

## Superstar 331

### Chapter 331

Time to do the lottery.

It had been a while since he had last drawn from the lottery. He decided to try his luck.

Zhang Ye leaned against the heater in the small room. He had moved a chair to sit next to it, as he rubbed his hands before opening the game interface. He spent 100,000 Reputation points to buy a chance at the lottery. He was not planning on buying Additional Stakes on his first draw. He was just trying his luck, so he wanted to see what would happen first.

The lottery began. The needle began spinning!

Consumption Category...

Skills Category...

Stats Category...

Special Category...

Slowly, the needle stopped at the Consumption Category!

A Treasure Chest (Small) appeared. He placed it on the floor and opened the lid!

[ Cupid Sachet ] : Effective once it is worn. Increases the player's luck with the opposite sex for five minutes!

Upon seeing the item had had drawn, Zhang Ye let out a snicker. He had drawn this item before. He had come to know the Heavenly Queen through this item. If not for this item, Zhang Yuanqi would probably not have drunkenly come to his rented apartment in Jiaomen East and knocked on his door. He managed to obtain it again? Without needing to talk further, this was a good thing. Zhang Ye scanned at the remaining items in his Inventory.

[ Save ] x 1

[ Red String of Fate ] x 1

[ Difficulty Adjustment Dice ] x 2

There was only that much. It was quite empty.

Taking out the sachet from the Treasure Chest, Zhang Ye thought about it and did not put it into his Inventory. He blinked his eyes and decided to use the sachet. Since he had nothing to do, he wanted to see what miraculous effect the sachet would create this time. Would it make another beauty appear again?

Cupid Sachet's in Effect!

Countdown, 5:00...4:59...

Zhang Ye could not help but be excited. He looked around and pricked up his ears to see if anything happened outside his door. Oh? There were no sounds? This time she isn't coming in from the main door? Would a babe come in from the windows? Zhang Ye pulled the curtains to take a look. Still there was nothing. Could there be a living person underneath his bed? Zhang Ye squatted down and pulled the bedsheets apart. Still nothing. What's going on? Where did my cupid luck go to? Uh, it can't be that because there's someone home, the Cupid Sachet became ineffective? If a beauty really came knocking on the door, Zhang Ye believed his parents would be the first to be at the door. Then what sort of cupid luck was that? He needed to be alone with a girl.

Zhang Ye smacked his forehead, "Zou le!"

This was a Beijing dialect. It meant being wrong.

Just as Zhang Ye was thinking his Cupid Sachet had been wasted, his cellphone vibrated suddenly. Beep. Beep. It seemed like there was a notification sound. It was an unfamiliar sound to Zhang Ye. It was not a text message from his phone. Hence, he unlocked his phone after picking it from the bed. Oh, it was this world's chatting app. It was similar to his world's QQ or WeChat. Zhang Ye was accustomed to using it on a desktop, and seldom chatted from his cellphone, so he had never heard the notification sound before. He didn't even use this account more than a few times.

Ever since he became a public figure, Zhang Ye had registered a lot of new accounts and obtained verified status on them. He used his actual name, as it was more convenient. And after all, he wasn't that famous yet. If he used a nickname like "Little Face-smacking Expert" on Weibo or Tieba, most people wouldn't get to know him, nor would they be able to recognize him. Hence, he decided it was better to use his real name. As for the account logged into this cellphone, it was still Zhang Ye's old account. As after changing cellphones, he had never really used it, so his old account had always been logged in. The Friends list was full of mostly random people and he did not even remember when he joined some of the group chats. Since he no longer used the chatting account, most people on it did not know him.

Who was that?

People actually still look for me on this account?

This bro's account nickname was "I'm Your Daddy". Who was so bold as to chat with this bro? Ah, and it was a private chat?

The avatar blinked and wobbled.

Zhang Ye clicked on it out of curiosity.

Pictures!

Pictures!

And more pictures!

And they were all being downloaded. They had not been opened yet.

Zhang Ye noticed that this person was not a Friend of his, but a member of the casual chatting group “Blossoms in Beijing”. The chat window was a temporary chat amongst the group’s members. This person was probably a girl. Her name was “Water Lotus Moon”.

Water Lotus Moon?

Sailor Moon’s (Water Ice Moon) sister?

What pictures are you sending to me? And so many at one go?

Zhang Ye counted. There were a total of 26 pictures. The pictures were quite large and they were still being downloaded. His cellphone’s internet speed was quite poor. After about 8-9 seconds, the pictures appeared one by one. Zhang Ye originally thought it would be similar to those emoticon packs in his world’s QQ that were being sent over. However, when the first picture appeared on his screen, Zhang Ye’s eyes nearly popped out. He was momentarily dumbfounded!

They were all photographs!

And sexy photographs of a real person!

Pictures that could make one foam in the mouth. Zhang Ye was wondering what the situation was. Who was this person? Why did she send me these pictures? Good things should be shared!

Perfect!

Such generosity!

Society is still filled with good people!

Zhang Ye chuckled. Since he did not recognize this nickname, and his account was effectively anonymous, he sent a message: “Friend, nice!”

Water Lotus Moon quickly responded: “...”

Zhang Ye typed: “Are there anymore? Keep them coming.”

Water Lotus Moon said: “Who are you?”

Zhang Ye said with a sweat drop flowing down his face: “You sent me pictures without knowing me, but it’s fine. We are all friends. Who is this woman? Her body is fabulous. Is there a photograph with her face?”

The other party was silent for several seconds before replying: “You are also from the ‘Blossoms in Beijing’ chat group?”

Zhang Ye wondered out loud: “That’s right. When you clicked on me to have a private chat, wasn’t it done through the group? Did you send a group message? Sending it to everyone in the group? You are too generous! These sorts of benefits should be shared with everyone! I’ll give you a Like! Now on the internet, everyone is separated by a computer. People have begun to lack trust. It is helpless and tragic. Now, we need people like you to break down the walls between people, letting our hearts be enjoined together. Spread the Love!” Having not chatted in a while, Zhang Ye unknowingly began babbling on. He found it difficult to stop once he got into the mood.

The other party did not reply.

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, "Come on friend. Send me a few more. The people need you! If not, tell me where you found those pictures. I will download them myself!"

This fellow never thought of any other possibilities.

Then he saw Water Lotus Moon send a message. "Friend, this Big Sis sent them to the wrong person. A friend asked me to send a few scenery pictures of when I was on vacation. I chose the wrong picture folder and sent you all the pictures in it!"

Ah?

Holy sh\*t!

Those were all pictures of you?

Chapter 332

In the cellphone chatting window.

Zhang Ye asked: "Is this your photograph?"

Beep. Beep. Water Lotus Moon's message came in: "Please don't spread it around."

Upon receiving the answer, he wiped his forehead. "Man, are these really taken of yourself? Sorry, I didn't know. I still thought you got someone's photographs and posted it in the group chat. Don't mind what I just said. Then, I didn't deliberately look at your pictures. You sent me a bunch, so I subconsciously glanced at it. Actually, I didn't look at them very carefully. Really." Thinking about how he had talked about the walls between people and how love should be spread, Zhang Ye felt a bit embarrassed. To think the person in the picture was this Sailor Mo...Water Lotus Moon!

Water Lotus Moon: "It's fine. Since you have seen it, whatever. Just don't spread it out."

So generous? Zhang Ye blinked: "Big Sis, don't you worry."

Water Lotus Moon: "If you can delete the pictures I mistakenly sent you, that would be even better."

Zhang Ye said without any hesitations: "Sure, hold on."

If it was anyone else, they might not really delete it. After all, the other party would not know even if they didn't. So although Zhang Ye's personality was a bit of a troublemaker, what he said was reliable. After agreeing to do so, he immediately deleted all the pictures on his cellphone and took a screenshot before sending it to her. The screenshot showed that all the pictures of Water Lotus Moon had turned into crosses. There was no way to show them anymore.

Zhang Ye said: "All the pictures and records have been deleted. As for the temporary saves, they have been cleared too. Don't you worry. The spread of the pictures will stop at me." Saying that, to adequately assuage her, Zhang Ye took another screenshot of the information of his pictures folder. He did not like taking photographs, so there was not a single photograph in it. There were only a few default pictures that came with the phone. After providing a screenshot of the listing of the pictures directory to her, he took a screenshot of his most recent chatting history. The first person on the list was

Water Lotus Moon, and the second chat history was three months ago. Zhang Ye was telling her that he did not save her pictures by sending her pictures to anyone. And since it all happened in a flash, only thirty seconds had passed since the pictures arrived, so Zhang Ye did not have the time to wire up his phone or other method to transfer it to his computer or other devices. Hence, those screenshots proved his innocence.

Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon. "Thanks, young lad."

Zhang Ye smiled and said: "You are welcome. I shouldn't have seen it in the first place."

Water Lotus Moon: "You sure are polite. Hur Hur. It's no big deal actually. For some reason, my mouse wobbled just now, so it's all my fault. Since the photographs don't include my face, it's alright."

Man, you should have told me earlier!

If it's alright, I wouldn't have deleted them!

Those alluring photographs...What a pity!

However, from the chat message from Water Lotus Moon, Zhang Ye figured out something. The mouse cursor wobbled for some unknown reason? The person she wanted to chat with was incorrectly chosen? Even the photographs sent over were in such a large quantity? Clearly, that was not a coincidence! It was the Cupid Sachet's effect! The Cupid Sachet was not being ineffective! It was just not cupid luck in real life this time! It had become an interaction on the internet through cupid luck! And from looking at Water Lotus Moon's figure from the photographs, even if she was not a stunning beauty, she would definitely be not be bad looking. Uh, of course, things were not certainly through. There were people with stunning figures, but very unsightful faces.

Di Di.

Water Lotus Moon: "Are you schooling?"

Zhang Ye: "No, I've been working for some time."

Water Lotus Moon: "When did you join the group? I've never seen you."

Zhang Ye: "Not sure either. A few months ago. I think someone invited me and I just joined. I've never spoken in the chat. What about you? You have always been in this group?"

Water Lotus Moon: "I joined yesterday. I wanted to go on vacation over the Lunar New Year, so I searched for a group to join. I seldom go on the internet too."

Zhang Ye: "There sure is a lot of people during the Lunar New Year."

Water Lotus Moon: "Hur Hur. Nothing you can do about that. Everyone is on break during the Lunar New Year."

Zhang Ye: "How old are you?"

Water Lotus Moon: "In my thirties. What about you?"

Zhang Ye: "Then I really need to call you Big Sis. I'm in my twenties."

Maybe it was because of the photographs pulling their relationship closer, the two carried on chatting.

Zhang Ye thought that after seeing her naked photos, she would be embarrassed, but he had guessed wrongly. Water Lotus Moon did not seem to especially mind.

Suddenly, Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon: "I recall that you said my figure is good?"

Zhang Ye coughed and typed: "I think so."

Water Lotus Moon: "Is that the truth or just some flattery?"

Zhang Ye: "Of course it's the truth. I didn't even know that it was you in the photos. What's there for me to flatter? However, your photos really make it look like you are not in your thirties. I would have thought you were in your twenties."

Water Lotus Moon: "Is it that exaggerated? Well, do you want to see more?"

Upon seeing that, Zhang Ye sat up from his bed. He immediately typed: "Yes, is it alright?"

Water Lotus Moon's response speed was average. She did not type very fast: "If you want to take a look, it is okay. The pictures were not meant to be seen by people. However, you are Big Sis' first audience member. Since you were so nice to delete the photos, and aren't bad, I'll send you a few more."

Zhang Ye hurriedly said: "That's my honor. I'm looking forward to it." Saying that, he sent a cute picture of a cat sitting on the ground, blinking with its watery eyes.

There was no shame!

If you didn't know how to grab the opportunity with a golden mountain before you, that was what shame was!

Water Lotus Moon" "Hur Hur, that picture of yours is quite funny."

Following that, Zhang Ye's chatting app began buzzing!

Beep, beep, beep, beep, beep. There were five beeps, and five pictures were sent over! Now with fewer pictures, his internet speed managed to download them with ease. They were almost immediately downloaded!

A new picture came in. It was a close up of her buttocks. In the high resolution photo, not only was there a close up of her buttocks, it was also naked. Unfortunately, it was not taken from the bottom, but from her back downwards. Many of the critical parts could not be seen. He could only see large parts of supple flesh and a pretty angle. To take such a photo by herself, the angle's position was really quite hard to grasp.

The second picture was even more provocative. There was no clothes on her body. Water Lotus Moon was sitting on the ground across a mirror with her legs tightly crossed together, doing a very alluring pose. Her hand was hold onto her left breast. Her long hair sprawled down onto her shoulders and chest. On the top of the photograph, he could see the trace of her chin. Not much of it was revealed, so there was no way to see her face.

The third picture: Water Lotus Moon was lying on a platform, that looked like a bay window. The sun's rays were shining in from the outside, lighting up her naked body. If this picture was really taken by a bay window, then the curtains definitely could not be drawn. It was definitely in the day time. She sure was bold, unafraid that her neighbors would see her.

The fourth picture: Lower body. She did not wear underwear, but wore a black pair of stockings.

Fifth picture: In the bathroom. She was lying in a bathtub filled with water. The water was probably moving, and her accentuating figure line was being refracted by the water, but whatever that one wanted to be seen could be basically seen. That seductive pose was beyond words!

He finished looking at all of them.

Zhang Ye's throat was a bit dry. "I've received them!"

Water Lotus Moon: "Have you seen all of them?"

Zhang Ye: "Yes, so beautiful. Your figure is too good!"

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm just a bit fatter."

Zhang Ye disagreed. "Not at all. That is just nice. Not one bit more or less. I especially like that little tummy of yours. Very beautiful and feels just right. It's like a piece of art. Your body's proportions are also extremely good. Well, the only problem is that the angle of the photograph isn't perfect and a bit tilted." In the West, people were more open, so these sorts of photos were commonly seen. Zhang Ye also began to use an artistic point of view to chat with her.

Water Lotus Moon: "You seem to know a bit?"

Zhang Ye: "Not really. Just speaking randomly."

Water Lotus Moon: "You are quite right. These sort of photos can only be taken by myself. I need to stretch out one hand, or place it on a tripod, so there are limitations. The angle and lighting isn't easy to grasp, so it's not easy to take them. Hur Hur. I'm also not some professional photographer. Just doing it in an amateurish manner."

Zhang Ye asked: "You like to take these kinds of...artistic photos?" After pondering for a while did he come up with such a euphemistic term.

Water Lotus Moon: "Kinda. I take them every few days. I record the beautiful times before I grow old, if not there might not be a chance in the future."

Zhang Ye said boldly: "Do you still have these kind of 'artistic photos'?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Probably a few thousand."

Zhang Ye's nose nearly bled, "A few thousand?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Accumulated bit by bit through time. Year by year, it just passed without me knowing. Why? Hur Hur, you still want to take a look?"

Zhang Ye hurriedly said: "Yes! ! ! !" Four exclamation marks were used to express his feelings!

Asking for the pictures!

Asking for the seeds, Big Sis!

Suddenly, his game ring's interface lit up!

[ Countdown Complete. Cupid Sachet effects has ended! ]

Following that, the cellphone kept buzzing. Water Lotus Moon sent a message: "Forget it. We'll chat again. I'm going to sleep. You sleep early too. By the way, remember to delete the photos. Don't spread them."

Don't sleep!

Why would the Cupid Sachet lose effect at this moment!

Sending pictures and chatting. The five minutes had passed too quickly!

However, Zhang Ye could not say anything else but say: "Alright. Go take a rest. Bye bye."

"Bye bye." After Water Lotus Moon said that, her avatar turned dim.

Zhang Ye was hardly satisfied, nor could he fall asleep. Although he could think of was the supple flesh of Water Lotus Moon's photographs. Hence, he clicked on Water Lotus Moon's personal profile.

Nickname: Water Lotus Moon.

Age: Secret.

Sex: Woman.

Job: None.

City: Beijing.

Introduction: Seldom on the web. Don't disturb.

As for the other information, such as photos, there was none, if not private. This person's information was too simple.

Chapter 333: What to talk about for the third lecture?

Dong dong.

There was a knock on his door.

"Son!"

"Hmm? Yes!?"

"It's time to wake up. I got you tofu pudding."

"Got it Mom. I'm getting up now."

"Hurry. You have a class this afternoon. Eat it while it's still hot."



Zhang Ye stretched his lazy ass. It was getting cold in the house and he did not feel like getting out of his blanket. He wrapped it around himself and searched for the clothes that he was going to wear today, pulled them into his blanket and got dressed piece by piece. Then he got off his bed to wash up and have his breakfast. He did not sleep well last night. He had a dream in which Water Lotus Moon appeared. Her very large breasts, which he saw in her photos, were bouncing about in his dream had tormented him for the whole night. It was very alluring. This big sis' photos were really too coquettish.

After the meal.

His parents went to work.

Zhang Ye noticed the time. It was also time for him to leave.

When he went downstairs, he took out his cell phone and took a look at the avatar of Water Lotus Moon. It was darkened, probably not because she was on invisible mode, but rather because she was not online. He gave up and took another glance at the photos that she sent to him later on. He clenched his teeth. Even though it was so pitiful, he still deleted them as promised. After all, Water Lotus Moon had specifically requested him to do so as this was a matter of her privacy. If she had trusted him so much, then he would respect her request. What if he had really accidentally lost his cellphone or they got leaked out. This was not an outcome that Zhang Ye would want to witness.

Even though network security in this world was very strong, there was no guarantee that something like that wouldn't happen. Thinking back of his previous world, didn't those foreign celebrities cause an uproar and commotion when their cell phone photos were leaked out. No matter how secure it was, there were always some hackers who could outsmart the system.

He gathered up his mind.

Off to work.

Zhang Ye drove to Peking University. On the way, Zhang Ye's phone rang.

Wu Zeqing had called. "Little Zhang, come to my office in a while."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright President Wu. I'll be there in 20 minutes."

Then he drove faster and arrived at the entrance of Peking University. He parked his car at the building behind the man-made lake and walked up the stairs in large strides. This side of the building was newly constructed and not older than a few years. Compared to the Chinese department where Zhang Ye worked, this place was much newer and the decorations were much more exquisite.

When he went upstairs and turned around the corridor, he heard many voices chattering away.

The Vice President's office was open. There were about eight people inside.

"President Wu, this has affected classes for our other departments."

"President Wu, the Chinese department is Peking University's symbol, we understand that. Now that Zhang Ye's class is doing well and has attracted a lot of good attention from the public, it has raised the name of our Chinese department and would help in this year's department ranking selection, but you cannot let this affect the other departments. It's not that we don't care about the overall situation, but

every time Zhang Ye holds a public lecture, our students play truant and skip classes to attend his lecture. They did not sign up for the 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective, but still go to his lecture over their main classes. In the end, the ones to suffer will be the students themselves, it would still affect the reputation of our university!"

"Our department's teachers also have our views, President Wu. Don't be biased, there are still other departments in Peking University."

"You really cannot have any more public lectures."

"Right, if that won't do, holding it at night would be fine."

When Zhang Ye heard this, he stood in the corridor and did not enter. He understood that these department leaders and lecturers had all come to President Wu to make their cases known. Zhang Ye's contributions had fired up their Chinese department and given them something to cheer about, but the other departments were unable to compete with his popularity. Students from their departments had all gone over to the Chinese department to listen in on his lectures and those department leaders and teachers were not happy about it.

With a helpless laugh, Zhang Ye walked in. "President Wu." After saying that, he nodded to the other teachers and professors. He did not know the people from the other departments well, so he could not name them. He could only give a simple greeting.

Upon seeing the person in question arrive, Teacher Zhou said, "Teacher Zhang, you are here. Did you hear what we said? Don't put it to heart. We aren't targeting you. The reason is that too many students are playing truant." Saying that, he pointed to the documents on the table. "Take a look. When you hold a public lecture, the class attendance in our departments dropped by 30%! This is the lowest in all these years!"

"Same for the Mathematics department."

"Same on our side."

"The students don't want to come to class."

The chattering increased. Some of their attitudes were alright, while some teachers and professors did not give a good attitude towards Zhang Ye. Their dissatisfaction was written on their faces.

Zhang Ye felt sorry and had nothing to say. "About that..."

Wu Zeqing knocked on the table and gently smiled. "Alright, I've heard what everyone has said. Go back now, I will handle this matter from here and will definitely give everyone a satisfactory answer."

"Teacher Zhou said, 'Alright, then we will be leaving.'"

Since President Wu had already give her promise, there was nothing left for them to say. Wu Zeqing's reputation and authority in Peking University was very high. Everyone knew they could trust her.

The people left.

The door was closed.

Only Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were left in the office.

“Do you want tea or water?” Wu Zeqing stood up with a smile and got a paper cup.

“No, no. You take a seat. I will get it myself.” Zhang Ye took the paper cup not wanting to trouble President Wu. He went over to the water dispenser and poured himself a cup of hot water, sat down and drank.

Wu Zeqing took a sip of her tea courteously, “Are you tired from these past 2 days?”

Zhang Ye smiled, “No, this workload isn’t much compared to being a host. It’s almost the semester break and there’s not many days left for lessons.”

Everytime he saw Wu Zeqing, she was always very gentle and beautiful!

Her dressing was never outstanding, but it would slowly eat into you!

Today, President Wu wore a traditional classical long dress. It was white based with black flowers on it. It belonged to a more Chinese style with the dress covering the full length of her legs. She was wearing plain colored high heels with ethnic prints on it. It was also Chinese styled. She wore a knitted black sweater without buttons for her top, but it did not reveal much of her chest area, so needless to say, there was no cleavage shown either. The top edge of the full length dress was very high, so anything that needed to be covered was covered. She dressed very conservatively, and very elegantly. If this were ancient times, she would definitely be a scion of a large noble family, and from her bearing, one would immediately know she was a beauty who was gifted in poetry, painting, chess, and music.

It was really nice!

She was so beautiful beyond words!

As Zhang Ye drank the water, he kept glancing at her.

Wu Zeqing placed the teacup down. “You might have heard from just now. Actually the teachers from the other departments are quite displeased. Let’s do it this way. Today’s public lecture will be changed into an ordinary class. It will be held in a small lecture theater.”

Zhang Ye did not have any problems with that. “Alright. It’s your choice. I’m fine with anything.”

“There’s quite a number of people who will probably be here today, but just the reporters are a little troublesome to handle.” After saying that, Wu Zeqing picked up her desk phone and made a call to delegate some instructions, “Hello, Little Liu, go arrange. Teacher Zhang Ye will not be holding a public lecture, but will be holding the class in a lecture theater instead. Only the students enrolled in ‘Appreciation of the Classics’ will be allowed to enter the class. Let the reporters know early and that there will be no interviews allowed...yes, I know the reporters are already here. Communicate with them a little. At most, promise them an interview after the class...right, do what you need to regarding the students. If it really does not work out, go and get their relevant department teachers to bring them away.”

After she hung up the phone.

Zhang Ye was a bit embarrassed. "Sorry President Wu for causing you so much trouble, causing everyone to do all this extra work."

"There's nothing to be sorry about." Wu Zeqing smiled warmly. She did not laugh very loudly, but always held back a little, "This shows that your teaching level is recognized by everyone. It's a good thing. Looks like I did not recruit the wrong guy. I know that regarding this course, you'd be the best person to teach it."

Zhang Ye said with gratitude, "Thank you for your trust."

Wu Zeqing ran her fingers down the hair that hung down her left side. "In fact, from the beginning, I had never thought of you, but when I saw you on the flight returning to Beijing, I had a feeling that you would be very suitable. Not only did I believe that you'd lecture well, I also felt that you would open new doors for this elective class and bring about change. Honestly, your performance really surprised me and everyone else. Do you know about the university rankings?"

Zhang Ye was stunned momentarily, "Of course I know it. Isn't the ranking done yearly?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "The ranking selection has already begun this year. The results should be released in a few more days. You have let many people in the Chinese department have hope, including me."

Zhang Ye said in confusion, "That can't be? Isn't our Peking University Chinese department the best in its field? Although it can't be compared to the Mathematics department or Sciences faculty's dominance in the rankings, we would still be considered to be the top of our field, right?" Peking University's Science faculty was peerless in the country. Even though the Chinese department was not of that level, they were still a representation of Peking University.

Wu Zeqing said, "That's old news."

"Why so? It's no longer good?" Zhang Ye asked.

"We can't say it's not good. It's just that we have been stagnant for too long and have not made further achievements while others like Nanjing University and Tsinghua University and even Beijing Normal University have been catching up to us. Two years ago and last year, they had even tied or surpassed our Chinese department's ranking. Everyone says that our Peking University's Chinese department is in its decline. Even within Peking University, there are many people saying so. When I was assigned to take charge of the Chinese department, I could feel the pressure over the past two years when I took over." Wu Zeqing looked at him, "This is also one of the reasons why I invited you to join us. I wanted to bring change to Peking University's Chinese department. And you have done what all of us could never imagine. You were outstanding."

Zhang Ye finally understood.

Why did Chang Kaige and the others suddenly change their attitude towards him?

They were hoping that Zhang Ye would bring them back to where the Chinese department belonged!

Peking University's Chinese department was still a top ranked department throughout the country, but to Peking University's Chinese department, top ranked wasn't enough. They had to be ahead of

everyone else, because in the past years, they had always been the top dog in their field. Number 2 or 3 wasn't too bad either? That might be true for other universities, but to Peking University, only number 1 would be good enough!

Zhang Ye smiled bitterly, "With my little bit of ability, what can I do? I can only talk about some topics that I researched and analyzed before. It's even too controversial. I don't think that would be much help to the Chinese department?"

Wu Zeqing grinned, "That's not necessarily true. The university ranking process has always been a very complex process consisting of many factors. This time, your 'Dream of the Red Chamber' analysis might have already been put into consideration for the university rankings for our department. As usual, our department hasn't had any new achievements this year and the previous professor for 'Appreciation of the Classics' class had also been forced to stop classes because of his illness. If it had continued on like this, then it would have been likely that our ranking would remain the same as the previous two years. First place would have been out of reach, or we might even have been dropped to third place. That is without question, but after you joined us, you revealed the secret of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. No matter how controversial that may be, you would have increased our scoring by quite a bit. This is because literature has always been controversial since ancient times. It's not like Mathematics where 1 is always 1 and 2 will always be 2."

Zhang Ye immediately felt the pressure. "President Wu, then what do you want me to do?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Just do your best and leave the rest to the heavens. As long as you continue to do well in your next few classes, it will be fine. Don't do anything purposefully. Oh, right. I saw that you have already brought all the important points in your first two lectures, so what will you be talking about today? Dean Chang had looked for me this morning to discuss about it. He said that if he knew you were so quick to point out all the arguments and analysis, then he would have let you spread it out over more classes. That would have satisfied the class hours too."

Zhang Ye said happily, "Don't worry about that. I've already thought about what to say. This tempo is just right. I will do well in the remaining classes."

Wu Zeqing nodded, "If you say so, then I am relieved. Alright, it's almost time. Go and busy yourself with your work. Everyone's looking forward to your performance."

Zhang Ye said, "I'm also a staff of Peking University's Chinese department. Contributing to the department is my duty. I cannot and do not dare to guarantee that our Chinese department would rise in the rankings because of me, but I can promise that my class will not cause any more problems!"

What should he talk about in the third class?

Zhang Ye had already thought of it. He planned to follow through with his point of view and main argument with a refreshing method of presentation. He would talk about something that did not exist in this world, something that no one had ever heard of.

Chapter 334: Breaking New Ground Again!

Morning.

Peking University.

Chinese department, in the lecture theater.

When Zhang Ye arrived, the venue was still chaotic. Many reporters were outside, trying to squeeze to get in, but were prohibited by security. A few Peking University students from other departments also wanted to attend the class, but there were some teachers blocking the entrance, persuading them with earnest words, asking them to leave. However, these students did not leave.

“Return to your classes!”

“Teacher, I don’t have a class today!”

“Can’t we listen outside, through the windows?”

“There are still seats in the classroom. Teacher Kong, just let me inside!”

“Everyone, hurry up and leave. There’s no room for negotiation today. President Wu has already announced it!”

In the end, there were still a large bunch of students who refused to leave. They leaned on the windows, or stood by the doors. The teachers also did not leave, but they stopped trying to persuade them. As for the reporters, not a single one of them left. They moved to spots outside the windows, ignoring the security guards and began filming.

When Zhang Ye walked into his class, all his enrolled students were already present. He did not feel that there was any differences in a public lecture or a class like that. Since the video lecture would be posted online later on, whoever wanted to watch it could watch it. A class held in a small classroom, on the other hand, was much quieter. There were no people with nefarious motives to cause trouble. He had more freedom to say what he wanted. “Everyone, quiet down. I’ll start taking attendance. Li Chengan.”

A boy raised his hand. “Here.”

Zhang Ye said, “Yao Mi.”

“Here!” Yao Mi giggled.

“Li Li...” Zhang Ye checked on the attendance.

“Here.” Li Li raised his hand high up.

There was a 100% attendance rate.

Zhang Ye was pleased as he smiled. His students had given him face. “Alright, with everyone here, we can begin today’s class.”

Be it the students seated in the classroom, or those students leaning against the windows, they immediately pricked up their ears. The reporters were also invigorated as they prepared to hear Zhang Ye’s introduction. In the last two lessons, whatever needed to be said had been said. Teacher Zhang Ye also did not plan on repeating the evidence that supported his point, hence, in that case, there was nothing left to talk about. How was he going to continue lecturing? This was what everyone was curious about!

Chang Kaige also came.

There was also department dean, Zhen Shuquan. They were both sitting in the last row of the classroom.

Today, quite a number of teachers from the Peking University Chinese department came. Su Na and Professor Zeng were some of the examples. They were all very concerned about Zhang Ye's third class. The outcome for the entire country's department rankings were about to be posted in the coming days. They had not kept their hopes up originally, but Zhang Ye's public lectures had given them hope once again. Hence, all the department leaders placed great importance on Zhang Ye's class.

The reporters were in a similar position. With many people discussing the truth behind 'Dream of the Red Chamber' and Zhang Ye's shocking point of view, they naturally wanted to be first to hear the news.

Zhang Ye leaned on the podium and smiled and said, "Everyone should have gone back and pondered over the things I mentioned in my previous two classes. Do you agree with it?"

Yao Mi was the first to answer. "Yes! Definitely!"

Senior Song also nodded her head. "There was indeed multiple problems in the chapters after the eightieth."

Senior Zhou also agreed. "What you said made a lot of sense. It's impossible to doubt it."

Zhang Ye said, "It seems that a majority of my students express agreement. Then people might begin to doubt. Since the chapters after the eightieth of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were not written by Mr Cao Xueqin, and the missing manuscripts cannot be found at this moment in time, then are we to just sit here and twiddle our fingers? Are we not going to do anything?" He paused and smiled and said, "That won't be the case. There are still many things we can do. In today's class, I will talk about a new topic in the study of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' that I named myself." As he said that, he picked up a piece of chalk and wrote three words on the blackboard.

Vestige Forensics!

The students turned stunned!

Chang Kaige and Professor Zeng looked at each other with questioning looks. What's that?

The reporters outside were excited. As expected, this Zhang Ye had new tricks up his sleeve every day. We knew he wouldn't wish to stay mundane. He was about to reveal something new again!

Senior Song raised her hand. "Teacher, what topic and field of study is this?"

"Vestige Forensics?" Senior Zhou stared and said, "Why have I never heard of this before?"

Zhang Ye lowered his hand to gesture for them to sit down. He said, "It seems everyone is unfamiliar with this topic. Actually, just a simple explanation and you will all understand. The Vestige Forensics of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' is established based on the foundations that the chapters after the eightieth were lost. In the academic field I have researched, forensics does not mean haphazard guesses. It is not fictitious guesses, but using the first 80 chapters on the whole, and the guidance of ancient manuscripts, as well as relevant historical information and records, to infer the original words and intentions of Cao Xueqin. This field of research and topic can help us find the original intended plot and developments of Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! It will allow us to know how Cao Xueqin's 108 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' should have been written!"

Senior Zhou said with a gasp, "Is, is that possible?"

Li Ying also stared in a daze. "Yeah, is that possible?"

Su Na and Professor Zeng gasped. Zhang Ye could restore 'Dream of the Red Chamber'?

In this world, no one believed 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was continued by someone else, so of course, there was no research such as Vestige Forensics. However, in Zhang Ye's world, Vestige Forensics of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was already very mature in development. Many Redologists were immersed in it, spending their entire lives in this field of research.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Many of you do not seem to believe me, but I can tell you that it is possible. In the following classes, I will be talking about this. Of course, it's the same. This is my own personal analysis and research. If you feel there's something problematic or disagreeable about it, we can discuss it during or after class."

Everyone's appetite was whet!

After Zhang Ye's lecture, many people already believed that 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was continued. Didn't you see those experts from the literary world completely at a loss for words? Hence, everyone was naturally wondering what the true plot in the chapters after the eightieth was. Zhang Ye had boasted saying that he could use Vestige Forensics to infer the true ending. Everyone did not believe him, but they were very curious and looked forward to it!

"Teacher Zhang, hurry up and talk about it!"

"That's right, don't keep us on our toes!"

"If 'Dream of the Red Chamber' can really be restored, that would truly be fascinating!"

The students began to echo.

However, Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Hur Hur, everyone finds it fascinating? Actually it's nothing fascinating. Many of the plot's development and the fates of the characters had been set in stone during the first 80 chapters. According to my forensics, Cao Xueqin's chapter 81 begins from chapter 73. It is the chapter that ends the 9th unit of the entire book. From chapter 82, a new plot unit will begin. I mentioned this before. Then, from chapter 73 onwards, it begins to wildly beat the gongs and drums about the internal conflicts going on in the Jia residence, the external conflicts, and when interlaced together, exploded. This is an edifice that is already shaking. It was about to collapse at any time. As Simple picked up a highly embarrassing object, she caused Prospect Garden to be raided. Raiding Prospect Garden was a matter pertaining only to Rong-guo mansion, but in the end, Lady Xing and a Wang Shang-bao's wife went in, causing chaos to ensue. It was completely without any proprietary. When the raid reached Tan-chun, how did Tan-chun act...?"

"The most tragic was Skybright, who died. Skybright was the most important of the 12 Beauties of Jinling Register. In the first 80 chapters, Qin Keqing, who was in the "Register", died in chapter 13. When the story developed to this plot unit, there were people beginning to die. Hence, the tragic fate of the family unfolded, as the family slowly declined."



“Then in chapters 78 to 80. The females in the family were on the brink of death. Yin-chun made a mistake by getting betrothed to Zhong-shan wolf, and wolves eat people. When Xue Pan married Xia Jingui, Caltrop was also nearing the end of her life. According to Cao Xueqin’s plan in writing this entire tragedy, once that happened, people from the Main Register had to die too. Qin Keqing died near the beginning, and now, it was time for Jia Yingchun to die. People from the Supplementary Register also needed to die. Hence, in Cao Xueqin’s chapter 81, it should follow the trajectory of chapter 73, ending in a tragedy. The deaths of people in the Supplementary Register should have carried on. Those from the main Register would also die. Those who were supposed to die should have been Jia Yinchun and Caltrop. Hence, according to Cao Xueqin’s textual structure, I believe the 81st chapter of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ should have a chapter title like this, ‘Zhong-shan Wolf swallows a beauty, A Termagant ends a soul.’”

Everyone believed that even if Zhang Ye was going to talk about it, he would not talk about it in deep detail, and just vaguely talk about it by brushing against the surface. No one expected that Zhang Ye’s so-called self-created Vestige Forensics had been studied to such great detail. The things he inferred were all very strict and precise. He even guessed from forensics the 81st chapter’s title. Just this alone stunned Chang Kaige and Professor Zeng!

Zhang Ye lectured bit by bit.

The crowd listened in shock. At times, they were gasping in shock, and sometimes engaging in deep thought throughout the lecture!

One class quickly finished. This time there was no extension. Zhang Ye followed his own pace and after finishing, he began keeping his documents. “Alright, that will be all for today. If there’s anything you do not understand, you can ask me after class. Class dismissed.”

After attending this class, the Chinese department’s leaders and a few professors no longer had any doubts. Though Zhang Ye did not talk about the problems about the author of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’, it did not mean he had nothing else to talk about. Now, it was even better. He had put forth a new topical study in Redology and it was extremely interesting! In addition to this, everything adhered to the logical trajectory! Maybe Zhang Ye was not right, but you had to admit that this was breaking new ground in Redology research!

Following Zhang Ye’s previous point of view, he had once again stepped to the forefront of Redology research. He was shattering everyone’s entrenched understanding bit by bit!

Chapter 335: This Semester’s Last Class!

One day.

Three days.

Five days.

In a few days time, Zhang Ye held his lessons as usual. The students got more and more addicted listening to him. Zhang Ye also became more and more excited about lecturing. Every time, only after someone reminded him that he had exceeded the class’ given time would he stop the class.

These few days, with strong urging from the students, Peking University had approved another of Zhang Ye's lectures to be held as a public lecture. What was different this time was that it would be held at night instead to avoid affecting other classes. The grand auditorium could not always be reserved for Zhang Ye, there were still other teachers who used it as well as activities held in it. Zhang Ye couldn't get reservation slots, so he just held the lectures at the 1200 seater auditorium. The night time public lectures were always full, even if you were early to class, you might not be able to get a seat, let alone if you were late for class.

You might have heard of queuing up to buy groceries.

You might have heard of queuing up to buy property.

But you definitely have never heard of queuing up to attend classes!

When other institutes of higher learning heard this, they were speechless. If anyone told them that this situation would happen for an elective class, the people from Peking University would never believe it, ever, but all of this was now happening right before their eyes! Zhang Ye had done it, no one could be unconvinced by it!

Today was Zhang Ye's last lesson.

In the auditorium, there were especially many people. A lot of the students were packed into the auditorium as even some seats were shared by two people.

Of course, what was more worthy to note was the seats at the side of the auditorium. There were many unfamiliar older faces. There were men and women, of at least 30 years old. Before the class started, Zhang Ye had heard Chang Kaige mention that some of these people were Redologists or from the community. Some of them were also from other institutes of higher learning or the education system. They had all applied to attend this last lecture beforehand. Some of them might have been hoping to find mistakes to pick on, while others were here with the hope of learning more.

On stage.

Zhang Ye spoke seriously, "The title of the 108th chapter might have been called 'The Divine Luminescent understands the meaning of letting go at a precipice, the stone returns, with a listing revealed'. Why do I say so? Because when the beggar couple encounters the large snowstorm at the end, there was no way for them to survive in the open. They might have gone into the wilderness and discovered a farmhouse. They wished the farmhouse would open the door to provide them with some warmth, and they eventually discovered that the master and mistress of the farmhouse were very kind to them..."

The lectures of these past few days had already left everyone unable to speak.

Senior Song, Senior Zhou, and some others who were usually very active no longer questioned anything.

Outsiders who came to listen into the class did not manage to interject a single word. Even those who came to cause trouble could not keep up with Zhang Ye's pace. They were completely brought into a new realm of knowledge that they did not understand — Vestige Forensics. All they could do was listen to it in a daze!

Beforehand, no one had expected Zhang Ye's research to be so detailed.

From the 81st to the 108th chapter, Zhang Ye had logically guessed the chapter titles of each of them. He presented to them what he thought would have been the original plot of the story in such detail that he even included all the plot foreshadowing from the first 80 chapters!

It was too amazing!

It was really too awesome!

Just what sort of knowledge capacity did he have?

Throughout the course of this lecture, it had left many people believing more and more that someone else had continued the writing after the first 80 chapters. They felt that Zhang Ye's analysis of 'Dream of the Red Chamber' was the original plot development of the novel instead! According to the plot described by Zhang Ye, it was a more logical and suitable ending! Many of the logical errors that had left the Redology world frustrated were solved perfectly by the way Zhang Ye spoke about it!

A Redologist even lowered his head to take notes. He listened with an open mind and did not dare to put on airs in front of Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye carried on speaking. "This character was also foreshadowed. He is one of the characters that would participate in the finale. They should be received by the Second Maid's parents. It was too late to save Shi Xiangyun. She was already frozen to death at the Second Maid's house. As it was Winter, even the ground was frozen, so they buried her with great efforts. That night, the farming couple let Baoyu enjoy a good rest, but Baoyu was filled with thoughts. Finally, he heard a summoning from the sky. It was a monk and a priest. The immortals from the heavenly realm summoned him. He realized he was just a Divine Luminescent Page-in-waiting that descended to the mortal world for a trip. He was to return to the heavenly realm. When he returned to the heavenly realm, he received his final enlightenment. He understood that heading to heaven by becoming a monk was all superficial. The real point was to let go at a precipice and understand that all splendor and riches were ephemeral. And just knowing this bit was not enough, because the ancients had already figured this out a long time ago. In the midst of that fleeting cloud, a soul not corrupted by society's bad politics, economics, or culture... this was compassion for the weak. It was a relentless pursuit for beauty, and was the most valuable thing."

Heavenly realm?

Divine Luminescent Page-in-waiting?

The crowd was surprised!

Zhang Ye said, "He was a Divine Luminescent Page-in-waiting who returned to the heavenly realm. The enlightened Baoyu was the stone lying at the foot of Greensickness Peak. With the stone returning to the heavenly realm, it was filled with words. These words would be the 108 chapters of "The Story of the Stone", which is also known as 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. After the 108 chapters, there would be a "Love Ranking", which was a meaningful list for Baoyu, called the King of the Flowers. Then it would be a list of the 108 girls listed in groups. Each group had 12 people, creating a total of nine groups.

At this point, Zhang Ye gave a light smile. "This, is my personal dissection of the content in the last 40 chapters of Cao Xueqin's 108 chapters of 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. I think this is the true storyline of Cao Xueqin's 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!" Finishing the lecture with his usual high standards, Zhang Ye closed his lecture documents and exhaled. He smiled and said, "Alright, this semester's classes will end here!"

"It's over?"

"I haven't heard enough!"

"That's right, it's so exciting!"

"Teacher Zhang, you sure are well-learned!"

"Are you going to hold classes as usual next semester? Teacher, you won't be leaving, right? I'm waiting to register for 'Appreciation of the Classics' next semester!"

Most elective classes were only held for one semester a year.

Zhang Ye was very pleased upon hearing that. He said, "Thanks to the trust of the school's leaders, I will carry on serving as lecturer of this elective class next semester. This class will be held as usual."

Senior Zhou exclaimed, "You should continue writing 'Dream of the Red Chamber'!"

Senior Song also immediately said, "Teacher Zhang, have you considered continuing 'Dream of the Red Chamber'? The plot you described is really much better than the last 40 chapters of the circulated 120 chapters!"

Yao Mi giggled and said, "That's right Teacher Zhang. Write it, we all support you!"

Zhang Ye knew what he was worth. He quickly shook his hands and said, "I won't be able to write it. I don't dare to blaspheme the classics, and indeed lack the ability. This is the truth. Hur Hur. I can only analyze and theorize. If you really wanted me to write, that would be a joke. I won't be able to do a better job than the continuer who did the last 40 chapters. The text in it isn't something anyone can emulate. This is also why I'm very amazed at Gao E or the anonymous person. Maybe he did not write in accordance with Cao Xueqin's original intentions, and there were problems with the plot and character. No one can deny his amazing accomplishments in the field of literature and his writing. He also made great contributions by spreading 'Dream of the Red Chamber'."

Everyone was still engaging in discussions.

Zhang Ye lowered his hand, gesturing for them to quieten down. "With the course over, then I will need to talk about the elective class' exam. There are many characters in 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Some characters are more familiar to others, and there are others who no one pays attention to. However, each character is important. So for the assessment, other than everyone's attendance, everyone is to write an analysis of a 'Dream of the Red Chamber' character. Just one will do. Note, do not just copy from the internet, but one which you analyze and understand yourself. It is assigned today, but as the class' schedule is tight, and it's almost the holidays, the deadline is tomorrow at noon by the latest."

"Ah?"

“We are given half a day?”

“The time is too tight for us to finish it.”

The students from Zhang Ye’s elective class complained.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Actually, the time isn’t tight. Students who diligently listened to all my classes will not find this difficult. I have basically expounded all the characters in the story. If everyone doesn’t like that, we can have an oral exam tomorrow?”

“No, no, no!”

“Not an oral exam!”

“Man, I’ll do the assignment!”

The students could only helplessly accept it. There was no other way. Oral exams were not easy. There was no way to copy or prepare either. They had to express themselves on the spot. The uncertainty was too great and the most crucially, who would dare have an oral exchange with Teacher Zhang Ye?! Who had not witnessed the eloquence of their new teacher? Even if Zhang Ye showed them mercy by not asking things that were too difficult, they would not be able to do well. Didn’t you see the leading experts and teachers from the literary world dumbfounded by Teacher Zhang Ye!? Having an oral exam with Teacher Zhang Ye was plainly seeking death!

Chang Kaige, who was sitting below, chuckled.

Professor Zeng and Su Na were also smiling.

Zhang Ye gave a terse acknowledgment. He was now the teacher, so he was free to set the exam content by the Chinese department. This was quite a nice feeling. “Then it’s decided. Everyone, go back and do the examination assignment. Tomorrow, hand it to class monitor, Little Song. I will grade each and everyone of them. The credit grades will be released together with the other classes. Alright, class dismissed. It’s been hard work for all of you this semester. I’m very honored to have been your lecturer, teaching you new knowledge. I’m limited in my knowledge and have quite a bad reputation. I would like to thank President Wu and the Chinese department’s leaders for their trust...”

Zhang Ye was very happy in these days in Peking University. He enjoyed spending his days with the students in some inexplicable way and liked them a lot. Hence, Zhang Ye was also very touched during this last class of the semester. He could not help but say a few more words. He looked towards the students and said, “Thank you for supporting and affirming a new teacher like me. I have nothing to return to you, but if you do not mind, I will teach everything I know to everyone in the future!”

A round of applause echoed!

The students all stood up!

Chapter 336: The university rankings are out!

At night.

It was already past 8PM after class.

Walking out from the backdoor of the auditorium, Zhang Ye did not head back to the office, nor did he go home. Instead, he found a spot in the auditorium's staff room and lit a cigarette. The school did not explicitly state that teachers were not allowed to smoke, but in front of the students at school, it would definitely not seem right to smoke. So every time Zhang Ye smoked in school, he had to do it sneakily. Sometimes, he would do so in the toilet, sometimes he and a colleague would go to a spot where there was no one else.

He crossed his legs.

And sat on a chair.

Zhang Ye took out his cell phone and surfed the net.

Today's public lecture video had been posted online very quickly. When he clicked on Peking University's website, the video was already up. Other than the part where he spoke about the class assignment, the whole lesson had been posted. It was probably uploaded after the class had ended, so everyone could watch it quickly.

As it had just been posted, there were no comments below.

Zhang Ye checked his Weibo and as he expected, there were people already doubting the content of his lecture. Regarding such doubts, Zhang Ye had already gotten used to it in the past few days.

"Winsome Colonel's issue was not explained correctly!"

"Praising Fourth Sister Lin was simply a general praise to a virtue, how could it be correlated to the anti-Qing issue?"

"And according to research, because of Cao Xueqin's family relations, he could not possibly write anti-Qing topics!"

"The explanation of the structure of 108 chapters is too far-fetched! The conclusion of this research can only be used as a reference and is not set in stone yet. For example, in the middle chapters, if we apply Zhang Ye's rule of the unit structure, there isn't any real distinction in there. You cannot simply use where there is an obvious distinction in the story and apply it to everything!"

"Jia Zheng would never be anti-Qing. According to Zhang Ye's views, the ending plot would never have developed in that way!"

"Everyone, don't watch Peking University's public class videos. Don't listen to Zhang Ye talking blindly. He's talking rubbish!"

After so many days, many of the Redologists and literary world members who were left speechless earlier started to fight back. Included in them were Ma Hengyuan, Meng Dongguo, and a few others. They had been staying up for many days to prepare for this battle. They all worked together to find all the problems and issues of Zhang Ye's argument, and used it as a basis to continue disproving Zhang Ye's lectures. At the beginning, they had all fallen into Zhang Ye's rhythm. They could not make their way around something that they were unfamiliar with, but slowly they managed to find their way through. These people were not fools and had seen the many problems in Zhang Ye's lecture. Now they were agitated and were charging straight for him with their spears!

But somehow, many people from the community sided with Zhang Ye!

“Who says that it was just simply a general praise to virtue? How do you know that Cao Xueqin did not have any other intention?”

“How can you apply Cao Xueqin’s family situation on the novel? You guys don’t even know who Old Cao’s sons were, so how can you be so sure? And Old Cao is an author, does he necessarily need to apply his family background into the novel? Isn’t this an international joke!?”

“Even if Jia Zheng was not anti-Qing, how do you know that Jia Baoyu was not? So when he saw that Jia Zheng had suggested to praise the Winsome Colonel, he spared no effort in doing so? On the problems of this poem, Teacher Zhang basically explained it very clearly! What do you mean by utter rubbish?”

Both sides countered each other’s arguments!

There were still many points of contention!

But there was one point that could not be disputed. It was the fact that Zhang Ye’s public lecture videos’ views never slowed down. Those Redologists had all urged people not to believe what Zhang Ye said, but everyone simply ignored them. There was no other way, everyone simply enjoyed what Zhang Ye had said!

Finally, the whole Redology world was stifled until there wasn’t even a trace of temper left!

What was worth mentioning was that within the Redology world, there was an increasingly different school of thought now. A minority of Redologists generally began agreeing with Zhang Ye’s claims and even went to the public lectures that Zhang Ye held. It went as far as them taking up and carrying on the study of Vestige Forensics that Zhang Ye had started. They had already begun to slowly research in this area of study!

It was a mess!

Because of Zhang Ye alone, because of those few lessons by Zhang Ye.

The whole Redology world, literary world, and history world were now in a mess!

Zhang Ye had not had much hope for everyone to agree with his claims. Everyone’s doubts and debates were the moving factor of Redology research and Zhang Ye’s objective had been met. Although in his previous world, the fact that someone else continued the writings after the first 80 chapters of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’ was already recognized as a fact, in this world, there still wasn’t enough proof, so this was not something that could convince people in the short term. A longer time was needed for the verification process to take place. It might take a few months, a few years, or even a few decades or centuries.

Let’s not look at this anymore. Hur Hur. Let’s move on to something else.

Zhang Ye had smoked half his cigarette and was still browsing through Weibo.

Suddenly, an official Weibo account had caught Zhang Ye’s attention — “The new year’s university ranking are complete and will be announced shortly!”

Below, many people began commenting.

“There’s no suspense again this year, right?”

“Yea, every year is about the same.”

“No, this year’s Peking University’s Chinese department is somewhat of a suspense!”

“Oh, that’s right. The industry insiders are all saying that Peking University’s Chinese department has declined and is going downhill. Didn’t an expert and industry insider predict a while ago that only Peking University’s Science faculty would be able to continue dominating it’s rank? Their Chinese department will have done well if they can retain 2nd place this year. Nanjing University and Tsinghua University have been improving this year. Even Beijing Normal University has been catching up these past two years, but then, Peking University’s Chinese department has become one of the favorites after all the commotion that Zhang Ye caused with his lectures on ‘Dream of the Red Chamber’!”

“I wonder if they will take into consideration Zhang Ye’s lectures. If they really take that into consideration, the result would not be that predictable anymore.”

“It’s going to suspenseful. Zhang Ye’s lessons have not yet been recognized by many in the industry yet. They are all claiming that he has been uttering nonsense, so the evaluators might also consider that point.”

“They shouldn’t. In terms of academics, many things are controversial. They cannot just deduct points off because of this, right?”

“It’s hard to say.”

“Right, let’s wait for the results.”

“Quickly, release them. Why is it taking so long?”

“I can’t wait to see what our department’s ranking is!”

“Long live Foreign language department! Hail to our Alma mater!”

“Supporting Beijing Film Academy! Death to Central Academy of Drama and Shanghai Theater Academy!”

“Support Nanjing University’s Chinese department! We must get number 1! Crush Peking University and Tsinghua University! Hoho!”

The post attracted mainly university students who were either discussing or showing their support for their institutions.

At this moment, Zhang Ye’s phone rang. It was a call from his colleague, Su Na, “Teacher Zhang, come over quickly. The university rankings are going to be released soon!”

“Sure.” Zhang Ye went back to the office.

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When he got back, Zhang Ye saw the other Chinese department's lecturers and professors seated in there. The three offices' teachers had all gathered together and the atmosphere felt tense and highly pressured. A few of the female teachers could not bear to watch.

Su Na breathed deeply.

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan wore their most serious faces.

The old Professor Yan Jiantao's attention fell on the projection right in front of the office's wall.

This ranking was obviously something that all of the Chinese department's teachers cared a lot about. It did not only affect their salaries and bonuses, but also their reputation and pride!

Suddenly, an intern teacher who was controlling the computer had a look of shock, "It's out! The results are out!"

Chang Kaige immediately asked, "What are they?"

"Let me put up the result!" The intern teacher quickly controlled without looking at the other department's rankings or overall rankings and only focused on the Chinese departments ranking.

The projector flashed!

The national university rankings results were up!

- 1: Peking University Chinese department.
- 2: Nanjing University Chinese department.
- 3: Beijing Normal University Chinese department.
- 4: Fudan University Chinese department.
- 5: Tsinghua University Chinese department.

With the results shown, the whole office broke out in celebration!

"Alright! Great! Awesome!" Chang Kaige continuously slapped his thigh!

"First! We are really first!" Professor Wu cheered!

"What a fright! Hahaha!" Zhen Shuquan roared with laughter.

Su Na asked in a stunned manner, "I didn't read that wrongly, right? Is it really us? It's really us?"

An elderly professor, who was about to retire, trembled and said in an excited manner, "It's been two years! After two years! Our Peking University's Chinese department has finally regained our face!"

Zhang Ye was also very happy. He had a sense of belonging here. He also thought highly of the honor!

Zhen Shuquan immediately gave a phone call to Wu Zeqing using his cellphone. "President Wu! Good news. The results are out. Our Chinese department is first in the country!"

President Wu laughed and said, "I saw it too."

Zhen Shuquan said, "It's all thanks to your leadership."

President Wu smiled. "It's all thanks to Teacher Little Zhang for us to be able to be first."

"Yes, we know." Zhen Shuquan said, "But it's also thanks to your great foresight in inviting Teacher Little Zhang here to teach."

Yan Jiantao overheard Secretary Zhen's words, but disagreed. He did not think that this was Zhang Ye's credit. It was the collective hard work of all the teachers. Zhang Ye was just a newcomer, how much contribution would he have had? To him, this ranking probably did not take into consideration Zhang Ye's lectures.

But all of the other Chinese department's lecturers knew. Zhang Ye contributions were great and if it were not for his last ditch efforts, their Chinese department ranking might have turned out very differently!

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Within Peking University's campus, the cheers came one after another!

"Our Mathematics department is first again!"

"F\*\*k! Why is our Peking University's Foreign language department's ranking so low?"

"Aiyo, f\*\*k again! The Engineering departments have been dominated by Tsinghua University again!"

On this night, almost of all the teachers from the institutes of higher learning were looking at the results of this assessment. Because the Chinese department was a large department, very popular, and of very high standing, many of them had placed their attention to it. When they saw it, it almost came as a surprise to them!

Tsinghua University's Chinese department, which had been tipped for a good placing, fell to 5th spot, revealing their inadequacies. Whereas, the favorite for this year, Nanjing University's Chinese department was in second place. The Chinese department top ranking went to Peking University's Chinese department. Once again, this aged, older, big brother has gotten first place again!

A lot of netizens were not convinced. They were obviously students from the other institutions!

"Unfair!"

"What kind of assessment was this!"

"Our Nanjing University in second place?"

"How can Peking University's Chinese department come in at first place! There's a conspiracy!"

"Forget it, what conspiracy? It's because Peking University has Zhang Ye with them!"

"Oh, right! I forgot about Zhang Ye. No wonder they could get first against all odds. So it's due to 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! What the heck! It's still unfair. If Zhang Ye came to our Nanjing University instead, we would have gotten first too!"

“That’s right! If Zhang Ye did not go to Peking University! They could not possibly win against our Nanjing University’s Chinese department!”

“Just complaining won’t work. Did you guys at Nanjing University invite Zhang Ye? The truth is that Peking University took a risk and made the right bet. Anyone can talk on hindsight, but the truth will always be that he who dares, wins! That Peking University could rank first this year was well deserved, at least they dared to use Zhang Ye and dared to take that risk! This was something that no ordinary institution would dare to do!”

“Oh, so Peking University’s Chinese department won on that boldness!”

“President Wu, who went over from the Education Bureau, really has great foresight. She used her people too well! Amazing!”

“Hur Hur Hur, in my opinion, Zhang Ye is still the greatest one. Just him alone overturned the adversity of Peking University!”

Finally, a hardcore fan of Zhang Ye stood up and said domineeringly, “When Teacher Zhang Ye was at the radio station or television station, his new programs always broke history’s records. He always created new records and miracles! Now even when he goes to a university as a lecturer, he is still the same! Those who gain Zhang Ye, rule the world!”

“What a big boast!”

“Zhang Ye’s not that powerful.”

“Haha, the main thing is that Peking University’s Chinese department has very good foundations!”

“Yes, I agree to that saying of the foundation of Peking University is very good. Of course, we cannot deny Teacher Zhang Ye’s contributions too. Actually, everyone’s standards are about the same, anyone could have gotten first, but with Zhang Ye adding on a little more firepower, the balance was tipped in Peking University’s favor. To be fair, a person like Teacher Zhang Ye is really outstanding. He can write and he can scold. This time, his fame will rise again. A person like that will not starve no matter where you put him. I’m increasingly bullish about Teacher Zhang Ye’s future developments. Peking University having him as a lecturer is only going to make them even stronger!”

There were many university students discussing about it and even a lot of university teachers and members of the education world. All of them had their comments about Zhang Ye and it was largely positive!

Chapter 337: Lu Xun and Bingxin’s quotes were used!

In the Chinese department office, the teachers were about to get off work.

Many of them were still hesitant to leave, dragging it out past 8 at night. One reason was that many teachers wanted to listen to Zhang Ye’s last lecture. Zhang Ye’s lecturing of ‘Dream of the Red Chamber had hooked the interest of many teachers and colleagues. They were quite addicted to listening to him. The second reason was that they knew the university department rankings were announced that night, hence they all stayed behind to wait for it. With surprisingly good results, it was also time for them to leave.

“I’m leaving.”

“I’m going to Lishuiqiao. Anyone need a lift?”

“You are returning to your mother’s place? Then I’ll get a ride from you.”

A few Chinese department teachers paired up to leave as they walked out.

Su Na walked up to Zhang Ye’s side as she smiled and said, “You were great.”

Zhang Ye shook his head with a smile, saying, “What do you mean by great? It was all thanks to everyone’s work. My coming here has allowed me to rub off some of the greatness of everyone else.”

A male lecturer said with a laugh, “Teacher Little Zhang, don’t be so modest.”

A female teacher said, “Your contributions are apparent in everyone’s eyes. It has been tough on you these past few days.”

Professor Zeng also patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder, saying, “If not for you coming to take over the elective class, the results would be difficult to tell. You have really made the Peking University’s Chinese department elated.”

Yan Jiantao could not bear listening to this any longer. “All of you should stop saying that. Us getting first place again is through the collective efforts of everyone. It is also based on the foundations of our Chinese department. Everyone worked together to improve the quality of our classes and material’s depth, so it is only right for us to win first place. How can it all be attributed to one person? How would the other teachers think of that?”

Everyone did not have such thoughts. With Yan Jiantao saying that, it led to others thinking of other thoughts. Some glanced at Zhang Ye while others looked indifferent.

Su Na was pondering over his intents. However, Professor Yan was the most established professor in the department, so it was not appropriate for her to say anything.

Professor Zeng looked at him with a frown, “Professor Yan, why do your words seem...”

Chang Kaige tried to smooth things over. “Alright, everyone go home. It’s not early anymore. Hur Hur. Tomorrow there are still exams and various activities. Go home and take a rest.”

Zhen Shuquan interjected, “By the way, Little Zhang. President Wu called just now to ask you to go over.”

Zhang Ye said, “Alright, I’ll be there immediately.”

Yan Jiantao also did not say anymore. He grabbed his bag and left.

Two lecturers and professors who were more familiar with him also left together.

Zhang Ye scanned Yan Jiantao’s back and was not too happy. Whether this matter was because of his contributions or not, he had not tried to gain credit for it, nor would he or did he acknowledge it. This bro kept saying it was a collective effort and kept deflecting the honor, but what’s the meaning of this? That can’t do? You have to step on me with your statement? And your tone sounded provocative? You

couldn't stand seeing me, as a new lecturer, in the limelight, and even tried to convince the other colleagues to ostracize me? What sort of person are you!? You are a professor with great authority in the educational world?

In the past when he came to Peking University, Zhang Ye did not mind too much since he had never been a lecturer, nor did he have the qualifications. Hence, it was no wonder he was doubted by everyone, but through his hard work, his class had gone smoothly, and he had proven his teaching level using his results. Be it his students or his colleagues, they had all changed their attitudes and impression of him. They had acknowledged him, but then? Even so, Yan Jiantao, you still insist on finding fault with me? When I didn't have results, you said as a layman, I was no good, but now with results, you keep using your qualifications to suppress me?

Whatever I do isn't right?

Then what the heck do you want?

You are a professor, with great qualifications, but just because of that, you can trample on anyone you dislike?

A few teachers had really been stirred up. Maybe they were lecturers who were quite friendly with Professor Yan. After noticing that Yan Jiantao did not like Zhang Ye, they too also subconsciously changed their attitudes towards Zhang Ye. They did not show it on the surface, but their hearts might have distanced themselves from Zhang Ye. Professor Yan was amongst the most established professors in Peking University, and even one of the most authoritative figures in this field in the country. Not only Chang Kaige, even the Peking University leaders respected him. Compared to Yan Jiantao, Zhang Ye was really nothing.

"Teacher Zhang." Su Na whispered, "Don't mind him. Professor Yan likes to take advantage of his seniority. We are already used to it, so don't take it to heart."

Zhang Ye smiled. "It's fine." However, his heart wasn't fine.

Professor Zeng said, "Little Zhang, shall we go together?"

"Next time, Professor Zeng. President Wu is looking for me." Zhang Ye said.

"Oh right. I nearly forgot. Then I'll be leaving." Professor Zeng left. Since there were so many people, it wasn't the time for him to say anything to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye also went downstairs and headed towards President Wu's office. On the way, he noticed Yan Jiantao hitching a ride with an old professor. A nice day and quite a happy matter had been ruined by Yan Jiantao. Zhang Ye was thinking: "I'll forget it this time. Don't you dare do it again. If you corner me, I don't care who you are!"

.....

In another building.

President Wu's office.

Knock. Knock. Zhang Ye knocked gently on the door. "President Wu."

“Come on in. The door isn’t locked.” The voice was quite faint and sounded like it came from far away.

When he walked in through the door, he did not see anyone. The exterior office was empty. Then, he heard a voice coming from the interior office, “Over here.”

The office was a suite, as the treatment received by a Vice President was definitely better than others.

Zhang Ye went inside. He was stunned for a moment when he saw Wu Zeqing in an elegant long dress. She was standing behind a long desk and held a brush, writing something. The Four Treasures of the Study laid on the desk. A trace scent of ink floated in the office mixed with the smell of a mature woman like Wu Zeqing, making it smell rather pleasant. This fellow was really weak-willed. Just a minute ago, he was still upset by Yan Jiantao’s treatment of him, but now, seeing a beautiful woman in front of him, his mood immediately turned better. The ancients said it well, a beautiful lady is desired by all gentlemen.

She was dressed in plain colors.

With a dignified look.

One with the brush, like the floating clouds and the flowing river.

This image was so beautiful that it was indescribable!

“This is?”

“Wait a moment.”

“Hai.”

“It’s done.”

She had finished writing.

Wu Zeqing set aside her brush and smiled, “You came at the right time. Help me take a look at which of these writings are better.” There were three scrolls of writing by the side that she had taken out, “Tomorrow afternoon in the auditorium, we will be organizing a New Year Gala for all the primary and secondary schools in Peking University’s auditorium. The President hasn’t been well these days, so the job of writing something has fallen onto me. You are one of the few in the Chinese department who have more achievements and results in the field of literature, so I got you to come help me. One to take a look at the calligraphy, and second to help in the meaning. If you are up to it, we will decide on it.”

No wonder Zhang Ye’s use of the Peking University’s Grand Auditorium for his public lecture today had not been approved. He had heard of some event before the Lunar New Year, so this was it. For such a gala, other than setting up the decorations, there were dress rehearsals, so clearly there was no time left for Zhang Ye’s class to squeeze in.

Zhang Ye was overwhelmed by this. “President Wu, the other teachers and professors are much better than me. My standards are limited, I don’t want to screw it up for you.”

Wu Zeqing smiled as she sat down. She said, “The other teachers might be more experienced than you in teaching, but when it comes to composing poems or writing essays, how many are better than you? Professor Yan is no slouch in this area, and he has attained a very high level. However, Professor Yan is

quite old, and since this is a gala for primary and secondary school students, I think I trust you more on this. After all, you are still young too. Don't decline it. Hur Hur, take a look at it."

Zhang Ye did not dare to put on airs, "In front of you, I really don't dare to say I know much. Then I'll take a look." Following that he looked at the calligraphy.

When he saw it, he was stunned!

The words were written very gracefully!

These were not just well-written words, but words produced through top calligraphy skills!

Zhang Ye was a bit dumbfounded. He had never really seen Wu Zeqing's calligraphy before. He had only heard it mentioned before. It was said that although Wu Zeqing was from the Education Bureau, and was considered a political administrator, and was not in academia or teaching, her cultural foundation was very high. Zhang Ye thought that others were just flattering her, or mere pleasantries, but only today did he realize that those statements were far from flattery. These calligraphy pieces could be said to be pieces of art!

Zhang Ye had eaten a few calligraphy Experience Books. To the average person, his handwriting was not bad, but he knew that his skills were far from perfect. He could only be considered a layman. Zhang Ye did not dare tout that he knew calligraphy in front of the real experts, or he would incur ridicule on himself. Not only were President Wu's words written skillfully, it had her own style and artistry. There was Songti fonts, Zhuanti fonts, or cursive script, but Wu Zeqing's wasn't any of those. The style of her words were somewhat like Xingshu, yet a bit different. Many of her strokes had an inkling of cursive writing, so clearly she had formed her own style. Only a true calligraphy master would dare to do it this way!

Zhang Ye did not really know much about true calligraphy techniques. He only knew a bit from interest. As for how artistic Wu Zeqing's calligraphy was, it was beyond Zhang Ye's ability to deduce. It had exceeded his level of appreciation for calligraphy.

As for the content, they were all things like "classic inheritance" or "blooming youth". There was one that sounded like a word of caution. They were nothing surprising.

He exclaimed, "Your calligraphy is really flawless. No matter what is written, it can hold itself. I think all of these can be used. Any phrase would be no problem!"

Wu Zeqing gave him a gentle look, "Any would do? Then that means none of them are suitable."

Zhang Ye broke out in a sweat. How did you take it in that way? He said, "No, it's really too good. It's hard to pick!"

Wu Zeqing said with a light laugh, "Let's not talk about the calligraphy. I keep feeling like the content is a bit off. If it were you, what would you write?"

Zhang Ye said modestly, "What I would have written definitely wouldn't be better than yours."

Wu Zeqing ignored his words, "Say a few, relating to youths."

Seeing that he had no way out, Zhang Ye could only say, "Youth is to develop the habit, a time of hope and faith?" This was from his world's Ruskin.

Wu Zeqing smiled gently. "Are there anymore?"

"This won't do?" Zhang Ye said, "What you plant now, you will harvest later." This was from his world's Og Mandino.

"Are there anymore?" Wu Zeqing asked.

Zhang Ye said again, "O young ones! For your future memories, deliberately sketch that picture of yours in the present?" This was a quote from Bingxin.

"Anymore?" Wu Zeqing asked once again.

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Young people can be the first to turn China into a vocal China. Boldly speaking, courageously forging forward, forgetting all the stakeholders, pushing away the ancients, speaking truth from one's heart?" These were the words of Lu Xun.

Wu Zeqing: "..."

Then Zhang Ye said, "This won't do either?"

Wu Zeqing leered at him, "You call this not knowing? Every sentence of yours is much better than the ones I had previously written. If you don't know anything, then others are just illiterate. Hur Hur. Looks like I made the right choice asking you to come." After some thought, Wu Zeqing picked the words of Lu Xun. She did not delay, and had gained some inspiration. Dipping it in ink, President Wu began to write on the piece of paper!

Half a minute later.

A piece of calligraphy was completed!

Wu Zeqing gave a slight smile and nodded.

Zhang Ye stood off to the side and heaped praises. "Your words are really too beautiful."

"I'll use your sentences then. It's settled." Wu Zeqing seemed very pleased as she placed the piece of calligraphy properly, waiting for it to dry.

Zhang Ye blinked. "President Wu, the other pieces of calligraphy that you wrote are not going to be used? Then can I ask for one of them?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Sure, go ahead and choose."

"Alright." Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony and picked one up and rolled it for keeping.

Firstly, Zhang Ye was really fond of her calligraphy. Secondly, with his leader producing so many works and had gone through all the trouble, wouldn't he feel bad if he didn't request one from his leader? Hence, from this, one could see that this fellow Zhang Ye was not someone who did not know interpersonal relations. He mainly did so depending on the person.

Chapter 338: Water Lotus Moon's appearance once again!



It was pretty late.

Peking University was enveloped in darkness.

It was quiet all around the campus. The teaching block was dark. The teacher's office building's lights were mostly out. Only student dormitories in the distance had a hint of light. Some students were busy preparing for their exams, some of them were busy writing essays, and some others were probably celebrating early for the upcoming winter holidays.

Downstairs.

Wu Zeqing asked, "Little Zhang, where do you live?"

"My home?" Zhang Ye said, "I'm going back to Caishikou tonight, my parent's place."

Wu Zeqing nodded, "Then it should be on the way. I stay at Taoran Pavilion. The school's driver is on leave and my car's not permitted to be used today. Could you give me a lift?"

Zhang Ye happily said, "That would be my pleasure and honor. Where in Taoran Pavilion?"

"East Gate." Wu Zeqing said before boarding Zhang Ye's BMW.

Zhang Ye boarded from the other side. As he closed the door and switched on the lights inside, he saw President Wu putting on her seatbelt. The seat belt tightened around her and pressed down across her chest, clearly separating her left and right breast. It presented a very clear scene. The right breast was big and displaced a little. In addition, maybe her bra was a little soft today, probably without an underwire, thus the seatbelt had gotten lodged under the right bra cup. Under the vibrations of the car, that lump of flesh was jiggling along with Wu Zeqing's body swaying. Even the seatbelt trembled along with it.

They were too big!

Her breasts were too ample!

Seeing such a scene, Zhang Ye was momentarily unable to hold back.

Wu Zeqing was probably aware of the discomfort, so she undid the seatbelt and then put on a blue woolen coat over before putting on her seatbelt again. That covered up everything.

The car moved off and gradually made its way out of the campus.

On the way, Zhang Ye tried to strike up a conversation, "Why don't I drive faster? Your husband is probably at home waiting for you?"

"It's OK. This speed is fine. If you go too fast, it will be dangerous." Wu Zeqing quietly smiled. She took out a book from her bag and opened it, "No one's waiting for me, I'm not married."

Ah?

Not married?

How old are you already and you're not married?

Zhang Ye was surprised, but did not ask further. After all, their relationship was not that close and she was his leader. There was no need to be so inquisitive.

Wu Zeqing read her book leisurely, occasionally breaking out into a smile, while at times reading it with a serious face.

Zhang Ye didn't want to disturb her, so he kept the lights on. He drove straight to their destination.

During that time, Zhang Ye had thought of a few topics, but did not manage to communicate much with Wu Zeqing. The two of them had quite an age difference after all and a generation gap. Other than school, Zhang Ye thought that he and President Wu did not have much in common to talk about. In the end, he gave up and did not try to create conversation anymore. President Wu had a more magnanimous and gentle character, seeming to be a very classical, traditional type of woman. She did not look like the type who enjoyed chatting.

After about half an hour, they arrived.

Zhang Ye quickly said, "President Wu, is it here?"

Only then did Wu Zeqing close her book and raise her head, "Yes, just go a little bit farther down and stop by the roadside. Thanks, Little Zhang, I even made you my driver for the day."

Zhang Ye smiled, "In the future if your driver is ever on leave again, feel free to give me a call. It's OK for me, since it's so near anyway. I just need to drive back for about 7-8 minutes and I will be home too."

The car stopped.

Wu Zeqing thanked him. "I'm going, drive carefully."

"OK, take care." Zhang Ye did not leave, but stayed behind and watched her walk into an upscale residential area before driving off back in the opposite direction.

.....

At home.

His parents were asleep.

Zhang Ye did not dare make too much noise. He quietly went to wash up before going back to his room to change into his pajamas. He was totally comfortable now.

Ring, ring, ring.

His cellphone rang.

The caller ID showed that it was from his third cousin, Cao Mengmeng.

Zhang Ye picked up with a smile, "Hello, what's the matter?"

Cao Mengmeng said angrily, "Brother, why didn't you pick up the phone an hour ago?"

"An hour ago? Hai, it was because I had a meeting with the Vice President from school. My phone was switched to silent and I didn't notice." Zhang Ye usually switched his cellphone to silent before a

meeting or whenever he was meeting a leader, if he remembered, because it would be inconvenient to pick up the phone and also to show respect to his leaders, “Why were you looking for me?”

“Hmmp.” Cao Mengmeng was less angry now, “Tomorrow, my school will be attending the New Year Gala at Peking University. Come over and fetch me.”

Zhang Ye said, “Are you participating in the performance too?”

Cao Mengmeng giggled, “I’m not performing, but our school does have something lined up. So I went over to our form teacher, Teacher Leng, and asked her to bring me along. So many teachers in our school know that you are my bro, so they specially gave me a ticket for a seat!”

Zhang Ye was angered and tickled at the same moment. “Hey, you little girl. Don’t keep taking favors from others under my guise. If you are coming, then come. Follow your school’s group and come. I have no time to go and fetch you. I have an exam tomorrow and I also have to grade the papers.”

Cao Mengmeng pouted, “You don’t care for your sister! I will complain to First Aunt!”

Zhang Ye happily replied, “You can tell anyone and it wouldn’t affect me. I will definitely be busy tomorrow afternoon. That’s all then. It’s already so late, so go to bed early.”

“OK. You petty man.” Cao Mengmeng reluctantly hung up the call.

Zhang Ye smiled a little inside. He browsed through his cellphone casually to see if there were any other missed calls before suddenly realizing that he was still logged into his chat app. With a shift in focus, Zhang Ye quickly opened the app and looked at his ‘Friends List’. Oh right, he had not added her yet. So he went over into the “Blossoms in Beijing” group chat, searched through the members, and finally found “Water Lotus Moon”’s avatar.

He clicked.

Add Friend.

Du du, a response came quickly.

Zhang Ye had been used to his previous world’s QQ app tone — the one that resembled a coughing sound. He was still not used to this world’s chatting app’s ‘Du Du’ tone yet. The interface was unfamiliar to him as well and the design of it looked a bit off compared to what he was used to. Only after he clicked on the notification did he realize that his friend request was accepted.

Alright!

She’s online!

Zhang Ye sent a message over, “Big Sis, what are you doing?”

The reply was a little slow. After about a minute, a message came in: “Taking a bath.”

Zhang Ye: “Bathing and still on your phone?”

Water Lotus Moon: “In a bathtub, the phone won’t get wet.”

Zhang Ye: “Oic, are you going to rest soon?”

Water Lotus Moon: "Yeah, and you?"

Zhang Ye: "I'm already lying in bed, preparing to sleep, but I can't sleep. I've been having insomnia lately. How are you? Are you tired after a day of work?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Not bad. The photos I sent to you the last time, did you delete them after?"

Zhang Ye: "The ones you sent at the end? It's all been deleted. Hur hur, let me send you a screenshot."

Water Lotus Moon sent a smiling emoticon over: "It's alright, Big Sis trusts you." After this message was sent, another one came in two seconds later, "Well, do you still want to see?"

Zhang Ye nose turned hot as he aggressively typed in: "Definitely."

Water Lotus Moon: "Then wait a bit. Let me take some."

Zhang Ye cried out loud under his covers: "Are you taking them now?"

Water Lotus Moon: "Yes, I'm on the phone now and the photos are on my computer. Big Sis is having a bath now, how else would I send them to you? Wait a bit."

Zhang Ye was excited: "OK, I am waiting right here" followed by 3 exclamation marks.

1 minute.

2 minutes....

Finally, the chat window made a sound and the first picture was being sent over.

Zhang Ye pressed on the picture and had a look. He suddenly felt a rush of blood from his upper half to his low half. He first saw those beautiful breasts. Water Lotus Moon was not wearing any clothes at all, her navel was submerged under the water in the bath tub. It looked like she had been in the bath for some time as he could see some beads of sweat forming on her skin. The water was clear, with no shampoo or shower foam on top. All that was in the water was visible clearly. Water Lotus Moon ample and full legs were stacked on top of each other with her heels resting on the edge of the bathtub. Even her right foot's big toe was pointed outwards. The photo's composition was very well done.

Zhang Ye replied: "Giving a Like for beauty."

Water Lotus Moon: "Thank you."

And then, the chat window rang again, it was yet another photo.

In this photo, Water Lotus Moon's body was already covered in quite a lot of shower foam. It was all white bubbles and one of her hands was covering her abdomen. Her legs were curved as she did a very special pose. Her other hand then held the camera and took the picture from top down. What a seductive pose!

Zhang Ye immediately replied: "That's so beautiful."

Water Lotus Moon: "I'm more satisfied with these 2 photos only. The others didn't turn out too well, so I won't send them. Same rules, delete them after you've seen them. Alright, Big Sis is done with her bath. It's time to sleep."

Zhang Ye replied: "Good night."

Water Lotus Moon: "Good night."

Zhang Ye stared at the 2 photos for a long time before reluctantly deleting them. After a few days, he had once again seen Water Lotus Moon's grace. Zhang Ye felt that it was totally worth losing a night's sleep over.

Chapter 339: What are you commanding me for!

Friday.

It was noon time.

When he reached Peking University, Zhang Ye headed straight for the canteen in his car. There were many places to eat on campus, but he did not go to those fanciful higher end eateries and instead came straight to the School 1's canteen. It was cheap and the food tasted alright, though this place was well known for its pork shank.

There were many people inside.

As it was right about lunchtime, the few windows all had long queues.

"Look!"

"It's Teacher Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang, good afternoon!"

"You are here to have lunch too? What are you doing here at School 1's canteen?"

"Right, hee hee, you are such a big shot. Why would you eat with poor students like us?"

When he walked into the canteen, many students who knew him had greeted him. There was no teacher student ceremonies to observe and it felt very endearing. After all, Zhang Ye was not the traditional type of teacher. He was a host who had diversified into teaching. He could even be considered a comedian of sorts due to his Talk Show, and so everyone's perception of Zhang Ye was much more familiar, unlike the other teachers and professors who they would behave very well when they saw them. Zhang Ye didn't have the air of a lecturer about him.

Zhang Ye smiled, "How am I a big shot? The salary for this month has not be issued yet. If I don't save a little, I might not even be able to pay my rent."

"You still need to pay rent?"

"Teacher Zhang is claiming to be poor!"

Quite a number of students nearby burst out laughing.

Zhang Ye then went to line up properly since there was no distinction between the student and teacher's queue.

When the student in front of Zhang Ye turned around, he received a shock, "Heavens, it's Teacher Zhang. Go ahead first!" He gave way.

Zhang Ye waved his hand and smiled, "I'm not going to add threes. Thanks."

The words "add threes", which meant cutting in line, was Beijing slang.

After more than ten minutes, it was finally his turn. Zhang Ye ate simply. He only wanted a platter of assorted dishes. "Sir, two bowls of rice, a portion of Kung Pao chicken, and a portion of fried eggplant."

The attendant took a look. "Hey, it's Teacher Zhang. Sure, I'll give you a bit more."

"Thank you very much." Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony. He then carried the stainless steel tray to look for a spot to sit.

The canteen was not small, but it could not hold that many people. There were already no empty tables. There wasn't even a place to sit. Many students were standing behind people who were about to finish eating.

"Teacher Zhang! Here!"

"No! Over here! Over here!"

"I have a spot here!"

"Teacher Zhang, come sit with us!"

"Let us squeeze a bit! Make space for Teacher Zhang!"

This all depended on each person's popularity. Many Peking University students were trying to vie for him, as they wanted Zhang Ye to sit with them desperately. Zhang Ye was not the only teacher who came to School 1's canteen. There were also quite a few teachers who liked the food or preferred the cheaper food here, but for them, after they got their food, no one would ever offer them a seat. Either they packed it away and went back to their office to eat, or they would wait around to see if their own class' students would offer them a seat as other class or department students did not recognize them. What's more, teachers and students were getting harder to distinguish! Some students had old faces, while some teachers looked rather young. It was no longer easy to recognize who was the teacher and who was the student, so how would you know when to offer a seat?

But for Zhang Ye?

Dozens of people were shouting for him!

When those other teachers saw, they were rendered speechless, "....."

Your mother! We are all Peking University teachers, why is there such a difference in treatment?

Zhang Ye could only accept their hospitality as he could not refuse those few Year 2 girls' pulling at him. So he joined them over at a table by the window as the seven or eight of them squeezed together to free up a spot for him. Zhang Ye definitely could not refuse now, so he sat down to eat.

"Teacher Zhang, how old are you?"

“What is your horoscope?”

“Are you married, Teacher Zhang?”

“Will you come over to our History department next year to teach a class?”

The few girls kept chattering away noisily, but it was rather interesting.

Zhang Ye smiled as he chatted with them, leisurely eating. He liked to interact with the students, just like how he liked to interact with the audience while doing a program.

After having his fill, Zhang Ye left the canteen. As the canteen was quite near the Chinese department, he did not drive back and instead just walked over. As a result, a bunch of students, around 18 of them, suddenly followed along and flanked him as they started chatting.

Around the Chinese department.

Downstairs at the office building.

Su Na had also just returned from her lunch. When she turned her head and saw Zhang Ye’s situation, she was amused. After Zhang Ye made it to the office building’s corridor alone, she said, “Teacher Zhang, you are really popular. You’ve only been here for a few days and you’re already mixing with the students. They aren’t even students from your class. Seems like every student from every department in Peking University already knows you. Unlike me, I’ve been here for 2 years now and it seems like there are some students from my own class that still do not know who I am.”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Well, that’s because of my profession’s advantage. If you were a host and have done a few shows, everyone would know who you are too. Besides, Teacher Su, with your conditions, you would definitely do better as a host than me if you were to try.”

Su Na smiled, “I’m not as capable as you.”

They chatted and laughed on their way back to the office. Someone was waiting for Zhang Ye.

“Teacher Zhang.” It was his “Appreciation of the Classics” class representative, Senior Song. She was carrying a stack of assessment papers, “I’m here to submit the assignments.”

Zhang Ye nodded, “Thank you, has everyone submitted their work?”

Senior Song put down the assessment papers, “It’s all here, not a single one is missing.”

“Sure, then go back and quickly prepare for your other exams.” Zhang Ye said.

When class representative Song went off, Zhang Ye sat down and started grading the assignments one by one. To him, this was his first time doing something like this, so he took it very seriously.

This one’s fine.

That one’s good too.

Hmm, this one is very well written.

The Chinese department's other teachers were also busily grading their papers or preparing for the exams. The semester end exams were all arranged within these few days and everyone was busy. Zhang Ye, in comparison, was much more relaxed as the others had bigger classes, while his class was just an elective course with a slightly over a hundred students. The assignment was also related to characters in 'Dream of the Red Chamber', which Zhang Ye was extremely familiar with. Just by reading through their work, he could see if they had put in any effort to write it.

From noon until late afternoon.

Zhang Ye spent three hours without rest and quickly finished grading all the assignments. A few of them were not too appropriate, so Zhang Ye had them marked down and he summoned for these students to see him.

Yao Mi was one of them.

When they entered the office, Yao Mi and the others were very nervous.

"Teacher Zhang."

"Are you looking for us?"

"Did we fail our elective class?"

Zhang Ye put up his hand to stop them from saying more, "Come over, speak softly. Don't disturb the other teachers." He then passed their assignments back to them, "They all have problems. Yao Mi, your choice of character was not good. You picked a servant who isn't even a supporting character. This person was only described with a few lines in the entire novel and even I do not know this character well, nor will I be able to understand. Cao Xueqin only randomly wrote about this character to set off Baoyu and only appeared once. It's even an appearance by narration, yet you have written it with such exaggeration. It's as if this character is a main one with a mysterious feel? The role is too significant? It depended on him to save the world?"

The few students all giggled.

Su Na, who was seated nearby, also laughed a little when she heard this.

Yao Mi's face was flushed with redness, "But, but I feel that he is very important. In 'Dream of the Red Chamber', the characters are not just simply characters. They are all made of flesh and blood, but it's just that no one had ever researched this person. So you cannot say that he's not important or does not have a significant role. I really did some serious research on this."

At this time, Chang Kaige and Yan Jiantao had come into the office. They were inspecting on the grading process.

Zhang Ye smiled, "Then alright, explain to me about this person's life. Of course, it was not mentioned in the novel, but you have to give me your analysis on it."

Yao Mi immediately replied, "I feel that he is not just an ordinary person because when he first appeared, the chapter description was written in this way...." She explained further.

After Zhang Ye heard everything, he unexpectedly nodded, "OK, you can go back. You passed."



Yao Mi said in surprise, "Really?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "You have your own views and analysis. That means you have researched and thought about it. Although the conclusion is debatable, it is not a bad thing. You may go."

"Haha, thank you Teacher Zhang!" Yao Mi went off happily.

Zhang Ye continued to ask the next student, "Zhao Long, what you wrote seemed to be what I said exactly in my class. Regarding the character of Yinchun, what other views of your own do you have? Tell me about it."

Zhao Long followed Yao Mi's explanations method and talked about a whole lot of something.

Zhang Ye nodded, "Yes, although you did not analyze from your own point of view too much and was less creative, from your explanation, I can hear that you have also researched on what I mentioned in class. You've taken in everything that I've said and that's an effort worth commending. You may go now, you passed."

In a short while, all of them were passed and left.

Zhang Ye had added on a question and answer exam outside of their written assessment.

Finally, Zhang Ye noticed the inspecting Chang Kaige and his team, "Dean Chang, you're here? The elective class exams are done. The grades combined with the attendance, the children from my class have all passed."

Yan Jiantao face darkened, "All passed?"

Zhang Ye looked at him, "Yes."

Yan Jiantao said, "Isn't your exam too casual? Why is our Peking University such a famous institution for all these years? Because we are strict and rigorous in education! Those few students who were here earlier, did they fail their assessments? Oh, so you just asked a few questions and they passed? Your attitude lacks seriousness!"

With this argument happening, everyone looked over!

Heh! You are coming hard on me now eh? I've already let it slide the last time! Now you are trying to look for trouble with me for no reason again? Zhang Ye stared at him and slammed his hand on his students' stack of assessments, "Professor Yan, this is my elective class. How I grade them is up to me. I don't need your instructions!" As he said so, he stood up, "I'm also a teacher of the Chinese department. You may doubt my character, but you cannot doubt my professionalism! Whether the students listened in my class or whether they gained any knowledge from it, I'm clearer than anyone here! If the assessment doesn't show it, I added on a verbal exam, is there a problem? Why don't you grade the assessment instead!"

Yan Jiantao was fired up, "Your class and I grade the papers!?"

Zhang Ye rebutted him, "Then what are you commanding me for!"

Yan Jiantao was filled with rage and nearly blew up, "Me, commanding? I am just telling you how to mark assessments as a teacher! And you actually yelled at me? Are you more experienced or am I more experienced? Zhang Ye! Try shouting at me again!"

Zhang Ye said coldly, "If you are more experienced, why don't you go and talk about 'Dream of the Red Chamber'! In this field, do you know more or do I know more? It's my class and I don't have the authority to speak or decide?"

"Shout at me again!" Yan Jiantao stared intently.

Zhang Ye stepped forward, "Who's the one shouting here!"

Chang Kaige quickly shouted out, "Stop arguing! Step down!"

A male teacher quickly pulled Yan Jiantao back, "Professor Yan, calm down, calm down!"

Su Na also immediately grabbed Zhang Ye's shoulder, "What are trying to do, Teacher Zhang! Don't speak anymore, don't speak anymore! Everyone was only doing it for the students!"

Chang Kaige snapped, "What kind of image are we showing if the students see this! Old Yan, you are an old comrade and an experienced educator, what example are you demonstrating to everyone? And you, Little Zhang! Professor Yan is your senior and has a lot of experience, how can you speak to a senior in this way? Watch your attitude!"

This was like giving 50 strokes of paddling to the both of them.

When he heard the shouting, Secretary Zhen also came over, "What's the matter?"

Outside, the other Chinese department's lecturers had also heard and came over to see the commotion.

When Secretary Zhen understood the situation, he was lost for words. He then waved everyone off at the door, "Disperse, go back to work!"

Finally, Zhen Shuquan dragged the still-angry Professor Yan away. They probably went over to have a talk alone. Chang Kaige also summoned Zhang Ye to his office, to criticize him in private. Honestly speaking, the two of them were both at fault in this incident. It was not known why Professor Yan was so displeased with Zhang Ye, but it was OK if you just feel so in silence, but yet, Professor Yan had picked on Zhang Ye on several occasions. Zhang Ye was the same. No matter what, this was Peking University where seniority mattered. It was still an educational institution. How could you speak to a senior in this manner? It might not be insubordination, but it's still disrespectful. If everyone was like you, then wouldn't Peking University be in a mess?

But?

One was an experienced educator, who was a senior in the Chinese department. His students were many and he had a lot of influence in the education world!

The other one was the Chinese department's most popular hero. He was President Wu's hand-picked person and was also the most popular teacher in all of the higher learning institutions!

How do you think this could be handled? Who do you think should be held responsible? However you handled this, there would be a problem! Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan were both very troubled by this. Old Yan was really too much, he was too focused on qualifications. What do you think you were doing trying to keep this up with a junior? It's not like you don't know what kind of person Teacher Little Zhang was. That guy is not a man to be trifled with! He might look like a harmless guy. Everyone's good when everything is good, but when you provoke him, he wouldn't care whether or not you're his relative! Wasn't the Shanghai SARFT great? In the end? Didn't they get insulted as grandchildren!

What are you two trying to prove!

If this gets out, no one will look good!

But the truth was, in just a few minutes after Yan Jiantao and Zhang Ye's quarrel, the whole of the Chinese department knew about it. Then in less than 15 minutes again, the whole of Peking University knew about it!

Chapter 340: National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala!

Afternoon.

Peking University's campus was filled with the whispers of gossip.

"Chinese department's Professor Yan fought with Teacher Zhang!"

"What? The Professor Yan who previously received a literature award? Which Teacher Zhang?"

"What do you mean? The only person who dares challenge Professor Yan has to be Zhang Ye!"

"Why did the two fight? Is this a succession battle in the field of literature?"

"Who knows? Anyway, the news came from the Chinese department, so it can't be fake."

"Hai, if the two of them start battling in literature, who do you think has the edge?"

"I think it would be Professor Yan. He had received a literature award before and is a veteran in the educational world. How can he be worse than Teacher Zhang?"

"I also have my bet placed on Professor Yan. Although he likes to take advantage of his seniority, and is a bit old-fashioned in his words, he has true ability after all."

"I don't think so. What sort of knowledge does Teacher Zhang have? If the two really battled it out, it's not easy to say who would win. This would be interesting!"

"Teacher Zhang is not someone to be thought of lightly."

"I think Professor Yan is better!"

The teachers from various faculties began to discuss in murmurs!

Actually, Yan Jiantao and Zhang Ye just had a tiny verbal conflict, with neither party cursing. However, the more the news spread, the more ridiculous it became. It later transformed into a clash between new and old figures in literature. Things like two tigers cannot share one mountain, or that there was bound

to be a showdown. It was quite sinister sounding, so with a change of topics, it became a debate of who was better in the field of literature.

By the lake.

In a small garden.

A few students were discussing the matter!

Li Li said with shifty eyes and whispered, "I heard that Professor Yan doesn't like Teacher Zhang passing all of us on the exam and made things difficult. Professor Yan's intent was that such an exam cannot allow everyone to pass, with the need of making an example of people to warn others, so as to express Peking University's strictness and rigor. Through this, everyone would feel a sense of danger and put more effort into their studies. However, Teacher Zhang believes in encouraging the students. If an eye could be closed, he would close it, so he began arguing with Professor Yan for us!"

Li Ying hurried said, "Little Mi, you got called over by Teacher Zhang because of the exam, right?"

Yao Mi said with a puff, "That's right. Uncle Zhang had given an additional verbal exam before passing us. This matter was clearly because of us. That Professor Yan is too infuriating! How can he do that!?"

"That's right." Yao Mi's roommate added on, "Our Teacher Zhang sure is good. His teaching is good, his standards are high. There's really nothing to fault him on when it comes to his attitude towards his students. This is what a good teacher does. He's not like that Professor Yan, who must make an example of others as a warning. Must he deliberately fail students? What kind of person is he!"

Senior Song, who also walked past, was called over. At this moment, she said, "This matter is not something we as students should comment about. However, Teacher Zhang is, after all the teacher of 'Appreciation of the Classics'. Teacher Zhang has full authority over it. Professor Yan isn't teaching the class, so for him to point fingers at how Teacher Zhang teaches his class is a bit... Alright, we shouldn't talk about this further. Today's exams have ended, so let us return for tomorrow's exams."

Yao Mi said angrily, "What mood do I have to prepare for my exams? Do you think Teacher Zhang will be fired? After all Professor Yan is quite established in Peking University!"

Senior Zhou seemed to have been chasing after Senior Song all this while, so he came with her. When he heard this, he smiled and said, "Fired? You must be underestimating Teacher Zhang. That definitely won't happen."

As Zhang Ye's students, they were naturally aligned with Zhang Ye.

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Bathroom.

Professor Zeng and Zhang Ye came here to smoke.

"You and your bad temper. If you can let it pass, then let it pass. There were so many colleagues around. The effects won't be good, right?" Professor Zeng blew out smoke through the window. "However Old Yan sure is too much. He has targeted you a few times now, so I can't blame you for losing control of your anger. If it were anyone else, they wouldn't feel good either."

Zhang Ye threw up his hands, "You also heard it. I did not challenge him for no reason. No one can endure this type of treatment. I didn't offend anyone, and was just grading my papers, but here he came pointing fingers at me. You also saw it yesterday, right? That Yan stirred up the colleagues to ostracize me. Tell me, what did I do? I didn't do a thing. I was properly having my classes, properly teaching my students. Was I at fault? And this was problematic? If this bro offended someone because I did not do something well, I would admit it and we can talk about it. But now? He just doesn't like me and had nothing better to do, so he decided to come trample on me? He came trampling on me after I ignored him once? Ha!"

Professor Zeng acknowledged. "You aren't wrong on this matter."

"That's it, so don't blame me for breaking decorum!" Zhang Ye began to laugh. "I'm afraid of everything but a provocation. I can handle anything!"

Professor Zeng persuaded him. "Don't be so angry. Actually it's not that big a deal. It's nothing that violates your principles, so just let it pass."

"No, to me, this is a matter of principle." Zhang Ye said, "My principle is don't provoke me, and if you provoke me? Don't dare think of having a good time!"

"Alright, let's not talk about this further." Professor Zeng looked at his watch and changed the subject. "Hur Hur, it's already this late. The auditorium is the venue of the National Primary and Secondary New Year's Gala held in Peking University. You should know about that, right? Let us go take a look at the gala. It can soothe your mind. Don't keep thinking of this infuriating matter." Whether Zhang Ye agreed to or not, Professor Zeng pulled him out of the bathroom, and towards the auditorium.

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Outside the auditorium.

Many primary and secondary school students were dressed in their school uniforms and lined up to enter the venue.

There were schools from Beijing, as well as schools from other provinces. The square was filled with teachers and students. There were fewer primary school students. A majority of them were secondary school students. Some of the older children were dressed in a multitude of colors. They wore head accessories and held Hula Hoops in hand. It was as if they were here to put on acrobatic performances.

"This is Peking University?"

"I must attend this school in the future!"

"Me too. This is my goal!"

"There will be college entrance examinations in a few more months. I need to work hard too. This place sure is huge. It's really worthy of being the number one institute of higher learning in the country. It really lives up to its reputation."

"I really envy those elder brothers and sisters who study here."

"Ah! Look, look! That's Zhang Ye!"

"Who is Zhang Ye?"

"You are such a turtle! You don't even know Zhang Ye?"

"I know, Zhang Ye is that guy who does Talk Shows. He's quite a famous host, and now, it seems he's teaching in Peking University. He proposed many unprecedented and amazing points of view regarding 'Dream of the Red Chamber'. Our language teacher even mentioned Zhang Ye a few days ago during our lessons. He said Zhang Ye's lectures on 'Dream of the Red Chamber' were excellent!"

A few students pointed at Zhang Ye, but they did not go over. They just looked at him from a distance.

Professor Zeng patted Zhang Ye, "You are quite popular."

Zhang Ye could not help but laugh. "Don't say that. My popularity is just notoriety. It's well known in the industry."

"Oh, you are aware of that?" Professor Zeng was also amused. "Then, why do you keep causing trouble? Everything would be fine if you take a step back. Try to have patience and endure it if possible."

Zhang Ye smiled. It was unknown if it got to him.

Suddenly, a girl's voice sounded, "Bro!"

Looking towards the origin of the sound, Zhang Ye saw his third cousin in the crowd. He waved his hand and saw Cao Mengmeng pull her from teacher, Teacher Leng, over.

Zhang Ye said, "Teacher Leng."

"Teacher Zhang, we meet again." Teacher Leng smiled and then looked at Professor Zeng. She hurriedly stretched out her hand, "You are Professor Zeng, right? I've seen your papers before."

Professor Zeng shook hands with her. "Nice to meet you."

Zhang Ye introduced, "This is my cousin, and this is her form teacher, Teacher Leng." Then patted Cao Mengmeng on the head, "Call him Grandpa Zeng."

Cao Mengmeng said cutely, "Grandpa Zeng, how do you do?!"

"Hi, hello." Professor Zeng beamed and said, "This young lady is really beautiful."

Zhang Ye trampled on her. "What do you mean beautiful? She's just mischievous and causes trouble all the time."

Cao Mengmeng stared. "Bro, why are you speaking bad about me. I will ignore you in the future. No, I'm mentally scarred now. You have to compensate me. My cellphone needs an upgrade!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "You only know to rob me every day or two, and you still want to upgrade your cellphone? Your bro hasn't even changed his own and he's so poor now."

From somewhere else, a few Peking University students walked over.

Yao Mi waved. "Teacher Zhang."

Senior Song and Senior Zhou also greeted them.

Zhang Ye nodded. "You guys came too? Does our Peking University have a show to put on?"

Senior Song said, "Nothing to do with us. We are just here as spectators. A few people from every class are given this opportunity."

Yao Mi hurried said, "Teacher Zhang, you and Professor Y..."

"Teacher Zhang, go about your business. We will be entering first." Senior Zhou tugged at Yao Mi to prevent her from speaking blindly. The few of them began lining up to enter the venue with tickets in hand.

"What are you doing!?" Yao Mi stared.

Senior Zhou gave a wry smile. "There are so many people around. Don't speak without thinking."

However, even if it was not asked, many people had already heard about the conflict between Zhang Ye and Yan Jiantao that afternoon. A few teachers and students, who came to Peking University, also glanced at Zhang Ye as they whispered amongst themselves.

After sending his cousin off, Zhang Ye and Professor Zeng entered the Grand Auditorium. They were the hosts and the organizers, so the seats that were reserved for them were better. They were all seated the front row.

President Wu was already there.

There were a few people surrounding her that Zhang Ye had never seen before. They were likely the leaders of Peking University.

With another glance, he saw Yan Jiantao sitting in the second row. He was chatting with an elderly professor from another department he was familiar with. With that, the few of them stared over at Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye ignored Yan Jiantao and went to the third row with Professor Zeng.

Su Na stroked her chin, "Professor Zeng and Teacher Zhang, you came too? I thought both of you would be busy. Sorry for not getting you when I came over."

Professor Zeng said with a chuckle, "How can we not attend such a good gala?"

People began to enter in droves. The auditorium, that could hold a few thousand people, was quickly filled up. It was quite lively. There were a large number of reporters and cameras. Although it was not broadcasted on television, it would still be recorded and released on the internet.