

Superstar 161

Chapter 161: The Heavenly Queen asks Zhang Ye for Help!

After releasing him.

Superintendent Song went to a corner of the yard at the police station. He took out his mobile phone and made a call to Wang Shuixin.

"Hello, Old Song." Wang Shuixin was still awake.

Superintendent Song said harshly, "Old Wang, Zhang Ye has already been released. I am just calling to inform you."

Wang Shuixin was stunned, "What? Released? Why was he released? He beat up my son so badly, yet your station still doesn't...."

Superintendent Song said angrily, "You still dare to mention that? Because of helping you, I nearly lost my job. The branch Leaders already reprimanded me several times, and even the Commission for Discipline Inspection nearly wanted to investigate us! The orders from above are already out! If I don't release him, what can I do? Tell me, what should I do? Besides, this problem was caused by your son, so don't make excuses for him! You should be prepared. When your son is discharged, we will summon him for sure. He might be detained and might be fined! Old Wang, I have already done all that I can. Whether you will listen to me or not, these are my words. The pressure from Zhang Ye's two poems are too great, and no one else would have been able to protect your son! It had to be done!"

Wang Shuixin said. "Old Song, we have known each other for so long. You...."

Superintendent Song said, "It's precisely because we've known each other so long that I'm telling you this. Oh, and if there's anything related to Zhang Ye in the future, don't look for me. This man, I'm really afraid of him!"

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Caishikou.

Zhang Ye's parents' home district.

Every family was preparing to sleep, and the district was quiet. Zhang Ye was sent back here by the old policeman. After getting off, he went straight up the stairs.

Dong, dong, dong.

Zhang Ye called from outside the door, "Dad, Mom."

The door opened swiftly, and his mother came out anxious and worried, "Aiyo! Our son is back!"

"Yes, I'm back. You aren't asleep yet?" Zhang Ye came inside and changed his shoes.

"How could we sleep? Your dad and I went to the station earlier to look for you, but those policemen did not let us in. I gave them a good scolding at the door!" his mother huffed.

His father walked out from the hall, "Are you injured?"

"No, they were quite kind to me." Zhang Ye said.

His mother stared at him, "Then what about the poem you wrote? Bayonet, beatings, you nearly scared your dad and me to death! They really did not hit you?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Then they would have to dare to do it. Hur hur. It wasn't that serious; I was just inspired to write a poem, that's all. Oh, yes. Mom, I'm hungry."

"Wait a while. Let me heat up the food for you." His mother went into the kitchen.

His father stopped her, "Let me do it. Give the relatives a call and inform them about the news."

His mother suddenly remembered, "Oh, yes. I nearly forgot. They are still worried." So she went to the telephone by the sofa and made some calls, "Hello. Little Dan? I want to tell you that your brother's home already. He's alright.... Yes, tell your dad and mom not to worry.... Okay...."

Seeing that, Zhang Ye also made a few calls. His friends and colleagues were definitely worried about him. They probably tried to help, too, so he should inform them of his release.

Du, du, du, click.

"Hello." It was a child's deep-sounding voice.

"Chenchen?" Zhang Ye blinked, "Why are you the one answering? Where's your aunt?"

Chenchen answer with the tone of a grown up, "Oh, it's Zhang Ye. My aunt went out for a run."

Running at this late time? But knowing that Rao Aimin was a martial arts practitioner, he was not worried. "I'm fine already. I'm at my parents place now. Please tell your aunt not to worry."

Chenchen replied, "My aunt was always very assured with matters regarding you. She said that good people die young, while the scourges would live a thousand years, so you would definitely be fine."

Zhang Ye, ".....&##@)#! !"

This landlord! This bro had already been arrested and brought to the police station! Yet, your mouth continued to be this venomous!

Following that, Zhang Ye called a few other colleagues.

"Hello, Xiao Lu. It's me...."

"Hello, Brother Hu. I'm out...."

"Hou Ge, is your brother with you? I am already home. Thank you for the concern."

The rice was heated up. They were dishes probably left over from his parents' lunch or dinner. The frugal Zhang Ye was not a picky eater. He just gobbled everything up.

"We will be sleeping first," his father said.

"Eat by yourself. But there's no need to wash the dishes. I will wash them tomorrow." His mother also went into the room.

The two of them had been worrying all day, making calls and going down to the station. They were probably very tired from all of this and still had to work in the morning, so they went to bed quickly.

After Zhang Ye finished his meal, he still washed the dishes before returning to his own room. He switched on his old PC and went online to chat with his fans. He knew that the reason that he could be released with so little trouble was all due to the fans' help. It was them who gave pressure to the authorities. It was them who helped to make it a big issue to put attention to the case, so Zhang Ye naturally had a responsibility to let them know.

"I am Zhang Ye. I'm currently back at home. Thank you for everyone's concern and support. Sorry for troubling you. I'm very good. The police station has already investigated the matter properly. I have reason to believe and choose to believe that our law enforcement system would not malign a good person, nor would it let a bad person off!" This line was known by all in Zhang Ye's world, but this line had apparently not appeared in this world. Zhang Ye did not think much about it and used it. The main reason was to tone things down on the police station's side. Since he was already fine, if the fans carried on having a field day with them, it might create a counter-effect, causing discord in society. This was something that Zhang Ye did not wish to see happen.

"Haha! It's Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye has been released!"

"That's great! They have finally released him!"

"Now I'm feeling at ease. I can finally sleep well. Goodnight, Teacher Zhang."

"We won! Cheers, brothers! This is our victory of the Zhang Ye fan club! It's the result of everyone's hard work! Thank you to our brothers from SS Tieba! Thank you to Heavenly Queen Zhang's Universal Army! If not for you, Teacher Zhang would definitely not have been released today! The waterdrop-like bit of gratitude will be repaid in the form of a fountain!"

Zhang Ye's fans began celebrating!

However, when Zhang Ye saw this, he was surprised. Eh? SS Tieba? What was that? Heavenly Queen Zhang's fans? Why did her fans join in on the matter? The dark room did not have any internet, so all he could do was spread the matter out. He had only written two poems, but he had no idea about the actual situation. Hence, Zhang Ye quickly minimized the Weibo page and went to his fan club headquarters to ask about the details.

Someone answered, "It was all thanks to SS Tieba's members. They felt that injustice was done, and seeing that our numbers were lacking in strength, they took the initiative to help us. Their people nearly flooded the entire Tieba with your 'Prisoner's Song' and 'My Confession'. They had such a strong sense of justice! There was also Heavenly Queen Zhang. She seldom uses Weibo, but at night, she Liked two of your poems. Later on, some of Heavenly Queen Zhang's fan club army came, too!"

After their explanations, Zhang Ye immediately understood. He was immediately touched and felt his heart feel warmth. Without saying anything else, he immediately went to SS Tieba and posted a message, "Thanks. Many are the years to come." He did not say much; the words were simple. However,

the meaning behind it was intense. This was Zhang Ye's promise. He would definitely pay them back in the future.

"You're welcome."

"We naturally needed to do something after seeing injustice happen!"

"The good will be rewarded. Teacher Zhang, you don't have to thank us!"

SS Tieba's members replied. After that, Zhang Ye's fan club's junior moderator and SS Tieba's moderator had some exchange. Both Tieba pages exchanged links, becoming friendship Tieba pages.

After all this, Zhang Ye left the matter with Zhang Yuanqi aside first. He then checked on the internet to see what had happened after he had entered the dark room. Then he saw Elder Qian's message, as well as support from Wang Xiaomei, Zhang Yuanqi, Big Sis Zhou, Tian Bin and his other old colleagues. He was extremely touched.

He did not have Elder Qian's number, so he left a private message on Weibo.

As for Zhao Guozhou, Tian Bin and company, Zhang Ye gave them each and every one a call to tell them that he was fine and thanked them.

After all this, Zhang Ye's fan club Tieba numbers had increased greatly once again. There were a few thousand more members. And when he checked the score on the Celebrity Rankings that considered the popularity of celebrities, he realized that he had entered the first few names amongst the E-list celebrities. He was getting closer to being a D-list celebrity.

In just a night's time, Zhang Ye's popularity had increased by so much!

If one pursued the root of the matter, it was because the two poems, "My Confession" and "Prisoner's Song", had been written too ruthlessly! They had been written too well! The unyielding and tenacious attitude and lack of fear towards life and death had touched too many people! Zhang Ye even saw that many literary authors had left messages on the two poems. Everyone's evaluations of them were positive. Although this work was a bit exaggerated in his artistic embellishments based on the environment, there were no doubts regarding the literary value and spirit inside the works! The moment these two poems were released, everyone had another deeper understanding of Zhang Ye's artistic standard!

After dealing with this, he had dealt with the things that he needed to do.

Only then did Zhang Ye switch off his computer to wash up. Then, he laid on the bed thinking. It was best not to give the Heavenly Queen a call. After all, she was a big shot, and she might be asleep at this time. With that, Zhang Ye sent a short message to Zhang Yuanqi's cell phone. First, he informed her that he was fine and then thanked her, "Thank you. Your fans have given me a great deal of help this time. If there's any matter in the future, just say it."

No reply.

Nothing happened, despite waiting a long while.

Zhang Ye helplessly shrugged his shoulders and put the cell phone down before crawling into bed.

About thirty minutes later, when it was nearly 11:30 P.M., Zhang Ye's phone suddenly sounded. Heavenly Queen Zhang had replied with a short message.

It wrote: "I really have something I need you for. Tomorrow, come over and give me a hand. In a while, I'll let my manager contact you. That's all."

Zhang Ye replied, "Alright, but what is it? At least tell me first."

The Heavenly Queen no longer responded. It made Zhang Ye at a loss of whether to laugh or to cry. Can your personality be any worse? Will replying kill you?

Chapter 162: Does your House need to install Broadband?

In the morning.

Today's weather was especially good. A simple phrase, the sun shined brightly.

However, compared to the weather, in a patient ward in a particular hospital, Wang Cen was in a bad mood. It could even be said that he was extremely furious.

The door to the ward opened.

A nurse came in, "Time to eat your medicine."

Wang Cen acknowledged tersely as he ate his medicine with a black face.

"You are fine. It's time to be discharged," the female nurse said.

Wang Cen's expression changed slightly, "I feel like... I actually think I can have some more emergency treatment."

The nurse rolled her eyes at him, "It's just some superficial wounds. Why is there a need for emergency treatment? You have already been bandaged, and wherever that needs medicine has been applied. I'm telling you not to refuse leaving. The police station has already informed our head. They will be taking you away in a while."

Wang Cen pretended to cover his waist, "My waist is in pain. I can't get up!"

"Look at it yourself!" The nurse ignored him and left muttering.

Due to the police station's investigations, everyone in the hospital knew that Wang Cen had been beaten up because he had taken liberties with a woman. The doctors, nurses and even patients did not treat him nicely. They despised such a person.

Wang Cen had been getting a whole day of disdainful looks since yesterday. He was panicking. After getting beaten up by Zhang Ye, he had wanted to get revenge on him, thinking that Zhang Ye will get it from him. But after just one day, everything seemed to have not proceeded as he expected. Zhang Ye was arrested. But after reciting and writing a poem while in custody, the tables had turned. In the end, he was released, and instead Wang Cen received news that upon his discharge, he would be brought to the police station for questioning!

Wang Cen was full of hate. He looked at his watch, fully expecting the police to come at any time now. Then, he took out his mobile phone and made a call to his Taekwondo coach.

“Hello, coach!” Wang Cen said bitterly.

His coach was a Korean man, but well versed in speaking Mandarin, “Oh, it’s Wang Cen. What’s wrong with your voice?”

Wang Cen continued bitterly “I was beaten up by someone, someone who knows Taekwondo too. I’m in the hospital now!”

When the Korean coach heard this, he was also furious, “Who beat you? Which Taekwondo dojo is he from?”

Wang Cen said, “I also don’t know where he learned it from. Anyway, his standard is about the same as mine, but I don’t know how I lost to him. Coach, you must seek revenge for me!”

The coach was in a dilemma, “About this, you guys often spar, so it’s not uncommon to be injured. It’s not nice for me to do it!”

Wang Cen gritted his teeth, “If you get my Senior brothers and sisters to seek revenge for me, I will donate 200,000, so that our Taekwondo dojo can be renovated!”

The coach’s eyes lit up, “See what you are saying? You are my disciple. If you get bullied, how can I, your teacher, not do anything about it? Who is he? Where is he now?”

Wang Cen said, “I know he lives in Jiaomen. Alright, I’ll send you his address.”

As the television station’s Leader’s, Wang Shuixin’s, son, Wang Cen naturally had the means to obtain Zhang Ye’s residential address. Hence, he sent a short message to his coach. As for why Wang Cen had sparred with his opponent and some other minor details, even the fact that Zhang Ye was a public personality was not told to his coach. He was afraid that his coach would not help if he knew, so he avoided the subject. All he wanted to do now was to teach Zhang Ye a lesson to appease his anger!

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Jiaomen East.

Zhang Ye had returned to his rented home early in the morning.

He was just turning the keys when he heard a something. Not far away, a tiny head appeared at the landlady’s house, “Zhang Ye, you are back?”

Zhang Ye looked at her, “Call me uncle.”

Chenchen nodded, “OK, Zhang Ye.”

Zhang Ye, “....Where’s your aunt?”

“Who’s looking for me?” At this moment, Rao Aimin also appeared, wearing her slippers.

Zhang Ye couldn’t hold back his complaining, “Landlady auntie, you are so terrible. What do you mean, ‘scourges would live a thousand years’? Why are you always blindly telling the child things like that?”

Look at Chenchen; she's being taught the wrong things by you. Why am I the scourge? My actions are upright. Even if I pick up a penny on the road, I will hand it over to the policeman. That's unforgivable; my heart's utterly broken by you. Just because of that, you should take care of my breakfast!"

Chenchen let out her trademark smile, "Hur hur."

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "If you want to scrounge for food, just say so. Why are you muttering all day for."

Zhang Ye reached out for a yard after taking an inch as he rubbed his arm, "And my arm and legs. I was injured when I fought for a just cause. You must give me some ointment and rub it."

Chenchen leered at him, "Zhang Ye, you sure are squeamish."

Zhang Ye snorted, "What do you mean, 'squeamish'? It is a roar from seeing injustice. None of you saw my heroic stance back then! There was no need to even mention it! I punched here! And a kick there! I fought with that person for 300 rounds in a massive battle! Finally, with my awe-inspiring righteousness, my opponent was subdued by my spirit and stance, and lowered his head to kowtow... Forget it, I'll stop bragging." Zhang Ye turned weak and held his stomach, "Landlady Auntie, I'm really hungry."

His parents had gone to work and had not left him breakfast. Besides, Zhang Ye had to help the Heavenly Queen later today. And since all his clothes were here, he had to come back to change.

Rao Aimin could no longer stand him, "Fine, fine. If your body's kung fu is 1% of your mouth's kung fu, you would not have been injured! I'll cook at your place. It just happens that Chenchen and I haven't eaten!" Saying that, she did not forget to educate the child as she said to Chenchen, "In the future, don't learn from Uncle Zhang. All he knows is bragging."

Chenchen acknowledged seriously, "I got it, Aunt."

At this house, Rao Aimin first cooked porridge. As it stewed under a small fire, she made Zhang Ye lie on the bed. After seeing his body with his shirt off, "I thought how injured you were from your big hooah, but it's not even a fart. It's just two bruises. It will subside in a few days!"

Zhang Ye said as if his life was on the line, "Then at least rub some medicine on it. Why are your attitudes so cold towards a Good Samaritan hero's return!"

Rao Aimin curled her lips, "If you are considered a hero, then anyone can save the world!"

Zhang Ye snorted, "To think you say to save the world. Have you watched too many animations? Childish."

The next moment, Rao Aimin sneered coldly and gripped Zhang Ye's wrist and twisted it!

Zhang Ye cried out in pain, "Aiyah. Hey, what are you doing. If you have something to say, just say it nicely. Don't be rough!"

Rao Aimin twisted his arm and said, "Did you grow some abilities recently, kid? You stay at my apartment, eat my food, and now you are arguing back to me?"

Chenchen giggled at the side.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "No, no, I wouldn't dare talk back to you. Also, although the apartment is yours, but I paid the rental to stay here."

Rao Aimin said, "The rental has already increased twice! Did you see anyone else who stays here having a lower rent than yours?" After tormenting Zhang Ye a little longer, she let go of him.

But Zhang Ye laid down, playing dead, "I can't take it anymore. My arm's broken. It's broken!"

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At the same time.

Two people appeared at the corridor.

"Coach, it's here?" said a thin-faced youth.

The Korean coach looked at his phone, "Yes, it's here, right up there!"

The youth suddenly turned arrogant, "Bully my disciple brother? I will take care of them! Coach, later on, don't make any moves; I can take care of him myself!"

The coach nodded, "Wang Cen said that Zhang Ye's Taekwondo is about the same standard as his. You are a black belt, so you should be able to handle him easily." He had not wanted to come along initially, but he was worried, so he followed along to take a look. It was also for insurance. Besides, it was also related to the 200,000 donation. Their Taekwondo dojo was at Nancheng. It was neither too big, nor too small, but it had been in need of repair for many years. He had long wanted to do some refurbishing to it, since he had a share of the dojo.

The youth was aggressive. His face was thin, but his build was burly. He looked very tough and had tanned skin. One look and you would know the explosiveness of his muscles, "Where is he? Which house is it? I want to see if that kid really has three heads and six arms! To think that he even dares to beat up a brother from our dojo! Let's see if I'll kill him!"

The coach was very pleased with the enthusiasm of the youth, "Very good. We martial artist practitioners should have such an indomitable spirit. Oh, we're here. You go ahead; I will be your backup!"

"Yes, Coach. Leave it to me!" The youth sneered. Every thud on the floor caused by his shoe sounded ferocious and tough!

Because the kitchen was also in the house, adjoining the living room, any cooking fumes did not escape easily. Because of this, Zhang Ye's house door was kept open.

They could hear voices coming from inside.

"My arm is broken!"

"I haven't even used any strength!"

"I can't handle it anymore. I can't move anymore!"

"Kid, are you trying to pretend to be a piece of broken porcelain? You want to scam me?"

"My hand doesn't work anymore. I won't be able to cook anymore. You will have to settle my meals for the rest of my life!"

Rao Aimin was amused by him. With a side glance, she saw a pair of iron scissors next to the coffee table. She picked it up and said, "Twisting that little bit and you play dead? Alright then, let me show you a little of my strength of what twisting is!" Just as she finished saying that, Rao Aimin formed her right hand into a palm and sliced down towards the scissors!

There was silence!

There was not any movement at all!

The metallic scissors was bent by a hand of flesh! It looked like when Rao Aimin had flicked her wrist, the scissors bent!

At the same time, the Korean coach and his black belt disciple were standing at the door!

"Is this Zhang Ye's residence? Eh?" the youth said with a fierce look. But the next second, he and the coach witnessed Rao Aimin splitting the scissors apart with her bare hands!

The two of them were stunned, then instinctively looked at each other!

Zhang Ye already knew that the landlady had some abilities, so he was not that shocked. He looked out at the door "Yes, this is my house."

Rao Aimin threw down the bent scissors, "What do you all want?"

The youth puffed up his chest, then suddenly relaxed and smiled. "Do you want to install broadband in your house? We are currently doing a promotion. 998 for two years! Just 998! Don't be shy, give it a try! Big Sis, why don't you apply, too!"

Rao Aimin looked at them suspiciously, especially the guy at the back, "Promoting broadband packages? That can't be! Why haven't I seen you all around here before? Which broadband company are you with?"

That Korean coach swallowed his saliva and quickly replied, "We are with a new company that has just been established. We were just expanding into this area. There's even a small gift with every signup!"

Chenchen blinked, "There's even a small gift?"

Rao Aimin looked over, "That's quite cheap. Are you installing?"

"I've already installed it." Zhang Ye immediately regretted, "If only I knew that your company was so cheap. Hai, why did I install it so early? I wasted money for nothing!"

Rao Aimin also felt regret, "What a pity. I've installed it already, too."

The youth hurriedly said, "Is that the case, then that's such a pity. Then we won't be disturbing you anymore."

Rao Aimin walked them out, "Alright, then take care. I suggest that you set up a table in our small district and write how much it is. I'm sure many people will come to you. It's really cheap."

The coach quickly said, “Aiyah, what a good idea. It’s really good. Thank you for your suggestion. We will definitely heed it. Sorry to disturb you. Take care! Take care!”

“Alright, I’m still cooking porridge. Then, bye!”

Chapter 163: The Fleeing Duo!

Along the corridor.

The elevator doors opened.

The coach and his disciple were just about to leave, when a tenant of Rao Aimin shouted out. It was a female undergrad, “Hey, Landlady Auntie, I heard something about broadband installation? I was just thinking of installing one. My contract for the old one has already expired and it was too slow anyway. I want to try another provider. Where are they?”

Rao Aimin called out to the two of them, “Hey, you have business here!”

In the end, the two of them pretended that they didn’t hear a thing and hurriedly got into the elevator. Ding. The door closed.

Rao Aimin said wondering, “Heh, those silly people. They don’t want business, even when it was right there? They don’t want to earn commissions? Hur, stupid.”

The female undergrad was disappointed, “If they are gone, then forget it.”

Rao Aimin said, “You should go check with the managing agent. They should have an internet access point here. It’s rather cheap; just 998 for 2 years.”

“Really? Yo, I’ll go check it out then. It’s so cheap.” The female undergrad hurriedly chased after them. Shortly after, she returned and passed by Zhang Ye’s door. She said, “Landlady Auntie, the managing agent said there’s no such cheap broadband. They did not have any tie-ups like that.”

Zhang Ye had already gotten up to eat, “Eh? Then what was that just now?”

The female undergrad shrugged, “Who knows? It might have been a scam.”

“It can’t be? I noticed that the two of them were dressed rather smartly.” Rao Aimin was also puzzled.

Chenchen let out a cold laugh, “Hur hur, I can see that those two were Diǎo Sī (losers).” In this world, there was already a phrase like Diǎo Sī.

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Outside the district.

The two who were labeled as losers by Chenchen – the coach and his disciple – had already ran outside the area. But they were still slightly worried. Only after they were a few hundred meters away from the district did they stop to take a breather.

The youth patted his chest in fear, breathing heavily, “Luckily, luckily, I was able to come up with an excuse, saying we were broadband resellers!”

The coach also wiped his sweat off his forehead, "Your reaction was quick. Well done! That line of yours was the key!"

The youth said, "Coach, you played along well. I didn't even think of the small gift. I thought you were really a professional there! That was too convincing! No loopholes! You were great!"

"That because, in the past, I was....Hey! What are you complimenting me for!" The coach had realized that they were forced to flee. What was there to praise about such a shameless incident? But when he remembered how the woman had used her palms to split the scissors, the coach wanted to curse at mothers!

The youth started cursing first, "What the h*ll does that big sister do? Wasn't that just too awesome? Is she even human? The scissors could be split and bent like that? Is she a magician?" To split things, Taekwondo practitioners were very familiar with it. Rather, when they practice Taekwondo, they usually liked to split things here and there, such as splitting wooden planks with their hands and feet. These were all normal activities and training. Like the black belt exam, sometimes they were required to split things, too!

But..... But those were only wooden planks!

Even if there was a stack of a few levels, they were still essentially wooden planks, no matter how thick they were!

But what did the woman split? It was a godd*mn motherf**king pair of scissors! A pair of iron scissors! This was on a whole other level! It did not belong to this world!

The coach kept silent for a long time before saying, "Do you think that it will be shameful if we just left like this?"

The youth immediately tried to ease their embarrassment, "It's not shameful at all. That woman isn't a human at all. She's a female beast. Coach, let's not even talk about the two of us; even for an Olympic Taekwondo champion, no one has heard of someone splitting metal like that. And to do it in one hand chop, without any external leverage? This is already not something normal. For something abnormal like that to happen to us, why is it shameful?"

The coach also tried to ease his embarrassment, "Yes, indeed. You're right."

The youth sighed, "Thankfully, we did not enter to beat him up. If not, we probably wouldn't be able to come out of there. Even if we can come out, we will come out in pieces. That woman can even split and bend metal, so there's no need to even talk about humans. Just a slap from her will break our legs. The bones might even be completely shattered! We won't even be left with our corpses intact!" Thinking of this, the youth cringed. Just thinking about how their fierce expressions of wanting to seek revenge suddenly changed into a wretched expression that was trying to sell broadband services only made him feel lucky. If he was not quick to respond, the two of them would really be goners there and then!

The coach sighed, "However strong you are, there is always someone stronger."

The youth pursed his lips and angrily said, "That Wang Cen is too much! Isn't he trying to scam our coach!? What sorts of thoughts does he have? That Zhang Ye has a master expert living in his house! And he wants us to seek revenge for him? He is up to no good! He wants to kill us!"

Hearing this, the coach also hated on Wang Cen, "That Wang Cen! He's too much! I was wondering why he was willing to donate 200,000 to the dojo! He even dares to scam his teacher?"

The youth said with a black face, "Our lives were really spared today. There's no way that I'm letting that kid off! And he wanted us to seek revenge for him? He should get lost! Don't let me see him next time!"

The two cursed as they left.

Coincidentally, Wang Cen suddenly called.

When the youth saw this, he showed the cell phone to the coach and then picked it up, "Hello!"

Wang Cen asked, "Senior Brother, has that Zhang Ye been settled? How was it? Was he beaten up miserably?" Noticing there was no response, Wang Cen began to be presumptuous, "Haha, with Senior Brother and Coach, it would definitely be an easy task. There's no point in me asking."

The youth was infuriated. You still want to know if he was beaten up and miserable? Miserable, my a*s! If not for Coach and I escaping fast enough, it would be us who would be miserable. He angrily said, "Wang Cen! You are f**king too wicked! I'm telling you! You better be careful in the future! Don't let me see you again! If I see you again, I'll beat you up until you need to look for your teeth on the ground! You still want to seek revenge? Do it yourself in the future! In the future, don't you look for me or Coach! If you want to court death, do it yourself! You even wanted to pull us down with you? Have you lived long enough? Coach and I haven't! You dare to mess with anyone?"

Wang Cen was dumbfounded, "Eh? What's going on? Senior Brother, why are you scolding me!? I don't even know what's going on. Tell me about it!"

"I'll give you a fart! If I were you, I will never mess with a person like that in my entire life!" The youth did not want to spout any more nonsense with him, "Make sure you take care of yourself by yourself!"

"Senior Brother, Senior Brother!" Wang Cen shouted.

The youth grunted and hung up.

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On the other side.

The door to the ward just happened to be pushed open.

Superintendent Song came in with his men, "You are Wang Cen, right? Take a trip down to the station with us!"

"Uncle Song, I..." Wang Cen clearly knew him. He was, after all, his father's old friend.

However, Superintendent Song did not seem to know him. He said in an official manner, "Let's go! The police car is waiting downstairs! We will settle your problem back at the station!"

Wang Cen's mind was still preoccupied with what had happened on the phone. Even when he reached the police car with Superintendent Song and company, he still did not know what his Coach and Senior Brother had encountered. Never mess with a person like that in one's entire life? How can that be? That

Zhang Ye's Taekwondo level was about the same as his! He was even slightly weaker in terms of strength and speed! What was this reaction and attitude from his Coach and Senior Brother?

Did Zhang Ye really have three heads and six arms?

However, he was likely unable to figure this out for the rest of his entire life. He was facing lawful detention. This mark would never disappear for life. Only then did Wang Cen really regret. He regretted molesting the television station's female employee. He regretted fighting with Zhang Ye, and he regretted getting his father to fix Zhang Ye. If he had taken a step back at any part of the sequence of events, he would not have gotten into such a situation!

.....

Over at Jiaomen.

Zhang Ye's rented apartment.

Zhang Ye curiously examined the bent scissors that the landlady had bent with amazement. No matter how he looked at it, he was amazed. "Landlady Auntie, you sure are strong. You can even do this? Hehe, if I ever have kung fu like yours, then I can do as I wish every day!"

Chenchen glanced at him, "Hur hur."

Zhang Ye grunted, "Why? You may still not believe it, but when your Uncle Zhang reaches such a level, your Uncle will bring you to thrash martial houses every day!"

Rao Aimin shook her head, "You? In your next life, maybe."

Zhang Ye was unconvinced, "Then teach me how you managed to cut the metal."

"Technicalities. Even if I tell you, you wouldn't understand. Even if you understood, you wouldn't be able to learn it." Rao Aimin said.

"But I really want to learn it. Please teach me." Zhang Ye was very interested in this technique. After sparring with Wang Cen, he realized that his combat skills were not enough. If he hadn't used the Health Potion, the one who would have gotten a beating would surely have been him. So, of course, he wanted to be stronger now.

Rao Aimin gave him a glance over and said mockingly, "I believe you don't even understand what martial arts are, so how would you be able to learn? You are a half-past-six practitioner of Taekwondo. How can I even talk about Chinese martial arts with you? What you are practicing now is probably just made up of some fancy moves, coupled with some basic technique, agility and strength. It's just a mixture of that, but there's nothing solid within. The basis of Chinese martial arts is self-cultivation, from the inside out."

"I can start self-cultivating now. If you can, I can, too." Zhang Ye said.

"But you are already past the age for learning martial arts." Rao Aimin did not have much hope for him, "Do you know at what age I started platform stepping training? What were you doing at that age?"

Zhang Ye realized suddenly, "No wonder you maintained yourself so well, and are so beautiful with such a good body. So it's because you have been practicing martial arts since you were young."

Chenchen pouted, "Bootlicker, shameful."

Zhang Ye turned red faced, "Landlady Auntie, then why not teach me a skill or two?"

"I like what you said," Rao Aimin said. "But it's useless, even if you flatter me. If you can't learn it, you can't learn it. You should just settle for your fancy moves."

Zhang Ye interrupted, "If you don't want to teach, then don't. What's the big deal? I will just learn it myself. Wait and see, when this bro has finished training, let's have a sparring match!"

Rao Aimin only uttered, "....Hur hur."

Zhang Ye may have said some big words, but he wasn't a hopeless case at all. If one fine day he managed to draw a Special Category skill in the lottery, a Chinese martial arts experience book like Eight Trigrams Palm or Wing Chun, when he had enough Reputation points to buy a few hundred books, he might even be a match for Rao Aimin!

Chapter 164: The Music Copyright to "When Will the Moon Be Clear and Bright"?

Morning.

Zhang Ye napped a little while at his apartment.

At around 10 A.M., an unknown number called in.

"Hello." Zhang Ye yawned as he answered the call.

"Hello, is this Teacher Zhang Ye?" It was a woman's voice on the other side. It was a matured, crisp voice, "My name is Fang Weihong. You might not know me. But I believe you know Zhang Yuanqi's name? I am her manager and I received your contact information from the television station. I'm sorry if I'm disturbing you. Let me say this directly. We would like your help."

Got my contact information from the television station?

Zhang Yuanqi did not give you my cell phone number?

Only then did Zhang Ye understand that the Heavenly Queen had not told anyone that they knew each other already. True, having met twice and with an ambiguous relationship, to the point of even spending the night alone by themselves together, this wasn't exactly something you'd say to people. "What help?"

"Do you have time now?" Fang Weihong asked.

"Yes, today is my rest day." Zhang Ye was, in fact, already waiting for her.

Fang Weihong said, "It's not convenient to speak over the phone, Let's meet up and have a detailed chat. Where do you live? Send me your address and I will arrange for you to be picked up. I've been reading news online. It seems that you have a lot things going on recently, so I called to make sure that you were free."

Zhang Ye did not say too much, "Okay, I will send you my address."

"Okay. Thank you. We will see you then." Fang Weihong hung up.

About 20 minutes later, the driver called Zhang Ye to inform him of his arrival. Zhang Ye looked outside and saw a car brand that belonged to this world. He did not know the label well, but it looked like a high-end car. It looked like they really wanted his help. But they really should have disclosed a little information. What help did they want? What if this bro can't help at all? Then wouldn't all these be for nothing?

.....

In a shopping district.

At a high-end commercial building.

The car stopped and the driver opened the door for Zhang Ye. At the building, the driver spoke to the woman at the front desk and she made a call.

In a short while, Fang Weihong appeared in the lobby. She was a 30-odd-year-old woman. She was not very pretty, but she looked very capable. In fact, it should be said that she was someone who tied up things up neatly. Otherwise, Zhang Yuanqi would not have trusted her to be her manager.

Fang Weihong looked around and said, "Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Ye looked at her, then shook her hands, "You must be Sister Fang, I heard of your great name." Actually, he had never heard of her before, but this was just conversation chatter, so he had to say things like that.

"Come, let's proceed upstairs and talk along the way." Fang Weihong, who was wearing flats, ushered him towards to elevator. She said, "Actually, I was supposed to be the one fetching you here, but I had something to attend to at the last minute. Please don't mind. It wasn't convenient to speak over the phone regarding our request, as it's a commercial secret. It's better if we speak face to face. You will know once we are upstairs."

Ding, the elevator reached their floor.

The two of them entered a very large music recording studio. There were about eight or nine people in there, and Zhang Ye immediately noticed Zhang Yuanqi.

"Sister Zhang." Fang Weihong also addressed her as Sister. It was not known if this was an age thing or just a respectful way of addressing her.

Zhang Yuanqi looked over, smiling, "Weihong is back? This is?" She acted like she was clueless.

Fang Weihong wasn't aware of it and introduced, "Let me do the introductions. This is Teacher Zhang Ye." While looking at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, I guess I don't really need to introduce Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi reached out her hand and said gently, smiling, "How are you doing, Teacher Zhang? It's my pleasure to meet you."

"Hello, Sister Zhang." Zhang Ye also played along and shook her hand. This was his first time seeing Zhang Yuanqi smiling so kindly. He was really not used to it.

After a while, the people in the room all looked at Zhang Ye with concerned looks.

Zhang Ye was a little uncomfortable, "Sister Zhang, Sister Fang, what is it that you need me here for today?"

"Didn't Weihong tell you?" Zhang Yuanqi smiled. "Actually, we would like to purchase a copyright from you."

Zhang Ye blinked a few times, "Buy my copyright? I don't have any copyrights right now." "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" had already been sold, and "Ghost Blows Out the Light" was already considered as sold off, too. Wait, the movie rights to "Ghost Blows Out the Light" were still available. But even if Zhang Yuanqi wanted to shoot the movie, it wouldn't be her who would be buying the rights. That would have been handled by the production company.

The three of them sat down.

Fang Weihong explained, "It's like this, Teacher Zhang. We would like to buy the rights to 'Shuidiao Getou'. Actually, it isn't really buying the copyright, but we would like your approval as the original composer. Because the lyrics have a lot of potential in our view, we would like to make it into a song to be sung by Sister Zhang. We would like to use the lyrics and compose the music for it. This would be a win-win situation. Your lyrics would become more well-known too."

Zhang Ye was stunned.

The copyright to "Shuidiao Getou"?

What? Even in this world, there were people eyeing it?

But Zhang Ye replied determinedly, "I'm sorry, but I can't help you with this. If you wanted to use any other lyrics of mine, I can give the copyright to you all for free. Sister Zhang.... I also admire her a lot, and her movies and songs, too. So money is not an issue. But this set of lyrics, I definitely cannot give up the copyrights."

"Why?" Fang Weihong frowned.

Zhang Ye waved it off, "Anyway, I cannot help with this matter. I'm sorry."

The few staff members who heard this became unhappy. Zhang Yuanqi was, after all, an S-list Heavenly Queen and wanted to use your poem to make a song. This was such a great opportunity. If it happened to anyone else, they would be more than happy to sell it. But you, why do you have such an attitude? Not selling? Why would you want to keep the lyrics for? Besides, even if you wanted to publish it, the copyrights were separate issues. There was no conflict at all!

A few musicians by the side also did not look too happy.

"Who is this person?"

"He is the author of 'Shuidiao Getou'."

"He's putting on such airs? Is he very famous?"

"Compared with Sister Zhang, definitely not. I don't know what he's thinking either."

Zhang Yuanqi laughed, "Why not let Teacher Zhang listen to the melody first?"

Fang Weihong had already expected things to not go so smoothly, so she had already made other plans. This was why she had not informed Zhang Ye of the details beforehand and made him come down to this place. She was worried that if Zhang Ye did not agree, at least they could try to persuade him in person by letting him hear the composed melody for the song. If it was an ancient poem, the copyright laws would not apply, as the original author had already passed away many years ago.

But Zhang Ye's "Shuidiao Getou" was recently composed, and the copyrights would naturally still belong to him and not to any companies. Therefore, if they wanted to use the lyrics, they needed Zhang Ye's approval. Otherwise, they could not use it. "Alright, Teacher Zhang. Please listen to it first. You might even change your mind. Hur hur. We must confess to you first that without your agreement, we have instructed a few composers to do up the melody for the song."

Zhang Ye really did not want to sell, "I feel there's no need for it. Why not consider my other lyrics? Like 'Lyrics to Remembering Your Charm – Remembrance of the Tale of the Crimson Cliff'? I can let you use it for free."

Zhang Yuanqi did not feel too annoyed and laughed, "The lyrics for those are too descriptive and not suitable to be used as song lyrics. The setting and mood also aren't too suitable for me, a woman, to sing."

Fang Weihong just said, "Let's have a listen anyway."

By the side, the musician nodded and signaled to a staff member.

The staff member went over to the console and played a pre-recorded song. It wasn't Zhang Yuanqi's voice, but another woman's. Her singing was so-so. It was just a song sample, "When will the dear moon be clear and bright. With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the dear clear sky. In the heavens, on this dear night, I wonder, what season..." There were a few words added in between, and some of the words and phrases had been changed.

Fang Weihong introduced, "The song's mainstream popularity characteristics are quite strong. With small modifications to the original lyrics and adding some chorus words, it still keeps the original's feel to it."

Zhang Yuanqi looked at Zhang Ye, "What do you think?"

Zhang Ye shook his head, "It's not nice. The pop song characteristics are too much. There's no ancient feel to the whole song, so it doesn't suit the lyrics settings and feel."

The musician couldn't bear it any longer and asked directly, "But this is a pop song. If it's not pop-like and without a catchy melody, how would it be called a pop song?" This song was probably composed by him.

"This is Wang Ge, the composer. He has written 4 or 5 songs for Sister Zhang before." Fang Weihong introduced.

Wang Ge vowed, "I guarantee that if you use my melody, the song will definitely be very popular!"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "Little Wang, don't be too anxious. Take a seat and let Teacher Zhang listen to another one."

Wang Ge had to give Sister Zhang face, so he kept quiet and sat down to listen.

Fang Weihong signaled to the staff member, then said to Zhang Ye, "The next melody was composed by another composer. Its ancient feel is stronger and the melody is a little special."

The next song played.

This time, a beautiful voice sang. The feel was quite suitable, but the melody did not sound good!

After listening for a long while, Zhang Ye still did not have any interest, "This tune is not nice. It's too obscure." He wasn't a professional, so he could only say it based on his feelings.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed superficially, "Then let's listen to the next one. It's the last one?"

"Yes, our team composed three melodies. This is the last one." Fang Weihong said.

The last composer said, "Let me sing and play it myself. I wasn't too satisfied with the recording Little Yang did because it was too rushed." So he went over and picked up a guitar and proceeded to sing, "The moon rounds the red mansion! Stoops to silk-padded doors! Shines upon the sleepless!" He had pushed the stanzas at the back forward as the first line, and had done it following that of rock.

Once it was over, Fang Weihong looked to Zhang Ye for his opinions, "Teacher Zhang, what do you think?"

Zhang Ye waved dismissively, "They are all not nice. I said it before, this song's rights, I really do not want to sell it. Let's forget it." It wasn't that he did not give face to Zhang Yuanqi. But Zhang Ye already had other plans for this lyrics. If he sold off this copyright to them, the lyrics would be ruined. The end product would definitely not do well, too!

Chapter 165: Zhang Ye sings "Wishing We Last Forever"!

Why did he not want to sell?

Why was Zhang Ye so strongly against it?

The reason was because "Shuidiao Getou – When will the moon be clear and bright" was a very mature song in Zhang Ye's world. It was called "Wishing We Last Forever". The original singer was Teresa Teng. It was one of the songs that shot her to fame and it was extremely popular everywhere. The composer was Liang Hongzhi. Later on, the Heavenly Queen, Faye Wong, also covered it as well. If one had to determine who amongst Teresa Teng and Faye Wong sang it better, it was hard to decide. Amongst the older generation, Teresa Teng was more popular. But amongst the young generation, Faye Wong's "Wishing We Last Forever" was more famous. Faye Wong's voice was clearer and elegant, so it suited Su Shi's poem very well.

This song had been ingrained in Zhang Ye's heart, and it was one of his most favorite songs. Hence, how could he let a bunch of composers blindly compose for it?

Listen to these three songs.

One was too pop-like, one was too obscure, and one was too rock-like.

What sort of crappy tunes were these? The song had been ruined by them!

Of course, maybe it was because Zhang Ye was a bit more extreme. He was not from this world, so he naturally had special feelings for his own world. It was the same feeling as for certain locations. Many people would think that things from their hometown were much better, and they were the things that made them proud. This was the reason why Zhang Ye looked down on the level of music of this world. If one took an objective stance, the three tunes were not bad, especially the first tune, which was composed by Wang Ge. It was even very catchy and it could be considered a pretty good tune.

However, Zhang Ye felt that it was not enough. In fact, it was far from enough!

For copyrights, Zhang Ye thought very highly of them. He relied on them mostly for a living. It was also the essence that allowed him to take root in this world. Every work's copyright was meaningful to him, as they were too important. Zhang Ye sometimes also thought of not doing anything for a month, and just writing out all the lyrics from his world using the Memory Search Capsule. With the novels and movie scripts, would he become more famous faster if he threw all of them at this world?

The answer was yes, but it could also be no. Yes, because a portion of his works would definitely receive the attention of others, causing his fame to increase greatly. As for no, it was like killing the golden goose. Even if he became famous for a short period of time, people were not dumb. If he threw all these works out in one go, they would also be suspicious. Also, there could be a chance that they would feel fatigue from an aesthetic point of view. If Zhang Ye created anything else in the future, people would treat it as if it were to be expected, and they would not place much attention to them. From then on, he would only decline. And once all his original copyrights were used up, what was he to rely on, without any works he could write or produce?

Hence, Zhang Ye treated every copyright very seriously. He wanted to do it slowly, so as to let every work from his world reach its fullest extent. It would also maximize his bid to become famous. So he could not bombard everything at one go because that was undesirable and unsustainable. He had to use every work wisely!

Fang Weihong frowned, "Teacher Zhang, please consider them again. I personally think Wang Ge's tune is good. Sister Zhang also thought so, too, when she heard it previously."

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, "It's not that I'm not helping, it's because it's really not good."

Feeling doubted, Wang Ge could not help but turn mad, "What part of it is not good?"

"The melody is not good. It doesn't match it well." Zhang Ye said whatever he felt. It was not the time and place for him to mince his words.

Wang Ge looked at him with a blackened face, "Teacher Zhang Ye, if we are talking about literary level, I'm inferior to you. Everyone in this room added up would be inferior to you. Everyone admits this, nor is there any reason to doubt you. You are an expert in literature. This we all agree on. But when talking about music, when we talk about music as an art, I believe anyone here knows it better than you and understands more than you. You can't deny that, right?"

When Zhang Ye heard this, he was amused. He did not mind saying that he didn't know music himself, but he could not accept it when others said it to him. Who are you? Do I know you? "That might not necessarily be true."

Wang Ge was stunned before laughing, "Really? I really don't believe that!"

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him, "Little Wang, why are you talking to Teacher Zhang like that?"

"Sister Zhang, I'm not convinced! I have been doing music for seven to eight years! People can doubt me in anything except my attainment and level in music!" Wang Ge had spent a lot of time on the lyrics, and he had composed the tune for half a month before producing a satisfying piece of work. However, Zhang Ye's simple word of it being not nice and a simple word of not selling his copyright made all his efforts over the past few days be in vain. It would be a wonder if he was in agreement with that!

Zhang Yuanqi was a friendly Heavenly Queen in front of them, "Alright, Little Wang. Restrain that attitude of yours by a bit. This is Teacher Zhang's work, so he has the right to decide who the lyrics belongs to."

Wang Ge was still unconvinced, as he said, "But he..."

Fang Weihong turned angry, "Just because Sister Zhang is being nice, you are still continuing on? If you have anything to say, say it to me!"

Wang Ge turned silent. They were not afraid of Sister Zhang, as they knew that the Heavenly Queen never stared angrily at people. She was especially nice to anyone, but the manager, Sister Fang, was not someone that was easy to speak to.

Zhang Yuanqi patted Fang Weihong's arm, "It's fine. You don't have to go to that point."

After criticizing Wang Ge, Fang Weihong changed tunes and turned towards Zhang Ye, "If you think it's unsatisfactory, you can get Little Wang or the other two composers to change it. Wherever needs changes, you can just tell them. When you are satisfied, we can talk about the copyright transfer. So don't be in a hurry to say no. We really like your poem, or we would not have formed a team to work on this matter for the past half month."

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, "I have other uses for this poem, so..."

Seeing that the tunes were unable to persuade him, Fang Weihong appealed to his emotions, "You said that you like Sister Zhang's music. Then you should know that those are things from a long time ago. In the past two years, Sister Zhang has not had any good musical productions. Even the sales barely make it, and anyone knows that it was forcefully pushed up because we were using her past fame. Only hardcore fans liked it, so it's hard to push this any further. If this carries on, without any good musical productions, even those hardcore fans will eventually leave, too. Sister Zhang would then have to give up on music and only develop herself in the film industry."

Zhang Ye was a bit embarrassed as he said, "I know that. I'm also aware of this from the news, but the truth of the matter is, I think these songs are very average."

Another musician said, "The price is negotiable. Nowadays, an excellent work of a famous composer would cost from 50,000 to 100,000. Even the top lyrics would not exceed 150,000."

"That's true." Fang Weihong said, "We can give you 150,000 for the licensing fee. As long as you license the rights of the song to us, we will plan on making it a single. The song will be recorded in a few days, and then it will be posted on the internet as a trial. It's quite an anxious matter, so would you..."

Zhang Ye remained impenetrable, "It's not about money. It's the tune that's bad."

Wang Ge spoke again, "The tune is bad? Then why don't you make a tune for us to open our eyes?"

Fang Weihong narrowed her eyes and slammed her hand on the table heavily, "Wang Ge! Do you really want me to lose all decorum with you?"

"Sister Fang, I just can't stand him being like that! He keeps saying our tune is bad, but it's clearly an excuse! I'm guessing some other company must have gotten to him first!" Wang Ge said.

Fang Weihong looked at Zhang Ye, "Is that true, Teacher Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi also glanced at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said, "When I was arrested, Sister Zhang gave a Like to my poem, and quite a number of Sister Zhang's fans helped me. This resulted in me being able to be released so soon. Since Sister Zhang needs my help, I will definitely help if I can. However, this poem is different. No other company has contacted me for the rights. You are the first, but this poem is quite important to me. Hai, perhaps I'm not explaining clearly?" Saying that, he looked at Wang Ge, "You said that anyone in here knows music more than me? And you want me to produce a tune to open your eyes? Sure. Then I'll incur ridicule on myself today."

Fang Weihong exclaimed, "You can compose?"

A few of the staff members nearly fainted. Aren't you just good at history or writing novels or poems? Composing? You can even compose?

Wang Ge found it both funny and annoying, "Sure. We are all ears!"

You want to goad me? You sure are childish! This bro... This bro loves to be goaded on!

Zhang Ye was also slightly angry from the provocation. I don't know music? Sure! I'll open your eyes today! Actually, he wanted to tell Zhang Yuanqi that he had a better choice for the song, and this song was left for him to sing it himself. He was not purposely refusing to sell the rights. He did not want Sister Zhang to be misunderstood.

Zhang Yuanqi said to him, "Teacher Zhang, if any member of my team was inappropriate with his words, I will get him to apologize to you. Forget about the composing. Little Wang is also..."

Zhang Ye flatly said, "It's okay. Give me the guitar!"

A musician blinked and handed him a guitar. He was the person who had sung and played the song himself.

Zhang Ye mimicked him as he sat over there. Lifting the guitar and then adjusting his state for a while, he suddenly coughed. He then returned the guitar to the person.

The musician exclaimed, "Why?"

Zhang Ye said awkwardly, "I don't know how to play the guitar."

Upon hearing this, everyone in the room nearly fainted. If you don't know how to play the guitar, why did you act as if you did!?

Zhang Ye touched the microphone in front of him and tested the sound, "Now, I will sing a song, titled "Wishing We Last Forever". Sorry for my shortcomings."

Wang Ge was sneering.

A few musicians were also inattentively waiting to hear him sing.

Other than Zhang Yuanqi being expressionless, everyone else had doubt written on their faces. They only knew that Zhang Ye was trying to be obstinate. No one believed that he could compose a tune. Composing? It was a thing that only specialists in music could do! You don't even know how to play the guitar, and you probably don't even know the lines of a music sheet. As a person dealing with literature production, Three Kingdoms research, supernatural novels or children's fairy tales, what sort of tune can you produce!?

Chapter 166: The Heavenly Queen Behaves like a Scoundrel!

Seven to eight pairs of eyes were focused on him.

Zhang Ye sat calmly on the stage and he adjusted his mood while holding the microphone for a short moment. And then his voice came out of his throat. He chose to sing without any companion track or live band supporting him. He could only use this method to sing. But thankfully, this song was also very nice, even when sung in a cappella format. The mood was there, so singing it without background music had a flavor to it, too.

"When will the moon be clear and bright?"

"With a cup of wine in my hand, I ask the clear sky."

"In the heavens on this night."

"I wonder what season it would be."

He was singing Faye Wong's version.

When the four lines came out, everyone was stunned!

Zhang Ye's singing was not good. He had never received any systematic training, nor was he good at singing. But he was a broadcasting major, so his voice was still quite solid. Also, with the tens of Fruits of Charm (Voice) helping him, it made his voice sound even more charming!

"This song..." Zhang Yuanqi instantaneously looked at Zhang Ye.

Fang Weihong was also a bit excited hearing this, "How could this be!? This..."

A musician by the side said with a pleasant surprise, "To think that there can be such charm to it! The charm of this tune is too perfect! It's filled with ancient feelings! And not one bit of the lyrics have been changed? Not a single word has been added? The tune of the first few lines was so nice as well? It had all the factors of what made something popular and there was no lack of charm. Even the mood was there!"

Only Wang Ge's expression was bad. He did not say a word.

Zhang Ye's voice tended to be a little hoarse, and it wasn't suited to sing this song. It didn't have Faye Wong's ethereal feeling. But since it was just a demo, as long as he didn't go off tune, it would sound good. He continued singing, "I'd like to ride the wind to return home. Yet, I fear the crystal and jade mansions are much too high and cold for me. Dancing with my moonlit shadow, it does not seem like the human world. The moon rounds the red mansion, stoops to silk-padded doors, shines upon the sleepless. Bearing no grudge, why does the moon tend to be full when people are apart? People experience sorrow, joy, separation and reunion. The moon may be dim or bright, round or crescent shaped. This imperfection has been going on since the beginning of time. May we all be blessed with longevity..." Zhang Ye sang the last part lightly with some sadness, "Though thousands of miles apart, we are still able to share the beauty of the moon together."

He finished singing.

He just needed to sing it once.

After Zhang Ye put down the microphone, he looked at the people in front of him. They were all silent! If someone asked Zhang Ye at this moment what the best feeling was, Zhang Ye would definitely say that acting awesome was the best feeling! Look at everyone's reaction! Look at everyone's expression! These are expressions that made one delighted!

A musician said in shock, "You really can compose?"

See! You see! Someone asked such a good question! His reaction was perfect! He was a professional!

Zhang Ye felt a bit proud, "It was passable. I don't know. I was just blindly trying, and I definitely can't compare to professionals like you."

That person said, "When I first received this set of lyrics, I thought for a full day and felt that it was really difficult. The difficulty was in fitting the melody to the mood of the lyrics. In the end, I thought that it would not be possible to perfectly fuse them together, so I decided to modify the lyrics a little and settle for a different style. But your melody... It fits the mood too perfectly! Don't tell me that you don't know music. In front of you, I do not even dare to call myself a professional anymore!" After listening to Zhang Ye's demo, he was convinced! This song was too good!

Another musician commented, "Although the melodic contour doesn't swing too much, with very few high pitch portions and pitch changes, the song's beginning to end still felt like one whole. It drifted through like we were really going to heaven. These lyrics were very well written, this melody.. was even better!" When he thought about how he had composed his melody, he could only smile wryly to himself. "Well, it looks like I shouldn't disgrace myself any further with my melody."

Everyone else looked at each other!

No wonder Zhang Ye was so stubborn in not selling the license. He already had composed a melody to it! And it was so beautiful!

Fang Weihong stood up excitedly, "Teacher Zhang! We want this melody of yours! This song is a total fit for Sister Zhang! I dare to assure! As long as this single is released, it will definitely be famous all over the country!"

Zhang Ye still maintained that attitude, "I want to leave this for myself to sing, I'm sorry."

Fang Weihong felt like she had a bucket of water poured on her, "Teacher Zhang, the price is negotiable. Why don't you give us a price? As long as you say it, we will definitely pay it!" This wasn't something she would say lightly, but when she did, it meant that she really liked this production. She was willing to give up anything to buy it! Fang Weihong had really been touched by this song of Zhang Ye's! And she also believed that if Zhang Yuanqi gets to sing this song, it would definitely solidify her comeback in the music industry! A few hundred trashy songs won't even compare to this song!

Zhang Ye still said, "It's not a matter of money."

This fellow was ambitious. He wasn't going to be just satisfied with being on television and in the literary circle. He even wanted to go into music as a singer. The attention a singer got was much higher than a host!

"Teacher Zhang..." Fang Weihong was becoming worried.

Zhang Yuanqi suddenly said, "All of you, can you leave us? I want to speak to Teacher Zhang alone."

Fang Weihong thought about it and signaled for everyone to go outside. She closed the door, leaving only Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Ye inside.

Once everyone else was gone, the Heavenly Queen's attitude changed.

Zhang Yuanqi had crossed her legs and said, "Don't say anymore; that song is mine. I will get the company to transfer the money to you. Then that is settled!"

Zhang Ye said, "What do you mean, 'it's yours'!?"

Zhang Yuanqi coldly said, "If I say it's mine, it's mine."

"You... You are being a thug! I want to leave this song for myself!" Zhang Ye argued.

Zhang Yuanqi said, "This song doesn't suit you at all. Firstly, your singing is no good. I can't say it's too poor, but it's not good enough. You cannot bring across that ethereal feeling. Secondly, your melody definitely does not suit a man's voice. Whether it's the singing, the transition or the mood, all of this should be sung by a woman. If you sing it, it will utterly destroy the song. Don't say anymore; this song is mine. In the future, if you are really going to enter the music industry and there's a good song for a man, I will reserve it for you. We will definitely give you a good song!"

Zhang Ye seethed, "Do I even need to join your team? I can compose songs for myself!"

Zhang Yuanqi said without any explanation, "Then I will owe you one. If you have something you need help with, you can look for me. That's settled then; sign the contract!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes, "You mean it's settled just like that!?"

He also had to admit that this song wouldn't be sung well by him. It didn't even suit his style. The original was sung by a woman, but Zhang Ye was just instinctively guarding his food. He still felt that such a good song should be left for himself. Even if it couldn't be sung well, he still would sing it. Who cared if it was unsuitable!?

But the Heavenly Queen did not even seem like she was going to discuss it further with him!

Your sister!

This is daylight robbery!

But he could see that Zhang Yuanqi really liked this song. Otherwise, she wouldn't have spoken for so long with Zhang Ye today. Usually, whenever they met at Zhang Ye's apartment, the Heavenly Queen would hardly speak a word. She was not the type who liked talking too much.

At this moment, Zhang Yuanqi took her cell phone out and made a call.

Thereafter, the door opened and Manager Fang Weihong and a few staff members walked in, "What's the matter, Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi expression changed instantly. She was smiling, "Teacher Zhang has agreed. Please inform the legal department to draft up a contract. This song's lyrics and melody agreement is for 300,000. Please quickly transfer the amount to Teacher Zhang. Oh, yes. The copyright purchase is not a full buyout. A percentage of the song's royalty fees will also go to Teacher Zhang."

This was the highest price in the industry and only the Heavenly Queen and her team could and would pay it. But speaking truthfully, this song was definitely worth the price!

Fang Weihong was very happy, "Alright, I'll immediately get someone to do it! Thank you, Teacher Zhang!"

When did I agree!?

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. But since the matter was done, he did not say anything. Forget it. Old Zhang's music had indeed been quite bad for the past two years, so she was undergoing a lot of pressure. Anyway, this song did not suit him, and he still had many songs in his brain. Whatever. I'll give it to her then.

Zhang Ye finally signed the contract with a look of reluctance.

After everything was settled, Fang Weihong once again looked up at Zhang Ye. It could be said that, at the beginning, this was just business. It was a meeting to get Zhang Ye to sell the copyright to them. But now, Fang Weihong had already taken Zhang Ye as a musician that they would be working with together in the future. They were lacking a musician who could write good songs. But with Zhang Ye's "Wishing We Last Forever", she could see some hope at last.

"Alright, I'm leaving." Zhang Ye bade farewell.

Fang Weihong shook his hands once more, "Teacher Zhang, thank you! In the future, if you have any good songs, please contact us first. I do not dare say it for sure, but in the industry, those who could afford such high prices like us do not number many. Sister Zhang also appreciates your talent a lot. If you have another good song, don't forget about us."

Zhang Ye said listlessly, "Okay, I'll do my best."

Fang Weihong smiled. "Alright, then I'll get someone to send you back."

“There’s no need. I’ll grab a taxi.” Zhang Ye said.

“That won’t do. The car has already been arranged. It’s waiting for you downstairs.” Fang Weihong was still very polite as she said, “If you are free, come visit our company. There are no lack of musicians. You can come at any time and chat with them. You are always welcome. Right, have you stored my telephone number? It’s the number I used to call you.”

“I saved it.” Zhang Ye may say yes, but he had no plans on coming. Well done, for when this bro sings another song, your Heavenly Queen will just play the scoundrel and take my song away, then to whom shall I seek redress!? The songs in my brain are all classics amongst classics. Using any one of them means the loss of another one! They can’t be used so frivolously!

.....

After reaching home.

Around night time, a person claiming to be one of Zhang Yuanqi’s team found him. He sent a copy of “Wishing We Last Forever” that Zhang Yuanqi had finished recording to Zhang Ye. Upon hearing it, Zhang Ye turned speechless! Even if he was unconvinced, he had to be convinced, for she was such a professional! Zhang Yuanqi’s voice was very magnetic. There was a bit of hoarseness in it, but it did not have the feel of Teresa Teng or Faye Wong, and the way she sang it was completely different!

But...

It was really very good!

There was less of an ethereal elegance, but there was more of a sentimental feeling of the passage of time. It was absolute well sung!

Chapter 167: “Wishing We Last Forever” Turns Viral!

A few days later.

Zhang Ye made a call from his apartment.

“Hello, mom. Didn’t I borrow 50,000 from you and dad last time? I have the money now and I will transfer another 100,000 to you as well. Please use it as you wish. If you want to buy clothes, buy clothes. If you want jewelry, get jewelry. Don’t try to save; if you don’t have enough, let me know again.”

“Don’t worry. Mom doesn’t know much, but spending money is my specialty!”

“F**k, at least be more indirect about this.”

“Why do I need to be indirect with my own son? If I finish spending it all, I will just look for you. Oh, right. How did you get the money? Sold some copyright again? Or did you release another novel?”

“Sold a song to a popular Heavenly Queen.”

“What? My son even knows how to write songs? And even sold it off to a Heavenly Queen?”

“Yes, you know who I am. Let’s not talk about this, I need to go to work now. I’ve rested for quite a few days already.”

Zhang Ye had only just taught Wang Shuixin’s son a lesson a few days ago. To protect him, Hu Fei had given a few days off to let him stay home to wait until the matter had died down. But yesterday’s “Lecture Room” had already been broadcast up to the last recorded episode, so he had to go to the office to record a few more episodes.

Thinking about it, “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was almost done recording. Zhang Ye sometimes thought to himself, when the run of “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” has ended, should he leave the television station as well? He might. Afterall, he had offended Wang Shuixin and his son greatly. Wang Shuixin would definitely not let the matter rest.

But from another point of view, Zhang Ye may not get sacked because the television station’s decisions did not lie entirely with Wang Shuixin alone. He was just a channel director and his son had, on multiple occasions, harassed the ladies in the television station. The first time, he got beaten up by Editor Wei. The second time, by Zhang Ye. This did not look good on Wang Shuixin. He would likely be questioned and affected greatly, too. It was his son, after all. He would be lucky if the television station did not discipline him as well.

If he dared to openly fire Zhang Ye, then it would be too obvious that he was getting revenge for his son. That would incite the masses’ anger, so it wasn’t likely that he would dare to do it. Zhang Ye’s “Analysis of the Three Kingdoms” was also the star segment of their local channel that broke 8% in ratings. Even if Wang Shuixin’s relationship with the Leader was good, the television station’s Leader would still have to consider it very carefully.

Anything was possible.

Zhang Ye did not think too much; he wasn’t afraid of anyone. Wang Shuixin wanted to wear small-sized shoes? Then, he will pick up those shoes and throw it at his face — This was Zhang Ye’s style!

At the most, he would quit. If this place could not keep a lord, there was definitely a place that could!

But then, what would come after the springboard that is the television station? Zhang Ye still did not know.

.....

Morning.

Beijing Television Station.

When Zhang Ye arrived, there was a lot of commotion and discussion among the staff immediately.

“Hey, Zhang Ye is here.”

“It’s really him.”

“I thought that he had quit already.”

“He was standing up for someone. Why should he quit?”

"But the person he offended was Director Wang. He will have a difficult time in the future. The management will deal with him, sooner or later. Sigh. Just look at Uncle Wei as an example."

"That's true. Uncle Wei was such a good man, but Wang Shuixin still did not let him off."

"But Teacher Zhang Ye's program is one the station's top programs, I don't think anyone dares to touch him."

"That's not necessarily true. I think that we should observe the situation before saying anything."

At this moment, no one greeted Zhang Ye. Everyone became friendly towards him because the news of him saving his fan's life. But now, after the latest incident, many people did not dare to go near him, afraid that they would get into trouble if they stayed too close to him. They knew that Wang Shuixin was the one calling the shots at the Arts Channel. And even at the station level, he had a lot of influence because he was close to the station's Leader. Of course, staying away from Zhang Ye was just surface behaviour. Everyone knew that Zhang Ye had beaten up Wang Shuixin's son and they felt good about it. They were having better and better impressions of Zhang Ye in their hearts.

Zhang Ye was not bothered. He was used to being snubbed by others in the past. The label of a jinx was not for nothing. This was the norm to him, so he just walked on as usual.

On the way, there were some discussions that caught his attention. They did not see Zhang Ye, and they were just having a conversation.

"Did you listen to any music last night?"

"I've not listened to any in the past month. There's no good music recently."

"You don't know about it? Zhang Yuanqi has released a new song; it's a single!"

"Oh. I watch all of Sister Zhang's movies; they're classics! But her songs... I stopped listening to them three years ago. They were getting quite bad."

"Haha. Then you should go and listen to the new song that was released online yesterday. It's called 'Wishing We Last Forever'. It's not just the normal kind of good we're talking about!"

"Are you sure?"

"Who heard 'Wishing We Last Forever'? I listened to it, too! It's great!"

"Yeah, I randomly heard it last night. In the end, I liked it so much that I played it over and over for two hours. I fell asleep while listening to it!"

"Me, too. Sister Zhang is making a comeback this time in the music industry with this song. Her popularity in music had dropped in the past. But this time, she's definitely going to get all her popularity back!"

"It's really that good? Let me listen to it on my phone. I'll search for it... Oh, these song lyrics... Why do they look so familiar? Like I've seen it somewhere... Let me see who wrote the song lyrics and melody. Oh, that's not right. The lyrics were written and the melody composed by Zhang Ye? Who is that? Is there such a person in the industry?"

“Zhang Ye? Ah! I remember! Holy sh*t! Aren’t these lyrics that our Zhang Ye wrote for ‘Shuidiao Getou’!? If you don’t believe it, check it out! It’s exactly the same! The Heavenly Queen’s team bought the rights to his lyrics? That can’t be right. Then what about the melody!? Teacher Zhang Ye not only knows how to write lyrics, but he can compose melodies as well? How can he possibly know how to compose melodies? And even such a wonderful melody...”

“Same names?”

“The lyricist coincidentally has the same name as the melody composer? How can it be so coincidental?”

“If it was a case of same names, they would surely indicate that, wouldn’t they? But there’s no indication here!”

“Holy sh*t, it was really made by Zhang Ye? He knows how to write novels, write poetry, can talk about history, write fairy tales, create advertisements and even compose songs?”

“What a godly person!”

“Yes, this kind of talent should really be called a godly person!”

.....

At the office.

Zhang Ye walked in smiling, “Morning, everyone. Long time, no see!”

Xiao Lu jumped up as soon as she saw him, “Teacher Zhang! You’re finally here! We were having a discussion! Heavenly Queen Zhang’s ‘Wishing We Last Forever’, was that composed by you?”

Hou Ge anxiously asked, “Is it, Teacher Zhang?”

“The lyrics and melody are by you?” Dafei said unbelievably.

Zhang Ye walked to his office desk, “It was composed by me. The song’s not too bad, eh?”

“It’s really by you?” Xiao Lu was shocked, “It wasn’t ‘not bad’! It was so great that it’s explosive! I’ve already downloaded it to my phone to listen to it! I listened to it the whole of last night. This morning, I happened to see the lyricist and melody composer and realised it was credited to Zhang Ye! Only then did I remember that I saw that winning ‘Shuidiao Getou’ of yours at the Mid-Autumn Festival Poetry Meet! Then, I linked up two and two! I can’t believe this! How do you know how to compose?”

Zhang Ye brushed it off, “I was feeling inspired, so I wrote it for them. It was my lyrics, after all. My understanding of them was naturally deeper than theirs.”

At this moment, Hu Fei entered the office.

Xiao Lu immediately said, “Brother Hu, did you know? Teacher Zhang wrote a song! It’s super nice!”

Hu Fei did not keep up with the music industry, “There’s such a thing? Where is it? Let me have a listen!”

“Let me get it for you.” Xiao Lu took out her mobile phone, then clicked on the song to play it.

Upon listening, Hu Fei was also extremely surprised, “Little Zhang, you really are blooming in all directions now!”

Zhang Ye said, “No, I just blindly composed it. They were asking me for help, and I didn’t want to reject them. My main responsibilities are still towards TV hosting.”

Hu Fei laughed, “Hur hur. Don’t try that with me. The more famous you become, the better it is for our program ratings. I can’t be any happier.” Looking at his watch, Hu Fei said, “Alright, we still have a lot of work to do today. Everyone, go get ready. In an hour, we will begin recording. If Teacher Zhang has no problems, we might record for the entire day. Be prepared, everyone.”

“Okay.”

“No problem, Brother Hu.”

“Leave it to us!”

Everyone got busy.

Since Zhang Ye did not require any preparation work, he looked through the work from the past few days that he wasn’t here for. Then, he went online to read news about “Wishing We Last Forever”.

“Heavenly Queen Zhang’s new single released! – Topped charts overnight!”

“Only ten hours since its release, ‘Wishing We Last Forever’ has received 1.3 million hits! ”

“After an absence of two years, Zhang Yuanqi’s new song, ‘Wishing We Last Forever’, has let everyone know that she has returned!”

The headlines were different, but the contents were all similar. Zhang Ye felt that a review by a blogger hit the sweet spot, “No one had expected anything from Zhang Yuanqi for her new single. Industry insiders have all agreed that the Heavenly Queen has been stagnating for two to three years, her fans ever-decreasing. But with the release of ‘Wishing We Last Forever’ yesterday, everyone still gave it a try as usual.

Why? Maybe there wasn’t a reason. Even though no one expected much, even though the Heavenly Queen’s works over the past two years have been disappointing, just because she is Zhang Yuanqi, just this name alone would have made everyone listen to her song. I’m one such person, too. But when I was about to prepare to write my criticisms of it, the song had immediately attracted me with the first two phrases. What came next was needless to say. I continuously listened to it on repeat ten times before I wrote this review. I don’t know how I should express my feelings now, but I would like to shout out what I feel inside: The Heavenly Queen who ruled the charts for eight months back then.. is finally back!”

Chapter 168: Everyone Asks for a Song from Zhang Ye!

Online.

“Wishing We Last Forever” was unanimously held to great acclaim!

Zhang Ye couldn’t help wonder how many clicks the song had garnered. On the publishing website, it had already broken two million plays. Zhang Ye was not very clear about this world’s music environment

and background. He could only base it on his understanding of his previous world. Back in that world, when a song was released on Weibo or QQ, hitting two million plays within 14 hours was already a sign of doing very well!

She had good singing technique.

She was popular.

Furthermore, it was a good song.

It wasn't at all strange that the song was performing so well now!

Then, in the midst of all the praise for the song, Zhang Ye discovered a few articles about himself. Although there were only a few, he was satisfied nonetheless.

Beijing City Entertainment News reported: As a media worker in Beijing, the name of Zhang Ye should be familiar to most. But when Zhang Ye's name appeared on the credit list of the Heavenly Queen Zhang's new song, everyone was surprised. We contacted Heavenly Queen Zhang's production team to inquire and they confirmed this news. Yes, it's the same Zhang Ye who wrote those poems and the one from "Lecture Room". The lyrics were originally Teacher Zhang Ye's work from the Mid-Autumn Poetry Meet, "Shuidiao Getou", and it was adapted into this song. The song composer was also Teacher Zhang Ye himself. According to insiders, the rights fee paid by Heavenly Queen Zhang's team was one rarely seen in the industry. It could be said that even though the song had not been market-tested, their team already had high hopes for it. To pay such a price for an outsider of the music industry, the Heavenly Queen and her team really had the foresight.

Huabei Music Magazine: From history lecturer to musician? This is not a joke, nor a prank, but something that is happening right before our eyes. This morning, when I came to the office, three colleagues and another one that I bumped into at the elevator were all humming along to "Wishing We Last Forever". At that point, I knew that the song would definitely be on fire. When I saw the number of plays, it was just as I had thought. At that moment, I saw the domination of Zhang Yuanqi in the music industry from some years ago. Compared to back then, Heavenly Queen Zhang's voice has become stronger and richer. It has become less translucent with time, with a sedimentation of sadness. It was too beautiful. The Heavenly Queen from back then is now back again! Firstly, there is Zhang Yuanqi's accumulation of strength over the years. Floating about in the music arena has made her more mature. Secondly, I feel that it was down to the song. With Zhang Ye helming as the composer and writer, even an average singer would make it popular, not to mention the Heavenly Queen. This song itself could really be described as perfect!

There were numerous reviews.

"It's really so good to listen to!"

"It's great! Sister Zhang has made a successful comeback!"

"I've been waiting for this moment for a long time! Yesterday, I listened to 'Wishing We Last Forever' without expectations. When I was halfway through it, I nearly teared!"

"Nearly teared? I cried for over half an hour!"

“Zhang Yuanqi! I love you!”

“Sister Zhang! You are the best! I knew it. I knew you wouldn’t quit singing!”

“Those reality shows in the music arena, what are those!? Comparing who looks better, who has a better figure or body. Their vocals are too poor and the songs don’t have depth! Sister Zhang is finally back! She’ll show all of those youngsters! Show them what singing is all about! What music really is!”

“Looking forward to Sister Zhang’s next song!”

“Yeah, quickly release the next album!”

“I can’t wait! I’m looking forward to it!”

“Who is that Zhang Ye? Is he so great?”

“I know him. I think the Heavenly Queen Liked one or two of his poems on Weibo.”

“These few years, so many musicians have made songs for the Heavenly Queen, but all of them failed to receive success. But an outsider like Zhang Ye, who does not work in the music industry, could actually help Heavenly Queen Zhang reclaim her throne in the arena?”

“I don’t know him, but I will pay attention to him in the future.”

After reading a little more, Zhang Ye went to his Tieba — Zhang Ye’s Nest.

What he never expected was that his Tieba page had received an “Exploding Flood”. Alright, it was not the traditional idea of Exploding Flood, because the people who came to flood the Tieba page came without any ill intentions. On the contrary, these people were Zhang Yuanqi’s fans, and they came in good faith.

“Zhang Ye, thank you!”

“I’ve nothing to say! Except, ‘thank you’!”

“Teacher Zhang, I want to thank you on behalf of all the fans of Sister Zhang!”

“We understand that music is not your main job, but if you have any good songs in future, could you please let our Heavenly Queen use them first? We are all Sister Zhang’s hardcore fans. Sister Zhang is a good person, always smiling and never saying bad things. But we fans know that Sister Zhang has kept a low profile in the music industry. Seeing her fighting on all these years, we all couldn’t do anything but watch on. Thank you for your ‘Wishing We Last Forever’. We are so elated! Let’s see who still dares to gossip about Sister Zhang from now on!”

“Beihe Province sends its thanks!”

“Jiangnan Province sends its thanks!”

Zhang Ye’s fans reacted more slowly. Because they had not paid attention to this matter, they were not fully in the know either. A few moderators suddenly realized that there was something abnormal with the recent posts. Seeing the invasion of other users, their first reaction was to @BigSaberBro and get

ready a battle plan. But when they realized the contents of the posts, they all could only look on in confusion.

Thank Teacher Zhang?

The Heavenly Queen's fans?

What was the situation? Why are they thanking Teacher Zhang?

They only grasped the situation after some reading and momentarily felt shocked!

Holy sh*t! Teacher Zhang Ye wrote a song? It was even a song for the Heavenly Queen? The song even became famous overnight? Is this a joke or what?

Some of Zhang Ye's fans had already listened to "Wishing We Last Forever" last night. They also knew that this was Zhang Yuanqi's new single, but they did not pay attention to the lyricist and composer. Even if they did, they wouldn't have linked that Zhang Ye to their idol. Only the few who especially liked "Shuidiao Getou" knew that the song's lyrics were from that poem; the others were all in the dark!

"Teacher Zhang has a new work?"

"F**k, he wrote a song this time?"

"Hahaha. I died laughing. Teacher Zhang is the most raffish radio host I know of. Working at the radio station for two months after graduation, look at his results now? From novels to fairy tales to poetry to couplets. He even dabbled in advertising after entering the television station! I have not seen him do any hosting jobs. He instead became the lecturer on the Three Kingdoms. Now, he has even branched out into music? What!? Teacher Zhang! Can we be more professional about things!? I've seen raffish people before, but I've never seen anyone as raffish as this!"

"Godly evaluation by the poster upstairs!"

"Ahaha! I have a cramp from laughing!"

"When has Teacher Zhang ever done something the proper way? You guys think too much!"

"But Teacher Zhang is still so awesome! This has not changed ever since the beginning! Whatever he does, he's good at it! That's my idol!"

Then, Zhang Ye's fans and Heavenly Queen Zhang's fans interacted with each other.

A moderator for Zhang Ye's Tieba said, "Everyone, don't thank him first. Last time, when Teacher Zhang had some problems, it was all because of Heavenly Queen Zhang's Like that brought all of you here to help. We should be thanking you instead. I believe that it was also because of this that Teacher Zhang Ye wrote the song for her. It's the same with our Leader, ZhangYeNumber1Fan. When Teacher Zhang had his troubles, she was always there for him. When she got hospitalized for her sickness, Teacher Zhang donated all his money without another word... Our fan club members all know very well how to repay favors, so there's really no need for thanks. You can see the motto of our Tieba — If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life. This is the code of conduct for our fan club!"

A fan of Zhang Yuanqi replied, "That's very interesting. Actually, I'm only a fan of Zhang Yuanqi. However, I have seen Zhang Ye's 'Lecture Room', and I like it very much, so I'll join your fan club. Although I won't be a hardcore fan, I will definitely not run away when something happens!"

"I'll join, too. The song written by Zhang Ye is so good!"

"Welcome, welcome! Our fan club welcomes people from all places!"

.....

Zhang Ye smiled. After browsing for a while, it was almost time to work. He switched the computer off. Although this rascal was reluctant to give Zhang Yuanqi that song, the effects seemed good. Firstly, he had earned money and he had resolved his problems. Secondly, it had increased his popularity and reputation. Thirdly, the Heavenly Queen now owed him a favor. Hai, actually, it was not much. That time, with the Heavenly Queen helping him, if one wanted to be technical, he was just returning the favor.

"Teacher Zhang, let's go?" Xiao Lu got up.

Everyone went to the recording studio together. Zhang Ye took his cell phone out to switch it off. After all, there had to be total silence while recording. But at this moment, a call came in.

It was an unknown number that he did not know.

Zhang Ye picked it up, "Hello. Who's this?"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, hello." It was a woman's voice as she said, "I am from Chenhui Entertainment Company. We want to reserve a song from you. The price is negotiable. As long as the quality is as good as 'Wishing We Last Forever', we will take as many as you can create. We guarantee you that we won't give anything less than what Sister Zhang's company gave."

Zhang Ye tersely said, "Forget it. I don't have plans to enter the music industry."

"We are not in a hurry. You can contact us again when you have the inspiration to write one." the female voice said.

"I temporarily do not have such plans. Sorry about that. I'm currently busy, so let's leave it at that." Zhang Ye hung up.

However, another phone call came in almost immediately after. There was no need to ask. His number must have been leaked. Almost everyone called him at the same time.

"Is this Teacher Zhang?" It was a middle-aged man.

"That's me."

"Hello, I'm Sun Xia's agent. When Sister Xia heard your 'Wishing We Last Forever', she especially liked it and especially told me to contact you to reserve a song of yours."

Sun Xia?

He did not know her. Without a doubt, she was probably someone quite famous in the music industry.

Zhang Ye answered, "Sorry about that. I won't be writing songs in the near future. My main career isn't that after all."

"Please consider it again. Our prices will definitely not be bad..." the middle-aged man refused to give up.

Zhang Ye said, "It's not a matter of money. Thank you for appreciating my work. We can talk about it in the future. I still need to record a program now. I'm hanging up."

The moment he hung up, the third phone call came!

"Hello, is this the original composer of 'Wishing We Last Forever', Teacher Zhang? May I know if you have time? Can we meet to discuss? I want to reserve a song from you."

.....

He rejected one after another.

Zhang Ye quickly switched off his phone, afraid that another call would come in.

Xiao Lu and Dafei saw all of this and they were extremely amused, "Teacher Zhang, you sure are in hot demand right now. Everyone is hoping to reserve a song from you."

"Don't mention it." Zhang Ye waved his hand. He really did not have any intention of selling songs. That would be killing the golden goose. All the works in his head were to be put to his own service, and not given to others.

Chapter 169: Finishing the Recording of Every Episode of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'!

Recording studio.

"Our viewing friends, how are you!?"

"I am Zhang Ye."

"Let us carry on talking about the Three Kingdoms for today's 'Lecture Room'."

.....

The morning's recording ended with the applause from the audience.

Hu Fei led his team to the cafeteria for a meal. Today, Hu Fei was treating. When they made payment, his meal card was swiped. He bought a variety of dishes, not just a simple mixed rice meal.

Xiao Lu raised her head in an exaggerated fashion, "We're doomed. This is the indicator for working overtime."

Hou Ge agreed with a nod, "And from the looks of it, it's not as simple as an hour or two."

Hu Fei was amused, "Are you the only ones that are smart? That's right; we need to work overtime today, so I want to reward all of you first. I'll be settling your dinner, too. Everyone, let's work hard. After busying ourselves today, we can rest for quite a number of days. Teacher Little Zhang said that there are another 11 episodes before we finish recording 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. We finished

recording three episodes in the morning, and by busying ourselves in the afternoon, and doing a few hours of overtime, we should be able to finish it today. Although there's no rush to finish all of it today, the earlier we finish, the earlier we can start on other tasks."

As Dafei ate, he said, "I'm fine with it. I just do offstage work. The main problem is with Teacher Zhang..."

"I asked Little Zhang already. He's fine with it." Hu Fei looked at Zhang Ye, "Do you need me to give you an hour to take a nap in the afternoon? So you can keep thinking straight? After all, recording a program is quite physically tiring."

Zhang Ye smiled. "There's no need to. Back at the radio station, my highest record was recording 15 hours of programs. I'm not tired. It's not a big deal."

Xiao Lu gave a thumbs up, "Ironman Teacher Zhang!"

Most of his colleagues knew that Teacher Zhang Ye's off script skills, which were to the point of recording ten episodes without a single stutter or a mistake, were nothing that any of the hosts in the television station could compare with. Even those star hosts from satellite channels who were more famous than Zhang Ye were impressed by him! No one knew how Teacher Zhang Ye's brain worked. He did not mix up any information of history in his mind. Everything was said clearly without a missing word, and he never had a script!

His colleagues all believed that he was probably a so-called genius or polymath. This was something that ordinary people like them could not fathom.

As they ate, there was suddenly discussions in the cafeteria.

Zhang Ye looked up and saw Wang Shuixin walk in. There were a few people with cameras behind him. From their clothing, they were most likely newspaper reporters.

"Director Wang, can we take photographs freely?" a reporter asked.

Wang Shuixin's expression looked helpless, "Reporters, how big is this matter that you have to make a special focus of me? There's no need, there's really no need."

The reporter said, "Yesterday, you helped a child who couldn't afford to go to school. By supporting his education, this is a quality many of us need to learn. You are a Leader in the media circle, and by leading with example, we definitely need to write a special focus."

Wang Shuixin sighed, "It's too much of raising a big rumpus. Helping children is something expected of me, and it is something that I should do. What's there to talk about?"

A reporter said, "Don't say that. If you say that, you make us ashamed. Few of us have such enlightened thoughts like yours."

Wang Shuixin sighed, "Alright then. Help yourselves."

"Take a shot. Capture a scene of Director Wang eating." a reporter instructed a person behind him.

Wang Shuixin went to order his food. He went to a mixed rice stall, and asked for a bowl of rice and two dishes. He was very thrifty.

When the few reporters saw this, their eyes lit up as they quickly recorded it down and lamented, "Director Wang sure is hard-working, and he's spartan as well. A Head of a channel eats so simply everyday? So that he can save extra money to support the education of children? Quick, take a few more pictures!"

The snapping sounds of the cameras rang.

When Zhang Ye and the other people from the Arts Channel saw this, they had deadpan expressions. No one reacted. Thrifty? Others might not know, but how could they not? Wang Shuixin almost never ate at the cafeteria. He always drove out to eat. If it wasn't the restaurant across the road, it was an appointment with someone else. Even when he came to the cafeteria, he would eat something special and not some mixed rice. Anyway, it was something that they had never seen before! And two simple dishes? What the heck!

Xiao Lu said hatefully, "Putting on a show!"

Dafei said surprisingly, "Director Wang funds the education of children?"

"The reporters must be invited by him." Hou Ge analyzed, "Xiao Lu is right. It's definitely a show. It's not nice using our own television station's reporters, as it might appear as blowing one's trumpet, so he found some people from newspapers around Beijing to make a special focus. Is there a need to fake it so much? His son is still in remand, right? He pretended as if nothing had happened, and he even put on a performance? He sure enjoys fame! What about Uncle Wei? Uncle Wei rummages through the garbage to sell bottles every day to sponsor so many children who couldn't afford school. Has Uncle Wei ever mentioned it at all! If not for the parents of a child, who was sponsored by him, coming to the television station, no one would know. Look at him. He's just sponsoring one child, and he's yelling it to the world. And he invited so many reporters? He sure is afraid that others do not know of his deeds!"

The few of them did not like Wang Shuixin, so naturally they gossiped about him.

Hu Fei was still someone who had propriety, "Alright, just eat your food."

Zhang Ye could also tell that Wang Shuixin was a person who treated his reputation very highly. He was always thinking of how to immortalize his name with endless means!

Over there, the reporters began to interview some of the television station's employees.

"Hello. May I know what sort of person is Director Wang usually like?" a reporter asked.

It was unknown if the person who was asked was targeted by the reporters or if he was a crony of Wang Shuixin. He answered, "Director Wang is usually especially nice to his subordinates. He's very friendly, and he never gets angry. He is also thrifty. We often read Director Wang's poetry works and we feel deeply moved and encouraged. Every poem of Director Wang empowers us. In my heart, Director Wang is one of the literary giants of today!"

Literary giant?

Even literary giant was used?

Would you not blush with such an evaluation?

Xiao Lu could not help but burst into laughter hearing this, "What sort of bragging is this? Director Wang may be a member of the National Writers' Association, and he is somewhat popular in the country with his modern poems, but that has nothing to do with being a literary giant." Saying that, she glanced at Zhang Ye who was silently eating. She said, "Our Teacher Zhang hasn't even said a word, and he dares to call himself a literary giant? Ignoring anyone else, Teacher Zhang can easily surpass Wang Shuixin by several levels. Have they forgotten about 'This is also Everything'? Teacher Zhang had completely negated Director Wang's "Everything", to the point of him losing the ability to speak!"

Dafei covered his forehead, "I also can't stand hearing this any longer. This seems like bullsh*t. Isn't it too much?"

Hu Fei reprimanded them, "Talk less and do more. Leaders will do what Leaders do. You can grumble in your hearts, just don't say it out loud elsewhere."

Xiao Lu exclaimed, "There are no outsiders here."

Hu Fei said, "But the walls have ears. Be careful."

Actually, Hu Fei could no longer stand what Wang Shuixin had been doing for the past few days. Glancing at the reporters and that Wang Shuixin, who was eating a pathetic meal, Hu Fei got up and left before finishing his meal.

Xiao Lu pursed her lips, "Look, even Brother Hu, who has such a good temper, can't stand it."

Dafei smacked his lips, "Director Wang is getting increasingly unpopular. If this carries on, who will look up to his leadership?"

"So what if we don't look up?" Hou Di whispered, "Wang Shuixin does a good job putting on a show, and his relationship with the Leaders are good. That is enough. The noise within isn't important, and I believe Wang Shuixin doesn't even care. I heard that he recently wrote a poem again, and many people on the internet gave him praise. Also, with this matter of sponsoring a child's education... Hur, it will probably make him popular. How would normal people know what is going on!?"

Xiao Lu looked sideways, "Teacher Zhang, you have to be careful. Once Wang Shuixin gets past this and improves his reputation, he will definitely fix you once the matter regarding his son fades away."

Zhang Ye laughed, "Eat your food."

Noticing that Zhang Ye did not say any more, everyone did not mention it again.

Fix me?

Obstructing me?

Ha! That should be something I say, right!?

Everyone felt that Zhang Ye had to be careful, but Zhang Ye's thoughts were not on this. He still remembered Wang Shuixin's ugly face. After taking care of his son, Zhang Ye would not forget the grudge. He was still thinking of how to make trouble for Wang Shuixin! Deduct my bonus? Trying to buy

my copyright when I needed it urgently? Zhang Ye would not take this lying down. Seek revenge on me? I'm the one looking for the opportunity to seek revenge!

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At night.

The final episode of "Analysis of the Three Kingdoms" was finished recording. Each remaining episode just needed to be aired.

When Zhang Ye said his final thanks on the podium, he felt relieved, but his heart was empty. The program had ended, and his mission was completed. He still felt somewhat reluctant.

Many people in the audience rushed up to the stage.

"Teacher Zhang, give me an autograph!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye, can we take a picture together?"

"Congratulations on successfully finishing the recording of 'Analysis of the Three Kingdoms'. This program is too awesome!"

Zhang Ye noticed that it was late, and he gave Hu Fei a shout out, to allow the other members of the staff to get off work. He then stayed behind to give autographs and take pictures with the fans who liked him.

After stirring up so many storms in Beijing and producing so many works, Zhang Ye's popularity was a force to be reckoned with. He was no longer the same Zhang Ye that would be ignored when thrown into a crowd! He had his own fans, and he had his own achievements and clout. Combined with his fearless personality, this allowed Zhang Ye to challenge Wang Shuixin!

Chapter 170: Zhang Ye's Rage!

It was pretty late.

The time on his cell phone indicated that it was 20 minutes past 9 P.M.

After giving his fans autographs in the recording studio, a few staff members led the rest of the audience away. Zhang Ye let Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge and company go home. He stayed behind to supervise the work, collected the tapes and cleared the stage. He then arranged the documents before preparing to leave work.

Pressing the elevator button.

Ding, the door opened.

"Hey, Uncle Wei?" Zhang Ye saw the person in the elevator.

Editor Wei was surprised, "Teacher Little Zhang, why haven't you gotten off work at this time?"

Zhang Ye said, "I worked overtime for recording. It has just finished. Why haven't you left yet?"

Editor Wei laughed, "I accompanied a few reporters from the newspapers to dinner." The reporters he mentioned were clearly the ones who had come in the afternoon to make a special focus on Wang Shuixin. After sending them off, some urgent matters cropped up in the unit. A few kids lost their scripts, so the Director punished us to work overtime. Seeing that the kids have something on, and it was getting late, I got them to go home first. They actually can't help much. It's not as fast as me doing it alone. Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye said, "It's almost 9:30."

"I'm in no hurry. I'll leave once I'm done." Editor Wei smiled.

Zhang Ye volunteered to help, "You are already so old. You shouldn't work so hard for youngsters. Besides, that Wang gets you to work overtime every day!? This is against the rules and against labor laws. You can go through legal proceedings!" Wang Shuixin was being too excessive. Zhang Ye found it unbearable. "Besides, can your body take it? Let's do this. Since I have nothing to do at home, why don't I help you?"

Editor Wei waved his hand, "I don't need you. I can do it alone. In the future, it's a world belonging to you youngsters. This kind of trivial thing should be done by me. There's no need for all of you."

Zhang Ye said with concern, "Then go home early."

"Alright, I know." Just as Editor Wei was about to leave, he suddenly stopped in his steps and turned back, "Teacher Little Zhang, someday, perhaps I can request a piece of calligraphy from you? Any modern poem would do."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Don't use the word request. If you want one, I can give you one tomorrow. However, my writing is just average, and it cannot be described as calligraphy."

Editor Wei was overjoyed, "Then I'll thank you first."

"You are welcome. It's a small matter." Zhang Ye knew that Editor Wei especially liked his poems.

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Zhang Ye slept the moment he got home.

The next morning, Zhang Ye never expected that he would wake up so early. Since he had finished recording the program yesterday, he was quite free for the next few days. He planned on resting a bit more before going to work in the afternoon.

However, a phone call woke Zhang Ye up!

It was Xiao Lu's number. Zhang Ye groggily picked it up, "Hey, Xiao Lu, what's the matter? If there's nothing, we can talk in the afternoon. I'll sleep a bit more."

Xiao Lu's voice was agitated and it sounded like she was sobbing, "Teacher Zhang! Something has happened!"

Zhang Ye immediately felt awakened as he sat up in bed, "What has happened? Don't be in a hurry. Speak slowly!"

After hanging up the phone, Zhang Ye's expression greatly changed. He did not even bother to brush his teeth. He put on his clothes and went downstairs to his car!

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Television station.

The Arts Channel level.

When Zhang Ye arrived, he heard sobbing in the corridor.

"It's all my fault! It's all my fault!"

"If only I had stayed behind to work overtime! This would not have happened to Uncle Wei!"

"Even if it was an heart attack, as long as any one of us were here working overtime, we could have helped him. But now... Why did I leave!? Why did I leave!?"

A youth cried as he lifted his hand and slapped himself forcefully. With two slaps, the right side of his face swelled up. It was obvious how hard he had hit himself!

"Little Jun, don't be like that! Don't!" A person next to him tugged at him.

A girl also slumped to the ground, having lost her wits. She sobbed, "Uncle Wei was afraid we worked too hard! He insisted that we leave! All the work was left to him! We... We really deserve to die! Why did we leave!? Why did we lose the scripts!?"

"No one is blaming you. Don't blame yourselves!"

"It's our fault!"

"Even if you did not lose the scripts, Uncle Wei would definitely have to work overtime anyway!"

This was the crux of the issue. Yes, admittedly, even if these youths did not make a mistake yesterday, with Wang Shuixin's attitude towards Editor Wei, where he did not even treat him as a human, he would definitely not let Editor Wei sit idle. He would find a reason to make Editor Wei work overtime and intentionally torture him! So it did not have much to do with these youths. It could even be said that it was because of Wang Shuixin's pressuring of Editor Wei to work that resulted in today's outcome!

"Teacher Zhang!" Xiao Lu rushed over with her eyes red. Clearly, she had cried.

Zhang Ye's face was pale, too, "What happened!? Why is he suddenly gone!? Why did this just happen without a word!? We were even chatting yesterday! Uncle Wei even wanted a calligraphy piece from me!"

When Xiao Lu heard this, she cried even harder.

Dafei was relatively calm as he said while suppressing his anger, "Yesterday, Uncle Wei worked overtime again. Maybe he was too tired at night, and it might be due to having worked all night long frequently that he received a heart attack. At that time, no one from the Arts Channel was working. There was only Editor Wei himself. In the end... In the end, when we got to work in the morning, we realized that the

door to the office was not locked. Then, we saw Uncle Wei collapsed in the hallway. When we touched him... He... He was already cold!"

Zhang Ye said, "Where is he?"

Hou Ge also came, "People from the hospital have taken him away!"

Didn't even get to see him for the last time? Zhang Ye's emotions were in a mess. He felt a lump in his chest!

Everyone was standing in the hallway. They were standing where Editor Wei had collapsed. A good person had left this world. He was a person who was willing to pick up scraps to finance the education of children. He was a person who was willing to work a bit more and did overtime rather than letting youths or children suffer. He was gone. Everyone present was upset! Editor Wei had worked more than anyone else over the many years in the television station, but what he had earned was less than what anyone else had earned. Yet, he stayed at his post without a grudge or grumbling!

Why?

Why did good people always die young?

At this moment, Wang Shuixin's secretary came over and waved his hands, "People, disperse! Disperse! Go back to work first! Don't delay your normal work!"

Work?

You want us to work at this very moment?

Uncle Wei had just left. He was a colleague and a senior to us. The first words you said were not any condolences or words of concern, but for the purpose of getting us to return to work? Many people looked angrily at Wang Shuixin's secretary. Has your conscience been eaten by dogs? However, no one dared to say a thing. They had to be afraid of the boss' secretary. They did not dare to refute him!

However, there was a person present who was an exception!

Someone did not care about these things. That person was Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye was just having problems finding something to vent his anger on. He stared at Wang Shuixin's secretary, "Work, your f**king grandpa! Get lost!"

Wang Shuixin's secretary was dumbfounded from being scolded at. He pointed towards Zhang Ye, "You are scolding me?"

Zhang Ye took a step forward, "I'm f**king scolding you! I dare you to point at me again!"

Xiao Lu quickly pulled at Zhang Ye, "Teacher Little Zhang!"

"Alright! Alright!" Wang Shuixin's secretary was enraged, but he still put his hand down. He no longer pointed at Zhang Ye's nose. "Do you think that you can be this defiant just because your ratings are high? Do you even have any organizational discipline? Fine! Wait for the station's disciplinary actions!" After saying that, he saw Zhang Ye take another step at him. Wang Shuixin's secretary was scared out of his wits as he quickly left. He did not dare to speak in front of Zhang Ye again.

There was no other way about it. He was the boss' secretary. He was unafraid of anyone in the channel except two people. One of them was Wang Shuixin. Needless to say, Wang Shuixin was the Leader and his boss, so he naturally had to be afraid and in awe of him. However, the second person he was afraid of was Zhang Ye. He was a scoundrel who dared to even beat Wang Shuixin's son! That was a hooligan who dared to even scold his Leaders and unit at the Silver Microphone Awards! At that Beijing Couplet Competition, Zhang Ye had even used a couplet to curse the people from the Writers' Association! Even amongst all the wicked curses used on the internet, five of the top ten of them were created by Zhang Ye!

This was a damn hooligan!

There was no way to take the advantage when quarreling with him!

Hence, Wang Shuixin's secretary quickly left. He was really afraid that Zhang Ye would fight him. If he was really beaten up, how was he to show his face? Hmph! A wise man does not fight when the odds are against him! Wait and see!

Hu Fei also came out of an office with a look of grief. He had also heard Zhang Ye's cursing. However, this time, he unexpectedly did not reprimand Zhang Ye. He did not say a single word.

The other people from the Arts Channel also felt discharged from their anger. Well scolded! It was scolding in such a gratifying manner! Indeed, Teacher Zhang Ye was needed at the critical moment! A bastard like that had to be cursed in this way!

A female colleague also said with resentment, "None of them are good!"

A youth gritted his teeth, "Uncle Wei is gone! He was pushed to his death by them! He had to work overtime 200 days out of 365 days! And no bonus was given! There were no salary increments! Is this something a human can do? Uncle Wei was ordered about by them to his death! He died due to fatigue!"

"I'm thinking of quitting! I can't stay in this crappy channel for another day! The Leaders do not treat us as humans! They only think of how to make themselves famous, so that they can appear reputable in the newspapers and on television! Uncle Wei was such a good man! Yet, he was..."

"I also don't feel like working here anymore. I can't stand it!"

"Cut out your angry words. What is there for you to do with you quitting? You still need to endure! Hai!"

"Endure? Put up with it? Uncle Wei had been enduring for a lifetime! He had been a willing slave! But in the end, what happened? What sort of outcome did he end up with? The Leaders did not even show their faces! They even sent a secretary to get us to continue on with work! Can you endure that!? I can't!"

"But what can we do?"

"He's not around anymore. Anything we say is too late."

Amongst everyone, there were some grudges between some people. There was some scheming, and there were people with good and bad relationships. But with Editor Wei passing away, it caused many people to unite against a common enemy!

Zhang Ye could no longer endure it any further. He had to expose Wang Shuixin's ugly face and let everyone take a look at it! He had to let everyone in the world see it!