

## Superstar 221

### Chapter 221: The Airport Holds an Appreciation Ceremony!

Dawn.

7:15 A.M.

Zhang Ye slowly got up from bed and washed his face. After he looked at his watch, he wore a small jacket and went to his old schoolmate's door and knocked on it.

Ding dong.

No one opened it.

The cleaning lady was pushing a cart loaded with linen sheets and walked past Zhang Ye, "Who are you looking for?"

Zhang Ye turned around and gestured, pointing to the door, "The lady in this room is not in?"

"She left. She checked out around 6.30." The cleaning lady remembered clearly. She then left while pushing her cart.

Zhang Ye was helpless. The school belle was sure in a hurry. Was she in a hurry to discuss the contract with the company to be hired? She didn't even let him know. Hence, Zhang Ye went alone to the restaurant downstairs. Using his room card as a pass, he found a plate to begin his breakfast buffet.

"Teacher Zhang, you are up?"

"Let's go. Let's eat together."

It was the fat and thin air stewardesses. They had already chosen their food. One of them had two pizza slices and fried potatoes, and the other was having tea egg and soy milk.

The three sat at a table and had their meals.

"You came to Shanghai for work?" The thin air stewardess asked.

Zhang Ye nodded and did not lie, "That's right. I think I'll be living here for a while."

The fat air stewardess chuckled, "You haven't even begun working, and you are already famous in Shanghai. Previously, no one knew you, as you were a Beijing host after all. But now, there should be many people who know you. Your work will definitely be much smoother." Although they said that, they did not know Zhang Ye at all. They only heard a few Beijingers on the plane say that he was a famous local host. This was why they addressed him as 'Teacher Zhang'. After the celebration dinner party ended, they saw the news and they saw the many comments regarding Zhang Ye online. Only then did they understand. They believed that in Shanghai... maybe all around the country, there were people paying attention to him.

Zhang Ye said, "I'll be counting on your blessings and hope everything will go smoothly."

This fellow was already accustomed to scolding wherever he went. He no longer cared if things went smoothly, as long as he could become famous.

After the meal.

Zhang Ye had already decided to leave, however, a few policemen came. They looked different from the Shanghai police he met yesterday at the airport. It could be some other police department. They could be from the public security department or the anti-terrorist department. Anyway, they were looking for every passenger who was on the plane and they began to understand the circumstances. Zhang Ye was naturally questioned. He had brawled and interacted with the hijackers after all. He definitely knew more than the others. Zhang Ye recorded a statement, and this lasted all the way until noon.

After having his meal, people from China Airlines came again.

They drove Zhang Ye and the heroic plane crew to the airport. Accompanying them were also a few of the heroic passengers. For example, there was the man, who knew Karate, named Yan Hui. He was not seriously injured, so he had been discharged from hospital and he could move freely.

In a conference room at the airport.

Several reporters had been waiting here for a long while.

Seeing the China Airlines Leader holding stuff like Certificates of Honor, Zhang Ye understood that this was to reward and thank them. There was not much reward. It could not match to similar incidents in his previous world in terms of monetary value, but it was also not much different. The elderly and thin air stewardesses and a few of the other cabin crew were gifted 200,000 Yuan each. A few passengers were gifted 100,000. Yan Hui was gifted 300,000. Zhang Ye was naturally gifted the most. The credit was mostly his, so not only was he awarded a million Yuan as a reward, he also received a Certificate of Honor from China Airlines. This honor was recorded in the China Airlines system. As long as Zhang Ye took any China Airlines flight, it would be free.

There was no ending to the applause.

There were many China Airlines employees present.

After the appreciation ceremony ended, Zhang Ye was surrounded by a lot of journalists. Some interviewed the other passengers, while others interviewed the cabin crew. However, there were even more journalists who were more interested in Zhang Ye. A former famous Beijing Arts Channel host together with the title of anti-hijacking hero added a mysterious halo to him.

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Please say a few words!”

“Did you consider the danger back then?”

“Why did you not hesitate to come forward under that kind of situation?”

The journalists rattled off like a string of bombs.

The elderly air stewardess smiled and helped Zhang Ye out, “Haven’t you seen Teacher Zhang’s past deeds? I also only knew about it last night on the web. Previously, when one of his fans contracted leukemia, Teacher Zhang Ye took out all his savings without a second word to the point of even borrowing money from his relatives and colleagues. He even sold the rights to his works cheaply. All this

just to bankrupt himself to pay for his fan. Is there a need to ask a why for such a person of high morals?”

Many of the journalists did not know of this matter. This included the people from China Airlines. When they heard this, they looked at Zhang Ye with greater respect.

.....

Afternoon.

It was already past 4 P.M. by the time he returned to the hotel.

After some thought, Zhang Ye decided not to leave today. After all, China Airlines had added another day of lodging for him. He might as well report to Weiwo tomorrow. There was no hurry.

He checked on the web.

His Tieba fan club numbers had soared once again!

The number of followers on Weibo had reached a stunning 310,000 today!

Everything was trending in a good direction. His current fame and achievements could be said to be the most glorious moments ever since he was born! However, this was not enough. Zhang Ye was far from satisfied with this little bit of achievement. He could do even better. He could climb even higher!

Right, since he was going to his new unit tomorrow, Zhang Ye was having some thoughts. He should prepare some hidden cards for himself. Now, his game ring's inventory only had a "Save" left. The other items had been used up by him sporadically. He needed to replenish it. It was what he relied on.

Zhang Ye opened the game interface and looked at his overall Reputation points. Although he was already mentally prepared, he was still so shocked by the string of numbers that he whistled!

11 million Reputation points!

After counting the digits a few times, there was no mistake!

Recalling back to when he was on the plane, he had spent all the Reputation points on the Lottery. There was nearly nothing left, but in just a day, a short day, it had suddenly increased by 11 million. Back then, he had tirelessly produced "Lecture Room". Such a popular program only gave him a few hundred thousand Reputation points an episode. There was no need to even mention the radio broadcast of "Ghost Blows Out the Light". One episode only had tens of thousands of Reputation points, but now...

Just one day!

It had not even reached a full day yet!

Zhang Ye knew it clearly. This was the power of Central TV's News Simulcast. Previously, when he appeared on television, it was just a local channel. The audience numbers were limited to the Beijing region. But this time, Central TV's news had basically reached every district in the country. Even people overseas could see it. The coverage was too big, even if many people did not have the habit watching Central TV's news, finding it too boring and meaningless. There were all sorts of news about the hijacking on the internet yesterday. It was bound to attract the attention of people. And from there,

they would know of the name Zhang Ye. This time, not only did he get the attention of people from Beijing, he had received the attention of the entire country. This was why he had received so many Reputation points in a day. But after today, the Reputation points would also increasingly slow down. This was because those who wanted to know would have known, and those who didn't care, still remained oblivious to it. However, even though the increase would slow down, it would still increase at a nontrivial rate.

Zhang Ye was pretty happy. The Reputation points and items he had spent on the plane had given him great returns. He got it all back in one go, and it was tenfold or even a hundredfold!

Time for the lottery!

No, let's buy some skills first!

Zhang Ye's expression changed as he opened the game interface's Merchant Shop excitedly. He found the icon of the "Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book". After fighting the hijackers, it made Zhang Ye realize his weakness. The Taiji Fist was not omnipotent. He still did not have enough experience in the skill. If not for so many passengers helping him, he would have died. If he encountered people without kung fu or people with average kung fu, such as those young monks, Zhang Ye could easily fight them one against four or five. There was no stress fighting them and he would have absolute advantage over them. However, if he were to meet those with kung fu or people with fighting experience, he would find it tough fighting one on one, let alone one against two. His kung fu was still lacking, so he needed to eat more skill books!

Zhang Ye had a character that easily got into trouble. He was the kind of person who never knew how to compromise. Hence, he often encountered "special situations", so he was not stingy at increasing his own martial powers!

Buy!

He ate another ten books!

With decisiveness, Zhang Ye spent 10 million Reputation points on buying ten Taiji Fist skill Experience Books, that cost a million apiece!

Flipping it open...

Flipping it open again...

He had 'eaten' Ten Experience Books!

After supplementing his lacking kung fu, Zhang Ye once again opened the Lottery interface. Without a thought, he started drawing. He still had a million Reputation points. It was enough.

For the first time, Zhang Ye bought an Additional Stake. He received two Consumption Category items:

[Red String of Fate] x2

Usage: By tying it on the ankle of the player and designated person, the Red String of Fate would immediately be in effect. It would tie a thousand mile romance together.

Duration: Decided according to the actual relationship between the two parties as well as the difficulty of the Marriage Affinity. Duration is not fixed and it can range from a second to a month.

Zhang Ye found it vague and he did not understand it fully. Red String of Fate? Creating Marriage Affinity? Did this mean that whenever he fancied any girl, he could use the Red String of Fate to tie both his and that woman's leg, and their Marriage Affinity would be linked together? It could cause reliance on each other under the romance effects, causing something to happen? But it was not permanent? If the Marriage Affinity was too difficult to form between the two, that was if things like their looks, family background and age were too different, the Red String of Fate could only last a very short time. It could barely last a second? But if the gap was not too great, it could at most last up to a month? He had never tried it before. This was how Zhang Ye understood it. He could only make a blind analysis from the introduction. He needed to find the actual circumstances out.

However, it was definitely something good!

This gizmo did not feel much different from the 'Cupid Sachet' he had previously drawn. However, the actual effects were different. The 'Cupid Sachet' would randomly cause luck with the opposite sex, and it could only be maintained for five minutes. It had no room for change, but the Red String of Fate allowed him to specify the particular person. It just meant that the duration was not fixed!

Chapter 222: New House has been decided on

Red String of Fate?

Good stuff!

Zhang Ye was one never to reject. After owning the game ring for such a long period of time, he knew that those special items that did not catch his eye would usually come in handy. For example, that lock-picking skill. Back then, when he received it, he thought it was trash, but what was the outcome? It saved his life! Hence, Zhang Ye was no longer picky. He wanted anything. Naturally, having more items in his inventory was better!

Draw again!

This time he bought another Additional Stake!

The Consumption Category was the biggest region. The needle stopped and landed in this region. Immediately, two Treasure Chests (Small) appeared.

Flipping open the Treasure Chest, out came a die like object.

[Difficulty Adjustment Die] : After it is thrown, it will randomly change the player's difficulty. The period of its effects are random.

Seeing this item he drew, Zhang Ye, who said he did not reject anything, could not help but curse f\*\*k. Why is it this crappy thing again? He had even bought an Additional Stake to get two of these "Difficulty Adjustment Dice"? Can you stop fooling around? Big Bro! Go back wherever you came from! Zhang Ye really felt like throwing the two dice away. He wanted to throw it as far as he could, but when he recalled that they became effective the moment they were thrown, he abandoned that thought, and was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. For these items, Zhang Ye felt great psychological pressure. If it

had not created that perverse difficulty, he would not have encountered the hijacking. If not for the Lucky Bread and the Commercial Airline Piloting Skillbook, he would not have come back alive!

This die was a double-edged sword. It had equal advantages and disadvantages!

Advantages were good, but once he obtained a disadvantage, there was a high chance of him dying!

He was still lucky on the plane. The increase in difficulty by ten times only lasted for about 50 minutes. If it f\*\*king gave me a year of ten times difficulty...Will I f\*\*king be still alive?

A car would smash into me when I'm out?

Just going out for a walk would result in a dog biting me?

When I walk downstairs, a flower pot will come crashing down at me?

Just those thoughts made Zhang Ye feel a chill. Are you guys trying to kill this bro?

Once bitten, twice shy. Zhang Ye no longer dared to repeat this again. Unless needed as a last resort, he would never use the die. Hence, he quickly and gently picked up the dice from the Treasure Chests and kept it in the inventory, afraid he would drop it, causing it to automatically change the difficulty.

Forget it, let's not draw anymore.

His luck today wasn't good.

.....

Past 6 P.M.

He had been having good meals the past two days. The airport and the people from China Airlines kept hosting feasts for him. Anyways, Zhang Ye was not hungry. So he excused himself to not eat with them, saying he was busy. He secretly left the hotel and wore a large pair of dark sunglasses to hide his face, afraid others would recognize him. Actually, this fellow had over-thought it. Although the hijacking incident had made Zhang Ye known around the country, only his fans in Beijing knew what he looked like. In Shanghai, they could not receive "Lecture Room", and there were only a few pictures of Zhang Ye on the web. Those who did not watch his programs wouldn't even recognize him even if he walked past them. Few people in Shanghai could recognize him.

On the streets, the lights were bright.

Neon lights flicked in the distance. It was bustling with life.

Zhang Ye indeed had something to do. He did not take the subway and hailed a taxi, and went towards the city center. He already had Weiwo Video Company's address, as a middle-aged man had contacted him on the phone this afternoon. But of course, Zhang Ye did not plan on going to the office now. It was already late, and they were knocking off soon. He wanted to rent an apartment near to the office. After all, he had to live here for a few months, so he needed to settle his accommodation.

.....

The Bund.

The sound of water could be heard as the wind blew across the river.

Men and women were leaning on the railings. They were either flirting or watching the scenery. The atmosphere was very leisurely. There were also yachts and boats cruising down the river. There were many banks and insurance company advertisements pasted on the boats. It was a scene that affected the atmosphere, but it was overall quite a charming place.

There were quite a lot of people, but it was not chaotic. The scenery was very static.

In Beijing, there was no way one could find such a place.

Zhang Ye had deliberately let the taxi driver drop him off here so that he could also take in the scenery. After about a long twenty minutes walk, he finally found a residential property intermediary by an alley. There were not many intermediary companies here. It was not like the intermediary-filled Beijing. After taking a look, only this one in front of him was considered a bigger company. Zhang Ye went in since their lights were still on.

"Sir, how do you do." There was a young woman with average looks at the front desk. She was dressed in a shirt with a badge and trousers. However, she wore heavy make-up and looked quite bright.

"Hello, have you knocked off?"

"Not yet. We only close at 10."

"I want to rent an apartment. It's best if I can move in today or tomorrow."

"Alright, let me check for you. Please take a seat. I will get you some water. What sort of apartment do you need? And roughly where? And at what price?"

Zhang Ye took off his sunglasses and sat in front of a computer with her. There were all sorts of information about apartments on the screen. As expected, the intermediary staff did not know him, "The price doesn't really matter. The main thing is that it has to be near here. The apartment has to be a bit new and the renovations good. The size doesn't matter. I will be living alone."

The woman began to search for him. "This area is mostly a high-end residential district. If you are not price sensitive, there are many apartments available for you. For example, this one. Two bedroom apartment. 90 square meters. They had renovations last year. It is slightly far away. About two kilometers away. What say you?"

Zhang Ye looked at the map and indeed it was a bit far. His ideal residence was somewhere near to Weiwo company, so that he could reach there in ten minutes by taxi. "Let's try another one."

After looking at a few, he was unsatisfied with all of them.

Either the renovations did not match his taste or it was too far.

Zhang Ye did not want to waste his money, "Is there a one bedroom? It's just me alone."

The woman shook her head, "It's basically a high-end small district. The smallest apartments are two bedrooms. Why don't you look at this one. The location is good, the layout is good. Two bedrooms. The renovations are not bad too. It will definitely meet your requirements. However, the apartment is a

sublet. The previous renter signed a one year contract with the tenant, but he has already moved out. There's about three to four months left on the contract."

Three to four months?

Hey, isn't that just nice!?

Zhang Ye was also very satisfied with the apartment layout, "I also won't be staying here for long. I think this will do. Three to four months isn't a problem too. Then let's look at the rooms?"

"Alright, I'll bring you there." The woman said happily.

"Can I move in today?" Zhang Ye asked.

"Yes, the person has already moved out. I can give him a call to ask him over. If it's alright, we can even sign the contract today. There won't be a problem at all." The woman answered.

This was a high-end residential area.

The room prices for The Bund were all placed there. Other than the old houses which were decades old, the surroundings were all high-end residential buildings. It was easy to see just from the decor and the greenery of the district. There were even artificial lakes and rockery with fountains. Of course, the rent was expensive. This two bedroom apartment was around 90 square meters. The monthly rent was about 11,500 Yuan (US\$1,700). The average price in The Bund was about 12,300 Yuan (US\$1,850). It really wasn't cheap.

However, after looking at the apartment, Zhang Ye was quite tempted. He had just received a reward of a million Yuan (US\$150,000) from China Airlines, so he was not lacking in cash. After all, he was now a celebrity, he couldn't live in somewhere too shabby, right? If he squeezed into a small rental house, others would even think he was not famous enough. So he had to use this bit of money. Even if he felt the pinch, and was f\*\*king cheap, Zhang Ye had to be generous for once.

Acting awesome was one of the requirements of being a celebrity!

As a celebrity, if you didn't act awesome, you wouldn't even feel right greeting others outside!

"It's decided. This apartment would do. Please prepare the contract. I'll go collect my luggage from the hotel." Zhang Ye very quickly finalized it before taking a taxi back to the hotel to pack his things.

Chapter 223: This is the Legendary Zhang Ye?

New house.

New day.

New environment.

The sun shined its rays through the wide windows in the morning. The new house was very well lit; even with curtains closed, the room still did not appear dark. The place was fully furnished. After signing the contract last night, Zhang Ye had moved in. After covering the mattress with a bed sheet and used a blanket he bought, he slept till dawn.



It was time to wake up.

Zhang Ye enjoyed the sunlight with his eyes half-closed. He crawled up from his soft bed and brushed his teeth and woke up. After he came out of the bathroom in the living room, his cellphone rang.

"Hello, Teacher Zhang."

"Hello, may I know who is this?"

"I'm from Weiwo company's Human Resources department. Has the matters of the plane been settled?"

"It has been settled. Sorry for delaying for a day. Can I go over now?"

"Alright. Let's schedule a time. How about an hour later? I will wait in our company's lobby for you."

"Alright. I will be there punctually in an hour. Let's talk when we meet."

After straightening his hair with a comb, Zhang Ye looked in the mirror with satisfaction. Then, he got his bag and left the house. He hailed a taxi and headed in the company's direction. It was very close by. It would take him 20 minutes to get there even if there was a jam.

.....

Weiwo Company.

It was not on a main street but behind a shopping center.

The building was not very tall. It was about four to five storeys tall, but it covered a large area.

After alighting from the taxi, he saw the company's headquarters. Zhang Ye had a rough idea of the company's strength. It was not bad, but it definitely could not compete with the mega internet giant companies. However, if it were to be compared with similar WebTV websites, it was definitely one of the best. It had strong financial backing.

Lobby.

Zhang Ye went in but did not see anyone. He then went to the front desk to inquire.

However, someone in the lounge recognized him and stretched out his arm with a smile. He was a youth and was in his twenties. He was about the same age as Zhang Ye. He looked pretty average. "You must be Teacher Zhang, right? Hur Hur, we have previously talked on the phone. Hello and welcome."

Zhang Ye shook hands with him, "Nice to meet you."

"Let's go upstairs. I'll bring you around first," the youth said.

"Sure, sorry for the trouble," Zhang Ye followed him.

On the way, the youth gave him a general introduction to the locations of the various departments in the company, as well as their overall situation. Finally, he brought Zhang Ye to an office of a Leader.

He knocked on the door.

A woman's voice from inside invited them in.

After the youth entered, he introduced, "President Feng, this is Teacher Zhang Ye. I've brought him here." After that he turned towards Zhang Ye and said, "This is our company's vice president. She is also Director-in-charge of our WebTV department."

Feng Guiqin stretched out her hand, "I've been waiting for you for the past few days. Nice to meet you Little Zhang."

Zhang Ye quickly went forward and shook her hands with both hands, "Nice to meet you President Feng. I'm new here and this is the first time I'm interacting with WebTV. Please take care of me in the future." He knew that this woman would be his direct superior. She was the head of the WebTV department, so she had the final say in everything.

Feng Guiqin looked to be in her forties. She did not look very pretty, but she was very friendly. She looked like any ordinary mother in the neighborhood. "Little Sun, go to the Legal department and get Little Zhang's contract."

The youth accepted the order and went out.

Feng Guiqin gestured, "Take a seat."

Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony and after sitting down, he took out his resume. "This is my resume."

Feng Guiqin smiled. "There's no need. Since our company invited you here, we already know very well about your qualifications and achievements. This time, we have hired a few internet hosts as well as people in program planning. They were decided on personally by President Wei as well as the company's higher management. We have seen your programs too. I'm no stranger to your work. On the contrary, you do not know too much about our company. Then let me give you a brief introduction. Our company was in the earliest batch of companies that obtained the authorized certificate to be a WebTV company. The WebTV industry has been developing at a rapid pace these few years. There have been many WebTV websites who have obtained the certificate too. There are even some television stations who have set up websites as well as cable TV companies who are fighting for a slice of this pie. It is extremely competitive, and it could be said to reaching some extreme limits..."

Zhang Ye listened attentively.

"WebTV began late so this industry is still very young; however, it still has a lot of room for development. Although it may seem like we are merging several disparate entertainment programs into one, it is actually not that simple. The independent and overall outcome are different conceptually. In terms of resources, it is not as simple as one plus one equals two. Sometimes, it might even equal to three. And there are even the special grants and tax rebates given to us by the country..." Feng Guiqin was a very good speaker. From the important points to the general introduction, she introduced the WebTV industry in a very clear manner.

Zhang Ye was still listening attentively. Of course, he was just trying to get some understanding over it. He was in no way responsible or qualified to care about the general trends and strategy. The industry was complicated and highly competitive, but Zhang Ye did not mind. His motivation was not the industry itself, nor did he really care if he could increase the overall click rate on the company's WebTV site. What he wanted to do was to do his segment well, and make it popular. Zhang Ye was not a person of

this world. His thoughts were still lingering on the model of his world's web entertainment. That was the territory he was familiar with. Although Feng Guiqin said that WebTV was different from independent videos, to Zhang Ye, they were actually the same.

All he needed was a fixed time slot. Zhang Ye would do the program, publish it and attract an audience.

It was not that complicated and was actually very simple. Be it an internet video series or a television program broadcast, they shared the same basics.

The contract arrived.

"Take a look first." Feng Guiqin said.

Zhang Ye flipped it and found no problems with it. It was a conventional contract.

Feng Guiqin smiled and said, "Our salary is decided on by our employees. That is for the basic salary. As for bonuses and other benefits, they are standardized."

Zhang Ye blinked, "Really? I decide on it?"

Victoria had indeed mentioned this to him when she invited him on the phone.

However, Zhang Ye knew that this wasn't something that was completely true. There had to be some restrictions. You couldn't just say a monthly salary of 100,000 (US\$15,000), right? It would be weird if they didn't kick you out the windows, so Zhang Ye did not make unreasonable demands, "My ideal salary is approximately... 20,000 (US\$3,000) a month?"

Feng Guiqin gave it a thought and nodded, "Sure."

Zhang Ye was after all not very famous in the hosting industry. He was just a normal host of a star program of a local TV channel, so it was not right for him to ask for too much.

With everything agreed upon, Zhang Ye began signing the contract.

Feng Guiqin said, "Take these few days to familiarize yourself with the environment and to get to know your work. More preparation may quicken the speed in doing work. We only do the program after you are familiarized. Our WebTV segments are given relatively more freedom. You can plan it yourself or also discuss it with the department's professional program planners. Of course, even though there is freedom, your program will eventually be vetted by a few Leaders. Only when they approve it, will a time slot be allocated on WebTV. The quality must definitely pass."

Zhang Ye was done signing, "Sure."

"Alright, then let me welcome you here." Feng Guiqin said, "You can begin today. You can directly report to the WebTV department." She made a call and got someone to bring Zhang Ye there.

The person, who came, was Wang Xiong, a middle-aged man. He was one of the Deputy Directors of the WebTV department. He was also a Leader. He seemed to be very interested in Zhang Ye. The moment he came over, he sized him up. He must definitely have heard of the hijacking news, so he wanted to know what sort of person Zhang Ye was. However, be it his looks or build, Zhang Ye looked like any other ordinary person. Other than his eyes having some brilliance and his voice sounding somewhat

magnetic and charming, he was too normal in every other aspect. It felt like anyone taken off the streets would be better than him.

"Director Wang," Zhang Ye said politely.

Wang Xiong patted him on the shoulder, "Alright, let's go." The two of them went downstairs. He said, "The WebTV office is on one level itself. The recording studio is also at one level by itself. It is our company's biggest department. All the program teams are relatively independent, but if there's something, you can always look for the others. My office is also on the same level as yours."

Around the corner at the staircase.

Along the narrow corridor were transparent glass partitions. The office desks were crammed inside. Just a look revealed about 140-150 people in the department. The exterior was filled with customer service. More than ten operators were busy picking up phone calls. There were more than ten regions with a sign suspended from the ceiling. The program names were written on it. Clearly, it was the region for each program team. Other than the leadership's office and meeting rooms, there was no sealed off area in this office. All the office desks were linked to one another. Everything could be seen at a glance.

The environment was good!

The scale was not much worse than a television station!

Zhang Ye silently observed and followed Wang Xiong in.

Bba Bba. Wang Xiong clapped his hands, "Everyone, stop your work for half a minute. Let me introduce to you a new colleague." He held Zhang Ye's shoulders, "Zhang Ye, former famous host of the Beijing Arts Channel. From today onwards, he will be a member of our WebTV department. Let's give him a welcoming applause?"

Everyone gave a round of applause, but it was not very loud.

"Famous host?"

"To dare call him famous? Is his ratings very high?"

"Hey, why is the name Zhang Ye so familiar?"

"Holy sh\*t! I remember! Beijing Arts Channel host? Zhang Ye? Isn't that the anti-hijacking hero on the news? The one who flew a plane!"

"Ah? It's really him?"

"What the f\*\*k! Why did he come to our place?"

"He doesn't look like one. How can he be a host with such average looks?"

A few people spoke. Everyone knew who this person was and a flurry of discussion erupted!

These two days, they had heard this name more than once on the news and internet. In other units, people might not pay that much attention, but Zhang Ye was previously a television host. He was

considered in the same line as them. For a counterpart of theirs to safely fly and land a large passenger plane, this naturally attracted a lot of discussion. As such, they were very curious about Zhang Ye.

However, many people were disappointed seeing him.

Wang Xiong ignored it and pointed to a spot inside. "Little Zhang, your desk will be over there. There are many empty spots, so choose whichever you prefer."

"Alright." Zhang Ye went over with his things.

Wang Xiong did not speak much. After he asked an old employee about the situation with the programs today, he left the office and returned to his office.

Everyone were still looking in Zhang Ye's direction.

The legendary Zhang Ye?

The legendary man of God?

He looked way too ordinary!

Chapter 224: The School Belle is also in the Same Company?

Doubts.

Curiosity.

Strangeness.

Glances from his colleagues bore down on him from all directions. They were staring at him. Some were even pointing at him while discussing him. Only a few people did not pay him any attention and were working with their heads down.

If it were any other ordinary person, they would definitely not be able to handle the fact that so many complex gazes were bearing down on him. At least, the person would feel unpleasant. It was as if that person was a Giant Panda that was being stared at and whispered about. Who could stand that? However, Zhang Ye happened to not be an ordinary person. This fellow was in no way stressed. Thinking back at Daming Lake\*...Ai, that's the wrong phrase. Thinking back at the radio station, he had been evaded by numerous colleagues like he was the plague. Thinking back to the television station, he was treated as the God of Death by many of his counterparts. He was used to it.

Besides, this was different from the past.

In the past, it was because he was notorious amongst his counterparts.

But now, he was an anti-hijacking hero. He had saved more than a hundred people's lives. What was there to be bothered about that? Watch and see if you like it.

After putting down his things, Zhang Ye switched on the company computer and began to familiarize himself with the environment.

It seemed like two people wanted to come over and chat with Zhang Ye, but just as their buttocks left the chair, they sat back down after some hesitation.

The first person to interact with Zhang Ye was not from their department. He was an employee from the Human Resources department who came into the office from the outside. Zhang Ye had never seen this person before. He was not the youth that had received him at the lobby. He looked about 27 or 28. He was holding a document in his hand.

“Who is Zhang Ye?” The man asked.

A woman right in front pointed to the back and carried on busying herself.

Zhang Ye heard it, “I am.”

The man walked up and handed a form over, “Fill this in. Things like cellphone number and address. It’s for our records, so as to facilitate communication. As for insurance and other stuff, it’s a bit more complicated, so it will be done next week.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye picked up a pen and began writing.

The man did not leave and chatted with people not far away happily, “Ah Qian, Little Yu, you guys didn’t bully that beauty that came yesterday right?”

Little Yu said, “Why would I?”

Ah Qian laughed, “We are more like dying to put her on a pedestal.”

The man laughed, “Both of you aren’t married. You can chase after her.”

Ah Qian rolled his eyes, “Come on, she’s so pretty. I’m not good enough.”

The man chuckled, “If you don’t chase after her, other colleagues might make their moves. I have all the records of our company’s employees on my side. I can tell you in a definite manner that there is no other lady more pretty than her in the company. For such a beauty to come to the WebTV department is your blessing. It’s not like the girls at HR. They have straight faces all day. Hai, let’s not talk about it.”

Zhang Ye put down his pen and looked up, “Bro, I’m done.”

“Alright, let me take a look.” The man scanned the form and frowned, “You need to fill in everything. Why is the column for your English name empty?”

Zhang Ye said, “I don’t have an English name.”

“Write something if you don’t.” The man said.

Zhang Ye looked at him, “How do I write something I don’t have?”

The man smacked his lips, “Can’t you just come up with one? Something like Peter or David.”

Zhang Ye remained calm, “I think it’s best we forget it. I really don’t want such a name, nor is it any important information. Filling up the rest would do.”

The man was somewhat irritated, “How can it not be important? Company regulation says that everyone has to write one.”

Generally, most foreign companies had such a regulation, however, this wasn't a foreign company, right? You still want me to come up with an English name?

Zhang Ye gave it some thought and took over the form. On the blank, he wrote, "ZHANGYE".

The man stopped him, "What are you doing? Hanyu Pinyin (romanization) is not English. Can't you just come up with one? Everyone does that? If you can't think of one, I'll think of one for you."

The commotion here attracted the askance glances of quite a number of people.

Zhang Ye could no longer stand for it. He slammed the form fiercely on the table and roared, "I said I don't have an English name! Did you not hear that? If you wish to adore the foreigners, do it yourself! Don't pull me along! I'm a perfectly good Chinese national! Why the f\*\*k would I come up with an English name!? Do you think I'm sick!? And you want to give me a name? Who the f\*\*k are you!? I only have one name! It was given to me by my parents!"

The man was dumbfounded!

Everyone in the office was also dumbfounded!

"You cursed at me?" The man's face was already turning green!

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, "There's no end from you even though I ignored you! This is the first time I heard of someone forcing someone to change his name! I don't have an English name! What can you do?"

"You...You..." The man pointed at him as he trembled.

As a person born and bred from Beijing, which was a city that had suffered the wars of the eight countries, Zhang Ye had also inherited a fine tradition of Beijingers — ultra-nationalism. Actually, he was also not an irrational ultra-nationalist. He could accept parts of foreign culture as well as some of their ideologies. He also watched American dramas, anime and even liked to eat steak and pizza. But, he was never proud of this!

To come up with a foreign name?

This had already crossed Zhang Ye's bottom line!

As a newcomer, who had not even joined the company for an hour, Zhang Ye naturally did not want to create conflict with his colleagues. Although they were not from the same department, the repercussions were still not good. Hence, he was calm from the beginning and patiently explained to that person. He really did not want some strange foreign name. However, that person refused and even turned angry at Zhang Ye. How could a person like Zhang Ye endure this? Go f\*\*k yourself!

Wang Xiong came out of his office. Clearly, he had heard the ruckus, "What's going on?"

The man from Human Resources seemed to find solace, and angrily said, "Director Wang, that newcomer, Zhang Ye doesn't want to write an English name. I got him to fill it out, and said it was company regulation, but he still cursed me!"

Wang Xiong said in a speechless manner, "Just over such a trivial thing?"

The man said exasperatedly, "He even cursed me!"

Zhang Ye leered at him, "I said I don't have an English name, but you wanted to give me one. Who the hell are you!? Is it up to you to give me a name? Yes, I'm cursing you!"

Wang Xiong straightened his face, "Little Zhang! What are you doing!?"

The man pointed and said, "Director Wang, look, take a look!"

Look? What am I looking at!? You even dare to point at me?

Wang Xiong knew this person and knew that he was not someone good with words. Indeed, the company did have a regulation about writing an English name. However, it was just an in passing. It was fine if it was not written. Besides, he had glanced at the form. There was "ZHANGYE" written on it. It was also written in English characters. It was passable, so why was there a need to come to such an argument? You even wanted to give him a name? You were indeed asking for the scolding. How bad are you with words? Was it up to you to come up with names for others?

Wang Xiong waved his hands, "Alright, I got it. Isn't the form already filled up? There's nothing blank. Just file it like that. Everything can be discussed, what's the meaning of yelling here like that!?"

"But he..." The man was indignant. He had also lost face.

Wang Xiong said with a deep voice, "This is a work place! What ruckus are you causing!?"

The man knew that Deputy Director Wang was taking sides. He simmered in his anger but was helpless. He ended up taking Zhang Ye's form and left in disgrace.

The moment he left, Wang Xiong said to Zhang Ye, "Little Zhang, this is a company. It is very common to have differences with colleagues on matters of work, but you shouldn't have cursed."

Zhang Ye's attitude turned good, "Sorry Director Wang. I will take note."

Wang Xiong did not blame him, and with a terse remark, he left.

Although the matter was settled, the minds of everyone in the office was completely not at rest!

Holy sh\*t!

You really cursed?

What sort of temper do you have?

No one in the WebTV department expected that under such circumstances, a newcomer like Zhang Ye would dare curse at someone from Human Resources in his face! Anyone with a bit of work experience would not have done such a thing, but Zhang Ye had still cursed. And look at what the aftermath was. He still calmly fiddled with the computer. That calmness and quiet composure was as if nothing had happened! From this, everyone knew that this was definitely not the first time Zhang Ye had done it! Or he would not have been so carefree!

F\*\*k!

What sort of colleague has joined us!?



Previously, everyone was somewhat disappointed. They were wondering how such an ordinary young man could be so capable. They were wondering why he was given such great acclaim on television and on the internet. But from this, they finally understood. This was a f\*\*king wolf in sheep's clothing. He was definitely someone difficult to work with!

Suddenly, a pleasant female voice could be heard.

"What's the situation? Why did I hear cursing voices just now? What happened?" A sexy woman came in while holding some documents. Be it her face or body, they were all amazing!

"Teacher Dong, you are back?"

"Hai, just now, someone from HR wanted a new colleague to write an English name, but was ended up being cursed at. Even Director Wang was activated because of it."

A few people explained to her in an enthusiastic manner.

The woman blinked, "Cursing can happen from such a matter?"

Zhang Ye, who had his head down while fiddling with his computer, suddenly found the voice familiar. It was too familiar. He looked up and could not help but be shocked, "Dong Shanshan?"

The woman was also stunned, as she said to him, "Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye was amused, "Hey, what are you doing here?"

Dong Shanshan also laughed, "I was about to ask you why...Oh I got it. Could it be that you came to Shanghai to work at Weiwo company?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "You also came here to be a internet host?"

Your sister, didn't you come here to film a movie or television drama? No one can believe a word you say!

However, many things could be understood at this very moment. Clearly, their meeting on the plane was not a coincidence. Weiwo company had not only invited Zhang Ye, they had also invited Dong Shanshan. It was even possible that Dong Shanshan had been invited before him, or the air tickets wouldn't have been booked in such a rush, with Zhang Ye having to take the plane the next day. Clearly, Weiwo had booked both their tickets to make it the staff's jobs easier. This resulted in them meeting on the plane.

Everyone was stunned when they saw this. The two knew each other?

Dong Shanshan laughed pleasantly, "You were the one cursing just now, right?"

Zhang Ye affirmed, "Yea, he kept forcing me to come up with an English name. It was already good that I didn't beat him up."

Upon recalling something, Dong Shanshan was tickled green. "Hur Hur, you are the same as when you were in college. You are still so ultra-nationalistic. Although it has been three to four years, but I still remember one of our English classes. The teacher got everyone in class to come up with an English name, so as to address us with it. Everyone came up with one, except you. You even debated with the

English teacher for half a class on the matter on “Why should a Chinese national come up with an English name”. In the end, the English teacher even wrapped up class out of anger! Hahaha, why are you still the same old you?”

Zhang Ye said in a matter of fact manner, “It’s a matter of principle. There is no leeway.”

Their dialogue between the two of them enlightened everyone. They realized that Zhang Ye and Beauty Dong were college classmates. They were both broadcasting major graduates of the Media College!

Chapter 225: The School Belle is also in the Same Company?

\*This is a line from “My Fair Princess”, about an Emperor’s illegitimate daughter, Xia Ziwei’s adventures. She was conceived by the Emperor during a trip at Daming Lake, so this line, was a reference asking if the Emperor still remembered her mother, and also a way to prove their blood relationship.

Chapter 225: Using the Red String of Fate!

Everyone was listening in with curiosity. It was not surprising that the two of them were previously classmates since they were both broadcasting professionals. Most of them were schoolmates at least, so knowing each other was normal. What they were more concerned about were Zhang Ye’s past deeds. Already angered a teacher in his freshman year? F\*\*k, this person was different from the others. No wonder he had cursed the Human Resource staff away earlier. This was his temperament all along!

Was it really okay like this?

Such a person can be a broadcasting host?

Everyone had their doubts of the newly arrived Teacher Zhang Ye’s temperament and nature. He was indeed a wonder of this industry!

“Luckily I didn’t greet him just now.”

“Yea, this Teacher Zhang Ye does not seem easy to talk to.”

“Such a temper is really too much.”

“His program has not been set yet, so his program team probably has no one yet? Damn, please don’t transfer me over.”

They were whispering about how their first impressions of Zhang Ye could only be described as a “wonder”. A few people, who had wanted to greet Zhang Ye, had now dismissed the idea.

Dong Shanshan spoke with Zhang Ye for a while before walking over to the desk beside Zhang Ye. She put down her documents and pulled out the chair, pressed down her skirt and sat down. She was wearing a darker than royal blue mini skirt that felt quite matured. She had black stockings and black high heels of around 12cm high, paired with a black lady’s suit and bundled hair. She was dressed with the looks of a professional. If it were other pretty women who dressed the same, they could only be described as pretty, matured and able. But on Dong Shanshan, there was an additional description of “sexy”, because of her figure. She wore the suit very tightly, especially at the back of her hips and chest. As such, she was more enchanting than the others.

“You’re seated here?” Zhang Ye asked.

Dong Shanshan laughed, “Yes, all the rookies sit around here.”

Zhang Ye looked at the adjacent table, “You reported for work after leaving the hotel yesterday?”

Dong Shanshan nodded, “If I knew you were invited too, I would have come along with you. Things between us sure were good, we were chatting for so long on the plane yet none of us knew that we were going to report to the same unit.”

Zhang Ye was speechless, “Who asked that mouth of yours to always not speak the truth.”

Dong Shanshan gave him a glance, “You did not tell me you were coming to apply as a web host either.”

“You did not ask. Alright, I won’t keep you from your work.” He could see that the school belle had some work to do, so he did not carry on chatting but busied himself.

.....

Afternoon.

It was now lunchtime.

Zhang Ye had been looking at the computer screen the whole morning and felt a little dizzy. He rubbed his eyes and then looked sideways at Dong Shanshan, wanting to ask her to lunch together at the canteen. But before he could open his mouth, a few guys had already come up to her.

“Teacher Dong, let’s have lunch together?”

“Do we have the honor of inviting Teacher Dong for lunch?”

“Yea, we could also discuss about the program together.”

“The program planning for you is almost done, let’s chat while we eat?”

About five to six guys had come up to her at once. They were tall, short, fat and thin, each one more enthusiastic than the other.

Dong Shanshan smiled at them, “Discuss about the program? Hmm...Alright then, let’s go together.” So she headed to the canteen together with the few of them.

Zhang Ye thought to himself: Sure, this bro will have his own lunch.

When he got up, he realised that he did not know the way to the canteen. He wanted to find a colleague to go together and also to have a chat with in order find out more about the company and the people there. But when he tried looking for someone, everyone had already left. It was like they avoided Zhang Ye on purpose and it made him at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Your sister! From the television station to the WebTV station, is this bro so unpopular?

Heading out to look for the canteen himself, Zhang Ye applied for a meal card and then queued for a simple meal of rice and fried vegetables which he took back to the office to eat.

Just before 1 P.M.

Dong Shanshan and the others had returned.

"Teacher Dong, where did you stay last night?"

"I found an express hotel nearby. I had previously believed that our company had staff quarters."

"There isn't any. We all have to get our own rental apartments. Yea, you are still unfamiliar with this place, why don't I bring you to a residential property intermediary after work tonight."

"But won't that trouble you, Ah Qian?"

"That's not troublesome, no trouble at all. It's along the way."

"Sure, then thank you."

"You are too polite, it's just simple help."

With the appointment to go apartment hunting decided, Ah Qian became very excited.

Little Yu who was seated beside him could only look on at him in envy. You were still saying that you weren't good enough for her this morning. And now you are already going after her in the afternoon? Deceitful!

Dong Shanshan mood was not affected as she went back to her work.

Zhang Ye saw this, and could only feel the exasperation one could feel if they competed against others. He could tell that there were at least ten people in the entire office who had their sights on Dong Shanshan. Some showed it on their faces, while others hid it in their hearts. They would glance at Dong Shanshan every now and then, but not make a move.

"You seem really popular." Zhang Ye said in a laughing voice that only the two of them could hear. There were only the two of them on this side of their work area, so as long as they spoke softly, no one else could hear them.

Dong Shanshan glanced, "Is that so?"

Zhang Ye shrugged, "At least more popular than me."

"Hur Hur Hur." Dong Shanshan was tickled, "Why did you curse at people when you just got the job? Composing poetry that scolds people and making trouble during a live broadcast. Everyone already knows that you are not easy to get along with, so who would bother to make conversation with you? At lunch just now, some of them asked me about you, do you know what's their impression of you? They said that you are a 'wonder' of the industry!"

They are the wonders!

Your whole damned family are wonders!

Zhang Ye was speechless for a long while.

With a sudden thought, Dong Shanshan asked, "Oh right, did you find an apartment yet? If not, why don't we go together tonight? I don't know about you, but I'm definitely going to stay here for the long term."

Zhang Ye replied, "I've already found one yesterday and moved in."

"So fast? Where is it at?" Dong Shanshan asked curiously.

Zhang Ye laughingly answered, "It's near the Bund. I forgot which road, but it's a normal two bedroom apartment."

Dong Shanshan said, "The rental over there is so expensive, looks like you've got quite some money. Oh right, the China Airlines reward was already a million. Alright, tomorrow or the day after, I must have a treat from you."

"No problem." Zhang Ye said without hesitating while waving his hands. But with this wave, he knocked a pen off from his desk. It landed right beside Dong Shanshan's leg.

Dong Shanshan lowered her head to pick it up for him.

But Zhang Ye said, "Let me do it, you are wearing a skirt. It's not convenient."

Dong Shanshan did not insist. They were already classmates of four years. With the added incident on the plane and as old friends meeting again at work, their relationship had already become a lot closer.

Zhang Ye bent over his waist towards the school belle's legs. With her legs that were covered by black silk stockings getting closer and closer to his face, it was getting too tempting. Zhang Ye's mind suddenly thought of something. He remembered the items that he drew from the Consumption Category earlier – Red String of Fate. The instructions were rather clear, but he wouldn't know what the effect really was if he did not use it.

Try?

He had to try!

Dong Shanshan did not pay attention to him as she was busy clearing the documents on her desk.

Zhang Ye opened his game ring's inventory and took out a Red String of Fate. As he was picking up the pen beside her leg, he took the Red String of Fate and rounded it around her ankle. Then, he pretended to not have picked up the pen the first time and with a quick flick of his finger, made the Red String of Fate into a knot. With a pull, the Red String of Fate was now tied to Dong Shanshan's ankle.

Zhang Ye could feel and see the Red String of Fate.

However, Dong Shanshan could not see it nor feel it. She did look at him with her peripheral vision, maybe annoyed at why he was taking so long.

Zhang Ye had by now already picked up the pen and got back up.

Dong Shanshan returned her gaze back onto her computer, as she typed and did work.

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief that he wasn't discovered. He crossed his right leg up as he looked down at it and proceeded to tie the Red String of Fate around his own ankle too. The material of the Red String of Fate was very special as it could extend at will. When it was tied onto Dong Shanshan's ankle, it did not have much length, but as he pulled it, he discovered that it could be extended indefinitely and that was how he managed to tie it to his own ankle. The moment it was tied, Zhang Ye felt a numbness

in his ankle. It felt like pins and needles though it disappeared very quickly. He looked to his side and saw Dong Shanshan's brows flinching and then curiously bending down to scratch her ankle.

"Red String of Fate is in effect!"

"Marriage Affinity is now linked!"

That's it? What kind of effect will it have?

Zhang Ye had familiarized himself with his work and had nothing else to do, so he started waiting to see the effect.

Ten minutes passed.

There was no changes of any sort.

Zhang Ye looked over to Dong Shanshan frequently but did not see how their Marriage Affinity had been linked.

At this moment, Dong Shanshan suddenly put down her mouse and stood up. She took her cellphone and a tissue pack with only two tissues in it, then walked out slowly. Judging by the direction, she was probably headed for the bathroom.

After a long while, Dong Shanshan still had not returned.

Zhang Ye looked at his watch hoping to leave work earlier. The Red String of Fate's effect was likely to be slower, unlike the Cupid Sachet which was almost immediate. The effect experiment was probably not going to have any results today?

As he was thinking, his cellphone vibrated!

Zzi, zzi. It was a message from the school belle!

Dong Shanshan: Zhang Ye, are you busy?

Zhang Ye replied: No, what's the matter?

Chapter 226: Stuck in the Ladies'!

The school belle had encountered a problem!

She actually forgot to take her sanitary pad!

Zhang Ye sat there like a wax figure. He struggled for a long time before replying: Wait a little longer, I'll see if anyone comes along. I will help you look for someone here.

Dong Shanshan: OK.

Zhang Ye looked all over the place to ensure that no one was looking at him. Luckily, their desks were situated at a corner. Zhang Ye quietly shifted his body sideways and stretched his arm out into Dong Shanshan's bag to take out a sanitary pad. He also took a new pack of tissues before placing her bag back in its original spot. Then, he quickly stuffed the sanitary pad into his pocket.

Look for someone?

But how should he put it?

This issue was a little difficult to handle!

Through some consideration, Zhang Ye believed that this matter was to be kept a secret from the other male colleagues. After all, it didn't sound good. Dong Shanshan wanted her face after all. And if he become a loudmouth, it would cause adverse effects. Hence, he had to consider which of the female colleagues did not find Dong Shanshan a nuisance. She had to be tight-lipped too, and she would not go around spreading "Host Dong didn't bring sanitary pads to the bathroom". With this in mind, Zhang Ye began to size up each and every female colleague.

This woman? No, she looks a little mean. It's not easy to speak to her.

That woman? No too. Looks like a person who likes to gossip.

But somehow, just as Zhang Ye could not decide who to ask for help from, Deputy Director Wang walked in with a few people, "All our female comrades, please put your work aside. Because there are too many people, tomorrow's medical examination has been brought forward. The vehicle taking us there has already arrived, so please proceed downstairs."

"It's today?"

"Yeah, but we've already had our lunch."

The women muttered some words.

Wang Xiong said, "It doesn't matter if you've had lunch. It's mainly listening and vision tests. Old Chen, please get the ladies organized and let's go."

A middle aged woman stood up and signalled for everyone to head downstairs.

In the space of a few minutes, all of the women had cleared the office.

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded. F\*\*k, it can't be so coincidental, right? The school belle was still waiting for help!

Suddenly, he thought of something. Can this be the damn Red String of Fate taking effect? What was marriage affinity? Marriage Affinity basically meant that two people in the world who did not know each other could get to know each other by chance. Then, through a series of incidents, they would become attracted to each other. When people mention things like "the two of us are really fated", that is basically what they mean. So the Red String of Fate's effect was like this as well? It creates some tiny incidents to make two people become closer, this was what's called affinity? Otherwise, how could the incidents happening right now be explained? Your sister, at least leave a female colleague behind for me! There's not even 1!

Di Di.

A message came in again.

Dong Shanshan: There's still no one.

Zhang Ye: There's really no one, even the office is empty. All the women have gone for their medical examination.

Dong Shanshan: ... Then, I will thank you first? Please bring it over for me. There's only me in the toilet, so you can come in without worries.

Zhang Ye: Why can't I leave it at the door for you?

Dong Shanshan: It's already dripping down my legs, I don't even dare to pull my skirt down. How do you expect me to go out to take it myself?

Dripping down her legs? This description left much to his imagination and Zhang Ye nearly had a nosebleed. He snorted a little before replying: Alright then.

Dong Shanshan: Remember not to be seen by others. Thanks, I will buy you a meal sometime.

Keeping his cellphone, Zhang Ye stood up to go to the toilet. He walked out and there was not a sight of a woman. The office staff was reduced by half and all the men were working. No one paid any attention to Zhang Ye.

At the toilet entrance.

Walk straight in, you'd see a mirror. The ladies' was on the left while the gents' on the right.

Zhang Ye being careful, he went into the gents' to take a look first. He was afraid that there was someone inside and if they saw him coming out from the ladies', he would be totally embarrassed. Okay, there was no one inside, so he came out and then, he hesitantly took a few steps back and forth towards the ladies'. He did not have the courage to go in, so he coughed loudly.

Di Di.

Message: Are you here? Was it you coughing?

Zhang Ye replied: I'm here.

Dong Shanshan: Come in. It's the 3rd door from the inside.

Zhang Ye clenched his jaws and looked back once more, making sure there was no one around before he stepping into the ladies'. He quickly walked towards the rows of cubicles.

The 3rd door?

But there are 2 rows! Which 3rd door was it?

"Where are you?" Zhang Ye whispered softly.

"In here..." Dong Shanshan's voice came from behind one of the doors.

"Oh, coming, coming." Zhang Ye quickly went over.

With a creaking sound, the cubicle door opened slightly. Through the gap of the ajar door, Zhang Ye could see one of Dong Shanshan's leg. The lower half of her leg was swathed in black stocking. Her thigh



was revealed, showing her milky white skin as the pantyhose was already half off, “Don’t look. Pass it to me.”

A hand reached out.

Zhang Ye couldn’t help but look, otherwise how was he going to put the thing in her hand? Besides, he couldn’t see Dong Shanshan’s eyes between the door opening. That meant that she could not see his face either and wouldn’t know if he was looking or not. Zhang Ye didn’t hold back and looked inside a few times. The view was extremely tempting, but he could not see clearly nor was there much to see. A leg, a half hanging pantyhose and a high heel. That was it. Zhang Ye took the sanitary pad and pack of tissues out of his pocket and placed them on her outreached hand.

“OK.” Zhang Ye said.

“Thanks.” Dong Shanshan said.

But at this moment, footsteps could be heard approaching from outside the door. It was the sound of high heels and the footsteps were hastily coming towards the ladies’!

Zhang Ye had goosebumps all over his body. F\*\*k, don’t give me this sh\*t! What kind of trouble do you want to get me into!? His face went pale. If he was seen by someone, he wonders what kind of rumours would start flying. Teacher Zhang Ye sneaked into the female toilet? Teacher Dong and Teacher Zhang’s secret meeting in the female toilet? Zhang Ye knew his reputation had not been too good anyway, but never for such a wretched deed. And this time, it would even affect Dong Shanshan’s reputation!

“Teacher Dong?”

“Teacher Dong, are you in the toilet?”

The woman called out twice, she almost came in by now!

In the nick of time, the 3rd cubicle door opened and a hand reached out to pull Zhang Ye in!

Zhang Ye stumbled not knowing what just happened and he ended up inside!

With a bang, the cubicle door closed and was locked from the inside!

Zhang Ye looked sideways and made eye contact with Dong Shanshan who was half sitting, half squatting. He took a deep breath as his face turned red. Dong Shanshan was probably embarrassed too, but she did not blush. With a swipe of her hair, she used it to cover her face.

Bathroom!

It was the bathroom again!

They were in the same situation as when they were on the plane. So it has happened again? What sort of Fengshui hotspot was a bathroom? Why do we always f\*\*king end up in here!

But regardless of the resentment, Zhang Ye still had a feast for his eyes. He did not need to stare at the school belle deliberately. She was right smack in his field of vision. The toilet bowl was splattered with red liquid, quite a lot in fact. The trash bin was also littered with blood stained tissues. Looking back at Dong Shanshan, because she was in a squatting position, her thighs and hips were together. It squeezed

her perky posterior into a fuller shape. A large white area was revealed. The dark blue short skirt was already lifted up to her waist. It did not have the ability to cover her. The black stockings on her legs had also been pulled down her thighs. They were like a wall preventing Zhang Ye from seeing inside.

The two of them were totally embarrassed.

Dong Shanshan coughed continuously to clear her throat.

Zhang Ye flurriedly reacted and turned his head to the side. It was not good to keep looking.

“Teacher Dong, is that you?” The woman had come in.

“It’s me. You are... Zhang Han?” Dong Shanshan replied to the outside.

The woman laughed, “You can even recognise me this way? No wonder you are in the hosting line, your memory towards sound is too good. Oh right, you should hurry up. The medical examination has been brought forward, everyone’s queuing up to board the vehicle. There’s still a few people left so the leader asked me to come look for you.”

Dong Shanshan said, “I have an upset stomach, maybe you shouldn’t wait for me.”

“Don’t say that, we all have to do the medical examination somehow. If you don’t go today, you will still have to go another time. It will be more difficult to submit your claims if that happens. Don’t worry, it’s not actually that urgent. I will wait for you here.” The woman stood outside waiting.

Dong Shanshan immediately replied, “Don’t wait for me, you go ahead. I will be right with you.”

“It’s fine, we are all colleagues, it’s not a big deal.” The woman said with a sense of loyalty.

Zhang Ye was on the verge of cursing. He thought to himself; why she did not arrive earlier or later? Why now at this critical time!? If she was here a minute earlier, this bro would not have needed to come into the ladies’ and could have just passed you the things! Thinking of this, Zhang Ye subconsciously turned around to give Dong Shanshan a signal. But he saw something he shouldn’t have seen, so he quickly turned around.

Zhang Han started chatting with her, “Is that Teacher Zhang Ye your classmate?”

“Yes, we were in the same class.” Dong Shanshan replied.

Zhang Han said, “Is he really that famous in Beijing? It don’t seem so. He doesn’t even have the looks of a host. It’s the first time I’ve seeing such a hooligan host.”

Holy sh\*t!

She’s now even thrashing my front yard!

You are now even setting me up?

Zhang Ye endured it. There was no other way except enduring it. They were under the same roof, and it was a roof that had quite a stench. The smell in the loo could not be said to be fragrant, but Dong Shanshan’s perfume was mixed in it.

Dong Shanshan said to her in a squatting position, "Teacher Zhang Ye has a honest disposition. He dares to say anything on his mind. He also dares to do anything. He was the same back in school. He never schemed, so the people who liked him liked him a lot, while those who hated him would hate him so much that they would ground their teeth whenever they saw him."

Zhang Ye looked up. So the school belle had such an evaluation of him? She sure knows me!

"Is that so? I couldn't tell." Zhang Han said and then pinched her nose. As the deed was a bit odd, she said, "I think I'll wait for you by the bathroom's entrance. Hurry up, would you?"

"Almost done."

"Alright."

The sound of footsteps trailed away and stopped by the bathroom's entrance.

Without her gone, Zhang Ye did not dare to leave. He whispered, "What do we do?"

"I'll go out first. You can leave once we're gone." Dong Shanshan whispered back. 'Si!' The sound of something tearing could be heard. She must have taken out the sanitary pad. "Have some conscience. Don't turn back."

"Okay." Zhang Ye answered.

There was non-stop sounds coming from behind him.

There was the sound of high heels moving around as well as the sounds of the sanitary pad rubbing across a surface.

About half a minute passed and then Dong Shanshan said from behind, "I'm done."

Zhang Ye turned back and saw Dong Shanshan adjusting her deep blue colored short skirt. With a press of the flush button, the water began gushing out.

The atmosphere was extremely ambiguous.

Zhang Ye looked at her and really wanted to hug her, but he didn't dare to.

Dong Shanshan stared at him with a charming look, "I'm leaving first. Be careful yourself."

"Alright." Watching Dong Shanshan open the stall's door, Zhang Ye took another deep breath. He was afraid that blood would gush out of his nose because he had seen too much today.

.....

"Sorry for the long wait, Zhang Han."

"It's alright. Let's go Teacher Dong."

"Alright. Eh, your clothes are quite pretty. Where did you buy them?"

"Hur Hur, is it so? My boyfriend gave it to me last week."

"You sure are blessed. I don't even know if my other half has been born."

.....

The sounds of their conversation and footsteps faded away.

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. Sticking his head out to look around, he quickly left the ladies', and returned to his desk to work.

Red String of Fate!

You nearly took away my life!

Chapter 227: The Pioneer of Talk Shows in this World!

Evening.

Outside the hospital specified by the office.

As time passed, male and female staff members of Weiwo company's gradually left the hospital. Thirty minutes after the female staff had departed, the male comrades were ushered onto a bus to be sent in for their medical checkup. Even Zhang Ye, who had only started work that day, was no exception. The medical examination for the female comrades was probably more complex and had a couple additional tests, so everyone exited around the same time.

Once outside, Zhang Ye ran into Dong Shanshan again. The Red String of Fate was still connected to their ankles; it had yet to break. However, when he recalled the incident in the restroom earlier that afternoon, Zhang Ye was too embarrassed to attempt to create conversation with her.

"Teacher Dong." A colleague walked out of the hospital. It was Ah Qian, the colleague who didn't sit too far from Zhang Ye.

Dong Shanshan turned around with a smile, "Ah Qian."

Ah Qian asked, "Have you completed your medical checkup?"

"Yes, I just finished." Dong Shanshan said.

"Then let's go. I will take you to search for an apartment." Ah Qian said.

"Sure, then I'll treat you to dinner." Dong Shanshan said.

Ah Qian anxiously replied, "Ah, but you arrived just yesterday, it should be my treat instead. You can treat me next time. Hur hur."

Dong Shanshan then walked off with Ah Qian, but the school belle saw Zhang Han as Ah Qian hailed a taxi. She immediately greeted her and the three of them burst into conversation. Probably by Dong Shanshan's invitation, Zhang Han entered the taxi with them.

Shortly after, the taxi disappeared around a corner.

Seeing that none of his colleagues around him spoke to him, he too hailed a taxi and went home.

.....

Near the Bund.

In an upscale district.

As he walked past a fountain and some rock features, Zhang Ye was busy admiring the view. It felt as though the tiredness from his day had dissipated. Living in this sort of environment, Zhang Ye could only think that his status had changed to that of a high status hoolig ... high status person!

At home.

The temperature was a little chilly.

There was no central heating in Shanghai, so you could only turn the air-conditioner on manually. Zhang Ye turned on the heater and went to shower. He then went to the master bedroom and sat at the writing desk and went online. This was his usual routine each day, to check the internet for news each day. Now that he was a WebTV host, he would have to pay even more attention to the current events.

Weiwo Video.

On the 'WebTV Videos' page.

There was a banner ad, which had Zhang Ye photo on it. The words — "Congratulations Teacher Zhang Ye on joining WEBTV Channel" was emblazoned on it. This ad was most likely put up just today. Yesterday's was probably news of Dong Shanshan joining, probably lasting just for the day. If it was the publicity about anyone else's recruitment, it might not have attracted much attention. After all, those who became WebTV hosts were usually not very famous, as a television station would still be the choice destination for most hosts, but Zhang Ye was different; he had been on Central TV news two days ago. That publicity still had not died down yet; therefore, this small banner was noticed by many people!

On discussion forums, Tieba and Weibo, every platform had people uploading the banner.

"The latest news has confirmed that Teacher Zhang Ye has gone to work at an online TV channel!" a Weibo account named "20 Years of Professional Newsleaks" posted.

"Wow, there's finally some news of Teacher Zhang? Great, we can watch his programs again!"

"I've been waiting for such a long time, too. Now, I'm really looking forward to seeing what type of program Teacher Zhang will come up with this time. Will it be another historical program? A copy of 'Lecture Room'?"

"That can't be; this is online TV we're talking about."

"Right. Historical programs are not suitable here."

"I was guessing that Zhang Ye went to work for Shanghai Television Station. How did it become online television? Even though such kinds of fixed broadcast methods on such a medium is very popular these days, does it suit Zhang Ye? Anyway, I don't expect much from him. He's someone who spoke about history and it's even serious history. If he were to be an online broadcaster, isn't that forcing himself to death? It's all about youngsters in this medium. Even if you can present history very well and in an intriguing way, the other programs are all still entertainment programs. How can you fight on even ground with them? Sure, even if you were to host an entertainment program, too, your field of expertise would have changed; that's even worse!"

“Right. I’m also a little worried.”

“Just what sort of program will he come up with?”

“We will know in a few days.”

A lot of the fans began to worry, as they could see the difficulties that Zhang Ye would soon face.

Of course, there were also those who discredited Zhang Ye.

“Zhang Ye can’t make it anymore. His talent has run out and he won’t be able to produce any good programs anymore!”

“Right. He was only okay speaking when he talked about the Three Kingdoms, but he can’t do well for other topics. Let’s wait for him to make a fool of himself. At present, Weiwo Video can be considered to be a big player in this industry, why would they bring Zhang Ye in? This move was really too lousy! Zhang Ye doesn’t have the looks and he can only depend on that mouth of his; what use is that? With just his mouth, how could he be suitable for the WebTV environment? The other newly joined host though is rather nice. She looks good and she has a sexy figure. This is what I’d call a good move. Any program hosted by her would gain attention, but what does that Zhang Ye have?”

“Why are you discrediting Teacher Zhang so badly?” a Zhang Ye fan asked.

Another fan from his Tieba said, “Since when has Teacher Zhang Ye been logically understood! You are too naive. I very much look forward to Teacher Zhang’s new program, I’m pretty sure I won’t be disappointed!”

Another female Tieba fan angrily said, “Can only depend on his mouth? Yes, Teacher Zhang Ye is not handsome, nor does he have a good body, but so what? Teacher Zhang Ye has depended on that mouth of his ever since his debut. In the past, it was like this. In the future, it will still be like this, too! All of you, just wait! Watch and see how Teacher Zhang Ye uses his mouth to become famous throughout the country! When that happens, which one of you will still dare let out a fart!”

The person who discredited Zhang Ye earlier said, “There’s a brainless fan upstairs!”

The girl replied, “Indeed, I am Teacher Zhang’s brainless fan! Bite me!”

.....

There were also some news reports of Zhang Ye’s career move. There was no lack of local Shanghai news reporting on this.

“Zhang Ye joins Weiwo Video. Will the ratings legend continue?” — The report was written this way: In Beijing, Zhang Ye had created a listenership legend at the radio station. He had broken the midnight segment’s historical ratings and then he jumped ship to work at Beijing Television Station, where his new historical segment broke local television ratings for similar historical segments. The ratings far exceeded the other historical segments. It was worth noting that they were not even worthy of competing with his results, as the disparity of the gap was just too much. This time, him moving to Weiwo Video would likely see him take up a role as a WebTV host. I can’t help but ask... Will his legend continue?

Some felt it would.

But a majority of people did not feel so.

Several news posts were now intensely being discussed.

.....

After reading for over an hour, Zhang Ye lit a cigarette and started smoking. The fans' expectations and encouragement put him under a lot of pressure. For those who doubted and denied him, Zhang Ye could actually understand why they would act that way. He was after all inexperienced and didn't have outstanding results. "Late-night Ghost Stories" dazzled? "Lecture Room" was outstanding? It was not wrong, but when compared to those famous veteran hosts, he was not even close. Those famous hosts, at the very least, had already done 6 to 7 programs and their ratings were all improvements compared to the last. They also broadcast on satellite TV and reached the whole country. Zhang Ye's achievements could not even compare. His previous two programs even had a great deal of limitations. Whether it was ghost stories or historical lectures, they basically did not have big audiences.

What should he choose for his new program?

This was a problem that constantly vexed Zhang Ye.

The program had to meet the need of catering to the younger audience of WebTV, but also had to have substantial entertainment value. It had to cater to the masses even more. There had to be a guarantee that many episodes could be broadcast over a long period of time.

No matter how he thought about it, the only program that seemed to meet these requirements was — a Talk Show!

This was an entertainment culture that came from foreign countries. Late night Talk Shows had more than six decades of history. Overseas, the format of Talk Shows typically had interviews and individual stand-up comedy segments. It discussed politics or sex, so it was not appropriate for the People's Republic of China. Hence, the Chinese Talk Shows in Zhang Ye's world had their own flavor. They formed a new format that matched the country's conditions and ideology. However, the core was not much different from Western style Talk Shows.

They were all Talk Shows.

A host with just his mouth!

However, Zhang Ye had never made the decision to do a Talk Show. It was not that he lacked the ability, but he believed that he was not as good as the Talk Show masters of this world. If he used the segments from his world, many of them had to deal with real-life current events or movies or novels. For example, if he used "Whatever you believe or not, I trust in it", how many people here would understand it? He definitely needed to delete and revise portions of it as this world did not have such works or origin stories. The segment would naturally not be funny. so it was a bit more trouble to produce it. Besides, this world also had its jokes and segments. He believed that he was unable to compete with those Talk Show hosts who had already honed their trade over time. After all, Zhang Ye was still unfamiliar with many things of this world.

Let's check it first.

He first wanted to see the programs of the Talk Show masters of this world.

Zhang Ye began searching the words "Talk Show" in Chinese with a learning attitude, and then... then he was stunned. There was no such word in the search results! He refused to have his beliefs shaken and searched in English, only to find a translation of the words. It was even translated individually, "talk" and "show"!

After more than ten minutes of searching, Zhang Ye was surprised to realize the reality. Be it foreign or domestic, this world didn't f\*\*king have a program that was similar to Talk Shows. There was no such term on the internet, nor did anyone know what Talk Shows were!

Zhang Ye was overjoyed!

Great! He had picked a bargain!

Previously, he was afraid to compete with the many masters of Talk Shows, but now, from the looks of it, there was no need to worry about this anymore. If he pioneered a new art form, then he would be China's... No... The pioneer of Talk Shows in this world!

It's settled!

This shall be it!

Chapter 228: Living with the School belle!

The program format was decided.

Then what program should it be?

A foreign one? One from domestic television? Or the ones on the internet?

There were too many Talk Show programs in Zhang Ye's world. A few years before the world was changed, this type of program was too popular. There were many choices, but from the popularity and particular content of the programs, there were very few choices. He was thinking of a broadcasting format that suited web video. Also considering that he would be the first person to suggest a Talk Show, he had to try his best to choose a traditional Talk Show format that suited the tastes of the locals. He could not choose those pseudo Talk Shows as the precedent. In that case, there was only one option that was the best.

When he thought of this, Zhang Ye had already opened the interface to the game ring. Looking at his overall Reputation points, he was counting his blessings that after obtaining the "Difficulty Adjustment Dice", he stopped using his Reputation points. They could finally be put to use. He used the remaining Reputation points, as well as the Reputation points he gained from the past two days, to buy a total of ten "Memory Search Capsules". He wanted to remember more at one go!

He threw the capsules into his mouth.

He began searching his memory.



Zhang Ye recalled the date and time when he watched those programs himself. His consciousness was naturally brought back to that period under the help of the capsule.

One episode...

Ten episodes...

Twenty episodes...

Why did he need to remember so many at a go?

The reason was that many of the segments that were specific to his world could not be used. He could only use segments that were universal. Hence, he could not just follow the order from his world. He had to delete some and add some, so there was definitely no harm in recalling more episodes. When there wasn't enough segments for one episode, the other segments could be used to supplement the gaps. As long as the connections were done properly, there would not be a jarring feeling.

.....

8:40.

It was nearly 9.

Zhang Ye also regained consciousness after he had finished using the Memory Search Capsules. With a probe of his mind, he could recall a total of more than twenty episodes. Not one word was missing, as they were clearly embedded in his mind. He could even recite it backwards ad verbatim.

Growl.

His stomach began to protest.

Zhang Ye rubbed his belly and felt his hunger. He had not eaten ever since he returned home. He had even had his blood drawn at the hospital. And with the program decided on, his body and mind had completely relaxed, hence his hunger was even more pronounced. There wasn't much at home. Did he have to go out to eat something? Eh, wait a moment. What's happening to the Red String of Fate? Zhang Ye had his head down while looking for shoes to go downstairs. However, he saw the Red String of Fate at his ankle slowly changing in direction. Previously, it was pointing West all along. Clearly, Dong Shanshan was looking for a rental apartment in that direction. But now, the Red String of Fate was pointing directly downwards. As the Red String of Fate could penetrate anything, he could see it embedded in the floor tiles of his house.

It was pointing downwards?

What was this supposed to mean?

Soon, the Red String of Fate changed again. It started pointing a bit East and then slowly raised upwards. Shortly after that, the Red String of Fate turned parallel to the floor and pointed towards the door.

Ding Dong.

Ding Dong.

The doorbell sounded.

Zhang Ye went over and opened the door with his head filled with questions, "Ah, Dong Shanshan?"

The school belle was standing outside the door with the clothes she was wearing during the day. However, she was holding onto two luggage bags that Zhang Ye had seen her use at the airport.

Dong Shanshan flicked her hair charmingly, "Why? We haven't seen each other for only two or three hours, right? Why are you staring so widely? Don't you even recognize your old classmate?"

Zhang Ye said, "That's not it; I'm wondering about the reason why you are here? You know my address?"

Dong Shanshan winked, "Weren't your address and telephone number recorded by the company? My memory is pretty good, so before it was shelved away, I had scanned and remembered it." Saying that, she patted her luggage, "So? Are you letting your old classmate stand at the door? You aren't inviting me in?"

"Please enter." Zhang Ye moved sideways to let her in.

Dong Shanshan walked in and looked around, "Oh, your house is pretty big?"

Zhang Ye helped her carry the luggage in, "It's not bad. It's just an ordinary two bedroom apartment."

"It's in such a good spot in downtown, and the apartment is pretty big. It must at least be more than 10,000 Yuan a month, right? Hur hur. You sure are rich." Dong Shanshan praised him.

Zhang Ye was still puzzled, "Didn't you go apartment searching?"

"I didn't find a good one." Dong Shanshan sighed and said, "Those that are near to the company are too expensive, nor are there one bedroom apartments. The cheapest two bedroom is already around 8,000 to 9,000. Those that are 4,000-5,000 are co-rental with other people. I even went to look at apartments that were farther away. There were one bedroom apartments for 3,000-4,000, but they are too far away. There will be traffic jams just commuting to work. It would take more than an hour, and up to two hours commuting to and fro. And in this line of work, it is inevitable to work overtime. If I get off work late in the night, how am I to go home? Without a car, it's also unsafe. So it definitely wouldn't do."

Zhang Ye smiled. "To think you are lacking in cash?"

Dong Shanshan rolled her eyes at him, and pulled out a napkin to wipe her forehead of the fine fragrant sweat. She had been tired out dragging her luggage all the way here, "I'm really lacking in cash. The money I saved up working in the Xishan province has been given to my parents, so as to let them lead a better life. So I didn't bring a lot of money for my trip to Shanghai. How can I compare to a rich guy like you? You should know about my family conditions, right?"

Zhang Ye had heard about it back in school. He knew that her family's financial condition was average. She wasn't much different from him. They were not from rich families, but their situations had not been as bad as going hungry, "Do you want to get some money from me to tide you over?"

Dong Shanshan chuckled, "You know I never borrow money from others. I'll spend how much I have. That has been my guiding principle. However...I really need help from you."

"Say it, please." Zhang Ye immediately said.

Dong Shanshan smiled slightly and pointed to her luggage, "Yesterday, I lived in a motel, but the motels around here are quite expensive. It's more than 300 a night. When I went to work, I did not carry on my stay at the motel. My luggage was stored at the front desk. I wanted to stay another night after I finished looking at apartments, but there were no more rooms. They had all been taken. After looking around all day, I didn't find any cheap hotels either. So, I came to disturb you." After saying all this, she stood up and sized up the luxuriously renovated apartment. "Actually, I wanted to disturb you for a night, but your house looks pretty good. The renovations and the floor area are excellent. Isn't it a waste to live alone in a two bedroom apartment?"

Zhang Ye was stunned, "Ah? Ah, yes, it's quite a waste."

Dong Shanshan sexily pursed her lips to reveal a smile, "Then let's be housemates. You don't mind your old classmate staying here, right? Of course, I would not be staying here for free. How much is your rent? We can split the rent."

Zhang Ye subconsciously said, "It's 12,000 a month."

"So expensive?" Dong Shanshan smacked her lips, "Let's do it this way. I'll pay 4,000, and then, you can throw your clothes at me; I'll wash them for you."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "How can I agree to that? If you agree to stay, feel free to stay. It's nothing. There's no need for you to wash my clothes or pay."

Dong Shanshan pouted, "Then I'm leaving?"

"Heh, look at you. Do you need to go this far?" Zhang Ye said helplessly.

Dong Shanshan insisted, "I know you mean well, but..."

Zhang Ye was also insistent, "We have been old classmates for so many years; why stand on ceremony with me? Anyway, I will definitely not want your money." Knowing that the school belle was a bit tight on money, he naturally wanted to help her. Besides, Zhang Ye was dying to live with Dong Shanshan together. He would be living with a beauty together!

Dong Shanshan frowned, "You are so unthoughtful."

"It's you who are unthoughtful." Zhang Ye moved her luggage to the second bedroom, "Let's go."

"This definitely will not do."

Zhang Ye smiled with his eyebrows ticking upwards, "Do you know how to cook?"

Dong Shanshan was amused, "You are looking down on me? Then I must let you try it."

"That's good then. I'm starving now. I haven't eaten yet." Zhang Ye somewhat agreed to her suggestion of doing laundry and cooking. However, he naturally did not plan on letting her do the laundry.

"Sure, what do you want to eat?"

"Just something to fill the stomach. I'm not picky with food."

“Then help me move my luggage. I’ll go downstairs to the supermarket to buy some food.”

.....

9:30 A.M.

Dong Shanshan did not change after coming back with food. She grabbed and wore an apron from her luggage bags. She rushed into the kitchen and closed the door. When she came out, there were already two dishes in her hands. One of them was fried chicken wings, sprinkled with some spices. The other plate was oil-dipped shrimp. No water was used; it was stewed in oil. It was extremely fragrant and it looked very good.

“Have a taste.” Dong Shanshan said confidently.

Zhang Ye was starving so he quickly picked up a pair of chopsticks and began eating, “Wow! Yes, yes, it’s delicious!”

Ring, ring, ring. Dong Shanshan’s phone rang. She turned her head sideways to Zhang Ye, “Don’t talk.” Then she picked it up with a smile, “Hello, Mom.”

On the other side, Mother Dong said, “Are you asleep yet?”

Dong Shanshan said, “Not yet. How is dad?”

“He will be discharged from hospital tomorrow. It’s just pneumonia, so it’s nothing much.” Mother Dong said, “How’s your work over there? Did you find a place to stay?”

Dong Shanshan smiled. “I found it. It’s near the Bund and close to the company.”

Mother Dong exclaimed, “The houses there are expensive. How can you be so wasteful?”

Dong Shanshan pointed at the fried chicken wings, motioning for Zhang Ye to try that dish. She said into the phone, “No, I’m living at an old classmate’s house. I don’t have to pay.”

Mother Dong said attentively, “A man or woman?”

“Of course it’s a woman.” Dong Shanshan could lie at a moment’s notice.

Mother Dong acknowledged and said, “That’s good. Remember to thank her.”

Dong Shanshan leisurely said, “I’ve already thanked her. We are eating supper now. She has a morning shift tomorrow, so she has to sleep early today. So I won’t be talking anymore. Bye, Mom.”

Seeing her hang up the phone, Zhang Ye sweated. He was wondering why all the beauties he met had something with their words. The Heavenly Queen’s mouth was filled with daggers. She was completely different to different people. The landlady’s mouth was venomous. She could be as damaging as she wanted with her words. As for the school belle’s mouth, nothing she spoke was the truth!

Chapter 229: What is a Talk Show?

Beep, beep, beep!

The alarm rang. The day had just begun.

Zhang Ye kicked away his fluffy down blanket and switched off the alarm. He was still sleepy, so he rolled over and carried on lazing in bed. He didn't care if he was late for work.

Shortly after, there was a knock on his bedroom's door.

"Zhang Ye."

"...Huh."

"It's time to wake up. Hurry and get up."

"Got it. Let me sleep in a bit longer."

The door was not locked, so Dong Shanshan walked right in. She was dressed in professional attire. Today, she dressed in the style of a white-collared office lady. Her thick lipstick and the makeup on her face made her look sexy, as well as accentuated her curvaceous figure, regardless of the clothes that she wore.

Dong Shanshan poked him, "Breakfast is ready."

A fragrance wafted through the gap in the door. It smelled like porridge.

Zhang Ye opened his eyes tiredly and sniffed, "It smells so delicious."

"If you don't wake up, I'm going to eat it all." Saying that, Dong Shanshan walked out the room and closed the door behind her.

Zhang Ye stretched his back and quickly dressed himself and got out of bed. Thinking of Dong Shanshan waking him up... This scene reminded him of a young wife waking her husband. It made Zhang Ye feel his heart itch. He decided not to set an alarm in the future. He just needed to wait for the school belle to wake up him up daily.

In the hallway, Dong Shanshan was preparing the utensils.

"Good morning." Zhang Ye greeted her as he entered to the bathroom. He saw another cup beside his brushing mug. A purplish-red toothbrush was placed in it. Looking sideways, there were three new bath towels, as well as several facial skincare products. Zhang Ye did not know a thing about these. There was even a pink sanitary pad placed beside the toilet paper roll. They obviously all belonged to Dong Shanshan.

We really are living together.

The situation seemed pretty good. In the future, he could feast his eyes on a beauty walking around his home. Furthermore, the beauty was in charge of cooking. Was there anything more blissful than this new lifestyle?

Living with the school belle?

Just thinking about this made Zhang Ye feel incredulous!

When he came out after washing up, Dong Shanshan had already begun eating without him.

Zhang Ye pulled up a chair and sat down. He recalled something and went to his bedroom to grab it. He came out with a key in his hand. "This is the key to the house. It's the spare one."

"Alright." Dong Shanshan took it and put it away. "Hurry and eat."

"Alright." Zhang Ye drank a mouthful of porridge. He repeatedly praised it.

Dong Shanshan smiled very happily, "Do you need to act so dramatically? Although my food isn't horrible, it also isn't that good. I'm only good at making a few dishes."

Zhang Ye encouraged her, "No way; it's especially tasty."

When Dong Shanshan had finished eating, she said, "I'll go to work first. Let's not go together."

"I understand. Go ahead then." Zhang Ye said. They definitely could not let their colleagues know that there were living together. It would lead to negative effects and bad rumors.

Before leaving, Dong Shanshan waved, "I'll see you in the office shortly. Oh, yes. Just leave the dishes in the sink when you're done. I'll wash them when I return home tonight."

The door closed and she was gone.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye felt a tingle around his ankle. This feeling felt very familiar. It was the numb sensation he felt when the Red String of Fate was activated after he had first tied it. With him suddenly feeling the sensation, he could not help but lower his head and saw the transparent Red String of Fate tremble before snapping with a slight sound. The Red String of Fate disappeared into thin air and became red strands of light. In the blink of an eye, nothing was left other than the system message from the game ring:

[ Red String of Fate No Longer In Effect]

Great, it had lasted for about half a day.

Zhang Ye was pretty pleased with an item like the Red String of Fate. Although his Marriage Affinity with Dong Shanshan lasted nearly a day, the time spent was like being on the edge of a blade. Their Marriage Affinity had clearly been pulled together. The incident in the bathroom and the matter of staying in his house had all closed the distance between him and the school belle, both psychologically and physically. They were only separated by a hallway. Hence, the Red String of Fate's effects were very clear. Zhang Ye believed that if he did not use the Red String of Fate to tie their Marriage Affinity together, Dong Shanshan would definitely not have come to his house last night, nor would she have chosen to stay here. She would probably have found an apartment to stay at since Shanghai was so large. It was definitely possible to find something suitable and cheap with so many apartments available. Even if she didn't manage to find one on such short notice, the motel that Dong Shanshan used would not have been fully booked. This was probably all based on the effects of the Red String of Fate.

Also, there was another point. Even though the Red String of Fate had broken and became ineffective, the "victory" it created did not lose effect. Dong Shanshan would definitely still live here!

This is a good thing!

There was another one left that could be used in the future!

After he finished his meal, Zhang Ye closed the door and left for work.

.....

Weiwo Headquarters.

WebTV department's office.

When Zhang Ye swiped his card, it was 8:55. He had barely made it to work on time. When he walked towards his desk, he heard people speaking to Dong Shanshan.

Ah Qian said hospitably, "I'll look for an apartment with you again tonight."

"There's no need. Hur hur. I already found a place to stay. Thank you." Dong Shanshan pulled out some specialties from home and passed it to him, "This was brought from my home. Have some."

Ah Qian felt flattered and said, "You didn't have to."

"You accompanied me to house hunt all of yesterday, and even treated me to a meal. I'm the one who feels bad. Take it. It's not that expensive either." Dong Shanshan pushed it to him.

Ah Qian said happily, "Alright. By the way, where are you staying?"

"Me?" Dong Shanshan began lying, "Seeing that the rent around here was so expensive and it's inconvenient to stay so far from here, I went to live with a relative."

Little Yu, who was sitting nearby, joined in the conversation, "You have a relative living near here?"

Dong Shanshan nodded, "That's right. A paternal elder cousin of mine. She has been in Shanghai for a few years now."

The female colleague, Zhang Han, said, "Staying at a relative's place is good. You can take care of one another. Renting a place with someone is troublesome and also unsafe. Shanshan, maybe you can invite us to your place as guests when your cousin isn't home?" Yesterday, when she went to the bathroom to search for Dong Shanshan, she referred to her as Teacher Dong, but today her salutation had changed. Clearly, they were a lot closer now. Yesterday, it was Zhang Han who accompanied her to go house hunting, too.

A guest?

Go home?

Zhang Ye, who was about to sit down, slipped and nearly fell to the ground.

Dong Shanshan smiled receptively, "Alright. We'll find a day, but it definitely won't be in the near future. My cousin seldom travels." This goalpost was moved far away.

It was time to work.

People began to busy themselves.

Zhang Ye was already pretty familiar with work, and with no one giving him any tasks to complete, he could sit in front of the computer and do nothing. However, he was not sitting by idly. He could do

something, even without having tasks assigned to him. Hence, he created a new document on the computer and began preparing his program proposal.

What should he name it?

What program name would be the most suitable?

After tapping on the keyboard a few times in deep thought, Zhang Ye rejected a few talk show program shows from his world. Things like “Tonight 80’s Talkshow”, “Weekly something Show” would not do. Zhang Ye was wondering if he should respect the orthodox talk show program names from the West, such as “Zhang Ye’s Show”? No, this was the world’s first talk show program, after all. If words were omitted, there would be more people who could not tell what it meant. It needed to be the full name!

Let’s call it “Zhang Ye’s Talk Show”!

Right. This was easy to tell at a glance!

As Zhang Ye was a talk show fan of his world, he had watched it often. Along with him being a professional broadcasting major, he knew a lot about Talk Show programs. He spent about an hour completing his proposal. It included the stage layout, live audience, equipment requirements, funding application, and various other aspects. He listed them all out in detail. He found it very well done.

Elsewhere, Ah Qian had returned from outside. He was in charge of professional program planning in the WebTV department. Little Yu also had a similar job description. They were responsible for any proposals for, and the production of, new programs.

Ah Qian first found Dong Shanshan, “Teacher Shanshan, I’ve showed your proposal that we discussed yesterday to the Director. He’s okay with it and asked us to begin preparing.”

Dong Shanshan blinked, “That proposal for ‘Online Talents’?”

“Yes, it’s that one. Didn’t we reject one of the other ideas we discussed?” Ah Qian said.

Dong Shanshan smiled. “It’s good that it has been approved. These kinds of programs are pretty popular these days. We can also get some tailwind from it, too. However, the exact implementation still requires more consideration. Those talents aren’t easy to find, right?”

Little Yu chuckled, “It’s easy to find them. We just need to collate them online. There can’t be too many people applying for it, and they don’t have to be talented in a certain aspect. Something humorous would do, too. For example, I know that someone who can consecutively fart more than ten times in a row can be considered talented. It can also attract a lot of attention. Anyway, our WebTV is given more free reign, and is more open to topics than television stations.”

Dong Shanshan nodded, “Alright, then I’ll begin the preparations.”

“Alright. Leave the planning and implementation to us. I have even thought of the team to help you out.” Ah Qian said, acting very professional.

“Then I’ll trouble all of you.” Dong Shanshan smiled. “When the program is produced, I’ll treat everyone to a meal.”



Talent show?

There was such a thing here already?

Zhang Ye was no stranger to it. Although he had not seen such programs in this world, they were clearly more or less similar. His world also had such a program for a very long time. Zhang Ye was feeling a bit regretful. He was wondering if this world did not have all sorts of programs. If not, then after he finished his talk show, he could flex his muscles and use the programs from his world. But now, it seems like.. it had been just a dream. Some programs had already appeared in the entertainment environment of this world.

It was impossible to not have anything. After all, their society was very similar, so there couldn't be too great of a disparity. Zhang Ye did not have that many loopholes to fill. For there not to be a talk show in this society's history was already extremely lucky for him. He did not think further and planned to research on it in the future. Furthermore, this world also had programs that did not exist in Zhang Ye's world. Hence, both worlds had their own things which Zhang Ye needed to slowly explore.

Let's not think about it too much!

First, he had to make the format of a talk show popular!

Zhang Ye began typing and modified the proposal on his computer.

At this moment, Ah Qian hesitantly looked at Zhang Ye after he had finished speaking to Dong Shanshan. He finally walked over and smiled. "Teacher Zhang, hello. I'm a part of the second program planning team of our department. You can call me Ah Qian." Be it income or their social status, program planning employees like Ah Qian and Little Yu were definitely lower than a host. The level of their jobs were incomparable, so he had to speak politely to Zhang Ye.

Of course, the other reason was that Zhang Ye looked to be someone with an "unpleasant" temper. Ah Qian was a bit fearful when speaking to Zhang Ye. He was afraid that he would end up being cursed at if he wasn't careful with his words. He was in charge of planning and definitely could not compete with a host in a swear battle. A host was someone who made a living with their mouth!

As for Zhang Ye? He was excited!

There was finally someone amongst his colleagues who came to speak with him!

Zhang Ye was nearly overflowing with tears. Over the past two days in the department, not a single colleague had spoken to him other than the school belle. It made this fellow feel like he was playing a single-player game! Hence, from the looks of Zhang Ye, one could understand that people could temporarily not need others or need any exchange. However, people were, after all, social creatures; they would find it torturous if social activities and exchanges were cut off for a long time.

Zhang Ye held his hand and said, "Hello, Ah Qian."

Ah Qian nearly jumped up with fright. Man, you are way too enthusiastic. "Uh, hello, hello." Seeing this scene, his attitude towards Zhang Ye also changed. He was no longer that afraid. "Just now, when I went to Deputy Director Wang's office to submit the application for Teacher Shanshan's program, the Leader

asked me if you had any thoughts on where to begin for your program, and I didn't know how to answer. Later, the Leader told me to tell you to look for him at 11. He will return after a meeting."

Zhang Ye looked at his watch, "It's soon. Alright, I'll be there in a moment."

Ah Qian blinked his eyes, "You already have some ideas for your program? Actually, I wanted to discuss with you about the new program yesterday. However, I heard that the situation regarding you and Teacher Shanshan was different. The higher-ups delegated the program's planning, production, and hosting to you?"

Zhang Ye acknowledged it, "Yes, that's what the contract said."

Ah Qian gave a wry smile, "This makes other so envious. Typically, a new web host would not be allowed to plan his own program, even if he were quite popular. It is usually created through a discussion with everyone, or by selecting a suitable proposal from the planning archives for submission. For you to have such freedom, it is something that I'm hearing for the first time in this company."

After a pause, he said, "Actually, it's not odd, too. I have specially watched your 'Lecture Room', and it was really well done. It managed to consider both the historical knowledge and interesting aspects of it together. It also had great synergy. I heard that the program was planned by you? Also, back then, the creative advertisement for the conservation of electricity was also planned and produced by you? You are an expert in planning and much better than us. However, maybe the Leaders are not at ease to fully leave the planning to you, so I didn't dare to venture too deep yesterday. In front of you, I don't dare to act the expert." He euphemized his words and one could tell that he was trying to build a good relationship with Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye remembered that the Human Resource person who had been cursed away by him knew Ah Qian and company. He had even chatted with them. But from the looks of Ah Qian's attitude, it was unlikely that they had very close ties. They could chat, but their relationship wasn't that great.

Zhang Ye felt good being flattered, "Don't say that. Being a broadcasting host is just my profession. As for planning, that's just fun and games for me. I can't compare to you in terms of experience."

Both of them flattered each other.

This was what chatting meant.

When Little Yu noticed that Ah Qian had managed to look so friendly with the industry wonder, he also felt some pressure. He took the opportunity and also went over, "Teacher Zhang, I've long heard about your fame. Everyone calls me 'Little Yu', or calls me by my English name, 'Ca...'" When he spoke up to here, he suddenly recalled that Zhang Ye was an ultra-nationalist, so he quickly ceased, "Just calling me Little Yu would do. I'm also part of the second program planning team."

"Hello." Zhang Ye shook hands with him.

The two of them were very young. The trio were similar in age.

After a short while of chatting amongst the trio, Dong Shanshan joined in after finishing up her work. They began laughing amidst their chatting. The atmosphere was good.

"Aiyah." Little Yu looked at the time, "It's 11."

Zhang Ye got up, "Then I'll look for the Leader. By the way, how do I print something? I want to show Deputy Director Wang the plan."

Ah Qian exclaimed, "You have done it already?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, I just finished it."

"Wow, so fast?" Ah Qian felt dizzy hearing that, but without any hesitation, he helped Zhang Ye print out a copy from the computer.

Dong Shanshan and Little Yu also curiously came to take a glance.

Other than the title, they did not see anything, for the other words were too small.

Zhang Ye's Talk Show? What was this? The trio was stunned and were slow to react. Talk what? What sort of program was this? A show and dance?

.....

The Deputy Director's office.

Zhang Ye knocked on the door, "Leader."

"Come in." It appeared that Wang Xiong had just returned from his meeting. He was entrusting a task to an employee. When he saw Zhang Ye, he smiled. "Little Zhang, have a seat." After he was done giving instructions, the employee left and closed the door behind him. Wang Xiong then said, "I was looking for you about your new program. Although I know a good program requires a long period of planning and preparation, the number of clicks our WebTV has been receiving doesn't look optimistic. It has been continuously declining over the past few months. We lost quite a lot of market share. You can feel it from looking at the views on our website. It is also the reason why we headhunted you and Dong Shanshan. We want to make two new programs to compete with other WebTV sites, so it is quite urgent."

Zhang Ye said confidently, "Leader, I understand. Hence, I have already taken the time to prepare a program plan. Please take a look and give me your opinion." He took out a few pieces of A4 paper.

Wang Xiong was very surprised, "Oh? You are already done? Good, very good." Previously, when he saw Zhang Ye's posture, he thought that Zhang Ye wasn't diligent at work and wanted to reprimand him. Who knew that he was so hardworking and had already come up with a plan. Wang Xiong liked such employees. Compared to those employees who sucked up to their Leaders, the kind of people who were prepared for a rainy day before the Leader spoke was naturally well-liked.

"Let me take a look." Wang Xiong took it over.

Zhang Ye sat there, with an unflinching expression.

After a few glances, Wang Xiong was dumbfounded.

"Talk show?"

"Yes."

"What's a talk show?"

"It's talk-show in English."

"What is talk-show?"

"It's a talk show."

Wang Xiong, "..."

Your sister! Are you having tongue twisters with me?

Chapter 230: No One is Optimistic!

Wang Xiong finished reading the program's proposal patiently.

Zhang Ye, who was sitting opposite him, said, "A Talk-Show is a transliteration of talk show. As for why it's called this, yeah, it's just a name I came up with randomly. It mainly uses current affairs and is presented as a segment to the audience. For example, songs, movies, or a hot topic in society... All these can be used as material and made into an interesting segment to tickle the audience's funny bones. Yes, simply speaking, that's how it is."

Wang Xiong looked at him, as if to confirm that this was not a joke. After being sure that Zhang Ye was serious, he was speechless. "Isn't that a lecture-type program then? At most, you're adding properties of a news report and presenting it to the audience with some current affairs?"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, knowing that he did not understand, "It's not a lecture or a new program. Actually, this program's core and selling point is about being funny. The main motive is to make everyone feel relaxed. As for the usage of current affairs and news in the talk show, their authenticity is not really that important. Any rumors or online gossip can also be used. Whether it is speculation or twisting of facts, it does not matter at all. What we care about is how funny it is."

"Then it's like a variety show? A few hosts will keep making funny pranks and tease the invited guests to achieve a funny effect?" Wang Xiong asked.

Zhang Ye shook his head, "It's not that either. It will be me alone hosting, different from the traditional variety shows that you are talking about. I don't even need any invited guests, nor any outside help. Just give me a few dozen audience members and it will be good. There will not be any pranks or games, just people purely listening to me speak."

"Just you alone speaking?"

"Yes."

"Listening to you tell jokes?"

"Yes."

"Then isn't that just a mono crosstalk?"

"It's not that either. A mono crosstalk has a single theme. A talk show basically doesn't need a theme. Even if there were a theme, it's mainly just a directional theme. It's not clear cut. It does not even need

an opening or an ending; the segments can be presented as is. That's very different from a mono crosstalk."

Zhang Ye's previous world had a very famous talk show host who once said that when he first did a talk show program, he did not give up on crosstalking. As his familiarity with talk show hosting deepened, he went back to doing crosstalks. It had become a mess during a performance. Only after he adjusted to doing both and changed some techniques was he able to do both talk shows and crosstalking. From this, it could be said that these two performance arts had unique concepts that specifically catered to their own audiences.

Wang Xiong said, "Maybe I am inexperienced, but I've never heard of such a program before. Are there similar programs in foreign countries?"

Zhang Ye replied, "Not yet."

"Do you mean that this an original type of program created by you?" Wang Xiong said as he touched his forehead.

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes. I have the confidence that I can make this program good."

Wang Xiong looked down at the program proposal again. After being silent for a long time, he said to him, "Little Zhang, it's not that I don't trust your standards, but this sort of program style is too different and new. Do you think the audience can accept it? In any case, after reading this proposal, I am unable to accept it completely. Having a lot of joke segments together, could this support the program as a whole? It's impossible. How can it be so simple! There were cases of such programs in the past which told short stories and jokes. But it has been tried and tested and these programs have too many limitations. They can not hold the audience; it just doesn't have that sort of attraction. Telling jokes is still okay and telling them occasionally like variety shows is rather good, but to tell them constantly with the whole episode spent telling jokes... How do you expect the audience to watch that? Just half an episode would annoy them."

Zhang Ye had a wry smile, "Leader, like I said, a talk show is not purely about telling jokes. It incorporates other artistic forms and artistic charms."

"I can't approve this program proposal." Wang Xiong rejected.

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I've really been preparing this for a long time and I have the confidence and ability to make it...."

Wang Xiong interrupted him. He was very sure of his own judgment, and he said, "If it were such a kind of program, you might as well continue your historical lectures. Even though there will be some limitations due to the audience demographics, at least that won't go wrong. This talk show that you are now talking about is really too obscure. It won't become popular."

Zhang Ye instead replied, "It will definitely become popular!"

Wang Xiong looked at him, "Why don't you change it to something else?"

"I insist on this program." Zhang Ye was determined, "Maybe you don't feel what I feel because you have never seen a talk show's style and audience, therefore you cannot accept it. But that's okay; I can

try it for a few episodes. Let's see how the program works out. If it really can't be accepted and the audience does not approve of it, you can axe the program."

Wang Xiong frowned, "You are so confident?"

"Yes," Zhang Ye replied calmly, "I've never felt this confident before!"

Wang Xiong had seen many hosts or program producers having their proposals rejected before. The programs that they came up with were definitely what they liked best and felt would become popular. Every time Wang Xiong rejected them, they would most definitely argue with reasoning, their emotions in an upheaval. They would keep telling Wang Xiong why and what's good about their program, speaking agitatedly and anxiously. That showed that they were in denial, but Zhang Ye's reaction made Wang Xiong look at him another time. Because he was not agitated, but instead rather calm. He only simply told Wang Xiong — His program would definitely make it.

Slapping his palm on the proposal, Wang Xiong said softly, "What about this? You are not a rookie in terms of program and advertising planning, and you have produced some dazzling results. This was why the company dared to let you develop your own program. If you are indignant about it, I can submit the proposal to the higher-ups. You can return and wait for the news."

"Alright. Thank you, Director Wang." Zhang Ye did not say anything more before opening the door and leaving.

The moment that he left, Wang Xiong brought the document to his superiors. The WebTV department's core was its web programs. It was the most important aspect of their department, so for such a new program's decision and approval, he and a few Leaders were personally responsible for it.

.....

Outside.

Zhang Ye did not return to his office immediately and instead went to the bathroom. After rinsing his mouth and washing his face, he looked at his reflection in the mirror. His heart felt somewhat tangled in knots.

What if they did not approve it?

What if they believed that a talk show would not make it?

Few people had the guts to do a completely new program as they would think that if such a program could become popular, why would other television stations not think of it? Their ideologies were very conservative, so they were instinctively reluctant about new things. The more they worked, the more conservative they became. However, in this world, only Zhang Ye himself knew that the artistic format known as talk shows would definitely become popular, and it would be so popular that it would sweep both foreign and domestic markets. Some people would not even be able to sleep if they did not watch a talk show on a weekend night!

But how could he tell them that?

How could he tell them that he was from another world, and in that world of his, talk shows were extremely popular? That this art form had already been affirmed by the market?

Who would believe that!?

And he could not say it either!

Ten minutes later, Zhang Ye returned to the office from the bathroom.

Ah Qian came towards him and said, "Teacher Zhang, I was just looking for you. Just now the Director's secretary told me to inform you that you should go up to her office. Maybe it's about your program proposal."

"Alright." Zhang Ye went over.

Outside the door, he knocked.

Feng Guiqin's voice called out from inside, "Come in."

Zhang Ye pushed the door open and saw five people on the guest sofa. They were huddled around a table, looking at Zhang Ye's proposal. There was Feng Guiqin, the Head Director, Wang Xiong and some others that Zhang Ye did not know. They were likely Departmental Leaders.

"Little Zhang, take a seat." Feng Guiqin pointed to a small couch by the side. She then whipped out the document, "Is this your new program?"

Zhang Ye sat still, "Yes."

Feng Guiqin observed the people by her sides, "What do you guys think?"

A middle-aged man said, "Honestly, I'm quite disappointed. I can't see any core selling points or attractive power for this so-called talk show. We paid a high salary to invite Zhang Ye here, mainly because of his program planning ability and eloquence. However, this proposal is too pointless. I don't see a need to develop it."

Wang Xiong instead helped speak up for Zhang Ye, "Old Gu, it's not as bad as you said. It's just not that spectacular."

Old Gu said, "But it is too far from what I was anticipating. Look at 'Lecture Room'; that was one of the best history lecturing programs I have ever seen."

Another male in his thirties nudged his glasses and threw down the proposal in his hands, "The higher the expectations, the greater the disappointment. I am also not optimistic about this talk show. What's the point of a program that just tells jokes? A few people might think that it's not bad after a cursory scan, but it would not be able to maintain their attention for the long-term. It could end up with many of the audience members not even paying attention. Isn't this just plagiarizing online jokes? What technical content would there be? The copyright itself is a problem. If someone manages to accuse us of plagiarism, and we go to court, what do we do about the negative influence?"

Zhang Ye explained, "It's not plagiarism. My segments are definitely new."

Old Gu said, "How many new segments can you alone come up with? How many episodes can you do it for? Besides, let's ignore the problem. Your program itself has a flaw."

The male in his thirties said, "The crux of the issue is what is the key attraction of this program? There are no hunks, nor are you using babes. Just you alone telling jokes? Can't the audience just go to a compilation of jokes on the internet? Why would they listen to your program? Am I right, Zhang Ye?"

You even asked me 'am I right'?

Right, your great grandpa!

You guys just echo each other and disapprove of it completely!

Finally, the person said, "Are we right?"

Zhang Ye was irritated. He said a phrase embedded deep in his memory. It was Director Feng Xiaogang's words who used it against his Leaders who kept criticizing him when they came to check on a gala's programming. Zhang Ye said to the two, "The opinions of the Leaders, I definitely heard it and would definitely enforce it, but if you have to make me say that what you say is right, then that is impossible! You cannot deny the basic judgment I have as an artist!"

Old Gu frowned, "You're feeling resentful?"

"Alright, cut it out." Feng Guiqin said, "Although I'm not optimistic about such a program without any precedent, it is because I am unable to tell if this program is good or bad. As it is a first, the entire world does not have any experience with such a program. In my opinion, we can let Little Zhang have a go at it. However, it is limited to one episode. Let's record one episode before we discuss this any further. If the viewership count does not hit 500,000, then sorry, the program will definitely be axed."

Old Gu said, "Director, there's no need to try it, right?"

The male said, "Besides, it is a waste of resources. Setting up the stage and the advertisements all cost money."

Feng Guiqin said, "That's why we are only trying out one episode. We must give youngsters who dare to experiment a chance after all. Let's settle on this. Little Zhang, we are awaiting your results?"

Zhang Ye was quite touched. He never expected the boss to agree to it, "Don't worry. I will not disappoint you!"

Great!

As long as he could produce the program, he would be able to open everyone's eyes, letting them know what a talk show really was!