

## **Superstar 1692**

### **Chapter 1692: The Hollywood directors are on steroids!**

The days passed.

The miracle of Hollywood was continuing.

This was an unprecedented cinematic feast in all of history.

Wilson.

Tony.

Flanders.

Becky.

The several key figures involved in the bet against Zhang Ye were also some of the most famous Hollywood directors. Their movies gradually began to screen, and under the attention of people around the world, these new movies also performed like they were on steroids. The box office earnings kept increasing at a rate that didn't make any sense at all.

100 million!

200 million!

300 million!

400 million!

Very soon, another movie earning 600 million USD in the global box office appeared! On top of that, it was even moving towards 700 million USD, with some industry insiders estimating a final box office earnings figure of 750 million USD. This also meant that it would be exceeding Zhang Ye's Wolf Warrior 2's earnings. It happened that this movie was also directed by Wilson, Zhang Ye's old foe. Commando 2's box office earnings did not meet its expectations at the point and had been absolutely held down by Zhang Ye's Wolf Warrior 2. This caused Wilson's career to hit a low point for a while. But Wilson very quickly used this new movie to get back onto the altar to prove to everyone that a veteran Hollywood director like him wasn't a has-been just yet.

Hollywood was excited.

The American people were excited.

Perhaps even Wilson himself had not expected such a result. Sometimes, making a movie required a little luck. A movie might just happen to get pushed into the headlines and when that happened, then even pigs could fly.

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Wilson's company.

“Hahahahaha!”

“This is so satisfying!”

“We’re gonna have another movie in the global Top 100!”

“Yeah, the stain from Wolf Warrior 2 has finally been erased!”

“Losing to Wolf Warrior 2 was really the shame of a lifetime. But this time, we’ve managed to fight back. There’s no way for Zhang Ye to challenge us anymore!”

“Well done!”

...

At the Directors Guild.

“The outcome has been determined.”

“It has reached 700 million dollars!”

“Even if Zhang Ye can perform well at the box office, he won’t be able to surpass that figure.”

“Yeah, it’s as good as over for him.”

“Director Wilson has not disappointed at all.”

“He has finally gotten revenge for what happened.”

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Beijing.

At home.

Zhang Ye’s mother said in a speechless manner, “This time, we’re the ones left dumbfounded! Little Ye has spoken too strongly! When will he start changing his habit of bragging!”

His father said, “Didn’t he learn it from you?”

His mother said angrily, “Get lost!”

His father said, “Quick, give our son a call to check up on him.”

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At Zhang Ye’s Studio.

The staff who stayed behind didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“What’s with this situation!”

“Something like this can happen?”

“Are these people on steroids!?”

“Has it been easy for Director Zhang going to Hollywood? Why does he have to encounter such an incident?”

“Hai, we can only pray for Director Zhang, Sister Ha, and the others.”

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On Weibo.

“Motherfucker!”

“What’s there still left to play for?”

“No matter who comes, they won’t be able to win!”

“Pfft! Face-smacking Zhang is going to be left kneeling!”

“Tell me, guys, is this what they call good and evil will always be rewarded?”

“Face-smacking Zhang can’t get any more unfortunate than this. What’s happening is such an unlikely situation and yet? He just had to run into it!”

“It’s over, he’s gonna lose.”

“I still believe that Face-smacking Zhang can turn the situation around!”

“Turn things around, my ass! One of the movies has already reached 700 million USD in earnings!”

“Yeah, even if Face-smacking Zhang makes a Wolf Warrior 10, he’s still probably going to lose!”

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Director after director.

Movie after movie.

By the time the box office earnings of Wilson’s movie came out, the entire matter was considered to be settled.

This bet that Zhang Ye had made with the Hollywood directors was already over in the eyes of the global media, people around the world, and the industry insiders. At this point in time, no one thought that Zhang Ye could rise from the dead to return victorious. The difference was simply too large! Even if it was based on the wager that the Hollywood directors had proposed—that as long as Zhang Ye’s animated film’s box office earnings exceeded any of their directors’ movies’ box office earnings, they would consider it his win—Zhang Ye still had no chance of winning. Further, Zhang Ye had proposed a different wager in the end. If any of those Hollywood directors could exceed his box office earnings, he would consider it his loss.

Star Moon Animation Studios.

His cell phone kept ringing.

Zhang Ye had to take several calls from his family and friends.

In the end, even China's richest man couldn't sit still.

Qian Haitao said: "Hello, Teacher Zhang."

Zhang Ye said: "Boss Qian."

"About that, are you still confident?"

"Ahem, I suppose so."

"Are you sure?"

"More or less."

Qian Haitao was very familiar with Zhang Ye's capabilities, and he trusted him as well. Otherwise, he wouldn't have put Zhang Ye fully in charge of this project. But the situation now was different. This wasn't about whether he trusted him or not anymore. The issue now was that the opponents were like "monsters." Every one of the directors was performing beyond their usual levels, and every one of them was getting box office results that even they themselves could not believe. This was what made the situation so awkward!

The call ended.

Ha Qiqi and the rest of the people looked at Zhang Ye. They realized that Zhang Ye was speaking in a more muted manner now.

How did he used to speak?

No problem!

Don't worry!

We'll crush them!

But how was he speaking now?

I suppose so.

More or less.

His tone had obviously become more restrained!

Ha Qiqi gave a bitter laugh. "Director Zhang, you can't be blamed."

Zhang Zuo said, "It's our opponents who are too cunning!"

Little Wang said, "Is this going to be the end of our 'one-day tour' of Hollywood?"

Wu Yi also said pessimistically, "Let's just concentrate on making a good movie. This could be our very last Hollywood movie, so we should do it to our very best."

Zhang Ye was also feeling a little dizzy at this point in time.

What is with this situation? Have these people eaten Tripitaka's flesh or something? So many of the has-been Hollywood directors are also experiencing a surge in their box office earnings? Over the past few

days, two global Top 100 movies appeared just like that? Are you fucking kidding me?! When I hadn't yet arrived in Hollywood, why didn't I see you people turning in such good performances! Motherfucker! I won't believe this shit! Do you all think that you've already won? Huh? Fine! This time, I'll show you exactly how I earned my nickname of Face-smacking Zhang!

Looking at the news on television.

Looking at those box office earnings.

Looking at the panicking staff of Star Moon.

Zhang Ye waved his hands and declared, "Don't panic!"

The crowd of people fell silent and looked at him.

Zhang Ye said, "Calm down and steady yourselves. What's the big deal with these box office earnings? Don't worry, everything is within my grasp. I've expected this situation for a long time. This time, we're going to show them what an ultimate comeback looks like, what turning the tide means, and what an earth-shattering battle is like!"

In the end, everyone remained unaffected by his talk. They had built up a resistance towards Zhang Ye's bragging.

Within your grasp, your sister!

You were obviously also shocked by the results earlier on, alright!

Mark Foran wasn't even going to refute him anymore.

The Star Moon staff also did not bother complaining about this.

Everyone just remained silent; no one said anything in reply.

Brag.

Let the director brag for a little more.

He might not have the chance to do so again.