Conjecture that he proposed. That's why we're saying Zhang Ye has a chance of getting the Nobel Prize in Mathematics. Ugh, if not for the trouble that he got into back then that led to him disappearing from the public for three or four years, he would have been nominated and possibly won it at that time"

The American mathematician teased, "Even better, he forfeited an international mathematics prize at that time and made so many people in the world of math fuming mad."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I'm not vying for the Mathematics Prize this time."

The English mathematician was taken aback. "What do you mean?"

"I was nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature," Zhang Ye said.

All of the mathematicians' jaws dropped!

What?

The Literature Prize?

Why are you battling in the field of literature!

The physicists were confused once again!

What?

A mathematician?

What the hell! When did you become a mathematician!

Chapter 1605: The Nobel Banquet!

At the resort.

Outside the elevator on the seventh floor.

Zhang Ye bade farewell to the physicists and mathematicians and excused himself.

"I'll go back to my room first."

"Uh, are you really staying on the seventh floor?"

"You were really nominated for the Literature Prize?"

"Didn't I already say so?"

"Alright then, you sure are impressive."

"Zhang, come visit our room when you have time."

"Which floor are you all on?"

"We're on the eighth floor."

"We're on the ninth floor."

"OK, I'll move around as much as possible if I have nothing on."

Ding. The elevator door closed. The rest of the party proceeded upstairs.

Only then did Zhang Ye, Ha Qiqi, and Little Wang walk to the rooms with their luggage.

Little Wang was laughing as they walked in. "Director Zhang has left them all so confused."

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, "That's right. The thing here is that Director Zhang is really involved in too many industries. Forget about what those foreigners think. Even our own countrymen, including those who know Director Zhang well, would not know which prize he was nominated for if the Nobel Prize Committee did not publish the nominee list."

Zhang Ye said, "Actually, either one of them would be fine."

Little Wang said, "That's right. As long as it's a Nobel Prize, we can break into the international celebrity rankings."

"We're here." Ha Qiqi matched the keycard with the room number. "Director Zhang, this is your room."

Zhang Ye took his luggage from them. "Alright, I have nothing else for you all here. Carry on and go shopping or eat if you want. Do anything you wish to. I'll call if there's anything."

Little Wang said happily, "OK!"

After they left, Zhang Ye drew open the curtains to have a look at the scenery outside. He took out his cell phone and sent Old Wu and his parents a message to inform them that he had arrived. He even took a few pictures to show them. Then he did some simple unpacking before checking his watch and closing the curtains. After that, he pulled the covers over himself in bed and went to sleep. On the plane, he had chatted with the physicists for almost the entire journey without getting much rest. There was a dinner banquet ¹ in the evening, so he decided to sleep for a while.

An hour.

Two hours.

Ding dong. The doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye yawned and woke up. He thought that it was Ha Qiqi and Little Wang coming to look for him, so he went to open the door.

He saw two people standing outside the door. He was slightly taken aback by them. They were two strangers he did not know at all.

Zhang Ye blinked. "You two are?"

Standing outside were a man and a woman.

The man was around forty years old and looked like a very refined gentleman.

The woman who was in her thirties was a pretty blonde.

Anthony smiled and said in English, "Hello, are you Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I am. "

Anthony said, "My name is Anthony, and I'm English."

The blonde beauty said in a friendly manner, "I'm Felicia, a Swede."

Zhang Ye didn't know these two people, but he had heard their names before. "So it's Mr. Anthony and Ms. Felicia. Hello to the two of you."

Anthony grinned. "It's almost time for the evening banquet. We're all nominees for the Nobel Prize in Literature, and Felicia and I were about to head downstairs for dinner when we talked about your book. So we asked around to find which room you were in. We were hoping to get to know you and maybe ask if you would like to join us for dinner?"

Felicia had a very sweet smile. "Anthony and I have been researching your book for quite some time now. It's such a wonderful read. I have not come across such a soul-stirring novel in many years, so when we learned that you were also nominated for the award, we were both very happy. We felt that we definitely had to get to know the author of *Gone with the Wind*."

Zhang Ye shook their hands. "I've also read both your works before and was really inspired by them. It's my pleasure to get to know the two of you. Please, come into my room and have a seat."

The three of them were all famous writers of this world, so after he introductions, there wasn't a need to act like strangers in front of each other. With pleasantries exchanged, everyone became familiar with each other quite quickly. Zhang Ye had brought along his own tea leaves on this trip. He brewed them a pot of tea, using the Da Hong Pao tea leaves, of course. The two writers liked the tea so much they couldn't stop praising it.

Zhang Ye asked, "Are the you two a couple?"

Felicia laughed. "Of course not."

Anthony said, "I've known Felicia since last year when we were both nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature, so we're extremely familiar with the entire process of the awards. If there's anything you do not understand, feel free to ask me since I'm English, or you could ask Felicia."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That would be great."

Felicia asked, "There will be a lot of people later at the banquet. I'll introduce a few of them to you."

Anthony said, "Right, it's your first time, and you don't really know a lot of people here. We'll go as a group, and Felicia and I can introduce the other nominees to you."

Zhang Ye said happily, "Sure."

Anthony said, "You're the favorite to win the Nobel Prize this year."

Zhang Ye said humbly, "It's both your second times being nominated. I don't think I stand that great of a chance."

Anthony shook his head and said, "It has nothing to do with the number of times we were nominated."

Felicia nodded and said, "That's right. Some people have been nominated over seven times, yet they still didn't win the Nobel Prize. But for some people, they win it immediately after being nominated once. All of it depends on the quality of their work. *Gone with the Wind* is too popular, and its sales figures have broken so many records as well. It's already reached 17 million copies in sales worldwide, hasn't it? And it even caused America to repeal the bill that enabled racism, as well as made Russia enter into peace

talks with its neighbors. This sort of influence is unmatched by any other. The only people who can possibly compete with you are the Indian writer, Bangalore, and the Japanese writer.”

Anthony grunted. “That Indian writer has a terrible temper.”

Felicia smiled and said, “I don’t like him either. So if we see him, let’s stay far away from him. It’d be for the better if we don’t engage with someone like that.”

Stay away from him?

Zhang Ye was amused to hear that.

This was a phrase that others would often say about him. When had he ever needed to stay away from others?

It was almost time.

The three of them chatted as they took the elevator down to the banquet hall. Although it was called a banquet, it was actually just a buffet dinner with music and performances. This was held for the Nobel Prize nominees to interact with one another. It was not an enforced event, so those who wished to join could join, but it didn’t matter even if they did not want to go.

In the banquet hall.

Violin music was serenading the crowd.

Quite a few people had already arrived, and the atmosphere was very lively.

Anthony was a local and had previously participated in the Nobel Prize award ceremony, so he automatically started showing Zhang Ye around since he was a newcomer. “Zhang, there’s nothing to be nervous about. This is your first time taking part in an event like this, so it will definitely take a little getting used to. All of the world’s leading authorities are gathered here. There are mathematicians, chemists, medical practitioners, and people from all sorts of different fields here. We don’t have much in common with them, so there’s nothing much for us to interact with them on. We just need to mingle with the people from our own field since we can’t take part of the other fields’ conversations.”

Zhang Ye nodded.

Felicia smiled and said, “Let’s go, we’ll introduce a few friends to you.”

When the three of them entered the dinner venue, some people immediately took notice of Zhang Ye.

Hans and his student waved at him from afar. “Zhang, over here!”

Anthony was startled.

Felicia was also stunned for a bit.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Hi, Professor Hans.”

Hans said, “Why did you just get here? Who are these two?”

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, let me introduce you to each other. This is Anthony, and this is Felicia. They're both world-renowned authors." He turned his head and introduced, "This is Professor Hans and his student. Professor Hans is one of the world's leading authorities in the field of physics."

Anthony said, "Ah, hello, Professor Hans."

Felicia said in a stunned manner, "Nice to meet you."

Over there, another two people came over.

"Zhang, I've been looking for you for a long time." Anna fast walked over.

Paige was also beside her. He got very happy when he saw Zhang Ye. "Zhang, you're finally here. Quick, I was just conversing with Anna. Come and give us your opinion."

Anthony was dumbfounded. "These two are?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Professor Paige and Professor Anna."

Behind them, another voice rang out.

"Zhang!"

"You're here already?"

"Bond has just arrived, and he's looking for you."

A group of mathematicians from all over the world walked into the venue.

Zhang Ye said happily, "Yo, Professor Bond."

Bond complained, "Where have you been all these years? I had so many research projects that I wanted to work with you on. Have you been purposely avoiding me?"

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, "How could I?"

Bond said with a straight face, "There's a mathematical conjecture that I wanted us to work together on!"

Zhang Ye wasn't too interested. "Let's talk about it again in the future."

"No, you have to give me an answer today," Bond said.

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Let's eat first, let's eat. Oh yes, I still haven't made introductions. This is Anthony, and this is Felicia. They're both my friends."

The English mathematician, Steve, said curiously, "Anthony? I've read your books before."

The English writer, Anthony, hurriedly said, "I've seen you on television before, Professor Steve."

Steve was very happy to hear that. "I've wanted to meet you for a long time."

Anthony said, "Me too, it's an honor."

Group after group.

After they went away, only Zhang Ye, Anthony, and Felicia were left.

Felicia was going crazy!

Anthony was aghast!

Isn't this your first time in England?

Isn't this your first time getting nominated for the Nobel Prizes?

Damn! Why do you know even more people than I do?

Are you the local or am I the local?!

The two of them had been very eager to bring Zhang Ye around to get to know some people before this. But how could they have imagined it would end up with Zhang Ye introducing a host of other Nobel Prize nominees to them!

Chapter 1606: Who is the one with the worst temper here?

London.

At the banquet venue.

Zhang Ye's entrance still made some people take notice of him. There weren't too many Asians who were nominated for the Nobel Prizes, so even if they did not know what Zhang Ye looked like, they could still guess who he was. Furthermore, if they asked around, they would be able to find out his identity too. So some of the people at the venue cast curious glances at him. Gone with the Wind and its author became very well-known throughout the world during this past month.

"So he's the writer from China?"

"He's this young?"

"It's the first time I've seen him too."

"Why does he know the Nobel Prize nominees from the math and physics crowd?"

"Don't you guys know?"

"Know about what?"

"He's a well-known mathematician to begin with."

"Huh?"

"Really?"

"Surely he can't be a very well-known mathematician, right?"

"You're wrong, he's really famous. I've checked his profile. He was awarded an international math award some years ago, but for some unknown reason, he didn't accept it."

“He forfeited the award? Oh my God!”

“In the field of physics and mechanical engineering, he’s also an expert.”

“Are you serious?”

“I only learned about it from the news, and I don’t really know him that well. Oh, he has another identity too. I’m sure you’ve all heard of it before. He was once the hacker with the highest bounty in the world!”

“What?”

“That’s him?”

“He’s that 2? The world’s number one hacker?”

“Why does he have so many identities?”

“He’s involved in so many different industries?”

“That’s why the international media once commented that he was the smartest person to exist in a few hundred years. However, people have rarely heard of his name and news. This is because of political factors. Many countries around the world have limited coverage of the news in China, which everyone knows. It’s just that this time, the sensation caused by his novel was too great, which is why he has finally come to the attention of the mainstream international media as well.”

“So that’s how it is.”

“Yeah, there wasn’t any news related to him in my country before *Gone with the Wind* was released.”

Everyone was fervently discussing him.

Some people were even pointing at him and whispering among themselves.

Anthony could hear the voices of discussion around him.

The look in Felicia’s eyes changed as she gazed at Zhang Ye. “You’re actually this impressive?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “No, not really. They’re just undeserved titles.”

Anthony said, “How are they undeserved!”

“I’ve got a really bad reputation,” Zhang Ye said with a smile.

Felicia didn’t believe him. “You’re a writer and a scientist, how bad can your reputation be? Can it be any worse than Bangalore from India?”

Zhang Ye blinked. “Why isn’t his reputation good?”

Anthony shook his head. “He has lifestyle problems. He won’t budge once he has his eyes on a woman. Even Felicia has been pestered by him before. And that’s still not considered too bad. He has a terrible temper as well and often yells at his own assistants for no rhyme or reason. In India itself, his reputation is also very poor. He has many conflicts with many people and is a compulsive gambler too.”

Zhang Ye said, "Uh, is that it?"

Felicia said in a speechless manner, "What more are you expecting?"

Anthony looked at him. "Can your reputation be any worse than his?"

Zhang Ye hesitated for a moment before deciding not to say anything.

How could this be called a bad reputation?

How could this be called a bad temper?

And I thought it was bad!

Forget it, I better not bring up my embarrassing incidents!

As they chatted, the people at the venue burst into an uproar.

"Why is he here?"

"Bangalore?"

"This guy is really thick-skinned!"

"After all that fuss at the banquet last year, he still dares to show up this year?"

"Let's go, we better stay far away from him."

A lot of people walked away shaking their heads.

Zhang Ye turned around and saw that person as well.

It was an Indian man?

Bangalore?

He had a very dark skin tone and did not look particularly handsome, but neither was he ugly. Two of his assistants were trailing close behind him.

Anthony's expression changed slightly. "Doesn't he know that he's not welcome here?"

Felicia also looked on with disdain. "How can he wear slippers to the banquet?"

Bangalore was clearly a regular at the Nobel Prize award ceremony. He had been nominated for the Nobel Prize in Literature for many years running, so he knew the majority of the people here. He even said hello to a few of them.

"Horne, long time no see!"

"Felicia, you're here too?"

Felicia ignored him.

Bangalore wasn't bothered and laughed it off. After exchanging a few pleasantries, he led his assistants to the dining area. He took a sip of the red wine and frowned. Then he tasted a piece of meat and

started chattering about how horrible it tasted. Even without saying much, the situation was already getting out of hand.

Anthony pursed his lips. "There, Zhang, you understand now?"

Felicia said, "This is the Nobel Prize ceremony, and the choice of the recipients has never been assessed based on a person's character, only on their works. Otherwise, that guy would never have been nominated in the first place."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Let's just eat."

Anthony said, "Yes, we mustn't let this kind of person affect our mood."

They ate.

They drank.

They chatted.

Half an hour went by.

Eventually, Bangalore finished causing a ruckus and was starting to walk to the entrance with a look of contempt. As he passed by, he suddenly gave Zhang Ye a look.

Bangalore asked, "You're the author of *Gone with the Wind*?"

Anthony became a little nervous.

Felicia stepped in front of Zhang Ye. "What do you want?"

But Zhang Ye just smiled. "That's me. Is anything the matter?"

Bangalore looked at him for a long time. "You won't win the Nobel Prize."

Zhang Ye chuckled. "Really?"

Bangalore said, "If you don't believe me, wait for tomorrow."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Sure."

Bangalore walked away while chuckling.

Anthony said in annoyance, "Isn't that a provocation!"

Felicia said, "Ignore him."

Many of the Nobel Prize nominees gathered around, thinking that Zhang Ye would get angered.

However, unbeknownst to them, Zhang Ye did not take this to heart at all.

...

Elsewhere.

China.

On Weibo.

"Tomorrow is the Nobel Prize award ceremony."

"I'm looking forward to it!"

"We'll see if Face-smacking Zhang has the ability to win it."

"Are they going to broadcast it live?"

"Of course they will. The award ceremony is broadcast live around the world."

"I can't wait."

"I heard that Bangalore is the only person who can compete with Zhang Ye, but his temper is not so good."

"Pfft, previous poster, are you joking? In the presence of Zhang Ye, who dares to claim that they have a bad temper? If anyone dares to say so, motherfucker, I'll take it up with them!"

"Hahahahaha!"

"Damn, that's true, I take back my words."

"Many of the international media outlets are saying that the Indian writer has a bad temper. Did you guys read the news online? The Chinese people are all laughing at such reports. Those people have not seen Zhang Ye's hooliganism for themselves yet!"

"There's really no way to compare. A person like Bangalore would only grumble and scold people at the most. But Zhang Ye? He'd dare to turn physical on you! Comparing their qualifications and number of works, Bangalore is probably much better than Zhang Ye. But when it comes to having a temper? On daring to fight? Not even ten Bangalores could beat Zhang Ye!"

Chapter 1607: The live broadcast of the Nobel Prize award ceremony begins!

An uneventful night passed.

The next morning.

Ha Qiqi and Little Wang knocked anxiously on the door.

Little Wang said in panic, "Director Zhang, what happened last night?"

Ha Qiqi also hurriedly asked, "Did you get into a fight with Bangalore?"

"What fight?" Zhang Ye had just woken up.

Little Wang said, "We heard about what happened during the banquet last night. The two of you—"

Zhang Ye sighed. He said without a care, "He said that I wouldn't be able to win the Nobel Prize, so I just told him sure thing. It was just a simple exchange of words. How did that become a fight?"

Little Wang said timidly, "Y-You didn't hit him, did you?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said, "Am I that sort of person?"

Little Wang and Ha Qiqi both rolled their eyes.

You're not that sort of person?

If you aren't that sort of person, then who is!

Have you ever held back from doing such things in the past?

Ha Qiqi said with lingering fear, "It's good that you didn't hit him."

If anyone else heard what Ha Qiqi said, they would probably be vomiting blood right now. For a public figure, if they just gave a slight glance, had a slight conflict, or even spoke with a slight hint of sarcasm, the actions could easily get interpreted by the media for the headlines, much less if they hit someone. All of those actions would have an extremely serious impact, so how could they be sloppy about it? However, the staff from Zhang Ye's studio were different. They really did not ask for much from Director Zhang. As long as he did not get into fights, or hit anyone, then he could do anything he wanted. Everything else was trivial.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch. "What time is the award ceremony?"

"Ten in the morning," Ha Qiqi said.

Little Wang immediately said, "It's time to put on some makeup."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Alright."

He ate breakfast.

He did his makeup.

He got into the line.

And waited to enter the venue.

The award ceremony staff were very busy, and the international media outlets also descended on the venue for the event.

Before getting admitted into the auditorium, there was going to be a brief outdoor interview. From here, you could see how popular some nominees were. To the surprise of many, a lot of reporters surrounded Zhang Ye, especially reporters from America, Russia, China, and even Japan.

Bangalore.

Felicia.

And several others also received similar treatment.

On the other hand, much fewer reporters were around the nominees from the chemistry and mathematics fields.

This wasn't surprising at all. To the people of this world, the Nobel Prizes in Mathematics, Physics, and Physiology or Medicine were just too distant to them. These academic awards were not something that

ordinary people could understand or participate in. They probably did not even know most of the scholars and professors who worked in these fields. However, the Nobel Prize in Literature was different. The nominees were all world-renowned authors, and every normal person had access to and could buy any of their books from a bookstore. They could also recognize them or even judge who was a better author and whose works were the better ones. It was the same thing for the Nobel Peace Prize, so naturally, people around the globe would be more intrigued by them. As such, the media paid special attention to these two awards, and the winners from each year would be greatly discussed by everyone around the world.

This was also the reason why Zhang Ye had insisted on aiming for the Nobel Prize in Literature. It was much more popular than the Mathematics and Physics Prizes.

Zhang Ye's interview was in progress.

The Chinese reporter said excitedly, "Teacher Zhang, you are the tenth person from China to be nominated for a Nobel Prize. Millions of Chinese citizens are looking forward to seeing you bring home a Nobel Prize."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Sure, I'll do that."

The Chinese reporter said excitedly, "You're that confident of bringing home the prize?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "I'll ask them where they mint the medals afterwards."

That Central TV reporter burst out laughing!

Who's asking you to mint a medal!

I was asking you how confident you were of winning it!

A female Russian reporter immediately said, "Professor Zhang, I'm a Russian journalist. The President has praised your novel endlessly and even started peace talks because of it. He has taken the most crucial step in these past few years, which in turn affected the state of world affairs. This is something that no literary work has been able to achieve so far."

Zhang Ye smiled. "I've heard about it too."

The Russian reporter said, "What do you think is the charm of your work?"

An American reporter interjected, "In America, *Gone with the Wind* has sold extremely well. With the repeal of the last remaining Exclusion Act, tens of millions of people in North America have benefited greatly. Many black people and others who oppose racism have a high opinion of your work, and the impact of it on the world is still ongoing. Do you think this will help you to ascend onto the podium of the Nobel Prize in Literature?"

Question after question.

Zhang Ye answered them one by one with a smile on his face.

He was neither humble nor arrogant.

He spoke in a gentle and refined manner.

He had a graceful demeanor.

Many of the foreign reporters couldn't help but nod in agreement at his answers.

...

China.

At Zhang Ye's parents' house.

Due to the time difference, it was already evening in Beijing.

"Has it started yet?"

"Which station is it showing on?"

"Central TV Department 1."

"Let me have a look. Ah, it has started!"

"Zeqing, come quickly."

The entire family sat down in front of the television.

Sisi also ran over. "Where is Daddy? Where is Daddy?"

His mother pointed excitedly at the television. "Look, quick, look! Your Daddy is getting interviewed right now. Hey, what language is Little Ye spouting? It's not being translated either!"

His father also hurriedly said, "Zeqing, what is Little Ye saying?"

Wu Zeqing chuckled and translated it for them.

...

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

His three sisters had gathered here.

"The live broadcast is starting!"

"It's almost time for them to enter the venue!"

"Wow, there's even an interview with our brother!"

"Why are foreign reporters interviewing our brother as well?"

"Our brother is so popular!"

His grandma gave them a stern look. "Be quiet. Don't make such a ruckus."

His grandpa was also quite excited. "It's the Nobel Prize! I never could have imagined that my grandson would one day attend the Nobel Prize award ceremony."

His second sister shouted, "Brother, you can do it!"

His third sister also shouted, "Bring glory to our country!"

...

At Yao Jiancai's house.

"Dad! Hurry over!"

"It's on, it's on! The live broadcast has started?"

"The interview finished. They'll be entering the venue soon."

"How long until they announce the prize winners?"

"At least half an hour more, I think!"

"Today is the most important day for Zhang'er since his career started."

"It's also a very important day for the Chinese entertainment industry and literary world!"

...

At the Chinese Academy of Sciences.

"Old Chi, I'm a little nervous!"

"Me too, Old Zhou."

"It all depends on Zhang Ye now!"

"That's right! Whether he succeeds or fails, it all rest on this moment today!"

"Hopefully, Zhang Ye will give us something to cheer about!"

...

On Weibo.

"Pfft."

"This comedian!"

"Look at that Central TV reporter! He's about to cry!"

"Haha, he says he will ask them where they minted the medal? My sides hurt!"

"Seeing how Face-smacking Zhang can still crack a joke, it seems like he's still very relaxed."

"It's the Nobel Prize! Bring it back home!"

"Supporting Zhang Ye!"

"China's first Nobel Prize will all depend on whether Zhang Ye can get it!"

...

Japan.

"This fellow was really nominated?"

"He's our sworn enemy!"

"Does he intend to finish the comics or not?"

"This damned eunuch! I'd rather the Indian writer win the award than him!"

"Supporting our Japanese author!"

"Good luck, Teacher!"

"The Nobel Prize in Literature will definitely be ours!"

...

Australia.

"We have a candidate who was nominated for the Physiology or Medicine Prize."

"Is there any hope of winning?"

"I don't know. There are too many variables to consider for the Nobel Prize."

"Yeah. Even if someone is the favorite to win, they might not win it. It's too hard to say."

"Who do you all think will win the Literature Prize?"

"I still think that the Indian writer has the best chance."

"Yeah, they haven't given it to Bangalore in the many years he was nominated, so I doubt the Nobel Prize Committee will be able to withstand the pressure to award it to him this time. It's obvious to all that Bangalore's works are very good."

...

America.

"It's starting!"

"Today will be very interesting."

"The winners of this year's awards will be revealed soon."

"Yeah, let's see who's the biggest winner."

"I think it's gonna very close this time."

"Too bad that our female author is out of the running ¹ to win the Literature Prize."

"That's right, the sales of her new book suffered greatly due to competition from *Gone with the Wind*."

...

England.

“We’re the hosts for the awards this time, so our chances should be greater.”

“Not necessarily.”

“We can only fight for the Economics Prize.”

“Right, we have a chance of winning that.”

“We stand a chance at winning the Literature Prize too, right?”

“I’m afraid we don’t have any chance at the Literature Prize. The Chinese and Indian writers are too strong.”

“But I’m not optimistic about the Chinese author’s chances. China wants to win an international award, especially when it’s the world’s most prestigious Nobel Prize. So I doubt they’ll give it to a Chinese man so easily.”

“Yeah, no Chinese person has ever won a Nobel Prize.”

...

On this day.

At this moment.

100 million people.

500 million people.

1 billion people.

With the time in many countries getting late into the night due to the time difference, countless people crawled out of beds and turned on their televisions like China would during World Cup season. With a beer in their hands and some snacks, everyone started watching the live broadcast of the Nobel Prize. This world’s Nobel Prizes were much more influential than the ones in Zhang Ye’s world. Almost every country’s television stations were showing the live broadcast, and all eyes around the world were focused on this event. They were all waiting for the awards ceremony to begin so that they could find out who would walk away with the most prestigious prize in the world!

Chapter 1608: The award ceremony!

At the venue.

In the auditorium where the award ceremony was held.

The guests and nominees were gradually admitted inside.

“Hello, please produce your invitation.”

“Here.”

“OK, thank you.”

“Hello, may I have your invitation card please?”

“Is it this one?”

“Yes, you may enter.”

Security checks.

Producing invitations.

Verifying identities.

Running facial recognition.

All kinds of high-tech equipment were employed, and it made everything look very professional and formal. A person had to go through at least three rounds of checks before they could get admitted into the venue. After entering the auditorium, a dedicated English receptionist would greet the nominees and lead them and their family or entourage to their seats. Zhang Ye’s seat was somewhere on the right side of the venue and further to the front in the second row. For the sake of convenience, Zhang Ye sat in the aisle seat. Ha Qiqi and Little Wang both sat down on the inside beside him.

At the back.

Anthony also arrived. “Zhang.”

Zhang Ye turned around and smiled. “You’re here?”

“I’m sitting behind you,” Anthony said.

Immediately, Felicia came over and sat down with them as well. “Hi, did you all get a good night’s sleep?”

Zhang Ye said happily, “It was alright.”

The nominees for the Nobel Prize in Literature had all been placed in this area.

The female American writer arrived.

India’s Bangalore also arrived. Incidentally, he did not cause any trouble today after being admitted into the venue. He showed a cold and indifferent expression, scoffing when he saw Zhang Ye. He ignored all of the other nominees. By the looks of this, the Indian writer also understood that his biggest rival for the Nobel Prize was the Chinese writer.

Ha Qiqi whispered, “Is that him?”

Little Wang also had a look at the Indian writer who was seated two rows behind them. “What’s he acting so smug about!”

The Japanese writer was the last to arrive, and he sat down right beside Anthony, close behind Zhang Ye.

Anthony clearly knew him. “Why didn’t I see you at last night’s banquet?”

The Japanese writer smiled. “My wife wanted me to go shopping with her.”

Felicia smiled and said, "You're such a good husband."

Zhang Ye also turned around to take a look at him.

Felicia introduced, "Oh yes, I would like to introduce a friend to you. This is Zhang Ye."

Surprisingly, the Japanese writer snorted and did not answer.

Zhang Ye smiled. He shrugged and didn't care.

Anthony was a little taken aback. "Ah? What's the matter?"

The Japanese writer rolled his eyes. "I don't wish to know this person."

"Why not?" Felicia said startled.

In the end, it was Zhang Ye who spoke. He laughed and said, "His countrymen are not too friendly towards me."

The Japanese writer was fuming. "Is it us who are unfriendly, or you who is unfriendly!"

Anthony replied, "Zhang Ye is quite a nice person. Don't judge him by his appearance."

The Japanese writer was floored!

Quite nice, my ass!

What has that got to do with judging him by his appearance?

Felicia also tried to calm things down by saying, "The Indian author should be the person we should stand together against."

As Felicia and Anthony did not know the inside story, they wondered why the Japanese writer would have such a bias against Zhang Ye. They thought that some kind of misunderstanding had happened.

The Japanese writer was too angry to say anything!

The Indian author?

Not even 10 Bangalores can match the wickedness of this Zhang guy!

Compared to Zhang Ye, the Indian author is the edelweiss!

How can you not know of his past deeds!

Of all the people at the venue, the only people other than Ha Qiqi and Little Wang who understood Zhang Ye the most would have to be the Japanese and Korean Nobel Prize nominees. The people of other nations might not be familiar with Zhang Ye, but how could they not be familiar with him? Although Zhang Ye had disappeared from the public eye for close to four years, the Japanese and Koreans still couldn't help but clench their teeth in hatred when his name was mentioned!

Scolding!

Fighting!

Smashing cars!

Trashing hotels!

Making trojans!

He was the hooligan who committed all kinds of evil in Asia years ago!

Yet you consider him to be the angel here?

Don't you have it wrong?!

Last night, the Japanese writer did not show up at the banquet not because he had to go shopping with his wife. In fact, it was because she was afraid that Zhang Ye would cause trouble, so she decided to steer her husband away from him. As for Bangalore? The Japanese writer and his wife were not concerned about him at all. They both knew that the Indian author was only all bark and no bite.

One was a sheep in wolf's clothing!

The other was a wolf in sheep's clothing!

There was no way to compare these two people. Only you guys would regard the Indian author as a troublesome person. But little can you imagine that the most troublesome person is actually this person talking and laughing beside you!

At 10 AM sharp.

The venue's doors were shut and the security checkpoints closed.

For a moment, the entire auditorium fell silent. Everyone had arrived.

Little Wang said nervously, "It's starting!"

Ha Qiqi took a deep breath. "Which prize will they be announcing first?"

Little Wang said, "It's always different each year. Ahhh, I'm so nervous."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Calm down, this is a live broadcast."

Little Wang also took a deep breath. However, her heart was still pounding. She couldn't be blamed for being nervous, because they knew how important this award was for Director Zhang. It was the most prestigious prize in the entire world with no other awards coming close. This was also the first time they were attending an international award ceremony, so it was no wonder they were nervous.

Countless cameras were facing the stage.

The venue of the award ceremony was looking as luxurious as a concert hall.

The atmosphere.

The decorations.

The colors.

All of it was vividly presented.

Under the attention of the people of the world, the director of the Nobel Foundation went up on stage. Holding a microphone, he announced to the world with a smile, "Ladies and gentlemen, good morning."

Applause thundered!

The crowd clapped.

Next, the Nobel Foundation's director delivered an opening speech that lasted for ten minutes. It gave an in-depth explanation of the creation of the Nobel Prizes, the predecessor awards, the change of the award's name, the number of prizes that have been given out thus far, and so on, giving everyone a deeper understanding of and a recap on the value and history of the Nobel Prizes. This was because today happened to be the 50th anniversary of the Nobel Prize, so the ceremony was held in a grander manner.

Ten minutes passed.

The speech finished up.

The audience broke out into applause.

Every country's television stations had a real-time translation of the event as the viewers watching listened to it carefully. The live audience also listened intently with almost no one getting distracted. To countless people, the Nobel Prizes represented a solemn and dignified award ceremony. Everyone respected the importance of this award and also the highest honor it brought to its recipients.

On the stage.

A ceremony employee walked onstage with a medal.

The director took it from the employee and gave a smile. "So then, let me first announce this year's first Nobel Prize winner." With a pause, he held up a card and flipped it open. "After voting by the Nobel Committee, the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine is—"

It was all quiet in the audience.

The viewers watching TV also hushed up.

The nominees who were seated in the Physiology or Medicine zone were even quieter. Every one of them was staring at the stage with wide eyes.

Then the director announced, "—the famous American MD¹, Dr. James Strong!"

Immediately, the entire live audience looked in one direction!

James looked very surprised!

The people around him broke out into applause!

Some of them also smiled bitterly in sorrow.

Others kindly gave James hugs and celebrated his win!

In the field of physiology and medicine, America was much more advanced than the rest of the world. For this Physiology or Medicine Prize, 7 of the 20 nominees were Americans. The predictions by the public also showed that an American would win this year's prize, just like they had won it the previous year. The only point of contention was which American doctor would be presented with the highest honor in the world. Unexpectedly, it was won by the youngest MD in the group, Dr. Strong!

The director smiled. "Please come onstage to collect your medal."

James was smiling broadly, hugging and kissing his friends around him. Then he strode onstage and received the medal from the director with a serious look. "Thank you, thank you. I can't believe this." He was so excited he even stuttered while delivering his acceptance speech.

Little Wang was very envious.

Ha Qiqi sighed.

On this day, James's name would be entered into the annals of history.

On this day, the entire world was cheering for him!

This was the Nobel Prize!

The highest honor in the entire world!

Chapter 1609: The winner of the Nobel Prize in Literature is unveiled!

America.

"It's ours!"

"Well done!"

"It's James!"

"Hahahaha!"

...

England.

"Sure enough, it was won by an American!"

"There's almost no suspense for the Physiology or Medicine Prize."

"Hai."

...

The Netherlands.

"Congratulations to him."

"The medical world has another doctor who has ascended to the top."

“The Americans have occupied this position for the past three years.”

...

China.

“When will the Literature Prize be announced?”

“The Literature Prize and Peace Prize have always been the last to get announced every year.”

“I can’t wait to find out!”

...

At the venue.

James’s acceptance speech ended.

Round after round of applause rang out from the audience until James left the stage. All of the world’s media were still showing him on their live broadcast. At this moment, he was the star of the show and the focus of attention of the entire world. Perhaps some people didn’t know about James’s contributions to the medical field or this their first time hearing his name. However, that was not important now because everyone knew what it meant to be able to win a Nobel Prize.

Ha Qiqi applauded.

Zhang Ye was also clapping.

After some time, the live broadcast cut back to the main stage.

The foundation’s director stepped back onstage.

The director said, “Next up, I will be revealing the recipient of this year’s Nobel Prize in Mathematics.”

All of a sudden, the Mathematics Prize nominee zone fell silent.

Zhang Ye turned his attention to their direction with a look of interest.

Little Wang said with a tinge of regret, “It’s a pity we didn’t get shortlisted for that award.”

Ha Qiqi said, “Yeah. If Director Zhang had been willing to make a push for it, we might have gotten nominated for the Nobel Prize in Mathematics as well. However, each person can only be nominated for one award each year. Otherwise, we could have vied for the Mathematics Prize, the Physics Prize, and the Literature Prize. Who knows, we might’ve won all three of them. Then that would truly be unprecedented!”

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes in response. “Old Ha, you’re overthinking things.”

Ha Qiqi laughed and said, “In any case, we’ll be vying for the Nobel Prize in Mathematics someday too.”

Little Wang said, “And the Physics Prize as well!”

Zhang Ye laughed. “We don’t even know if I can get the Nobel Prize this time, but you two are already thinking about winning three of them? I don’t even dare to think that far and high!”

On the stage.

The director said in a clear voice, "The recipient of this year's Nobel Prize in Mathematics is—English mathematician Hank House!"

Anthony cried out in surprise, "It's one of our English mathematicians!"

Everyone in the venue turned to look.

All the cameras were now aimed at an old Englishman in his 70s!

Hank House was slightly startled, although his expression didn't make him look particularly excited. However, when he pushed himself out of his chair, everyone discovered that his hands were trembling. They were trembling with excitement.

There was thunderous applause!

Bba bba bba bba!

When the old man went up on stage to receive his medal, the applause became even more enthusiastic!

It was as though all of the world's applause was for him alone in this moment!

Little Wang asked, "Director Zhang, do you know him?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I've heard of his name before, but I haven't had any dealings with him. He's a very famous mathematician in the global mathematics world and was nominated for the Nobel Prize when he was still in his 50s. This time, his wish has finally been fulfilled."

The competition for the Mathematics Prize this time was a very close one. At least four of the candidates were very strong contenders for the prize, which had made it very difficult to distinguish who would win. Perhaps due to a variety of reasons and also after discussions by the committee, they decided to present the award to House in the end. He was a veteran in the field who had dedicated his entire life to mathematics.

Next up.

The Chemistry Prize.

The Physics Prize.

The Economics Prize ¹.

The recipients were announced one by one!

Each time they announced the results, the entire venue would shake from applause as it filled the auditorium. One after another, new Nobel Prize winners emerged. Right now, only the Literature Prize and Peace Prize remained to be awarded. These were also the prizes that attracted the most attention of the people each year and were the highlights of the award ceremony! Although there were cases of these two awards getting announced first in the previous years, it didn't happen often. By and large, they were announced at the end of the awards ceremony. These were also the Nobel Prizes that this world's people were most familiar with and the most interested in.

...

In the rest of the world.

France.

"We didn't even win a single one this time!"

"What a pity!"

"The Americans actually got two of the awards!"

...

In Germany.

"The Physics Prize is ours!"

"Hahahaha!"

"It's enough winning one!"

"We're still the authoritative voice in the field of physics!"

...

Korea.

"There's nothing for us?"

"We were only nominated for the Economics Prize, but it was won by an American."

"Hai, when will our country finally have a Nobel laureate of our own?"

"Don't worry, there will surely be one in the future."

"The Chinese are in the same boat as us. They've never had any of their citizens win a Nobel Prize before."

"Haha, I feel better hearing that."

...

India.

"It's here!"

"The next award to be presented is the Literature Prize?"

"You can do it, Bangalore!"

"It's all up to you now!"

"The Chinese and Japanese writers definitely can't beat you!"

"Bring home the Nobel Prize for India!"

“The award should have been yours 10 years ago!”

...

China.

“It’s finally time!”

“I’m so nervous!”

“Will Face-smacking Zhang stumble at the finish line?”

“Who knows what the Nobel Committee will choose!”

“Honestly, I still feel that Bangalore has a greater chance of winning.”

“The main reason is that Zhang Ye’s works are too few in number. In the global novels industry, he only has *Gone with the Wind* as his representative work. If he had more time to write a few more novels, he would stand a much greater chance of winning the award.”

...

At home.

His mother was staring wide-eyed as she waited. “It’s almost time!”

His father took a deep breath and sat bolt upright.

Wu Zeqing was smiling with Sisi in her lap.

Sisi was also staring intently at the television with wide eyes.

...

At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

Everyone was here today.

“It’s time for our turn!”

“Ahhh, Director Zhang, you can do it!”

“Give the award to us! Give the award to us!”

“We’re only one step away from breaking into the international celebrity rankings!”

...

Zhang Yuanqi’s house.

Ning Lan was visiting today.

“Sister Zhang, do you think he can win it?”

“I don’t know.”

"If he can do it, he will be making a great contribution to the country."

It wouldn't just be a great contribution. He would be hailed as a national hero."

"Yeah, the Nobel Prize is too important to China!"

...

At Spring Garden's place.

"Amy, come quickly!"

"I have a stomachache!"

"They're giving out that award soon!"

"Ah? They are? Aiyo, wait, wait, let me pull on my pants first!"

"Quick! Hurry up!"

...

Japan.

"They're about to announce the Literature Prize recipient!"

"Just don't let Zhang Ye win it!"

"Right, I'd rather the Indian writer win this Nobel Prize!"

"It mustn't be given to that Chinese writer!"

...

The outside world was in a mess!

Countless people were guessing about who would win!

Countless people were debating who should win!

Compared to the announcements for the Mathematics and Economics Prizes, the Literature Prize was causing a great debate across the world before the winner was even announced. The amount of comments on the Internet made it obvious, with three, four, or even five times more comments than the discussions that the other prizes had generated. Perhaps everyone around the world already had their choice of winner.

Anthony gave Zhang Ye a nudge. "It's all up to you."

Zhang Ye said helplessly, "Everyone stands an equal chance of winning it."

Felicia was also holding her breath.

The Literature Prize nominees around them also looked very tense in this moment.

The gaze of many of the reporters and other Nobel Prize nominees were directed over here as well!

They saw how calm Zhang Ye looked.

They saw how conflicted the Japanese author was.

They also saw that haughty and arrogant look on the Indian author's face.

The live broadcast camera was pointing at all of them, and everyone's expressions were different.

The Nobel Committee's director was already standing onstage.

The medal.

The card.

They were right beside him.

When the card was flipped open, the name of the Literature Prize recipient would be announced.

Nobody knew if the director was doing it intentionally, but he took out the card very slowly, likely because he knew that the global viewership was at its peak and that the attention given to the Literature Prize and Peace Prize was completely different from the previous awards.

The director smiled. "There are still two more Nobel Prizes to announce."

The people in the audience could no longer sit still!

Many of the viewers watching TV were also getting very anxious!

The director said, "So then, I'll first announce the recipient of the Nobel Prize in Literature."

Gulp.

Gulp.

The sound of him swallowing could be heard.

The director said in a slow manner, "The recipient of this year's Nobel Prize in Literature is—"

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

The director looked into the audience and announced, "Indian author Bangalore!"

Little Wang face fell. "It's over!"

Anthony could only give Zhang Ye a squeeze on the shoulders. "Alas!"

Felicia kept shaking her head. "As expected!"

The Japanese author sighed.

Only Bangalore was smiling with delight. It was the first time a lot of people saw him smile.

However, the applause at the venue wasn't enthusiastic in the least. This was because everyone viewed him as the hooligan of the literary world!

Ha Qiqi felt a little dejected and said, "Director Zhang?"

Zhang Ye let out a chuckle and said, "It's alright, there will be another chance in the future."

"B-But how can we wait any longer?" Little Wang said bitterly.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I'm lucky if I get it; it's my fate if I don't."

He knew that his chances of winning this Nobel Prize were not that great. If he could win it, he would naturally be very excited. But not winning it was expected as well. Ever since Zhang Ye boarded the plane in Beijing to come to England, he knew.

Chapter 1610: The kick that shocked the world!

China.

On Weibo.

"Fuck this!"

"We've lost the Nobel Prize!"

"It's gone, everything is gone!"

"It's been won by that Indian writer!"

"Hai, it's over for us!"

"I've been anticipating it for a long time. The media also reported that this was the closest that China was to winning a Nobel Prize. In the end, we still couldn't get it!"

"Face-smacking Zhang has failed this time!"

"It's not like he could help it. That's the Nobel Prize we're talking about. Zhang Ye has never lost when it comes to domestic awards, but the Nobel Prize is the world's most prestigious award. Perhaps it was still a step too far for us."

...

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

His three sisters roared with rage.

"Dammit!"

"Do they not have eyes!"

"It obviously should have been awarded to our brother!"

"The Indian has cheated his way to a win again!"

...

At home.

His father looked on in regret.

His mother pointed at the television and started scolding.

“What the heck!

“Hai.

“There must be some kind of conspiracy!”

...

At the studio.

Sighs sounded from all over the room.

Some of the female employees were even trying to hide tears.

“It still couldn’t be done?”

“Is it so much to ask to win the Nobel Prize?”

“I can’t accept this!”

“Me neither!”

“Gone With the Wind isn’t any worse than those other books!”

...

At the Chinese Writers’ Association.

“We couldn’t win it after all!”

“What a pity!”

“Yeah, we were so close! We only missed out by a little bit!”

“Never mind, Zhang Ye has done quite well already.”

...

London.

Lillian’s house.

“What a pity!”

“Sis, is he your Chinese friend?”

“Yes, I was even the one who suggested that he try for the Nobel Prize.”

...

India.

The people were all cheering.

“Oh my God!”

“It’s ours! We’ve won it!”

“Long live Bangalore!”

“Long live India!”

“Unbelievable! India has finally gotten a Nobel Prize laureate!”

“Hahahahaha!”

I knew it, I knew that the Chinese and Japanese authors would not get the Nobel Prize!”

“I really wish I could see the face of that Chinese author right now!”

...

In Germany.

“The Indian writer has gotten the last laugh!”

“This is a very important award!”

“It was unexpected, but still within reason!”

“This year’s winner of the Literature Prize has finally been unveiled!”

...

Japan.

“I figured it would be him!”

“It’s such a pity that we didn’t manage to win it!”

“It’s good as long as it’s not Zhang Ye who gets the Nobel Prize!”

“That’s true!”

“Congratulations to the Indian author.”

...

China.

The UK.

Korea.

Greece.

Finland.

Canada.

When the Nobel Prize in Literature was announced, every country in the world blew up!

The netizens discussed it like crazy!

The media reports were numerous as well!

...

At the award ceremony.

The director smiled and said, "Would Mr. Bangalore please come onstage to collect his medal."

Bangalore smoothed his clothes and rose from his seat, all smiles. Then he strode up to the stage in high spirits. At this moment, it could be said that Bangalore was the person with the most attention on him in the entire world. The Literature Prize had such great influence.

He went up on stage.

He received his medal.

They took a picture together.

On the big screen behind the stage, Bangalore's works over the years were listed.

The dense list of novels dumbfounded everyone.

Little Wang said, "He has written so many books?"

Ha Qiqi said, "It's just that we have too few works."

"It's only because Director Zhang doesn't have the time to write them." Little Wang had absolute confidence in Zhang Ye's writing ability and speed. "If we had another half a year, Director Zhang could surely 20 novels for them!"

Felicia consoled, "Zhang, come back again next year."

Zhang Ye smiled. "Alright."

Anthony also comforted the Japanese author.

The Japanese author said, "I was already prepared for this."

This event gave Zhang Ye a better understanding of the Nobel Prizes. While he had intended to use one novel to win the Nobel Prize, he realized now that he had thought too simply. In his previous world, a lot of people still missed out on winning the Nobel Prize even after writing for an entire lifetime, finishing 10 books, 20 books, or even 30 books. This included many of the famous literary giants, so for him to win a Nobel Prize with just one work, that really did seem to be quite impossible.

Hai, I should have competed for some other prize.

The Mathematics Prize?

The Physics Prize?

Perhaps I'd have stood a better chance for those.

However, it was too late. Besides, there wasn't enough time for him to do anything.

Under the attention of countless people, Bangalore picked up the microphone.

Everyone in the audience was looking at him.

The viewers around the world watching the live broadcast were also looking at him.

However, the moment the Indian author opened his mouth, many people were flabbergasted.

Bangalore cleared his throat and said proudly with a laugh, "First of all, I would like to thank the Nobel Prize Committee. After ten years, they've finally made one correct decision."

The people in the audience burst into an uproar!

People all over the world were speechless!

Made just one correct decision in ten years?

So the previous winners of the Nobel Prize in Literature were blindly selected then?

They only got it right when they chose you this time?

Anthony was speechless.

As was Felicia.

And so was the director of the Nobel Foundation.

Everyone around the world rolled their eyes.

They'd long heard of Bangalore being the biggest hooligan in the global literary field, and it was indeed true!

Zhang Ye was bemused. He looked at the stage and listened to him speak.

Then Bangalore raised his medal and continued, "This medal should have been mine ten years ago. As such, I won't be giving any further thanks to anyone. This is because this medal is what the Nobel Foundation owes me. It's what the entire world owes me. I will forgo the interest owed to me in the last ten years."

...

India.

"Hahaha!"

"That arrogance!"

"This should be how it is!"

"Good one, Bangalore!"

“Right, this is what the world owes us!”

...

China.

“This idiot must be crazy!”

“I’m gonna faint. Where did this dumbass come from!”

“He can even win the Nobel Prize like this?”

“He’s not afraid that the Nobel Prize Committee will take the prize away from him?!”

...

America.

“What kind of person is this?”

“The Nobel Prize Committee owes him the award?”

“He’s too arrogant!”

“Ugh, this guy is so obnoxious!”

...

Korea.

“I wanna beat him up!”

“Me too!”

“This Indian is asking for a beating!”

“Where does he get his confidence!”

...

The entire world was scolding!

There were voices of doubt all across the venue!

After Bangalore’s acceptance speech, there was not a single clap for him. Most foreigners were very graceful, especially on an occasion like the Nobel Prize. No matter how much they disliked someone, they would still applaud them if they won. This was the minimum respect and decorum they could show. But Bangalore’s speech was so outrageous that no one wanted to applaud him.

Everyone present was muttering something.

“This is so exasperating.”

“The world owes you the prize?”

“Hmph!”

The situation was very awkward!

There was no applause!

There was no movement!

But Bangalore was indifferent to it all. He swaggered off the stage with the medal in hand.

The reporters from the international media outlets were all looking at him with their mouths agape. The cameras in their hands were not flashing either. The live broadcast camera kept its focus on him with a close-up the entire time.

The Nobel Prize Committee members in the audience looked like they were already regretting their decision.

Some people facepalmed.

Some looked furious.

Walking back towards his seat, Bangalore even gave Zhang Ye a smile. No one knew if it was intentional, but he also raised the medal slightly at him as if making a statement.

Little Wang glared at him.

Ha Qiqi curled her lips.

Only Zhang Ye was smiling.

The foundation's director went up on stage again.

Bangalore walked past Zhang Ye as he returned to his seat.

But right at this moment, just as the live broadcast camera was about to cut back to the main stage, an unbelievable scene that no one in the world could have expected happened!

Anthony saw a leg!

Something blurred across Felicia's vision!

The Japanese author stared wide-eyed in shock!

The entire world's people also saw a leather shoe on the television screen as it smugly materialized in the picture. The leg appeared right in front of Bangalore's feet!

No one could react to it!

The people at the venue could not!

The people watching TV could not!

Bangalore was even more unprepared for it!

"Ahhhhhhhhh!"

Bangalore shrieked!

The next moment, the Indian author's entire body was thrown off balance. With a loud bang, he slammed into the ground!

The medal broke!

Bangalore took a hard fall!

Psst. Blood was spurting from a cut above his eyebrow!

At this moment!

It was as though time had stopped!

It was as though the entire world had frozen!