

Superstar 371

Chapter 371: Old Wu's Birthday Gift

The atmosphere turned quiet.

Everyone was looking at the couplet.

Zhang Ye was afraid people in the distance could not see it, so he recited it once, " (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow)."

Father Su was filled with despair! He had came forward full of confidence, thinking he was bound to win. Who knew the couplet awaiting him would forcefully smothered him. Master Zhou and a few truly knowledgeable people were also stunned the moment Zhang Ye put down his brush!

This...

This first half...

Zhang Ye's couplet's first half had a very simple meaning and was even straightforward. It was how a lonely widow stayed alone. It was not like other couplets which were quite a mouthful or textually intricate. There was no need to even explain the couplet. Everyone could understand it, but this first half's only trick was that one of its radicals were the same. On the surface, it looked like an ordinary miraculous couplet. There were plenty of such couplets in this world, so it was nothing surprising. Of course, this was a layman's point of view. True experts, who had deeply researched couplets, would feel like vomiting blood the moment they saw it!

How could it be matched?

There was no way of matching it!

However, there were a few calligraphers who did not realize this. They began suggesting ideas.

"Teacher Su, why aren't you writing anything?"

"I think trying with 'disconsolate sorrow'...Eh, it won't work."

"Try using 'a beautiful fair'...Oh it won't do too. The correspondence doesn't match."

The more they ruminated, the more of a headache they experienced. The more they thought, the more alarmed they became. The first half of the couplet seemed like anyone could match it as long as enough time was given. However, the more they thought through it carefully and researched it thoroughly, they felt even more powerless. Their hearts slowly turned cold!

It could not be matched!

This couplet could not be matched!

The collective wisdom of everyone failed to match the couplet!

Master Zhou reminded everyone. "Since someone has come forward, for this round, there should not be any suggestions from the crowd, alright? Little Wu's team only has two people and the numbers are quite few to begin with."

However, Zhang Ye said, "Master Zhou, it's fine. This couplet of mine has no time limit nor is it restricted to anyone. Even if someone can match it a few decades later, you can consider it as me losing this round."

Master Zhou looked at him and gave a pleased smile and nod. "Alright, then let's leave the outcome of this round on hold. Who knows, this might become a story decades later. Haha."

Zhang Ye suggested, "Then let's end it here today."

Master Zhou agreed and began to become fond of Zhang Ye. "Alright, the auspicious item now has an honor, so it's of little significance to carry the competition. It's already past 1 PM, so let's have our meal!"

Not mentioning the winner or loser?

Taking this round as a tie? Leaving it for the future?

Everyone knew this youth in shades was leaving them face. According to the rules of the competition, he would definitely win. However, by him offering to put this on hold showed he had some bearing. It seemed like this youth had a sense of propriety. He did not incessantly chase after them to smack their faces.

Zhang Ye had compromised, but he actually did not plan on doing so. Chen Mo's words had provoked him. He had planned on wiping them out, but there was no other way. His opponent this round was Su Na's father. Su Na was his colleague, and they always had a cordial relationship. Zhang Ye could treat others however he wanted, but he naturally could not hunt down the father of his friend. Hence, he initiated this "peaceful draw". It was not because Zhang Ye had a sense of propriety. It was just wishful thinking of the others. It was just Zhang Ye giving Su Na and her father some face.

Others did not know that Zhang Ye never backed down?

But Su Na definitely knew. She was very familiar with Zhang Ye and knew of his temper. He was a person who didn't care who he faced. Had he ever been afraid of anyone? How high a status did Professor Yan have? Zhang Ye scolded him the moment he was given the chance. Su Na knew Zhang Ye was not a person who would back down because of hierarchy. The reason why Teacher Zhang did not care about the outcome was because of Su Na herself. Upon realizing this, Su Na felt warmth spread through her heart. He had disregarded so many calligraphers and artists to the point of not even bothering about them, much less currying favor. Yet, Zhang Ye had given Su Na, his friend, face. From Su Na's point of view, such a friend was worth having. This was a true friend!

Su Na looked over and winked.

Zhang Ye nodded and exchanged looks with her.

At this moment, Master Wei finally laughed. "A young person's abilities must be respected!"

Zhang Ye said a few humble words, but it was just a few. "All of you went easy on me. If everyone really got serious, I wouldn't be your match."

Wu Zeqing also smiled and said, "Master Wei, so I'll be keeping this auspicious item?"

Master Wei gave an expression as if he seemed unwilling to part with it. It was unknown if it was really what he was feeling. "Let me take another look at it. If I don't look at it, I might never have another chance to do so."

Master Wei's disciple, Chen Mo had an ugly expression. So many of them failed to get an item his teacher wanted. It was too shameful!

Master Zhou's disciples had already brought out the the auspicious item out.

Wu Zeqing said elegantly. "Why don't I lend it to you for a period of time? You can return it to me when the time comes."

"Alright." Master Wei asked her, "How long are you going to lend it to me for?"

Wu Zeqing gave a faint chuckle. "A hundred years."

Master Wei glanced at her and was humored. "Alright, it's decided then!"

The last few lines were only between the two of them. Only Master Zhou and his two disciples who were holding up the calligraphy piece could hear it. Well, there was also Zhang Ye who had a keen ear. As for the rest, they did not hear it. They only heard that Wu Zeqing was lending it to Master Wei for a period of time for his enjoyment. He still had to return it when the time came.

Lending it to him for a hundred years?

Then that was something that did not need to be returned!

Zhang Ye did not mind Wu Zeqing's decision. He supported Old Wu in everything that she did.

The two disciples were stunned and did not utter a word. Since Wu Zeqing had whispered, she naturally had a reason behind it. Saying that she was lending it instead of giving it to Master Wei was most likely to save Master Wei face. So, they did not make it known.

Master Zhou was overjoyed with this outcome. In a good mood, he instructed the staff to begin the banquet.

Master Wei's mood also turned good. "I think we should eat in the courtyard."

"Sure." Master Zhou looked up. "Today's weather is pretty good. It's nice and warm."

Another calligraphy master smiled and said, "Alright, then let's set up tables in the backyard. If there's not enough space, the rest can go eat inside the building."

The tables were set up.

The dishes were served.

Wu Zeqing called Zhang Ye over. "Did you hear it?"

"Ah? Hear what?" Zhang Ye pretended not to know.

Wu Zeqing had only used a voice that only the two of them could hear. "I have given the auspicious item you won for me to Master Wei. Since it was won by you, I have to let you know."

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, it's fine. It's up to you. After all, I won it for you."

Wu Zeqing smiled faintly and said, "The reason why I didn't want Master Zhou's calligraphy piece is because I want you to write one for me. I did not want that gift, so you have to prepare a gift for me. I believe once the meal begins, everyone will begin giving their gifts. It wouldn't look good if you are empty-handed, right? Hur Hur, I'm waiting for you to write a nice calligraphy piece for me."

Zhang Ye felt a proud. What sort of person was Master Zhou? He was a calligraphy master. To think President Wu gave up on Master Zhou's exquisite piece of calligraphy and thought nothing of it, but instead, she wanted one of Zhang Ye's calligraphy pieces. How great of an honor was this? Zhang Ye felt flattered and honored at the same time.

However, what should he write?

There was nothing he could write!

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Why don't I give you the ancient poems and couplets I wrote previously to you. You can treat them all as a birthday gift, alright?"

Wu Zeqing said, "I already wanted those poems. Hur Hur, but I think it's not enough. After all, those aren't true ancient poetry. They lack the support of allusions. Be it poems or melody poems, there is no historical background to them, so it is lacking in the mood."

Zhang Ye was unconvinced. "How can there not be any allusions supporting them?"

Wu Zeqing chuckled, "Then let me ask you, in that melody poem, 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty', why was she called a beauty? And which homeland was it? In 'Mourning Day', what place is the Almond Flower Village the cowherd points to? Is there some story behind them? In 'Passing by Huaqing Palace', what sort of place is Huaqing Palace? In 'one horse rider kicking up red dust, the concubine laughs', who was the concubine? How do you know there was a concubine who ate lychee? Are there ancient records of such events in history? Is there such information in literature?"

Zhang Ye tried explaining, "About that..."

Before he finished speaking, Wu Zeqing laughed. "Anyway, you owe me a gift, and I'll want it in a while."

"Little Wu, come join us over here in the main seats." Master Zhou called over.

Wu Zeqing went over leaving Zhang Ye smiling wryly. Old Wu was clearly trying to rob him. And she was planning on robbing him dry!

Not only her, everyone else knew Zhang Ye's poems were good. There was no faults that could be picked in terms of literature, but it lacked the support of history and allusions. If it was written by an ancient, then there was no need to even think about it. The ancients were part of history to begin with. These poems were perfect, but Zhang Ye wasn't an ancient. He was just a modern person who had absorbed modern day culture. This caused his poems to drop in value.

Zhang Ye was still unconvinced!

Who told you my poems do not have any allusions supporting them?

Who told you I can't explain them through historical information?

Why was "Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty" called a beauty? Because, Lady Yu, she...forget it, let's talk about the next one. Eh, what country was the homeland? The homeland was of course...Right, let's talk about Almond Flower Village. Where was Almond Flower Village? Almond Flower Village is actually...the...the place beside...Sweet...Sweet Rice Village...F**k! I just wanted to f**king write Almond Flower Village! Why do all of you care!? Why care!?

Zhang Ye became angry. He indeed could not explain the stories behind these ancient phrases. If he had to explain, he would have to extend it to the historical stories from his world.

These poems lacked some meaning?

Then what gift can I give you?

Few ancient poems rarely didn't have a story behind them!

Do I have to write a folk song poem? Many of these did not have any historical allegories, as they themselves were a form of allegory. They were adapted from folk tales. From Zhang Ye's understanding, it was just an ancient story, telling some fictitious story, then there would be no need to have any historical stories to support it.

Folk song poem.

What should I write for Old Wu?

Chapter 372: Master Wei's Disciple's Provocation!

Everyone took their seats.

Everyone looked for their own spots.

Zhang Ye went to a small table in the back. "Teacher Su."

"Nicely done Teacher Zhang. Your few poems were enough to stun everyone." Su Na said jovially. She was not a bigoted person. She usually did not have the bearing of a Peking University teacher, and would joke around if necessary. "I have something I want to ask of you."

Zhang Ye sat down. "Go on."

Su Na said, "Can you give me the upper half of your couplet?"

Zhang Ye threw up his hands. "They have already been taken by President Wu. You can ask it from her."

"So you are agreeable to it? If you agree to it, I'll go over. Anyway President Wu likes poetry, and is probably not as interested in couplets, but my father likes it." Su Na said.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It's for Uncle Su? Sure, no problem."

Su Na said happily, "Then it's settled. Thanks!"

At this moment, Master Zhou looked around and his sights landed on Zhang Ye. He waved at him and said, "Young lad. Haha, come over to the main table."

Main table?

Everyone was stunned!

The main table was for masters. Typical calligraphers were not qualified to sit there!

Master Wei also invited him. "That's right. Young man, come over. You have the qualifications to sit with us."

How could Zhang Ye go over? He immediately said, "Thank you, Masters. Thank you for thinking so highly of me, but I don't dare to impose, so I really won't be going over."

Wu Zeqing said, "Since he wants to sit over there, let him be. Let's eat."

A calligrapher in his forties was curious as he asked, "Old Wu, where did you get to know this person? Why have I never heard of him before? Does anyone know him?"

"No."

"It's also my first time seeing him."

The others also glanced at Zhang Ye.

Wu Zeqing said with a faint smile, "I'm sure you all know him. As for who he is, let me keep you all in suspense for the moment. Isn't everyone hungry? If not, I'll be the first to dig in!"

Ah?

All of us know him? It can't be!

Master Zhou roared with laughter. "Right, let's eat first."

Mr Feng, who had previously participated in the competition, said, "Little Wu, don't say anything else. Please give me that 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty', if not, don't think of getting a gift from me."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "Teacher Feng, you are depriving me of a beloved item."

Mr Feng snorted. "I lost to a junior and have lost all my face. How can I not get some benefits? So it's settled, that piece of calligraphy is mine!"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "I'll think about it."

Mr Feng stared. "What's there to think about? You scammed all us old fogeys, and we haven't even settled scores. If we knew your teammate was so good at poetry and his calligraphy being so good, why the heck would we even try to compete with him!" They had really lost quite unjustly. They had lost based on literary skills.

Wu Zeqing said helplessly. "Alright then. 'Lady Yu, the Royal Beauty' is yours."

Mr Feng drank a mouthful of wine happily. "That's more like it."

With that, Mr Wang also spoke, "'The Lavishly Decorated Zither' is mine!"

"I want that 'Mourning Day'. Haha, I like those ominous poems. Old Wu, you have to forgo your love. Later on, I'll write a piece of calligraphy to exchange with you." Another calligrapher said.

So in a short while, all of Zhang Ye's poetry had been handed out, leaving not a single one with Wu Zeqing.

It was very common for calligraphers to exchange calligraphy pieces, not to mention that these were the original poems written by Zhang Ye for the first time. They had their value as collectables. Everyone knew this youth would one day amount to something. If he were to one day become a Master, these poetry's value would increase tenfold, maybe even a hundredfold.

When Chen Mo, who was sitting at the third table, heard the conversation at the main table and saw how Zhang Ye's poetry was so popular, his frown tightened.

A youth secretly said, "Wu Zeqing brought someone to mess things up!"

Another youth added, "It's too much. This is our teacher's birthday. Not only did he win the auspicious item that our teacher wanted, he even smacked the faces of so many teachers. What is he doing?"

The first youth said, "Senior brother, you must seek justice for our old master!"

These were all Master Wei's disciples.

Chen Mo's expression looked certain as he whispered, "Watch me!"

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The banquet began.

The second segment also began.

Someone came over, "Master Wei, let me offer you a toast."

Another youth came over, "Big Sis Wu, happy birthday."

A few people came over, and took out the birthday presents they prepared. Someone gave Master Wei an ink slab, while someone gave Wu Zeqing a roll of painting he drew.

One...

Five...

Ten...

More and more came forward to give their birthday wishes.

Master Wei and Wu Zeqing had a rewarding trip as they received many things.

"Master Wei, this is a lowly work of mine. I wish you a long life."

"Thank you, you were so thoughtful."

Suddenly, Master Wei's most valued disciple, Chen Mo, stood up. He walked towards the main table and said with a laugh, "Teacher, he who teaches me for one day is my father for life. Thank you for all the

guidance and teachings you have given me over all these years. I know you are not lacking in anything, and I can't produce anything nice to give to you. The only thing I can give you is the calligraphy I have learned under your years of nurturing. Today, I wish to write something for you. I wish you would be able to appraise the results of my learning!"

He was quite eloquent.

Master Wei stroked his beard and nodded with a smile. "Great! This present suits my taste!"

Master Zhou was also quite interested. He instructed people to set up ink and paper. The platform was in the middle, so everyone could see it. People, who were eating upstairs, could lean over the window to see it.

"Little Mo is planning on writing calligraphy?"

"Let's take a look."

"Little Mo is one of the most talented disciples of Master Wei."

The surrounding people put down their chopsticks and began to watch the lively scene while smiling and chattering.

Chen Mo held his brush and closed his eyes for a moment. Suddenly they opened his eyes and landed the brush on the Xuan paper. He was holding a small brush, so was it possible that he was writing a long poem?

Zhang Ye also looked over.

"Nicely written."

"As expected of Master Wei's disciple."

"He's not worse than that youth in shades from before!"

The crowd gave their praises by the side. As for Master Wei's other disciples, they also stood by the side cheering on their senior brother.

However, when the first line was written, someone exclaimed and then felt his heart pounding. This...

It was a folk song poem! This kind of poetry was rarely seen! And it was a folk song poem that no one had seen before. Clearly, it was a work created by Chen Mo himself. The creation of a folk song poem was much more difficult than ancient poems or melody poems. Firstly, it was rare, and secondly, it was difficult to grasp. It was too difficult to write one well as it required extremely deep ancient knowledge of literature! It was unknown how long Chen Mo had prepared for this, but this showcase made everyone astonished!

Master Zhou congratulated. "Old Wei, your mantle has an inheritor."

Master Wei said with a smile, "Little Mo is still far from that."

"Far from that? I think it's not much further. He will definitely be better than you in the future. Haha." Master Zhou and Master Wei were old friends, so it was very common to engage in banter.

The poem was very long.

A folk song poem was finished.

However, when everyone read the poem's content carefully, they were all stunned!

Chen Mo's folk song poem actually told a story. It mentioned an unsuccessful man in ancient times. He kept trying to pass the imperial examinations to gain fame, but his wife kept obstructing him, wanting him to go into business. The man refused, but his wife relied on her better family conditions, and began to preside all decisions of the household. In the end, the family business collapsed, causing the two of them to sleep on the street. In the end, the man succeeded in the examinations and became an official, while the wife become subservient towards him from then on, following his every word. Midway, the text even used words similar to 'only women and small-minded men are hard to deal with'.

The story was average. It was written like standard feudal period texts. As for a moral, there was none. It seemed to be writing about Chen Mo himself. Men had to stick to their ideals and goals, never listening to women. However, this story would not be anything in any other occasion, but in today's occasion, there was a problem, what more, a big problem! Not only was Master Wei celebrating his birthday today, but it was also Wu Zeqing's birthday!

What's the meaning of this?

Only women and small-minded men are hard to deal with?

Women should not be in the limelight? They should stay at home and just focus on assisting the husband and bringing up the children?

It was a story that said women should not do anything! And in the end, it even said that the wife down and out, while the husband was high and mighty? Who were you trying to repress!? What sort of status did President Wu have!? Only you dare to make such things up!

Chen Mo put his brush down. "I'm done writing."

The atmosphere seemed to momentarily freeze. No one present was an idiot!

Master Wei's face first turned sullen. "Insolence!"

Master Zhou did not praise Chen Mo either. He frowned and glanced at Wu Zeqing.

Wu Zeqing hung a faint smile on her lips but did not say a word.

Su Na could not stand for it. She stood up furious, "Chen! Who are you scolding!?"

A calligrapher's female family member said angrily too, "Who said women are inferior to men!? What sort of society is it!? To think you wrote such a feudal era ideology!"

Another woman said, "What sort of folk song poem is this!? To write us women to be completely good for nothings? What the heck do you mean, Little Mo! Do you look down on women?"

Chen Mo smiled and said, "I don't have those intentions. It's just a folk song poem. Some of the words are just referenced, and not what I personally believe. I'm just emulating the writing style of the ancients."

A group of woman began chattering. They could not stand for this!

Chen Mo ignored it. He knew he would definitely offend many people today, but he didn't care. He only respected Master Wei. Wu Zeqing had thrown his teacher's face, so as a disciple, he had to help win his teacher's face back. He thought Master Wei was just maintaining his bearing just now by speaking, but did not mean that he was not angry. Hence, Chen Mo produced this text, hoping to win the face from before back. He would not let Wu Zeqing win the competition, face, and auspicious gift and leave. He had to make her lose face!

Competition?

They were not Zhang Ye's match!

But now, it was not a literary competition. Chen Mo was trying to settle scores!

Zhang Ye looked at Chen Mo and the folk song poem. He was truly infuriated. When everyone helped the old master bully Wu Zeqing in numbers, Zhang Ye was not truly angered. He knew everyone did not have the true intentions of bullying her. However, the meaning behind what Chen Mo wrote was different! This was clearly trying to embarrass Wu Zeqing! This was clearly trying to take revenge!

Bastard!

You are courting death!

Chapter 373: "Ode of Mulan" is Born!

The mood of the annual gathering had soured.

Everyone who was in attendance to the gathering could only look on at each other as they observed the situation in the back yard.

As Chen Mo's teacher, Master Wei could only step forward to Wu Zeqing saying, "President Wu, I'm sorry. My disciple does not know better. Don't take what a junior does to heart."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "It's okay, Little Mo's words are quite well written."

Master Wei sighed, saying, "The words are good, but the attitude is far from good."

Master Zhou said from the side, "He still needs to hone himself. It's too early for him to stray from the cover of his master's wing." Saying that, he shook his head.

As for the calligraphers that had gathered around, there was nothing they could say either. Because as a disciple of Master Wei, it would not be good for them to lecture him. Using a folk song poem to insinuate that women should stay home and fulfill their homely duties? Chen Mo's words were indeed well written and he was also an outstanding literary talent, but his character was less so. Did he care about President Wu's status? She was a heroine amongst women and even these calligraphers did not dare to make a scene in front of her, so what's with this junior that was Chen Mo? It was a good thing that President Wu did not hold him against him. Such magnanimity would not have come from anyone else. Writing something like that would have already gotten him a stare and smack on the table. You'd have to know that in the field of culture and education, Wu Zeqing's influence was much larger than all of those present put together!

They could only be considered as passers-by in these fields.

Wu Zeqing was the only one who held true power!

If he did not even recognize this, then his future achievements would definitely not be any good either. Everyone had their own judgments about Chen Mo. Sigh, young people always act impulsively and go astray. Sometimes, you'd have give them a chance to let the them grow up and learn from their own mistakes.

Master Zhou looked at Chen Mo, "What are you waiting for? Apologize to President Wu."

Chen Mo hesitated for a moment before looking to Wu Zeqing and saying, "President Wu, if I had offended you in any way, I apologize, but this folk song poem of mine really does not have any ulterior motives at all. I just wanted to show my teacher and let him assess the fruits of my learnings." He was still unwilling to admit his mistake.

Everyone frowned.

Old Master Wei eyes turned cold as well.

Chen Mo was also a victim of his own pride. He had already gone so far, so all he could do was to just continue standing there and admitting that he was not in the wrong. He did not know that Wu Zeqing had already presented Master Zhou's calligraphy piece to his teacher. All he wanted to do now was to get back at them for his teacher. He did not care about the consequences anymore. What's done was done. The folk song poem had already been written and nothing could be done about it.

Su Na said angrily, "He can't tell chalk from cheese! To think you still are so adamant when President Wu did not take it to heart?!"

Father Su reprimanded her a little, "Sit down. Why are you getting so agitated for?"

Su Na said, "He has already denigrated women! Am I not allowed to say anything!"

A female calligrapher snorted, "What day and age are we currently in and yet there's still such discrimination?! Old Master Wei, today is the anniversary of our Calligraphy Association and also your birthday. We came here to congratulate you, not to get angered like this. It's already a new era of society and yet there are still such people with such old fashioned mindsets still around? If I didn't see this for myself, I wouldn't have believed it. What's the matter with us women?"

"Right!"

"In what way are we good for nothing?"

"The person who wrote such a folk song poem can't possibly have good character!"

"Still adamant? Don't know how to repent? He dares to do it, but doesn't dare to admit his mistakes!"

"Master Wei. We respect you a lot, but this disciple of yours is...really not much!"

A group of female family members and female calligraphers were still grumbling about Chen Mo. President Wu did not get offended by him because of her status, but for them, they did not have any

reasons to hold back. They were all women and they would have already let him off easy if they spat on him. Chen Mo's calligraphy writing was really infuriating!

Teacher Wang said to his wife, "Old Qu, why are you causing a commotion."

The woman frowned, "What's the matter? Can't I speak my mind?!"

Teacher Wang pursed his lips, "Just don't say so much. Is there not enough rice to stop you from talking? Eat more then." He did not want the issue to keep going on as it was, after all, still Master Wei's birthday. The more they spoke, the uglier it would become for Master Wei.

Another calligrapher said to his daughter, "Xiaojiang, don't say anymore. Just eat!"

The girl, who was sitting at the same table as Su Na, slammed her chopsticks onto the table, "Do you think I can still eat! Dad, that Chen fella's actions are completely uncalled for! I was just quietly eating and did not offend anyone, yet he came out and insulted all women? If his calligraphy was about any other topic, it would be fine, but what did he do? He wrote the folk song poem in a way that says the men must be determined to follow their dreams and not listen those around them spouting rubbish. Yet most of the descriptions were talking about how women are wicked and like to cause trouble! He basically looks down on women from the bottom of his heart! If this poem were to be posted and spread around in public, how will others think of the Calligraphy Association? Hmmph, they would definitely think that this place is ruled by old feudal lords!"

Her father got angry, "What are you saying! Eat your meal!"

Xiaojiang said, "If he doesn't explain himself, I won't eat!"

The woman beside her hugged Xiaojiang and said, "Old Sun, don't shout at your daughter. You allowed him to write something like that, yet you won't let us say a word?"

"Big Sis Yu, Little Mo doesn't seem like he was intending to do that." The father smiled bitterly.

Big Sis Yu said, "Still, he ought to apologize."

All of the women present did not agree with his explanation. The men looked as though as they were all having a bad headache.

"Senior Bro."

"Senior Bro."

"This..."

Master Wei's other disciples could only sit still.

Chen Mo had no way back except to say, "Sisters and aunties, I really do not have any other meaning. I was just imitating the ancients in writing a folk song poem for my teacher's birthday, so that I could show how much I have learned. I have been composing this for the past month and wanted to give my teacher a surprise!"

Still adamant?

Still giving excuses!

This time, even the men could no longer stand him!

Suddenly, someone said something. Zhang Ye casually grabbed a mouthful of food and swallowed it down. He calmly glanced at Chen Mo, "You had one month of research and all you came up with was this piece of rubbish? Looks to me like your studies did not take you far!"

Chen Mo sneered, "Rubbish?"

Zhang Ye's mouth was extremely toxic. "Saying that it's rubbish was only to leave face for Master Wei. If I were to speak freely, this folk song poem is absolute f**king trash. Do you even know what a folk song poem is? Do you know how to write a folk song poem? With this sort of standard for an essay, you still dare to call it a folk song poem? Don't tease us anymore. In the future, should you have something else like this again, you should just leave it at home. Don't bring it out and embarrass yourself. If someone who really understands poetry well sees this, wouldn't it make them laugh their heads off? Your words only so-so and just barely OK, but the literary standards are very poor. Let me tell you, a real folk song poem does not put too much focus on the passage format and is not so strict about tonal patterns, with a lot of freedom from rules, but it is not so simple as to be considered an unstructured passage that, when paired with music, will automatically qualify it to be a folk song poem. A poem such as the folk song poem does not fully depend on pairing it with music either. Our nation's literature is so profound and deep and it is definitely not as simple as you think it is!"

Su Na cheered, "Well said!"

As for what was so good about it? Su Na did not know either!

Those who were present felt the same. Speaking of it, they really did not understand much about the structure of a folk song poem either. There were no restrictions on the type of sentences used, no tonal pattern requirements either, yet the standard for the words used were very high. There could be storyline characters in it and even exchanges of sentences between the characters. It was very difficult to write — Everyone's concept of it was also as such. After all, they were all involved in calligraphy and not in folk song poems. They couldn't possibly be so well-learned about a topic like this.

A youth could no longer bear to listen any longer, "You're saying my senior bro is writing rubbish?"

"Is it my senior bro or you that doesn't understand!" Another of Master Wei's disciples rebutted.

Zhang Ye was tickled, "I don't understand?"

When she heard this, Su Na also burst out laughing!

Seeing Zhang Ye accusing him, Chen Mo no longer kept silent. Those aunties and sisters who had been giving him a ticking off were all his elders and it wasn't good for him to argue back, but who did Zhang Ye think he was? Chen Mo said directly, "Sure, you put it so well, then why don't you show us what you've got? If what I wrote is not a folk song poem, then show us how it should be written!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "It's President Wu's birthday today, so I will be happy to teach you something. I won't ask for tuition fees either." After saying so, he turned around to Wu Zeqing and said, "President Wu, I

did not prepare a present for you today. Coming here empty handed, I feel a little embarrassed, so let me write a little something for you as your birthday present."

Wu Zeqing laughed and said, "Sure."

Master Zhou was a little stunned, "What will you write?"

Zhang Ye replied relaxingly, "After saying all that I did earlier, I will naturally be writing a folk song poem. I wanted to give the poems from earlier to President Wu, but she didn't seem too satisfied with them, saying that those poems didn't fit the occasion. Alright then, this folk song poem should be suitable. I would also like to tell everyone a story."

Wu Zeqing watched him with a soft gaze. "OK, I will be waiting to see your folk song poem. If it's not up to my standards, I will not accept it." She said so jokingly, but there was not a single doubt in her eyes.

A lot of people gasped. What the f**k, you really want to write a folk song poem? This was not a poem that could be compared to other 5 or 7 word poems. A folk song poem was usually used to tell a story. It needed character planning, a storyline, a main plot, and lastly a conclusive question. It needed thoughtful literary planning and the largely depended on the phrasing of words. Everyone had witnessed Zhang Ye's prowess in composing poems, but most poems only numbered a few dozen words. Each one was short and easy to come up with, but a folk song poem was entirely different. Without at least a month to think and prepare, how could he come up with a long poem that would consist of hundreds to thousands of words? It was not possible to write on the spot! Everyone knew that this sunglasses youth obviously spoke without thinking. He could not have possibly composed something like this, yet he claimed that he would immediately start writing one right now? Composing on the spot?

This was a folk song poem we're talking about!

How could something like that be composed spontaneously?

Everyone had no concept of such a thing. It was nothing they had ever heard about before. Could someone even do that? That's impossible!

Yet Su Na felt confident as she cheered, "Go, Teacher Zhang! Show them what you can do! Those frogs in a well, how dare they debate with you on verse structures? It's laughable!" She really wanted to laugh out loud.

Zhang Ye said, "Please help me prepare a longer piece of Xuan paper. The word count might be a little more than usual."

"What size do you require?" Master Zhou asked.

Zhang Ye not knowing it either, "Hmm, anything will do I guess."

Master Zhou was a little speechless, but still said, "How many words will there be?"

Zhang Ye answered, "I'm not too sure either. Let's just write and see how it goes."

Well, he was composing it on the spot after all, so how could he possibly know how many words there would be? So, Master Zhou instructed his disciples to go prepare and soon after, everything was ready.

Everyone stopped eating and went over to spectate.

"Let's go downstairs!"

"There's something exciting to watch again!"

"Wait for me, I'm coming too!"

People who were upstairs came down, many of which were family members and members of the association.

This time, it wasn't a match, but somehow, it felt more exciting than one. Everyone's soul was stirred. Su Na squeezed in front to find a spot near the happenings.

Chen Mo was waiting to see Zhang Ye make a fool of himself. His few disciple brothers thought so too, thinking, how a person without any preparation even write a folk song poem? A few hundred to thousands of words that he hadn't even planned for? Wasn't this an immense joke!? And you even want to use it to tell a story? The ancient stories have already been written so much that people are sick of them!

Master Zhou stood in the innermost row.

Master Wei and Wu Zeqing were seated and watching.

All eyes were focused on Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye dabbed the brush in ink and then looked up to find Chen Mo. "Watch carefully and see what a folk song poem really looks like!" Saying this, he landed his brush and began describing it verbally.

"In ancient times, there was a girl named Mulan."

Girl?

Hua Mulan?

Didn't ancient styles of writing always write about men? Why are you writing a woman as the protagonist?

When Chen Mo and his fellow disciple brothers heard it, they sneered. Everyone else was dumbfounded. Their faces wore an expression of bewilderment and probably thought that Zhang Ye really was crazy. Not only did he want to compose a folk song poem on the spot, he was even going to use a woman as the main character? A story about getting married and teaching their children how to farm? What was there to write about?

"Tsiek tsiek and again tsiek tsiek,

Mulan weaves, facing the door. You don't hear the shuttle's sound,

You only hear Daughter's sighs."

When the first line was written, Su Na knew what she had to do. She walked and stood behind Zhang Ye. As he wrote another line, Su Na read it aloud so that everyone in the outer rows, who could not see, could hear it.

"Eh?"

"It's really about weaving and farming?"

"What's so interesting about the happenings of a household?"

"Quiet, don't disturb him. Let's keep watching on."

A few women and girls were discussing behind him.

Without any thought, Zhang Ye wrote word after word in a very fast fashion. His flicks were firm, as if he did not even need to think or conceptualize.

"They ask Daughter who's in her heart,

They ask Daughter who's on her mind. No one is in Daughter's heart. No one is on Daughter's mind. Last night I saw the draft posters,

The Khan is calling many troops,

The army list is in twelve scrolls,

On every scroll there's Father's name. Father has no grown-up son,

Mulan has no elder brother.

I want to buy a saddle and horse,

To serve in the army in Father's place."

Chen Mo was stunned!

What?

Serve on her father's behalf?

Disguised as a man to serve in the army?

Everyone suddenly became quiet. No one spoke anymore!

Zhang Ye began to write even faster.

"In the East Market, she buys a spirited horse,

In the West Market, she buys a saddle,

In the South Market, she buys a bridle,

In the North Market, she buys a long whip. At dawn, she takes leave of Father and Mother,

In the evening she camps on the Yellow River's bank.

She doesn't hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,

She only hears the Yellow River's flowing water cry tsien tsien. At dawn, she takes leave of the Yellow River,

In the evening she arrives at Black Mountain.

She doesn't hear the sound of Father and Mother calling,

She only hears Mount Yen's nomad horses cry tsiu tsiu."

A slightly plump, middle-aged woman's eyes turned red.

A few other women, who had heard up to here, were also greatly touched!

What a pitiful girl! What a filial daughter! What a brave woman!

Upon reaching this point, Zhang Ye's brush suddenly turned sharply. It was as if the characters in his folk song poem were about to jump out with the change of his strokes. The atmosphere heated up.

"She goes ten thousand miles on the business of war,

She crosses passes and mountains like flying. Northern gusts carry the rattle of army pots,

Chilly light shines on iron armor. Generals die in a hundred battles,

Stout soldiers return after ten years. On her return she sees the Son of Heaven,

The Son of Heaven sits in the Splendid Hall. He gives out promotions in twelve ranks

And prizes of a hundred thousand and more. The Khan asks her what she desires.

"Mulan has no use for a minister's post.

I wish to ride a swift mount

To take me back to my home."

All of them froze again!

After so many people had died, Mulan was so lucky to have survived?

When the Khan wanted to reward her, she had rejected the chance to become a minister?

Zhang Ye wrote:

"When Father and Mother hear Daughter is coming

They go outside the wall to meet her, leaning on each other.

When Elder Sister hears Younger Sister is coming

She fixes her rouge, facing the door.

When Little Brother hears Elder Sister is coming

He whets the knife, quick quick, for pig and sheep."

An image formed in everyone's heads!

It was a scene of an excited family in a jubilant mood! Their family member had escaped death and came home with military honors!

When Su Na read this, her voice also began to choke up. It was as if the story had hit her soft spot and she could barely continue narrating!

Zhang Ye took over Su Na's job and began narrating as he wrote.

"I open the door to my east chamber,

I sit on my couch in the west room,

I take off my wartime gown

And put on my old-time clothes. Facing the window she fixes her cloudlike hair,

Hanging up a mirror she dabs on yellow flower powder She goes out the door and sees her comrades.

Her comrades are all amazed and perplexed.

Traveling together for twelve years

They didn't know Mulan... was a girl!"

Xiaojiang felt her blood boil with passion!

At the side, another woman started to tear up.

The scene depicted in the folk song poem had caused many people to be unable to hold their emotions in anymore!

Finally, Zhang Ye chuckled and as he wrote, he seemed to ask everyone:

"The he-hare's feet go hop and skip,

The she-hare's eyes are muddled and fuddled.

Two hares running side by side close to the ground..."

His final words were written more forcefully one after the other.

"How can they tell if I am he or she!?"

He finished writing!

There was total silence!

Zhang Ye held up "Ode of Mulan" and left it to dry before putting down his brush!

When Chen Mo finished reading, his face turned purple! His few disciple brothers were also left speechless!

Master Wei's hand slammed down on the chair he was sitting in as he laughed heartily, "What a good 'How can they tell if I am he or she'! Great! Great! Great!"

Master Zhou's feeling at this moment could not be described with words either. He looked in shock at Zhang Ye, having been totally stunned by this great poem called "Ode of Mulan"!

That's right!

He had truly been stunned!

Wu Zeqing eyes flashed!

The women present were all amazed!

"Hua Mulan? She is definitely a role-model to all women!"

"Right! This is what a woman is! Who says a woman can't be equal to a man?!"

"Anything a man can do, anything a man can achieve, we women can do just as well!"

The women were all visibly agitated. This "Ode of Mulan" was so well written, that it had already made its way into their hearts!

That's right! You people always want to judge with bias. Unless you hold up a rabbit by its ears, you would not be able to tell if it was male or female. A male rabbit's two legs would always move, while a female rabbit's eyes were usually squinting. Only then could you differentiate, but when male and female rabbits ran alongside each other, who could tell the difference?! Everyone was the same!

"Splendid!" Master Zhou started applauding!

In that moment, the sound of claps resounded as applauses began one by one, "It's too awesome! We've truly been enlightened today! Indeed, however strong you are, there is always someone stronger!"

"Ode of Mulan" was too excellent!

It was so excellent that it reached the point of stunning amazement!

The worse thing for anything was comparison. There were people, who had felt that Chen Mo was good, since he could compose a folk song poem that almost had a thousand words, but now, this poem, which was written by the youth in shades, when placed beside Chen Mo's piece, had made his look like crap! Chen Mo's praising of men and their dreams had used women as a burden to contrast it. The work itself was a petty one and the thought behind it did not deserve to be brought up. Right now, it even looked like Chen Mo's usage of words and phrases were like that of a child's and should not be praised at all! Just look at how the folk song poem, that was given by the youth in shades for Wu Zeqing, was written? When he wrote about women, he did not belittle anyone. The man you wrote about wanted to become an official? Yet the woman that the other person wrote about just did not want to be one. She did not want merit or reward and just wanted to go home to her family! The man you wrote about complained about things every time? Cursing women who are not good at this or that? While the other person's female character risked the chance of being beheaded by serving in the army on her father's behalf while disguised as a man! For her father and family, she fought with the enemy as a girl. In the midst of knives and swords, she wore her brains as armor to kill the enemy soldiers before returning home as a warrior after more than 10 years!

10 years!

A weak woman!

She had done what a man might not have been able to achieve!

Comparatively, the levels between Chen Mo and the youth in shades were clearly too far apart. The youth's "Ode of Mulan" was clearly written in opposition to Chen Mo's work! Every sentence was a smack to the face! Every word refuted Chen Mo's essay, repressing and smacking him hard!

Chen Mo's expression turned very ugly. He never expected Zhang Ye would be able to write such a poem!

Zhang Ye looked at Chen Mo and said impolitely, "I can tell you once again. What you wrote is nothing at all. It cannot be called a folk song poem, nor is there any literary or entertainment value." Saying that, he pointed at his own Xuan paper. "This, is a folk song poem. It is nowhere close to anything like yours."

Chen Mo said coldly, "What qualifications do you have to evaluate my poem?"

Suddenly, Master Zhou's eyes flickered. After some thought, for some reason, he laughed with enlightenment. "Little Chen, the person in front of you really has the qualifications to evaluate your poem. If he says your folk song poem is not orthodox, then it definitely is the case. If he doesn't have the qualifications, then not many in this country have the qualifications. In the realm of literature, even all of us present combined are not his match!" Then, he looked at Zhang Ye and chuckled. "Young lad, I know who you are already!"

Chen Mo was stunned. What was Master Zhou saying?

He had the qualifications? What qualifications did he have!?

Furthermore, what was that about all of us combined would not be his match in literature? Impossible!

"Ah?"

"Who?"

"Elder Zhou knows?"

Everyone was curious. Who was this youth!?

Master Wei and those calligraphers looked over. Some began ruminating!

Master Zhou roared out with laughter. "I should have guessed earlier. In this country, to be able to write an ancient poem in such manner, and also be proficient in couplet culture, to the point of not needing any thought or drafts to produce such an amazing piece like 'Ode of Mulan' on the spot! There is only one person in the country that can do it!"

Finally, a few smarter people suddenly realized it!

Few people in the country were both proficient in poetry and couplets. In addition to this, he was invited by President Wu? And he knew Su Na, a Peking University teacher?

"Holy sh*t!"

"I know who he is!"

"Heavens! It's Zhang Ye!"

"You are Teacher Zhang Ye!!!"

Everyone was stunned. This was something no one expected!

Chapter 374: Fighting to get Zhang Ye's works!

Zhang Ye was finally recognized!

It could be said that everyone did not have any such inkling on this matter in the beginning, but now, with Master Zhou mentioning it, they began realizing various things and observed the face of the youth in shades before glancing back at the name scribbled on the "Ode of Mulan"!

It's him!

It's really Zhang Ye!

Chen Mo had clearly heard of Zhang Ye's name before. He froze on the spot and nearly vomited blood!

His brother disciples, who had pitted with him against Zhang Ye, were all dumbfounded. Holy motherf**ker! How could it be him! Zhang Ye had appeared here?! Thinking of how they had challenged Zhang Ye to a competition earlier, their faces turned pale now. Compete with him? Compete my ass! F**k you! You were too well disguised! If we knew that you were Zhang Ye, we wouldn't have even tried! Who would want to compete in poetry with you?!

Amazement was in the air!

The chattering sound of discussion also started!

"What the heck!"

"So it was him!"

"No wonder he's so good! Why is he here?"

"F**k, isn't this bullying?! Compete with him in literary skills? Who can do better than him?!"

"Yes, I was thinking why these calligraphy masters and calligraphers could not even outdo this youth! That's because he's Zhang Ye! I've read his poems and essays before. Every piece could be said to be earth-shattering. It's also said that he doesn't even write a draft, he always composes them on the spot! Even if we don't mention our Calligraphy Association, which does not purely research literature, even in the Couplet Association, there might not be any masters who can outdo him in terms of literary skills! Has anyone heard of the 'Ode to Young China' prose from a few days ago? Even Peking University's Professor Yan was out talked by him!"

"If we knew it was him, we wouldn't have competed at all."

"Who would have known? Who would have even know that Zhang Ye's calligraphy skills would be so good as well?!"

Everyone basically knew who Zhang Ye was. Even if they did not know what he looked like or had never watched him on his programs or the news before, they would have at least heard of his name. After all, the calligraphy and literature world only differed slightly and had much in common. They knew more or less of the happenings in the literature world. As Zhang Ye's popularity rose, even if they did not follow his news purposefully, they would have seen him on the news. Only a small portion of the family members had never heard of Zhang Ye's name. They were already asking around to find out who he was and when they heard of his incidents and accomplishments, they too were amazed. They looked at Zhang Ye as if he was some god!

Father Su stared at his daughter, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?! Isn't that your colleague!"

Su Na giggle happily, "You didn't ask me. Oh right, Teacher Zhang said that he wanted to gift you the couplet that he wrote earlier. It was I who asked it for you!"

Father Su said happily, "Is that true?"

"Of course, I will go get it from President Wu later." Su Na replied.

"Great!" Father Su did not blame his daughter any further. That couplet verse writing was on his mind for a long time, but as he was not too familiar with President Wu, he found it difficult to ask for it during dinner.

Mr Feng looked annoyed and stared at Wu Zeqing. He spoke without any regard for his status, "Little Wu, you are so wicked! You are really so wicked! You invited Zhang Ye over and didn't even inform us. You totally cheated us old guys! Don't you think you should have told us beforehand? If we knew it was him, who would have dared to compete with him! He's a professional literary person and could even be ranked amongst the top level masters in the field of literature. To compete with us calligraphers on poems, isn't he embarrassed?! Are you even embarrassed! Hmph! If you have the capability, we should compete on the basics of calligraphy instead! We should compete on writing!"

Wu Zeqing gently smooth her hair while smiling and said, "If it's a competition on writing alone, then Little Zhang is definitely no match for all of you, but the rules of this competition were not set by me."

Teacher Wang rolled his eyes, "Then you have cheated us! By deliberately not telling us!"

Wu Zeqing laughed, "I didn't/ I thought you all would recognize him."

"Recognize? What do you mean recognize?" An old calligrapher, who had challenged Zhang Ye earlier, said, "He's wearing such a large pair of sunglass. Who would recognize him!"

Another calligrapher said indignantly, "Little Wu, you've also got a dishonest side to you."

Zhang Ye stood forward to say, "Dear seniors, I did not mean to hide it from you all. I am just used to wearing sunglasses most of the time."

Mr Feng said in a disagreeing manner, "In any case, you have offended us, so tell us how you'd settle this!"

Zhang Ye asked, "How should I settle this?"

Mr Feng glanced at him. "Gift 'Ode of Mulan' to me."

Zhang Ye said, "...but that's my present for President Wu's birthday."

"I don't care." Mr Feng said stubbornly, "In any case, I will be taking it with me later! No one can fight with me for it. Whoever wants to fight with me, I will not give them any face!"

Everyone: "..."

Master Zhou was also tickled. "Old Feng, look at yourself... you are a calligrapher."

Mr Feng said in a matter-of-factly manner, "Having encountered good stuff like that, I don't care about my demeanor anymore. Little Wu, the poem I asked from Little Zhang earlier, I will give it back to you. I want 'Ode of Mulan' instead!"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "That's not possible. This is Little Zhang's present to me. It's also the best and most favorite present I have received in many years. Teacher Feng, you can't steal my most beloved item. You can have any calligraphy scroll you want, except this 'Ode of Mulan'. It is my treasure!"

Mr Feng did not give up. "Then lend it to me for a few days."

Wu Zeqing shook her head, "Hur Hur, I'm not lending this one out."

Mr Feng was so angry that his eyes were nearly popping out. "Why are you so stingy!"

Wu Zeqing smiled. "Other calligraphic works are OK, except for this one."

The ink had dried and Wu Zeqing walked over gracefully. She looked over 'Ode of Mulan' one more time with an expression of ecstasy before getting someone to keep it away for her.

Master Zhou came over to resolve things, "Haha, come on Old Feng. This is a gift from Little Zhang to Little Wu, and also a poem celebrating a woman's achievements. What would you want it for?"

Mr Feng said, "I wanted to give it to my wife. She would definitely love it to death!"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Teacher Feng, why don't I write another 'Ode of Mulan' for you?"

Mr Feng, who seemed like he really liked the piece, said, "It's the original that I want. A second copy does not have collection value!" Then, he went over to Wu Zeqing, "Little Wu, let's discuss this. I have a lot of calligraphic scrolls at home, some of which are even ancient calligraphic scrolls. If any one of them catches your eye we can exchange?"

Wu Zeqing smiled without saying a word.

In the end, Mr Feng did not successfully get that scroll that he had wanted. He was so angry that he lost his appetite.

If any of those poems, which Zhang Ye had written earlier, lacked the origins and backgrounds that many of them could not understand, the value would be considered average, but for "Ode of Mulan", it was extremely valuable. As it was a folk song poem, a story, it did not require any origins or historical setting to prop it up. Even in Zhang Ye's previous world, it was the same for "Ode of Mulan". In his world, there may or may not have been a person called Hua Mulan, but this incident of Hua Mulan serving on behalf of her father definitely did not exist! A meritorious award from the Khan? It was all just folklore. They were just stories, so even when this passage was transferred into this world, it would

still have the same effect. It did not matter that it did not have an origin to support it, because Zhang Ye was just talking about the fictitious story of Hua Mulan. This sort of passage, whether it was just the story, the words, or the literary value, were all top of its class. It would do well in whichever world it was presented to!

When Zhang Ye was in secondary school, "Ode of Mulan" was the first poem in the language textbook. Their teacher even wanted them to memorize the few hundred words, without missing a single word. They were left with no other choice or room for discussion. They would even be forced to stand in class, copy passages, or other punishments. In the end, they would still have to memorize it all. Thus, it could be said that "Ode of Mulan" had a very important place in the literary and education timeline!

Even when the world was changed?

It couldn't possibly do badly!

Teacher Wang came looking for Zhang Ye as well. When he saw that Zhang Ye was going back to his table to continue eating, he dragged him over to the main table, "Little Zhang, sit here!"

Mr Feng was still feeling a sense of pity, "Let's have a drink, Little Zhang. I will make you knock out!"

Zhang Ye knew that he wasn't angry or being petty, "Don't do that, I am not a good drinker. I really can't drink."

Teacher Wang narrowed his eyes and said, "Looks like Old Feng really likes that 'Ode of Mulan' very much. When I lost to you just now, I felt really embarrassed, but looking at it now, I feel that losing to you in literature is very normal. Here, let's have a drink together too!"

Losing to other juniors?

They would definitely turn pale and be shocked!

But Zhang Ye had established his fame and was also a professional literature practitioner. Losing to him wasn't that big of a deal. The mood and feelings of these calligraphers who had competed with Zhang Ye earlier finally started to normalize.

Zhang Ye said humbly, "I just got lucky. If it were a true match of calligraphy, I would definitely not be able to match up to all of you teachers."

Master Zhou said, "You don't need to be humble. Your calligraphic words have already reached a very high standard. Most calligraphers would not be your match. As long as you continue to practice and learn, you will definitely earn yourself a place in the calligraphy world soon. Well I misspoke. What I meant to say was that you already have a place in the calligraphy world. Haha."

Zhang Ye said, "You're generous with your praise."

Master Wei also looked at him and said, "Do you have any plans to further develop yourself in calligraphy?"

Zhang Ye blinked, "I've not thought about it before, but maybe if there is a chance in the future I would love to. By then, if I have anything I don't understand, please give me your guidances."

It was getting rowdy over here as they all crowded together to chat.

Everyone else, who was present, including those who were having their lunch at their respective tables, were all discussing "Ode of Mulan" and Zhang Ye's name.

Over there, Chen Mo had fallen back silently to his stool without saying a further word. He had wanted to embarrass Wu Zeqing to get back at her for his teacher, but little did he expect that things would turn out this way. Not only did he not make President Wu look bad, he had allowed Zhang Ye to use his work as a stepping stone to praise Wu Zeqing with a poem that sang praises about women to the extreme. Chen Mo had offended numerous people and hadn't even won a thing. As for Zhang Ye? Not only did he win everyone over, he had even gained the respect of the women and the calligraphers!

Why?

Why?

Chen Mo could not accept it!

A few of his disciple brothers noticed and came to console him, "Senior Bro, there's nothing we can do about this. Even our teacher is no match for Zhang Ye, not to mention you."

Another of his Junior Bro sighed saying, "There's nothing to blame if we lose to him."

Chen Mo sighed and believed it was true. That Zhang guy was basically a freak. He was so young, yet his literary skills were so amazing. If he had known it was Zhang Ye, he wouldn't have gone to pick on him!

Chapter 375: Wu Zeqing Sending Him Home!

The gathering started once again.

The dishes were served.

Following the birth of "Ode of Mulan", the earlier dispute was also settled. No one brought up those irrelevant sideshows. Everyone continued to eat and drink in the backyard, while those who hadn't given their gifts continued doing so.

"Master Wei, I wish you longevity and health."

"Sister Wu, this is just a little token of mine."

"Sister Wu, I've written a scroll of words, but it is incomparable to the 'Ode of Mulan' which Teacher Zhang gave to you. But it is also my heartfelt token to you."

"With 'Ode of Mulan' appearing, I feel quite embarrassed to give a present."

"Hahaha, me too. It makes me feel like not taking the gift out."

"Eh, my head is full of those words from that poem — 'The he-hare's feet go hop and skip, the she-hare's eyes are muddled and fuddled; Two hares running side by side close to the ground. How can they tell if I am he or she?' That was really great! In ancient times, there existed Hua Mulan! In modern times, we have President Wu! I have a feeling that this 'Ode of Mulan' would become folklore within a few decades to a century. It will definitely be passed on into the ages and after a millennia, we would also be

a part of the origin story of 'Ode of Mulan'. When people talk about this folk song poem, they would inherently mention us too. In the past, it has always been us who have been researching the ancients' origin stories, but who would have expected that we would become an example to future generations too!"

"Teacher Zhang is a genius!"

"Yea, there's nothing more precious than that gift!"

"What a great Hua Mulan! What a great 'Ode of Mulan'!"

"If I could compose such a great folk song poem, I would definitely seal my brush and stop writing!"

Everyone continued eating or presenting their gifts while they immersed themselves in the emotions that "Ode of Mulan" had brought to them.

Master Zhou was a small but fast eater. After he finished and wiped his mouth, "I'm done, please excuse me." Then he looked over to Wu Zeqing, "Little Wu, why did you keep that folk song poem scroll away? Bring it out so that I can make a copy of it."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "You want to write it out too?"

Master Zhou nodded, "My hands are getting itchy. To have encountered such a great poem, to even have witnessed its birth before my very eyes, of course I would have to make a copy of it." Then he turned to Zhang Ye to ask, "Little Zhang, may I go through the words of 'Ode of Mulan'? Don't sue me for copyright infringement, OK? Hur Hur."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Sure, it would be my honor."

After Master Zhou had his disciples to prepare the Four Treasures of the Study, he did not start writing. He first began by appreciating the piece for over ten minutes and then closed his eyes for a long time before he picked up his brush. He wanted to digest all of the content before he even dared to write!

When Master Zhou's version of "Ode of Mulan" was done, everyone cheered!

"Nicely written!"

"Old Master Zhou's skills are indeed extraordinary!"

But Master Zhou was still unsatisfied, he waved his hands saying, "It is the content that is good, not my words. Besides, my calligraphy style does not suit the feel of this work. It is too strong and does not complement the meaning well. It doesn't have Little Zhang's carefree style of expression and lacks some of the meaning."

A lot of people had already gathered around after the meal to take pictures. Some of them were photographing Master Zhou's "Ode of Mulan", but even more of them were using their phones to take photographs of Zhang Ye's "Ode of Mulan". Indeed, Zhang Ye's writing of "Ode of Mulan", in terms of words, thickness of strokes, arrangement, and font were all slightly better than Master Zhou's. Such a conclusion was no surprise since Zhang Ye was the original author anyway. Of course he would have understood the passage more clearly than Master Zhou!

Some people had posted Zhang Ye's words onto the internet. Including some of those poems and couplets from earlier. Such beautiful things had to be shared!

.....

Online.

The Calligraphy Association's anniversary gathering was suddenly in the spotlight!

"Having crossed the vast oceans, I can no longer take a river seriously"

"If it's not on Mount Wushan, it's not a cloud? What a great poem!"

"Where girls, with no thoughts of a perished kingdom? A Song of Courtyard Flowers?"

"Damn it! 寂寞寒窗空守寡 (jì mò hán chuāng kōng shǒu guǎ, in this lonely and tiny unit as a widow)? How can there be a second verse to this!"

"Quick, everyone! Read this 'Ode of Mulan'! It's really too awesome! Who wrote it?"

"I would like to know too! These other poems are acceptable even if they were good, but 'Ode of Mulan' was really too shockingly good! These words, this literary style, such a story, who could have told it?"

"Look at the signature on this picture!"

"This....this looks like Zhang something?"

"F**k! It's Zhang Ye!"

"Ah! The signature is really Zhang Ye's!"

Thereafter, someone called Eastern Being on Weibo, supposedly a person who was at the Calligraphy Association gathering and also the original poster of the original articles clarified below, "Today is the anniversary gathering of the Calligraphy Association. It is also Peking University's Vice President Wu Zeqing's birthday. Teacher Zhang Ye was invited to join in the occasion and came up with these poems and couplet. Regarding the finale piece, which was 'Ode of Mulan', it was a gift from Teacher Little Zhang to President Wu for her birthday. When the poem was written, it felt to me as if there would no longer be any other folk song poems anymore. 'Ode of Mulan' is really the pinnacle of folk song poems!"

The viewers all became excited.

"Aha? It's really written by Teacher Zhang?"

"Fuck, when did Zhang Ye pick up calligraphy?"

"Is there anything Teacher Zhang Ye does not know? How does he know everything?"

"Hur Hur, this sort of poem, I guess only Zhang Ye could have written it. With this kind of literary depth and storytelling skills combined, I'm afraid that in this world, only Zhang Ye has this sort of ability to write that! Not only is he a literary practitioner, he's even a best-selling novelist!"

"I don't care who wrote it! 'Ode of Mulan' is just too good! It makes my blood boil with passion! Mulan is truly a female warrior amongst female warriors! A role model!"

"This is too awesome!"

"Mulan's is too cool!"

"Good words, great passage! Teacher Zhang has shown his prowess again!"

"Who else is at the gathering right now? Quickly tell us everything in detail!"

Someone really came forward to report what had happened at the gathering. It was relayed through this person how Zhang Ye battled over 10 calligraphers in a competition and how 'Ode of Mulan' was composed on the spot!

Everyone became excited when they heard this!

A calligraphy competition?

Perfect victory?

Zhang Ye's too awesome! The was the tempo of one man holding out against ten thousand!

"Ode of Mulan" had been forwarded by countless people and began appearing on other Tieba pages and large discussion forums. It had won over numerous women!

In the past, even though Zhang Ye was liked by people of all genders and ages, the people who liked him were mainly men. After all, the things that Zhang Ye wrote were usually violent things like hitting, killing, and scolding people. He spoke about things like the 'Three Kingdoms' and 'Dream of the Red Chamber', which were ancient classic works which were studied more by men. Although many women liked to read 'Dream of the Red Chamber' too, most of them just read it and didn't stress about the details, but men liked to research such topics and as such, 70% of Zhang Ye's fanbase was male, but when "Ode of Mulan" was born, Zhang Ye suddenly had his "affinity with women" shoot right up. His female fanbase also multiplied exponentially!

.....

Over here.

It was almost 3 in the afternoon.

The gathering had come to an end. Everyone had had their fill of food and drinks.

Su Na took the Millennial Impossibility couplet from President Wu and left satisfied with her father. The other guests also began to leave.

Zhang Ye had been made to drink a lot with Mr Feng and a few other calligraphers and was now pretty drunk. He could barely stand straight as he walked over to Wu Zeqing to say goodbye, "President Wu." He hiccuped as he said, "So then, I'll be.....crazed, you be... what's that thing, do you need me to send you back?"

Wu Zeqing had a lot of presents piled up beside her.

He only heard her say, "You've had so much to drink, how would you go back?"

"I drove here, so I have to drive back." Zhang Ye spoke with a fat tongue, but his mind was actually clear, "It'll be OK, don't worry."

Master Zhou heard him, "Yo, you shouldn't do that. If you drank, then don't drive. Let me arrange someone to send you home instead?"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Don't bother Master Zhou. Since I did not drive here today and there are so many gifts, I could send Little Zhang back in his car. He doesn't stay too far from me."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "It's fine, President Wu."

"Just listen to me." She said, "You're already walking so wobbly, how could you drive a car?"

A heavily drunk Mr Feng also said, "Right, let....hic.....let Little Wu send you. If there's a....another chance... let's have a drink together, just the two of us brothers....again!"

Zhang Ye replied toughly, "No problem!"

They had even become brothers now. Mr Feng was actually even older than Zhang Ye's parents.

In the end, a few people helped Wu Zeqing load up all her gifts into Zhang Ye's BMW X5. They stacked them all in the back seat of the car and Wu Zeqing put Zhang Ye in the front passenger seat before grabbing the keys from his hand. She then said goodbye to Master Zhou and the others before driving off.

"Sit still." Wu Zeqing reminded.

"Yea." Zhang Ye rubbed his temple.

She shook her head and smiled as she reached out to put the seat belt across Zhang Ye's chest. "That'll do."

Ring, ring, ring.

On the way back, Zhang Ye's cellphone rang.

It was his leader, Wang Xiong, from Weiwo WebTV.

Zhang Ye answered, "Hello, Director.....Wang."

Wang Xiong could hear what was happening, "Little Zhang, what's the matter? You had a few drinks?"

"I had some, but still...OK." Zhang Ye said, "Is there something you want to say?"

Wang Xiong noticed that he was still clear-minded, and said, "It's like this, we just received news that the SARFT's revocation on your broadcast license has been lifted. We have also applied for your broadcast hosting qualifications to be reinstated. Zhang Ye's Talk Show can start airing again. Since it's almost Lunar New Year, you don't need to come back to Shanghai as all the episodes have already been recorded and are ready for broadcast, but there's something I need to let you know about." Saying that, his tone suddenly became more serious. "We've received some information which may or may not be reliable. There are rumors that the SARFT is preparing for another crackdown."

Crackdown?

Another crackdown?

Zhang Ye begrudgingly said, "Didn't they just finish a crackdown recently?"

Wang Xiong said, "They are probably going to introduce some strict policies, which we are not clear about yet. Most of it is only hearsay, but to prevent any surprises, we had a discussion. We've decided to begin re-airing your Talk Show program from today and also to line up 4 to 5 episodes a day, not once a day as previously planned. On the surface, we are going to say that this is to make up for the stoppage of the broadcast and to prevent our loss in audience numbers. This will be the reason why we upload more content. Realistically speaking, we are trying to finish airing your talk show before the announcement of new policies because your program is actually treading on pretty thin ice with them. No one knows what policies are exactly right now, but rather than getting taken by surprise and having the possibility of your talk show being taken off air again, we will follow this new plan. This is why I've called you to inform you."

Zhang Ye said, "OK, I will leave it up to the company."

Wang Xiong laughed, "Alright then, that's all. You didn't drive, did you? Don't drive after drinking. Go back and home rest early. I'll see you after the new year."

"OK, have a happy new year."

"OK, thank you. Send my regards to your parents."

After saying a little more, they hung up.

When he put his phone away, Zhang Ye's head tilted to the side and he immediately fell asleep!

Chapter 376: A Perfect Wife and Mother!

He was dreaming.

His cellphone suddenly rang.

Zhang Ye woke up. In a state of confusion, he touched himself all over before he finally found his cellphone in his pocket. He yawned as he answered the call, "Hi, who is this?"

"Who do you think it is?" It was his mother's voice.

He sleepily answered, "Mum, what's the matter?"

His mother asked, "Why aren't you home yet? What time is it already?"

Zhang Ye was a little stunned and repeated, "What time is it?"

"Why don't you check? It's already past 7 at night. Your dad and I have been waiting for you to eat dinner. I called you earlier, but there was no answer. Where are you? Why were you sleeping? Didn't you go to your leader's birthday celebration?" His mother said angrily, "Are you still coming home for dinner?"

He answered, "Not eating, don't wait up for me."

"Alright, don't come home too late then." His mother instructed.

He said, "OK. By the way, the talk show has started re-broadcasting. The videos should already be online."

His mother said, "I will tell your cousins about them. They've always been grumbling saying they were waiting to watch it again."

When they hung up, Zhang Ye began to look at his surroundings. Damn, it was already dark outside!

Where was he?

Where did he end up?

Zhang Ye had a small gap in his memory. He couldn't react and felt that he had slept for a long time.

The moonlight wasn't too bright either and he couldn't see around him clearly. All he knew was that he was on a bed, so he felt around to look for a bedside lamp.

Ba da.

The light switched on as it illuminated the surroundings.

There was an aroma of flower petals in the room.

All Zhang Ye could see was a gorgeous setting in what was a bedroom, but unlike a normal room, this place was huge, about 30-40 square meters! It was a bedroom that was larger than the place that he rented in Jiaomen. There was a sofa, a work desk, and even a shag carpet on the floor. On the carpet, there was a tea table with tea making accessories on it. It gave off a feeling of fusion of the luxurious east and west design, of which still mainly inclined towards the eastern style. It was so detailed, that there was even a Kongming Lamp and ink paintings hanging on the walls. It could be said that a lot of special attention had been paid to the interior of this house.

It looked very familiar! Was this Wu Zeqing's house?

Zhang Ye slapped himself on the head to wake himself up. He finally remembered that earlier in the afternoon, it was Wu Zeqing who sent him back home, but as he was so drunk and delirious that he couldn't give his home address, so she drove back to her place at Taoran Pavilion instead. After that, Zhang Ye went upstairs and climbed into a bed and had fallen asleep, until now.

What had this come to!?

That Old Feng kept forcing me to drink!

Zhang Ye quickly got out of the bed as he realized that he did not have any shoes. There was only a pair of women's cotton slippers that were placed neatly to the side. It was a new pair. Sigh, I'll just wear them. Zhang Ye stepped into the slipper and carefully pushed opened the door. There was no one in the corridor of the second floor, but he could hear some noise from downstairs, even though it wasn't too clear.

Downstairs.

The aroma of cooking drifted out.

This was an open kitchen partitioned by a bar counter top. Wu Zeqing was busily preparing something inside. She had already changed out of her dress, which she had been wearing to the afternoon's gathering and was now in a simple getup of a sporting wear. She wore an apron and was also wearing the same type of slippers as Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye said embarrassingly, "President Wu."

She did not hear him as the cooker hood was very loud.

Zhang Ye shouted once more, "President Wu!"

Wu Zeqing, who was busy frying some vegetables, turned around to look. She smiled, "You're awake?" Then she reached up and switched off the cooker hood, "Did you sleep well?"

Zhang Ye smiled sheepishly. "I've caused you trouble. I was so drunk that I didn't know my own bearings and even ended up staying over at your place. My actions were too inappropriate."

"You're welcome." Wu Zeqing continued cooking, "Take a seat and wait for a little. Dinner's almost ready. If you still hadn't woken up, I would have called you anyway."

Zhang Ye pretended to rub his hands politely, "Is that alright?"

She smiled, "Don't worry about it. Hur Hur, take a seat."

Zhang Ye then said, "Alright then. I'm really feeling the hunger since I didn't have much in the afternoon. That Teacher Feng kept forcing me to drink." He rubbed his belly.

A few minutes later.

The final dish was ready.

Zhang Ye rushed over to help, "Let me bring it out."

Wu Zeqing gently brushed his hand aside, "There's no need for you to. You just have to wait to eat." Saying this, she brought the dish over to the dinner table and undid her apron, "There's still soup and that's it." She looked over at the cooker, "It still needs a little while more, so let's start eating first. It will be done once by the time we finish eating." Northerners usually had their soup after eating, not before.

3 dishes and some soup.

Zhang Ye praised, "It's such a spread. The servings are so much."

Wu Zeqing sat down, "If you can't finish, we can always put it in the fridge. I can finish it up tomorrow."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "You eat leftovers?"

"What's wrong with eating leftovers?" Wu Zeqing said gracefully, "It's not good to waste."

Zhang Ye smiled, "Of course there won't be anything wasted. If I can't finish it, can I bring it home?" As he said that, he picked up the chopsticks to grab a piece of eggplant and put it into his mouth. He chewed a few times before claiming, "Don't worry, there definitely would not be any leftovers. I'll finish it all!"

Wu Zeqing asked, "Are you sure?"

"It's more than OK!" He said, "I didn't expect you would be such a good cook."

Wu Zeqing laughed, "I've been living alone for so many years, so I get a lot of practice, but of course, I can't compare to a professional."

"No! You can definitely match them!" Zhang Ye began devouring his dinner.

Wu Zeqing did not eat the same way as he did. She was much more gentle and mild.

It wasn't apple-polishing. Wu Zeqing's culinary skills were really too good. Zhang Ye's mother's culinary skills weren't too bad, but she was only good at one or two specialty dishes. The landlord auntie's cooking was the most authentic to him, and she was good at any dish that she made. However, Rao Aimin's did not put much importance into the dishes' outlook and was only very delicious. Wu Zeqing's dishes' were both good in their outlook and taste. This befitted her status as someone who dabbled in the arts. Comparatively, Zhang Ye preferred Wu Zeqing's meal, as she would not allow him to even touch the plates compared to attempting to even get a meal out of his landlady? He would have to be barked at to do all sorts of errands and to help her out. It was not relaxing at all to get a meal from her.

"The slippers are a little small?"

"Oh, it's fine."

"I've put your shoes into the shoe cabinet. There are usually no guests at my house, so I did not prepare any slippers for men, which is why I got a pair of my slippers for you instead. They are brand new."

"Aiyo, you could have just left my shoes there. It's so troublesome to let you do all this...."

"There aren't many rules at my place. Here, try some of this."

"Oh, thank you."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye looked up and caught a glimpse of a scroll of words. It was his "Ode of Mulan", which had already been framed and was now hanging in the living room, "Eh, you've already put it up?"

Wu Zeqing turned around to look at it, "Yes, I happened to have another piece which was similar in size to 'Ode of Mulan'. Since I had planned on changing it for some time, I took that one out and switched it with this. This dinner was also meant to thank you for the gift. I really like it so much. Tonight, I will try to find a place in the bedroom to see if I can hang it in there instead. If it looks good, I will leave it in the bedroom instead."

Zhang Ye was delighted, "As long as you like it, then there's no need to thank me. I don't have other things to offer except this bit of capability."

Wu Zeqing laughed, "How is it just a bit of capability? What you have inside of you is not something that any ordinary person has. Even if we don't mention other things, just your calligraphy basics are enough to qualify you to be a calligraphy teacher. I've written calligraphy for so many years and I don't dare to say that I'm better than you in writing styles."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Don't mind me, but I've seen your calligraphy before and your skills are many times better than mine. It's just a coincidence that my writing style is a little more unique."

He finished eating the dishes.

Zhang Ye had really swept all the dishes clean.

Wu Zeqing, looking rather satisfied, asked, "Can you still eat more?"

"Yes, I can. I can eat whatever is given to me." Zhang Ye replied, "It was too delicious."

"There's still soup. Let me get a bowl for you." Wu Zeqing walked gracefully into the kitchen and used a spoon to taste test it. She nodded and then turned off the fire.

Zhang Ye gulped down the soup, "Hu... this time, I'm really full!"

Wu Zeqing blew at the soup and took small sips, as she asked, "What do you intend to do after the Lunar New Year? Do you intend to continue being a host? Go back to the entertainment industry? Have you considered doing other things?"

Zhang Ye wiped his mouth and answered, "I think I can speak honestly with you. My goal is not truly the entertainment industry. Maybe you'd think I'm joking if I told you, but my dream is to become the most famous celebrity in the world. The path I have taken is probably not considered to be the typical route seen by those in the entertainment industry. Other people would write books after they became famous, while I wrote a novel to become famous. I'm always doing the opposite from others, if you noticed, but then again, with my kind of looks, I doubt I'd go far if I took the conventional route. Because of this, I could only find other ways to give myself a chance. If writing poems brings me fame, then fine, I will write more. If I can get exposure by teaching at Peking University, then I will teach to the best of my ability, as that is also for the sake of the students. I won't mess up even if I had some ulterior motive in taking up the post. This is why I have become more enlightened about such things nowadays. I'm not limited to just the entertainment industry. A celebrity depends on fame. With fame, I can do well in whatever industry I want. Write a book? Write calligraphy? Write songs? I'd do all of it to help me advance into the world stage."

Wu Zeqing did not say a word and just listened.

Zhang Ye self-deprecatingly laughed, "Sigh, I have not even shared any of these heartfelt words with my parents. I understand that my goal is a little unrealistic...."

Instead, Wu Zeqing questioned, "Why is it not realistic?"

Zhang Ye was a little taken aback, "You think this is doable?"

Wu Zeqing looked at him, "I think your thoughts on this is quite good. How many of our domestic celebrities, who took the normal route, have managed to step onto the world stage? There are so few of them who managed that. Even among this small number of people, when they got onto the world stage, they could only get supporting roles. They would never be able to match and compete with those European and American stars, because of the divide in culture and many other factors, if you chose to take the conventional route to reach the top, then maybe at most you would be able to reach the same level as them, but to become an international A-List celebrity? Or even become an international S-list

celebrity? That will always be out of reach. Others might not approve of the path that you have chosen, but you are closer than any one of them in reaching the pinnacle of the international stage. Who said that only singing, dancing, and acting are the only ways you can become a celebrity? Who stated that if you don't have good looks, you'd never be able to reach the international stage? Don't bother with what others say. Don't bother with how others see you. If you think it is the right path, then that's all that matters."

Zhang Ye's heart skipped a beat, "Do you really think that way?"

"Not only do I think that way, I even feel that....." Wu Zeqing paused for a moment, "That you can do it."

Zhang Ye said solemnly, "President Wu, thank you. You are the first person to say this to me. I am confident again. Now, I feel that I..... I have a shot at it!"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Other celebrities may all be taking the same route. They either sing or act, but you are diversified and have so many paths that you can take. Novel writing, calligraphy writing, composing music and writing lyrics, well versed in history and literature, good at modern literature, great speech giving skills, excelling at hosting, and excellent advertising planning and production in the advertising field. Even in a movie that I recently caught, you appeared in it. That shows you can even act in pugilistic movies. I would ask you this, do you think you have more potential, or do those other stars have more potential? So what if you have dabbled in all sorts of roles?"

Zhang Ye hit on the table, "It doesn't matter if it's a black cat or a white cat! As long as it can catch mice, it is a good cat!" He even brought up a famous quote from a great man.

"That's a true point." Wu Zeqing evaluated further, "Your popularity may not rise as quickly as those singers or actors, but you have a better foundation than them. From here, your path is wider than theirs and your stage will also be bigger. You can do what they can do, but they won't be able to do what you can do, which is why you shouldn't feel less confident just because you are different from them. Creating history is not something for those who follow in the footsteps of others!"

That was extremely well said!

Just look at Old Wu! Such a great analysis!

He had already decided earlier that he would go on this path no matter what, even if it was not going to be a smooth journey, but who cares! Why should he be worried or hesitate about things? He would just shut his eyes and walk all the way to the end! Who says that you must be a singer or actor to qualify to be on the world stage? I wouldn't adhere to that thought no matter what! I will sing and dance and act and write novels and scold people and compose poems and give lectures! I will do anything that can be done! I will use all the fame I can get to boost myself up onto the international stage!

Bite me!

Can't this bro be versatile in many fields!?!

After reaffirming his beliefs and his path of development, Zhang Ye's heart suddenly felt lighter. He was especially thankful towards Wu Zeqing. Old Wu was too understanding of him and ever since he had arrived at Peking University, she had never doubted him in anything, fully supporting him in all that he did. She was very trusting and this was something that Zhang Ye had never experienced. Those dreams

and goals of his, if he had told anyone else, would be taken as unrealistic dreamer talk, but Wu Zeqing did not, she was really too special!

She held an important position.

Had good looks.

A good figure too.

Nice and considerate person.

30 odd years old...Sigh, she's actually not that old.

Er, other than having a weird hobby like take nude selfies, she would be considered a perfect wife and mother amongst perfect wives and mothers!

Zhang Ye had a bold thought for the first time. He thought to himself how good it would be if he could marry Wu Zeqing one day!

Chapter 377: The continued rise of Zhang Ye's Talk Show!

After the meal.

At Wu Zeqing's home.

"Let me wash the dishes!"

"Put it down."

"No, no. You've already prepared dinner, so you can leave the rest to me."

"This is my house, I don't need you to do such chores."

"That's not right, I won't feel good like this."

"Oh, you.... You've already given me a most precious birthday gift with 'Ode of Mulan'. I intend to keep that with me for the rest of my life, so that I can pass it on to my children."

"That's not worth anything. If you want more, I can write more. Please just let me wash the dishes!"

After fighting for an entire day, Wu Zeqing finally stopped talking and just looked subtly into Zhang Ye's eyes. She did not say or do anything.

Zhang Ye said, "Please let me do it. You are my leader, so how can I let you keep doing such chores. You're making thing difficult for me, these bowls..... Alright, you do it then!" He had been fazed by Wu Zeqing's stare.

"That's right." Wu Zeqing smiled as she took the bowl from him and started doing the dishes.

He had left all the chores to Wu Zeqing as he could not find anyway to make her let him help out. He stood to the side and paced back and forth. The more he looked at Wu Zeqing, the more he liked her. She was an up and coming civil official, yet did not carry any airs about it and was always mild mannered. This sort of woman couldn't be found anywhere else, even if you looked. Sigh, but even if Zhang Ye wanted to marry her, he didn't think he was qualified enough. He knew that she was out of his

league and just based on her status, it seemed like he would never have any hope in this lifetime. He reckoned that Old Wu's standard in looking for a partner was extremely high too, otherwise why would she still be single past 30?

The dishes were done.

It was 8PM now, not too late nor too early.

Wu Zeqing glanced at the time and said, "Come, let's have some tea?"

Zhang Ye cautiously answered, "Why don't I go back instead? It's starting to get late." He was afraid that it would be inconvenient since she was a woman after all. He certainly needed to hold back a little regarding these kinds of matters.

"It's only 8PM. It's still early." Wu Zeqing invited him upstairs.

Zhang Ye didn't say anymore and went back upstairs into Wu Zeqing's bedroom.

This room looked even larger, at least 40 plus square meters. It was not known if this was the standard for villas, or because Wu Zeqing had renovated it to be like this. The bedroom was also arranged in a very neat fashion. In the corner was a large waterbed, while over to one side was a row of wardrobes. It wasn't known whether it was a full wardrobe or made up of one of those 3-tiered wardrobes placed together. There was also a big balcony outside, where some unknown things were placed. It was too dark to see. Over on the other side, there was a TV hung on the wall, which was very large. How large was it? It was just very very large. Zhang Ye had no concept of its exact size, so he could not put a number to it.

Luxurious.

Extravagant.

Wow, how did she do it?

Zhang Ye had earned quite a fair amount of money by working extremely hard, but even if the money was not spent on buying a car, he wouldn't be able to afford a villa in Taoran Pavilion. At most, he'd be able to afford the renovations and decorations added on to it.

"Take a seat. It's already winter and the air's much too humid downstairs. It will be more comfortable upstairs since you aren't wearing too much. The bedroom is smaller and there's a heater too."

"Oh."

"What type of tea do you want to drink?"

"I'll drink whatever you drink."

"Then let's drink Tie Guanyin."

Zhang Ye took off his slippers and sat cross-legged on the thick carpet.

Wu Zeqing also sat down, but instead of a cross-legged posture, it was more closer to kneeling. Her legs was put close to each other, similar to a posture of a mermaid sitting down. She was very particular

when it came to drinking tea. Every step in preparing the tea, from the washing of the tea leaves, pouring of the tea, and the serving of the tea to each of them was according to a procedure. "Here, try some."

After taking a sip, Zhang Ye said, "Good tea!"

Since he didn't know any better, he would just say that it was good and it would be fine.

By now, Zhang Ye had already noticed Wu Zeqing's legs. At home, she wore very ordinary looking track pants, which was gray in color, but even that couldn't hide her alluring figure. That virtuous demeanor of a housewife, which made him very comfortable around her, could not be suppressed within. The gentle and warm seduction came from within her, even without that traditional getup of a qipao. Her charms of a classical beauty were still very apparent. With every smile, that charm would exude a little. Somehow, it was just the type of feeling similar to how chocolate would melt once you put it in your mouth, releasing the taste and aroma of the cocoa bit by bit.... It was just that sort of a feeling.

Her feet were exposed and she was wearing a pair of flesh-colored pantyhose, but he was unsure if it was the long or short type.

Zhang Ye had already taken several looks at the pair of beautiful legs, but still found it irresistible. He took another sip of tea and stole another glance, then felt that Wu Zeqing's eyes had caught him looking. He did not know if she knew that he was looking, so he quickly found a topic to talk about, "Oh, President Wu. My 'Zhang Ye Talk Show' is back on broadcast today. Can we watch it at our house here?" Beijingers had a more pleasant and courteous way of speaking. They usually referred it as 'our house' rather than 'your house', making it sound friendlier.

Wu Zeqing put down her cup of tea, "Of course we can. Hur Hur, I've watched a few of your Talk Shows before, but not in great detail. Let's use the TV to watch. I would like to watch it properly too." Then she stood up and brought over a laptop and switched it on before connecting it to the TV, "Which website can we watch it on?"

"Allow me." Zhang Ye said as he navigated to the website.

He found the video very quickly and three new episodes of the Talk Show had already been posted online. They seemed to have been uploaded around 6PM.

He clicked on it.

The video started playing.

A promotional footage appeared on the TV screen. It was that "I'll feed a bag of salt to myself" introduction.

Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye both sat down again to watch the long awaited rebroadcast of the program while sipping their tea.

Zhang Ye was feeling a sense of unease since it had already been some time since his Talk Show had been banned from broadcasting. He did not know if its popularity had declined. In any case, he wasn't feeling too optimistic as he knew it would have definitely been somewhat affected. What's more, to circumvent the possible policies by SARFT, his company had to release a few episodes per day. This

would not maximize the accumulation of his reputation, but there was no other way to go about this. This was how the industry was like, and policies were unchangeable. He could only do his best within the restrictions. Besides, he might even get more reputation than before, since there was no similar talk shows in this world. Those copycat programs were only trying to make the numbers, but none of them had the proper formula for a successful talk show. Their hosts also did not have what it took to be a talk show host like Zhang Ye. As such, there was only one true talk show and essentially no competitors, so even if the popularity of the show were to decline, it wouldn't be by much.

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"Speaking of manners, this is a traditional virtue of our nation, but there was one day when I met someone while driving my car. That person left me very frustrated....So, you might not get a reply of 'It's fine' even if you said 'Sorry', but if you say 'Damn you', then you would surely receive a reply of 'Damn you' too!"

Wu Zeqing was amused.

Zhang Ye looked at her, feeling very proud.

.....

"Nowadays, some advertisements really leave people speechless, don't they? I believe that most of us have heard of some advertisement lines like 'Don't let your child lose before they even start in life'. Every time I hear these words, I only feel a sense of helplessness. How can a child lose before they even start? It's impossible! There's no logic to that. Just look at how a track event is organized. Everyone begins at the starting point, waiting for the starting pistol's signal. If everyone is beginning the race at the same line, how could they lose before they even start? Don't tell me the the pistol is not pointed upwards, but towards your head? Shooting you down? That is why you lost at the starting line?"

.....

An episode finished playing.

Wu Zeqing laughed out from time to time, seemingly enjoying the show.

Zhang Ye blinked, "I'm just spouting rubbish, why don't we stop watching?"

"It's rather interesting." Wu Zeqing laughed, "Let's continue watching the next episode. This satirical and entertaining style of current affairs is truly worthy of being an example to other variety shows."

Upon receiving this acknowledgment, Zhang Ye suddenly became very excited. He immediately began playing the next few episode and watched it with Wu Zeqing. He even went online to check the feedback from the netizens.

On Weibo, there wasn't much of a stir.

But Weiwo WebTV's online discussion board had blown up!

"Wah! It's being broadcasted again!"

"Heavens! It's finally back!"

"I've been waiting for the stars and the moon! And finally managed to wait for Teacher Zhang's return!"

"It's too exciting, I won't say anything else. Let me finish watching another episode before I say anything else!"

"Hahahaha! It's too funny! Teacher Zhang Ye is still as humorous and funny as before!"

"I was afraid that after the SARFT suspended Teacher Zhang's license, he would have been too depressed and in turn, affect the quality of the show. Who knew that this wasn't the case at all! It's still the same as before!"

"You thought too much! Teacher Zhang Ye is such a heartless and cold person! How could that have been a blow to him?"

"Previous poster, you thought too much too. I heard that these few episodes had already been recorded over 2 weeks ago."

"Aiya, it's really too enjoyable to watch! It's nice, it's nice! I've been waiting half a month now! At last, I have not been disappointed!"

"Ah ah ah ah! Did you guys see the news update on the official website? For today's broadcast, there will be a total of 5 episodes! And it seems like they will be doing the same for tomorrow and the day after too!"

"Really? That's great!"

"There are so many episodes to look forward to now! Long live Teacher Zhang!"

"My tears are flowing non-stop! Thank you God!"

"A lecture on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', the composing of 'Ode of Mulan', I do not understand all of the literary stuff and I'm not that cultured, but I totally love 'Zhang Ye Talk Show'!"

"Teacher Zhang! You are the best!"

"I'm a woman and I did not know about Zhang Ye before. Today, I read an amazing passage called 'Ode of Mulan' which nearly made me cry. I was so touched by it. This was how I got to know about Zhang Ye and I began to go through all his previous works like crazy. I read all of his poetry and modern poems before finding out about 'Zhang Ye Talk Show'. I think I have heard of it from several of my male colleagues who mentioned it by name, yet I did not bother and had not planned on watching it., but I did today and I can only say that I am impressed! It's really too good! Thank you 'Ode of Mulan' for letting me find out about Zhang Ye! Thank you Teacher Zhang Ye for bringing such a good program to me! Your humor and talent are a treasure to this world!"

"I also came here because of 'Ode of Mulan'. I wanted to take a look at the talent who wrote such a good poem. In the end, I was just like you. Once I started watching 'Zhang Ye's Talk Show', I could not stop! It's too good! Why didn't I watch this earlier?! Zhang Ye is really amazing!"

Zhang Ye checked the view counts of the episodes and found that it didn't perform any poorer than before. In a matter of a few hours, it had comfortably reached 5 million views. The heaviness in his heart

had dropped. It wasn't bad at all! His popularity did not drop and it was the best outcome that Zhang Ye could possibly think of!

Chapter 378: Staying over at Sis Wu's house!

An episode finished playing.

Another episode finished playing.

More than an hour had already passed.

"Little Zhang, this program of yours is rather good."

"Thank you for President Wu's praise. I'll carry on working hard."

"Stop calling me President Wu. This isn't the school, and I'm not that much older than you. Call me Sis Wu. Since you lowered yourself to help my nephew with his endorsement, I won't be able to treat you as an outsider."

"Alright, Sis Wu."

"Are there anymore? Let's watch another episode."

"Sure, there are still two more episodes."

"Eh, what time is it? I haven't looked at the time."

"Oh, it's almost ten."

"Then let's stop watching. Go home early and get some rest. Hur Hur, but before you leave, help me move some stuff things from downstairs. Move that 'Ode of Mulan' to my bedroom. It's quite tough for me to carry alone as it's quite heavy."

"No problem, leave it to me!"

"Then, thanks a lot."

"Heh, why are you being so courteous to me. Don't go downstairs, I'll bring it up."

Zhang Ye stood up and went out of the room with his slippers on. He walked downstairs. He was not very accustomed to sitting cross-legged. His legs had gone numb after more than an hour. As he walked down the stairs, he massaged his legs. Finally, he took the framed 'Ode of Mulan' down from the wall and brought it back up. In the room, Wu Zeqing was tiptoeing, removing a frame to create space on the wall.

Hanging up the calligraphy piece.

"Is this alright, Sis Wu?"

"A little more to this side."

"Left? Now?"

"Alright, it's very straight. It's good now."

With a glance, with the addition of this calligraphy piece in the room, the entire feeling felt upgraded. It was pretty good. The scale and feeling made it extremely comfortable.

Wu Zeqing was very satisfied. "Alright, then I'll leave it hanging here."

At this moment, Zhang Ye's phone rang. It was Mom. He turned his head sideways and said, "I need to answer my mother's call." Then he pressed a button, "Hello, Mom."

Mom angrily said, "Didn't I tell you to come back early!?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I had something going on here. I'll be back."

"What time is it for you to have things going on!?" Mom gritted her teeth and said, "Your Dad and I have been waiting for you all night! After all this waiting, we can't wait any longer. Are you going to let us sleep? If you aren't coming home, then don't come back. We are going to sleep and no one will open the door for you! Go wherever you want to go!"

Zhang Ye said in exasperation, "Don't! I didn't bring my key!"

Mom harrumphed, "Who told you not to bring it!?"

"I didn't grab the house key when I left this afternoon. I only took my car's key." Zhang Ye said.

Mom said very unhappily, "Your Dad and I can't stay awake any longer. We still have work tomorrow!" Saying that, she hung up.

Wu Zeqing asked with a smile, "What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye gave a wry smile, "I've angered my Mom. She's unhappy that I'm coming back so late. I also didn't bring my house keys. Hai, if I were to go home and knock on the door, I'd get another round of scolding." If he had not lost his sense of time while watching the talk shows, he would have returned home earlier.

Wu Zeqing crouched down to put away the tea utensils. As she picked them up and was about to wash them, she said, "If you are afraid of disturbing your parents' sleep, you can stay here for the night. I have many rooms here anyway. You can sleep in that bedroom. It's not inconvenient in any way."

Zhang Ye's eyelids twitched as he blinked his eyes, saying, "That's not appropriate, right?"

As there was a bathroom in the bedroom, Wu Zeqing washed the cups there. As the rush of water from the tap was heard, she said while washing the cups, "It's alright. What's the big deal?" Some errant drops of water splashed onto her tracksuit.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "That..."

Wu Zeqing looked over nonchalantly. "If you are staying, I also have new toothbrushes and towels for you. They are in the tiny drawer just below the sink. Take them yourself."

Stay?

Should he?

He used 0.01 second to decide!

Zhang Ye touched his nose and said, "Alright, then I'll be intruding for the night. My parents have been suffering from insomnia, if I were to awake them, it would also affect their work tomorrow."

"Then go ahead and take the towel and toothbrush."

Zhang Ye walked over as Wu Zeqing's body slightly shifted out of the way.

Sis Wu's feminine smell assaulted his olfactory senses. It was unknown if it was the smell of perfume or the lingering fragrance from laundry, but it was very mild and fragrant. Zhang Ye bent his back to search for it. He was nearly stuck to Wu Zeqing, who was washing the cups. Their clothes also came into contact.

"Is it this drawer?"

"The lower one. Yes."

"Found it."

Just as he took the things out, his arm jerked and accidentally touched Wu Zeqing's body. His elbow pressed into Sis Wu's meaty thigh. It was extremely soft, giving his heart trepidations.

So ample!

The touch felt great!

"Sorry, sorry." Zhang Ye hurriedly apologized.

Wu Zeqing smiled and turned off the water. She was done washing. "It's alright."

"Then...I'll be going out." Zhang Ye got up.

Wu Zeqing nodded. "OK. I'll be sleeping after taking a shower. Good night."

"Good night Sis Wu." Zhang Ye bade farewell and left the master bedroom.

.....

In one of the auxiliary bedrooms.

He had returned to the room. Closing the door, he sat on the bed and touched his elbow that had come into contact with Wu Zeqing's thigh. The soft feeling seemed to still linger there. As he lay on the bed, he took out his cellphone to check the news. He looked at the evaluation the public had towards the re-airing of his talk show. After exchanging a few words with his fans, he sent a text message to Mom saying he would be staying at a friend's place. In the following half an hour, Zhang Ye had nothing to do. He had been sleeping from noon til evening, so he could not fall asleep either.

He idled for a long period of time.

Zhang Ye finally decided to take a bath.

After taking off his clothes, he entered the bathroom. There was a bathtub here and it was pretty big. He turned on the water, planning to take a warm bath before going to bed.

However, the water was cold.

Why was the water cold?

Zhang Ye did not know if the water heater was broken, or if he did not know how to use such an upscale product. After messing with it for some time, he still could not figure it out. This fellow was so cold that his teeth began chattering. As he breathed in the cold air, he had been wetted by the water. It was cold. He rummaged through the drawers and found a new bathrobe inside the bathroom. It was still sealed, but he tore it open and wore it before rushing out of his room. If it had been summertime, Zhang Ye could have made do with it. After all, it was someone else's house. A cold shower was not something unbearable, but this was Beijing's winter. It was not just any ordinary cold. His body was now damp with cold water, and he needed to warm his body quickly with hot water or he would definitely catch a cold.

Was Old Wu sleeping?

She shouldn't be sleeping. In the past, when Zhang Ye chatted with Water Lotus Moon on the internet, they usually happened late at night. President Wu probably did not sleep too early.

Dong dong.

He went to the master bedroom and knocked on the door.

A female's voice came from inside. "Little Zhang?"

"Sis Wu, yeah, it's me." Zhang Ye held onto his bathrobe and trembled.

The woman's fine voice said, "What's the matter? Is something wrong?"

Zhang Ye said, "I don't know how to work your water heater in the auxiliary bathroom. It's all cold water, and it's really too cold. Could you tell me how to control the temperature?"

"Is that so? Alright, let me take a look."

Moments after she said that, the bedroom's door opened.

However, when Zhang Ye saw Wu Zeqing who walked out, he was completely dumbfounded. This was because Old Wu was no longer wearing the tracksuit from before. Nor was she in pajamas or bathrobes after taking a bath. She was wearing a qipao late at night. It was pure black in color. There were bright red flowers embroidered on it. They resembled peonies, and she wore a pair of flesh-colored stockings. Her footwear was black heels that were about 8 or 9 centimeters high. Her hair had clearly been blown dry and had the faint fragrance of shampoo, but they were now bundled up behind her head. It made great contrast with the black qipao. There was no need to mention about her entire look, it was absolutely stunning!

What was this!?

Was she going out so late at night?

Zhang Ye's head was befuddled with questions. "You are..."

Then he suddenly thought of Wu Zeqing's hobby and immediately understood. For her to wear this full getup, then Old Wu was probably taking selfies. No wonder!

Wu Zeqing did not respond. "Let's go."

"Hai, sorry for troubling you." Zhang Ye did not carry on probing.

After entering the auxiliary bedroom, Wu Zeqing went to the bathroom to turn on the water. As she tested it with her hand, she said, "Oh, it's really cold."

Her qipao was the short kind. The ends of her skirt did not even reach her knees. With her bending over, the fabric around her ample buttocks stretched upwards. It did not reveal anything, but it was pretty close. Two legs in flesh-colored stockings that stretched out entered Zhang Ye's vision while he stood at the entrance to the bathroom. Wu Zeqing's figure was very good to begin with. Her legs were long, and now with a pair of high heels, it made her even taller. She was even taller than Zhang Ye by a little bit. The proportion between her thighs and upper body was exaggerating as it was extremely attractive!

Wu Zeqing turned around and fiddled with the water heater. In a while, she too seemed out of options. "Ever since I bought this villa, this bedroom has never been used. At best, a few of my family members have stayed here for a few days. The water heater hasn't been used for a long while. It's all individual water heaters, so it might be spoilt."

Zhang Ye shrugged his shoulders. "Then forget it, I'll not bathe."

Wu Zeqing looked at him and smiled. "Enough of that. Look at how cold you are. You just touched cold water, so how can you not have a hot bath? The cold would get to your bones." Then, she walked out and patted Zhang Ye on the shoulder. "Let's go. Go use my bathroom. It's working there. As for the water heater here, I'll get someone to fix it next time."

Zhang Ye dryly smiled and said, "There's really no need."

"Heed my advice. Don't catch a cold." Wu Zeqing brought him into the master bedroom and pointed to the bathroom. "I was just done bathing. The water hasn't been emptied, so drain it before filling it again. Then, I'll leave it to you."

Zhang Ye could only say, "Alright, then enjoy your rest."

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "There's no work tomorrow, so I won't be sleeping too early."

"Alright, then I'll take my bath first. It will be quick." Zhang Ye then entered the bathroom and closed the door. He saw a tub of hot water with rose petals scattered on the surface. The tub was still full and when he tested the water temperature with his hand, it was not very hot, but it was acceptable. Wu Zeqing had apparently finished bathing at least ten minutes ago. There was still some shampoo and bath foam floating on the water surface. It was quite weird seeing this.

Chapter 379: Taking photos for Old Wu!

In the bathroom.

A lingering fragrance attacked the nose.

Should he change the water?

Old Wu had already had her bath, change the water?

Forget it, there's no need to change it. This bro doesn't mind even if you are dirty!

Zhang Ye was eager to just quickly have his bath and get out. After all, he was in a woman's bedroom having a bath, so it was still a little inappropriate. Besides, it was getting late too? So, he didn't change the water and just turned on the hot water, took off his bathrobe, and stepped into the bathtub. He submerged into the water fully. There was no shower head either, so he had to make do. Zhang Ye wet his hair before apply shampoo.

His face was all wet.

It was the same water that Sis Wu had dipped in earlier.

Thinking of this, Zhang Ye's heart was beating faster and faster.

Outside, a woman's voice could be heard, "Is the water alright? Is the heater spoilt too?"

"No, no." Zhang Ye shouted out, "The water's warm here, it's not spoilt."

"Alright then." The gentle voice said, "You did not bring the towel over just now, let me go get it for you. If you didn't lock the door, I will open it and put it inside for you."

Zhang Ye said, "The door's unlocked, but then....."

She laughed and said, "It's OK, Big Sis won't peek. I'm coming in then?"

There was only a towel in here which Wu Zeqing had used earlier, nothing else.

Zhang Ye considered for a moment before answering, "Alright, sorry for troubling you."

The bathroom door creaked as it was being opened. Zhang Ye looked over to see Wu Zeqing come in halfway, facing sideways and not looking at him directly. She reached out to put the towel onto the clothes drawer beside the door before stepping back out and closing the door, "Alright, you can continue with your bath."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. Luckily for him, Old Wu did not see him using the water that she was using earlier. Otherwise, it would have been quite awkward and embarrassing. He then quickly sped up his bathing.

He was done bathing within 10 minutes.

He started to drain the water and dry his body.

At last, Zhang Ye walked out comfortably from the bathroom saying, "I'm done with my bath, Sis Wu."

When he stepped out from the shower, Zhang Ye was stunned by what he saw.

Wu Zeqing smiled, "That quick?"

"Ah, yea." Zhang Ye's eyes shone.

Because at this moment, Wu Zeqing was lying on her bed in her black qipao and high heels and holding a DSLR camera in her hands. When she saw Zhang Ye, she did not look embarrassed whatsoever. She snapped two photos of her thighs and then re-tied her hair while saying, "Taking a picture before I sleep has become a habit of mine. I'm already at this age, so if I don't keep some memories of myself when I'm still young, I will never get a chance to in the future. Do you usually do photography?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "No, not really."

"You are also in the artistic field and have a very wide range of interests like calligraphy, novels, literature, Hur Hur, but why aren't you interested in photography?" She asked.

Damn, I may be in the artistic field, but I'm not as artistic as you to be doing body photography! We are in two very different fields within art!

Zhang Ye said, "I like photography too. If only I were as good looking as you, I would be taking pictures everyday as well, but my looks are really just too normal, so I don't really take many photos."

Wu Zeqing glanced at him, "You aren't bad, your body is quite proportionate too."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "Don't praise me, I know what I am worth."

Wu Zeqing nodded and said, "I still want to take a few more photos, after that it'll be time to sleep."

Zhang Ye understood, "Alright, then you rest early. I'm going back to my room." When he was about to turn around to exit the room, he suddenly had a surge of courage that came from nowhere. Maybe it was because he had a pretty good time with Wu Zeqing and felt that their relationship was no longer as simple as subordinate and superior. Furthermore, Zhang Ye had previously seen Wu Zeqing in those hot photos. He then asked, "The angles by doing it yourself are quite limited. I'll snap some pictures for you?"

After saying so, he immediately regretted!

Holy sh*t! This bro's really got balls!

How could he say something like this so casually! Old Wu would probably send him running!

Zhang Ye quickly gave an excuse, "Hai, I'm just spouting nonsense. Take it as I did not say anything, I did not say anything!"

But Wu Zeqing's reaction seemed indifferent. She looked at him and replied very calmly, "I'm actually fine with that, but don't you need to sleep?"

When Zhang Ye heard this, he got excited, "I'm not in a rush to sleep since I slept for 3-4 hours earlier in the afternoon. I'm not sleepy, so even if I go back to my room, I would not be able to fall asleep. I'd probably be reading the news on my cellphone."

She asked, "How are your photography skills?"

"It's alright. I'm not too sure myself." Zhang Ye said honestly.

She smiled, "I believe in your artistic style. Alright, I'll be troubling you then?"

Zhang Ye, having received the sacred approval, was now feeling over-excited. It was as though a pie had dropped from the sky for him. In the past, he had viewed Wu Zeqing's photos before, but those were all taken by herself. He had not seen it 'live' before, "Oh, I will try my best to capture you at your best."

She stretched her hand out and handed him the camera, "Test it out first."

Zhang Ye had really never used an SLR camera before, but it wasn't difficult to pick up either. Of course, those high level techniques were not something that he could pick up just by fiddling with the camera, but simple picture taking wasn't a problem. Besides, even if his technique wasn't good, it would be still be better than Wu Zeqing taking photos of herself. At least when the job of posing and finding the correct angle, as well as pressing the shutter, was separated out, the effect would definitely be much better.

Ka-cha.

Ka-cha.

After trying out by taking a few photos, Zhang Ye had gotten the hang of it.

Wu Zeqing stood up to explain to him how to use the camera, "This main issue for this type of camera is the focus. As long as you adjust it properly, it will be good enough."

Zhang Ye replied in all seriousness, "I understand."

Wu Zeqing said, "Hur Hur, then are we ready?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye made a sign with his hand.

"OK, I'm ready too." Wu Zeqing sat down at the bed's end.

Zhang Ye asked for her opinion, "In this dress? I've already seen you take quite a few photos in it earlier."

Wu Zeqing said, "This dress is fine, I've always gone with it by instinct. If you think another dress would suit me, then Big Sis can change into that. The dresses are all in that wardrobe."

She can even change?

There's too many advantages in doing this!

Zhang Ye asked again, "Not intending to photograph the face?"

"No, not intending to." Wu Zeqing replied.

Zhang Ye was blushing now, but he still asked, "To what scale are we talking about? How about the pose? I....Is it inconvenient if I take the pictures?"

Wu Zeqing said in an easy-going tone, "Come on, don't put too much pressure on yourself. You've already seen quite a number of Big Sis' pictures, so there's nothing inconvenient about it anymore. I believe in your artistic flair. Whichever pose you think is good, I will do it. Whichever dress you feel looks good, I will change into it. It's fine, I just want it to be well-taken. We will do this according to your artistic direction. I've always been the one fiddling with it myself in the past, so I'm a little biased towards my own style, but as they all say, an observer is always clearer about things, so Big Sis will trust you."

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and said, "OK, then I will try my best."

Chapter 380: Changing Costumes!

Inside the room.

There were two dim lights.

There was also a couple, a man and woman.

Zhang Ye was wearing a bathrobe. He had not even bothered to blow dry his hair. It was still dripping with water onto his shoulders. Holding a DSLR, he put on a pretense by gesturing a few times before aiming at Wu Zeqing's legs.

"I'm going to take the photo."

"OK."

"Don't move."

"Alright."

Kacha. The photo was taken.

Zhang Ye checked the photo before bringing it forward for Wu Zeqing to see. "Do you think this would do?"

Wu Zeqing lowered her head and glanced at it. With a smile, she said, "Yes, it's pretty good. It's much better than when I take them myself. The focus is sharper and the angle is good."

It was unknown if Sis Wu was flattering him or if he truly had talent and skill in photography. Either way, Zhang Ye was brimming with confidence. "Alright, then I'll carry on. As for how the next shot should be, let me think. Why don't you change your posture? This way. Your legs are too beautiful, so let me do a special close up on them?"

Wu Zeqing said, "Up to you."

"Then lean your leg over." Zhang Ye instructed.

Wu Zeqing moved her flesh-colored stocking wearing thigh. "This way?"

Zhang Ye immediately said, "Yes, that's too good. Perfect. I'll be taking another photo."

Kacha, another photo was taken. However, the angle was a bit off, hence he took two pictures consecutively. He focused on Wu Zeqing's lower half of her body, from the ends of her qipao to the high heels. Her meaty flesh looked very alluring. Sis Wu's posture was also very well posed and perfect. In the pictures that "Water Lotus Moon" had sent him in the past, some of them had her legs crossed or her hips perked upwards. Zhang Ye found them a bit wild as there were too many of such pictures on the internet. He had subconsciously been prejudiced by his first impressions. However, when he really saw the poses and expressions Wu Zeqing made when having photos taken of her, she did not give off any feelings of wildness, instead appeared as elegant and gentle as ever.

Beautiful!

She had the bearing of a perfect wife and mother!

If she wore ancient costumes and entered an ancient era, she would definitely be a motherly model of the nation!

A few minutes later, more than ten photos were taken. There were a few which were deleted due to the effects of a poor angle, leaving behind five photos which looked pretty good on the whole.

"Take a look." Zhang Ye handed the DSLR to her.

After she looked at it, she said, "Oh, they are really not bad."

With his warm up nearly done, Zhang Ye's technique was getting more adept. In the first few pictures, he was still very careful and conventional. It was all the common poses everyone would have when taking pictures. There was nothing worthy of highlighting. Hence, Zhang Ye planned on changing a few angles. However, his heart was beating like a drum and found it awkward, but when he thought of how Sis Wu said everything was up to him to decide, Zhang Ye did not stand on ceremony.

Gritting his teeth, he said, "Please sit on the rug."

Wu Zeqing stood up from the bed's end and walked over. "Sit like this?"

"Just stretch out both your legs and sit down. I want a back shot of the rug. It will make it seem softer, since it matches very well with your qipao. The color will also appear to contrast more." Zhang Ye still had the basic ability to appreciate art. Even if he was faking it, this fellow's mouth was able to bullsh*t all sorts of things. He was, after all, a broadcasting major and his main job was a host, so he had at least that amount of skill. Anyway, whatever pose Zhang Ye especially wanted to see, it would definitely be alright for Wu Zeqing to pose it. After all, the pictures he liked could not be too bad.

Sis Wu followed his instructions. She bent her back and sat in the middle of the rug, with her legs stretched out straight.

Kacha, Kacha. Zhang Ye began snapping pictures. He started off with a long distance shot before slowly approaching. "Can you change your leg's pose slightly?"

"Sure." Wu Zeqing leaned her body slightly and lifted her thighs.

Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva and carried on snapping. "Sis Wu, can you cross one of your legs to your chest?"

Wu Zeqing crossed her leg. The leg on the floor was still straight, but the other leg was crossed over by her chest. It was at an angle of 60 or 70 degrees.

And with that, Wu Zeqing exposed herself!

With her black qipao being on the shorter side, such a pose and such an angle caused her buttocks to contract, so the thigh that was crossed created a big opening in her dress, revealing what was inside her inner thighs. Even the stocking's lines could be seen clearly. Not only was it like a visible panty line, but the central line of the stockings. Protruding beneath the stockings was the color of flesh. It was not the color of skin, but the color of panties. It was apparently a deeper color than her skin.

F**k!

Can I take this?

He wanted to ask first, but felt like he could not force himself to ask!

Eventually, Zhang Ye bolstered his courage and ignored everything. I'll snap it. He constantly pressed the shutter button. As he looked through the pictures, he deleted some. He rejected any of the bad ones, leaving only the ones he was satisfied with. After he was done taking them, he walked over with blinking eyes that hid mixed emotions in them. He bent down, "Do you think these will do?" He had to get her opinion after taking the pictures after all. She had exposed herself quite a bit, and it was at a critical spot.

Wu Zeqing glanced and nodded. "Very good. I have never taken a photo here before. These pictures of yours really have a nice mix of color."

Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. "Then I'll take a few more. Can you please change the pose?"

Wu Zeqing moved herself and straightened her body. She crossed one leg over the other. Her body was still flat on the ground, but this caused the exposure at the end of her skirt to widen!

Zhang Ye endured the feeling of having his nose bleed. He maintained the composure of an artist. He dedicated his life to art, so what if he bled or sweated!? This bro will endure it! Bring it on! Now, his courage was bolstered. He did not walk far, but slowly crouched down. He took from the side and from the front many pictures of Wu Zeqing's pose from many angles. Some of them were aimed at the opening in her dress, while others were shot from Wu Zeqing's head downwards.

Ba da.

One of the high heels on her right foot fell off.

Stockings were slippery to begin with, and Wu Zeqing was in a pose where her legs were crossed, so she could not wear her heels very well. After the heels fell, she sat up by supporting herself, thinking of picking it up. However, she failed to sit up immediately.

Zhang Ye was by her legs taking photos. Upon noticing it, he conveniently picked up the black high heel. The heel was very light and did not appear as heavy as it seemed. Clearing his throat, he aimed the mouth of the heel towards Wu Zeqing's foot and then put the stilettos back onto her beautiful foot, covered in flesh-colored stockings.

When Wu Zeqing saw this, she did not say a word and lay back down.

Her foot was very smooth, allowing it to slip in easily. As the heel was a bit narrow and Zhang Ye's hand was a bit large, a few fingers would dangle even while he held onto the heel. This caused his fingers to touch the side of her beautiful legs. Momentarily, his right hand's middle and ring finger grazed past the stockings. It was extremely alluring!

The foot was so pretty!

It did not seem to have any pits or crevices that usually resulted in wearing high heels for extended periods of time. It was extremely soft, and the skin beneath the stockings were very supple and soft. Her foot was not considered small. It was probably size 37 or 38. For a woman, this size was already quite large. Furthermore, Wu Zeqing was tall, so no matter how small her feet were, it could not be too small.

Zhang Ye always believed that a woman with bigger feet would look even better in high heels, especially in tall stilettos. If one's feet were too small, it could not carry off the look. It would appear as if one was "top-heavy".

Ka. Ka. Ka.

Another three shots were taken.

Zhang Ye had really feasted his eyes. Then, he began suggesting. "Oh yeah, quite a number of pictures have been taken for this attire. Why don't you change to another one?"

Wu Zeqing acknowledged and said, "Sure, take a look at the wardrobe and see which is most suitable."

Look?

I'll take a look!

Zhang Ye was yearning to do so. Seeing Wu Zeqing stand up while using the rug as support, he walked to the wardrobe and opened the first door. There were five to six bags at the top, and shoes filled the bottom. From the brands, it was apparent Wu Zeqing was not the kind who chased after branded goods. There was not a single international brand. Most of them seemed to be domestic products and probably was not too expensive. There were not many either. To a woman, especially a woman in a high position like Wu Zeqing, five to six bags was considered too few. Even a normal commoner would not find seven or eight bags excessive. These bags were all very warm in both color and style. They matched Wu Zeqing's temperament. It was the same with the footwear. However, the brands of the footwear was not easily recognizable. Zhang Ye did not know either, so he wasn't too sure.

Let me find one.

This? This isn't good.

Hey, this pair of shoes aren't bad. It's creamy white and pointed, but the tip was slightly wide. It also revealed a bit more in the back. There was a little band with a buckle. It would make the feet look nicer.

It's decided. Let's take a look at the clothes.

Opening the second door, it was filled with clothes and skirts. There was winter and summer wear. Since it was for photography, winter wear was definitely out of the question. It had to be summer or spring costumes as the theme. Zhang Ye was very serious towards the "arts". After a long period of searching, he decided on an attire he liked.

The top he chose for Wu Zeqing was a petite creamy white sweater. It did not have a collar, and the cleavage revealed was not too low or high. It was just nice and very mild. Furthermore, it was the exact same color as the creamy white heels. It would match well together. As for the skirt, Zhang Ye helped her choose a flowery long skirt. The dress reached to a spot slightly above her ankles. From Zhang Ye's point of view, the dress was designed to reach one's ankles, but Wu Zeqing had long legs, so it ended up being 6 or 7 centimeters shorter. However, it was just right. If the skirt was too long, then the high heels would not reveal its beauty. Leaving a bit of her feet also made her look taller.

"I'm done choosing. Would this do?" Zhang Ye brought the clothes over.

After seeing it, Wu Zeqing smiled. "You sure have taste. This attire is not bad. Alright, we'll use this. Is there anything else? Should I change my hair?"

Zhang Ye pondered for a moment. "This attire is a bit more mild in disposition. Personally, I don't think you need to raise your hair that high. Of course, it is up to you."

Wu Zeqing said in an easy-going fashion, "I'll heed your advice."

Zhang Ye added, "Oh, there's no need to take off the stockings."

"Alright." She said.

Zhang Ye then rubbed his hands. "Then...go ahead and change. I'll go out for a while. I'll be just outside, so just give a shout when you are done."

Wu Zeqing nodded and picked up the clothes, sitting on the bed. As she bent her back and lowered her head, she took off the high heels on her feet. She was beginning to change.

Zhang Ye hurriedly went out and closed the door behind him.