

Superstar 391

Chapter 391: The Song has been Written!

The sky slowly lit up.

Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1 was in turmoil.

"Where are the costumes? Hurry!"

"Leader Sun, the props are broken, what do we do?"

"It's fine. Get Little Chen to get them. There are spares over there!"

"Everyone quickly change into your costumes and get your makeup done. The final rehearsal has already begun. We are the eighth program. Once you're ready, go backstage, it will be our turn soon!"

"Aiyo, don't push!"

"Where's the makeup artist?"

"It's the final stage. We have to do it well or our program might get axed!"

"That's right. My hands are shaking. Even big stars like Grandma Zhang and Auntie Zhang can have their programs cut at the last minute. People like us without any fame will not..."

"Shh, quiet down. Don't speak about it anymore."

"Director Peng is trying to pave the way for future stars."

The lobby was a mess. There was the sound of guitars strumming, people singing, and there were even people dancing. There were way too many people in here, which was unable to accommodate so many people to individually practice. Hence, people could only find a spot to practice a few times before going up on stage. One could see the nervousness and excitement on everyone's face.

Going on the Spring Festival Gala!

This was such a hallowed event!

Basically almost 90% of them were going on the Spring Festival Gala for the first time. They naturally would not look as calm as those familiar faces to the Spring Festival Gala. In fact, even those celebrities, who had appeared on the Spring Festival Gala more than once, were also possibly nervous, as the pressure was intense! Furthermore, with Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia creating a precedent, programs decided on the program list might eventually not go on the show. Only at the final moment of the live broadcast would they know if their programs would be allowed to be performed. The competition was brutal!

Lobby...

Corridor...

Resting area...

There were many big stars here, so no one cared about Zhang Ye. Many of them did not know him.

Zhang Ye randomly looked around, unsure of where he was. Hence, he pulled a child walking by, "Friend, please wait for a moment."

The young girl was only ten years old. When she saw him, she suddenly shouted out in pleasant surprise, "I know you! You're Teacher Zhang Ye!" She was carrying some metal loops. It seemed like she was going to perform acrobatics.

Zhang Ye cheerfully said, "Yes, it's me. I have a question for you. Do you happen to know where Zhang Yuanqi is? Have you seen her since you came?"

The little girl was very honest. "I know. Auntie Zhang and Grandma Zhang are in the resting room. They are just around the corner. Turn right farther up. In the room on the left right at the end of the hall. I just came from there. The door is open, so I saw them." It wasn't a big place, so it was quite easy to find someone.

"Thank you, young lady."

"You're welcome."

Zhang Ye began his search.

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In a resting room.

It could also be considered a makeup or changing room. As there were mirrors on the side of the wall, and heaps of clothes and props on the floor. It was a multi-purpose room.

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia were sitting beside each other chatting.

Zhang Yuanqi laughed cheerfully. "It's quiet over here."

"Hur Hur, we are 'aged elderly' who have fallen from popularity. It's nice for some peace and quiet too." Zhang Xia was a very healthy and high-spirited old granny. All her short hair was white, but had been rebonded. Her eyes were very bright too. "But if they say I'm old, as a granny, I admit it, but to go so far as to say Little Zhang is 'old', it is me implicating you. How can someone in her thirties be considered old? Besides, you still look like you're in your twenties."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "You can't be considered old either. How many elderly grannies can sing 'Song of the People' without being out of breath? We have been 'made' old by others." She looked at her watch. "The final rehearsal is about to begin, and will have nothing to do with us. Are you going to leave?"

Zhang Xia smiled and looked around and took a while before she spoke, "I have been coming to this place for so many years. I haven't been home for many new year's eves. I've always been here. To me, Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1 is the place I will always spend my new year's eve, and so today shall be the same. Even if I can't get on the program, I will still spend my new year's eve here."

Zhang Yuanqi patted Zhang Xia's hand, "Then allow me to accompany you."

Zhang Ye happened to hear Zhang Xia's words just as he reached the door. At that instance, his heart was struck and twitched slightly!

What sort of old person was she?

What sort of emotions did she have?

This was an old granny that had merged the Spring Festival Gala into her bones!

"You don't have to stay with me."

"It's fine, I don't have any other things on today."

"Isn't your team trying to compose a new song for you? You still have a chance of going on stage."

"Hur Hur, it's just burning the midnight oil. They won't finish in time. If the directing team told me earlier that the song wasn't suitable, I would have found someone to write me a new song, but now, it's too late no matter what."

"It's too early to give up. There's still hope. Your standing in the entertainment industry is much higher than mine. There are so many musicians writing lyrics or composing melodies. You just need to ask one of them."

"I've already asked them. Nothing is appropriate. Even if there were appropriate ones, they were not that shockingly nice. It has to at least match 'Wishing We Last Forever' before I could even sing it. If there's no nice song or lyrics, what's the point of me going on the Spring Festival Gala? We are in the arts, so we can't just fool the audience, right?"

"Who wrote 'Wishing We Last Forever'?"

"Zhang Ye."

"He doesn't have any similar songs?"

"Writing a song is slow and tedious work. It needs inspiration. If the directing team had informed me a day earlier, I would have asked Zhang Ye, but I was informed too late. Little Zhang most likely doesn't have any suitable songs."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye marched into the resting room. "Who said I didn't!?"

This voice of his gave the two of them a fright as they looked over.

Zhang Xia did not know him. "You are?"

"Little Zhang?" Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "You really cannot be talked about."

Zhang Xia could tell from her words. "This is that Zhang Ye?"

"Grandma Zhang, hello." Zhang Ye nodded at the elder. "Let me wish you a happy chinese new year."

Zhang Xia said kindly, "You too. You were the one who wrote that song for Little Zhang, right? I don't know much about the entertainment industry, so I don't really know you. Please don't mind."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "If you knew me, it would have been my honor. It's fine. I'm just a small celebrity and I'm not that famous." Compared to the two in front of him, he was indeed a small celebrity.

Zhang Xia asked, "What did you say when you entered?"

Zhang Yuanqi also looked at him. "You have a good song?"

Zhang Ye said confidently, "Of course."

"Do you have a sample? Let me listen to it?" Zhang Yuanqi said.

"That I don't have." Zhang Ye said.

"You don't even have the score or lyrics?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I saw the news at 5 or 6 this morning and got wind of it then, so I didn't have much time to prepare. I also tried contacting you on the phone, but failed. I borrowed a friend's staff pass to sneak in. I know you are in need of a song to go on stage. Why are you looking for others? I, myself, would do. It's impossible for you to get other musicians to create a song that will be well-received across the entire country at the very last minute, but you know I can do it!"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "The last time I tried buying the rights to your lyrics, you refused all day, so I was too embarrassed to request another song from you."

Keep acting!

Carry on acting!

Have you ever been embarrassed?

Zhang Ye said, "This time it's different. I've always believed that art does not care about age. Of course, I'm not saying that the two of you are old. What the Spring Festival Gala's directing team has done has infuriated me. My parents are also very angry, so when I encounter such matters, I think I should do something about it. Hur Hur. A person like me doesn't have much ability, but I'm still not bad at writing poems or songs. I won't dare to say what I write is the best in the country, but I dare to say that no one can write faster than me! Tell me what type of song you would like, and I'll write you that song!"

Zhang Xia was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, "You'll write anything we want?"

Zhang Ye said with affirmation, "Yes."

Zhang Xia then said, "Lyrics along with the melody?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye replied as if it was a matter of fact..

"Interesting." Zhang Xia was filled with doubts, but very interested. In her decades of experience, for someone to dare brag so much, they were either a madman or a genius!

Zhang Yuanqi shook her head. "Well, I don't know what song I want either. Without a sample, I can't judge if it's a suitable piece of work."

"Then, let me take the liberty of thinking of a song for you." Zhang Ye said.

"Alright." Zhang Yuanqi waited.

Upon seeing this, Zhang Xia got up and said, "I'll go to the ladies. You two carry on chatting."

Zhang Yuanqi held the old granny. "You don't have to hide, it's fine."

The old granny laughed and said, "I really need to go to the ladies."

Zhang Yuanqi did not speak further. Zhang Xia went out and closed the door behind her.

The moment the door closed, Zhang Yuanqi returned to the appearance Zhang Ye was familiar with. It was as if she had changed her face. Her expression lost all color. If anyone saw this scene, they would be stunned till they peed their pants. However, Zhang Ye did not react as he was completely used to it now.

Zhang Yuanqi asked indifferently, "Are you confident?"

"It won't be inferior to 'Wishing We Last Forever'." Zhang Ye said.

Zhang Yuanqi acknowledged and coldly said, "Regardless of what song is it, I owe you one."

Zhang Ye knew that for him to rush here because of her news, ignoring everything at home to the point of sneaking into Central TV to help Zhang Yuanqi write a song, Zhang Yuanqi was actually appreciative of it, despite not showing it on her face.

"Let me write the lyrics first for you to look at."

"OK."

Zhang Ye found a pen and paper and began writing.

After finishing, he cleared his throat and began singing.

One minute...

Three minutes...

After hearing it, Zhang Yuanqi remained silent.

Zhang Ye blinked at her. "How is it, Sister Zhang?"

Zhang Yuanqi stared at him. "How do you do it?"

"Just like that." Zhang Ye said evasively.

After saying this, Zhang Xia entered after pushing the door open. "What's the matter? You haven't begun writing the lyrics? It's fine. Take your time."

"It's already written." Zhang Yuanqi's expression changed suddenly, as she smiled and said, "Not only are the lyrics written, even the melody has been produced." Saying that, she showed the lyrics to Zhang Xia.

Zhang Xia took it from her and said, "You heard it? How was it?"

Zhang Yuanqi smiled lightly. "I've never doubted Little Zhang's literary skill. I'm always assured with his lyrics. I always felt that the melody of 'Wishing We Last Forever' was a fluke, and that he happened to chance upon it, but today I finally came to a realization that it was not a fluke. Little Zhang is one of the top musicians in this country!"

Zhang Xia said stunned, "You seldom give such high praises to someone. Is it that good?"

"Take a look at the lyrics, and I'll sing it to you once." Zhang Yuanqi could sing a song after listening to it just once.

The moment she opened her mouth, Zhang Ye was convinced. That voice of hers, that music literacy of hers, if this song was not sung by Zhang Yuanqi, it would be a sin against the heavens. Although there were some parts where Zhang Yuanqi went a little off-tune, she had only heard it once after all. Although there was no band or accompaniment, Zhang Ye still felt this classic music piece, even when sung by her, gave him goose bumps! The song's melody had been on Zhang Ye's mind on the way here. He could not get it out of his head. He wanted to let Zhang Yuanqi try it out, but he never expected that it would be so beautiful!

Who said Old Zhang could no longer carry on down her musical path?

This talent, this voice, this singing experience...all of this made her an integral person in the musical world! It was only bad luck that she did not have any good songs these past few years!

Zhang Yuanqi finished singing it.

After hearing it, Zhang Xia gasped. She immediately stared at Zhang Ye's eyes. "You really wrote that song in the past few minutes?"

Zhang Ye nodded.

Zhang Xia repressed the shock in her heart and regulated her breathing rhythm. "Little Zhang, if not because I know so much about the music circles, having some interactions with all the rookies and seniors in it, I would have believed that you are the best musician in the entire country just based on that single song!" Then she said to Zhang Yuanqi, "Hurry and make the background music and get some accompaniment. You can definitely mount the stage of the Spring Festival Gala. If this song can't get you on it, then the Spring Festival Gala would have really lost all of its value. Yuanqi, and Little Zhang, I really like this song to the bone. After the Spring Festival Gala is over, let's find an opportunity to talk about it. I want to make a cover too. We can talk about the rights and cooperation details then."

Zhang Yuanqi suddenly said, "I have a suggestion. How about, the two of us sing it together!"

Zhang Xia waved her hand, flatly saying, "That won't do. This is Little Zhang's song for you. Besides, you are a Heavenly Queen, so there's no reason for you to sing a duet when you can sing it solo."

Zhang Ye spoke up first. "You decide, I'm fine with anything." Then after a short pause, he said, "Grandma Zhang, I actually think this song is better if the two of you sung it together."

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and said, "Then it's decided."

Zhang Xia was still hesitating. "That's not appropriate, right?"

Zhang Yuanqi said calmly, "The directing team, the media, and many people are saying that we are old and have lost our popularity. I don't know what you think of it, but I don't like hearing that. Let the two of us let them see that we are not old. We can still sing. After another ten years, after another twenty years, we will still stand on that stage...still beautiful women as ever! We will still be the brightest and most dazzling flowers of the gala!"

Zhang Xia smiled, so much to the point that she did not resemble an elderly person. "...Alright! Let the two of us fight shoulder to shoulder! Let's show them what we've got!"

Zhang Yuanqi immediately took out her cellphone to make a call. When she discovered it had no reception, she quickly walked out the room to call her team. "Hello, Old Wang, I have a song here. I'll need some background music for it, and some accompaniment. Prepare on your side. I'll be there immediately. Get everyone together and prepare to work overtime. I'll treat everyone to dinner. Hur Hur." Then, she left Central TV alone to busy herself with the track's music!

Chapter 392: Going Onstage!

8 AM.

In the dressing room.

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had left, and so Zhang Ye had nothing to do also. He walked out and circled around the lobby. He could not return home as he still needed to supervise after the companion track was produced. The Heavenly Queen had specially exhorted him before leaving. Hai, so what if I don't leave. I'll help you to the very end.

"Who is this?"

"Why is he so free?"

"Eh, he looks familiar. Isn't, isn't he Zhang Ye?"

"Zhang Ye? I don't know him."

"He's a host. He's quite popular these days."

"Hey, it's really Zhang Ye. Why is he here? Does he have a program?"

"Let's just worry about ourselves first. It will be our program's turn soon. Stay sharp and don't make any mistakes."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye saw a person. He looked like he was in his twenties too. He was very young and had small eyes. He was very handsome. Zhang Ye recognized him at a glance that he was the Korean idol singer, Lee Anson. He was being interviewed by a reporter. He said a bunch of Korean that Zhang Ye did not understand. This man was one of the reasons why Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi could not appear at the Spring Festival Gala, hence, Zhang Ye took a few more looks at him. He already didn't like him. He had a small nose and small eyes. Where did so many brainless fans, who liked him, come from? Actually no matter what Lee Anson looked like, Zhang Ye would still view him with animosity. Why? There was no need to ask why! The title of Professional Korean Insulter wasn't something he got for nothing!

Pa.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder.

Zhang Ye turned around. "Hello?"

It was a female reporter. As they were not allowed to film or do audio recordings, she was holding a pen and a notebook. "Oh, it's really Teacher Zhang. Why are you here? You aren't appearing on the program."

Oh, I understand. The 'Wishing We Last Forever' you composed for Zhang Yuanqi was removed from the show, so you are here to make another song for Teacher Zhang Yuanqi? Are there any results yet? Will Teacher Zhang Yuanqi be able to appear onstage at tonight's Spring Festival Gala?"

Zhang Ye was tight-lipped. "Sorry, I don't know either."

"Just give me a hint, Teacher Zhang." The female reporter insisted.

"I really do not know anything." Zhang Ye said a few words before leaving.

The female reporter could do nothing about it. After some thought, she wrote a title in her notebook. "'Wishing We Last Forever's' songwriter Zhang Ye mysteriously appears at Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1. Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi might have a new production".

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After 9.

He received Zhang Yuanqi's call, but the person who spoke was Zhang Xia instead. Clearly, the two of them were together right now. Two legends from the music industry were working together to create a song which they would sing as a duet together. Just the thought of that was very exciting.

Zhang Xia said, "Zhang'er, I will be getting Yuanqi to send a part of the accompaniment to you. My team and Yuanqi's team rushed to create this, so please give us your opinion."

Zhang Ye replied, "OK."

After he received the accompaniment, he listened to it in seriousness.

Finally, Zhang Ye commented, "I think it sounds a bit too flat, there's not enough instrumentals? A little too simple."

Zhang Xia considered for a moment, "Do you mean it should have more depth? That's not impossible, but the time we have...." At this time, someone beside said a few words before Zhang Xia continued to say, "Alright, we will keep working to improve it and try to perfect it. Zhang'er, do you have any other suggestions? It was written by you after all, so you should have the final word."

Zhang Ye did not know much about the technicalities of music production, but even so, what he had in his head was the original piece from his world. The accompaniment music was also a mature piece already. With the song having been covered by so many people before, it could be said that it had been slowly polished to its essence. He said to them, "The beginning few seconds when the melody starts, could you add some percussion to it? I don't really know what type of drums or whatever, but it's the kind where there's a very light hitting sound, then after that, when it moves into the main melody, you can change the part after that to be played on a piano....."

With that, 20 minutes had passed.

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Before noon.

The Spring Festival Gala was holding its final rehearsal.

The participating actors and staff were all having their lunch or taking a break. They were all waiting for the final decision. Right until the end, no one would know if there would be any changes to the performance list. They could be taken out of the plan at any time and there were precedents of this happening before.

Soon, Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi came rushing back.

"Little Zhang."

"You two are back?"

"Come on, we've already contacted the production team."

"I'm going too?"

"You're the composer, so of course you must go."

The few of them went upstairs as Zhang Ye followed along behind.

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In a large conference room.

The Spring Festival Gala's Director Peng Yiyu was seated at the end while the rest were either standing or sitting down. They were all busy chattering and discussing about the various programs and timing issues.

Zhang Ye and company arrived. Peng Yiyu asked, "Auntie Zhang Ye is here? Please wait a moment."

An assistant director said, "As long as every program segment does not overrun by more than 3 seconds, there shouldn't be a problem."

Peng Yiyu said, "There are no problems on time."

"Right, as long as there are no unforeseen circumstances, we can guarantee it." said a female assistant.

Peng Yiyu was an ordinary looking middle-aged man. He was wearing old fashioned looking clothes, though not as old fashioned as Zhang Ye's father. If he were to walk around the streets, those who did not know him would have never thought that he was the director for this year's Spring Festival Gala. He was also one of the more famous directors of the Gala.

"So the existing program plans are just about set and there won't be any need for changes." Peng Yiyu said.

When Zhang Yuanqi heard this, she smiled and said, "Director Peng, you have forgotten about us again?"

Peng Yiyu looked over and smiled back, "How could I forget? Did your team create a new song? Alright then, let's have a listen to it." Whether it be his fame or qualifications, Peng Yiyu could not compare to these two people in front of him. One was a well known Heavenly Queen, the other was a veteran of the singing world. No matter how pretentious Peng Yiyu was, he could not ignore the two of them. At least on the surface, he was still very polite. He said, "Will Miss Zhang be singing first or Auntie Zhang?"

Zhang Xia smiled. "The two of us will be singing one song."

At this moment, the people from the directing team were stunned. "One song? The two of you are singing a duet?"

Zhang Yuanqi chuckled and said, "Director Peng said that this Gala has to be lively and we have to pave the way for young people, and so in consideration of that, Auntie Zhang and I have decided to sing a song together. It also can squeeze some time for the youths, giving them an opportunity to express themselves."

Peng Yiyu's eyes twitched. "Hur Hur, alright, I'll listen to the work first."

The Deputy Director, who had previously posted on Weibo, looked at them. He was thinking that if the two of them didn't go onstage, then wouldn't there be more time squeezed out for others!? We said your song wasn't suitable and that your bodies could not keep up were just perfunctory words, and you really believed it? You really produced a new song? The Deputy Director was shaking his head. How good could a song produced at the last minute be? Coming over was still meaningless for the two of you will definitely not have a chance to participate in this performance!

The other members of the directing team knew very well in their hearts. This Spring Festival Gala was in preparation of a drastic reform. Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's music was already out-dated!

Forget it.

Let's listen to it first.

Zhang Yuanqi did not stand on ceremony and smiled to a staff, saying, "Play the accompaniment." She then passed it to him. It was obvious that she was a great star in the entertainment industry.

The staff did not grumble and immediately did it right away.

Finally, Zhang Yuanqi said to him, "Thank you young lad. You sure are quick on your feet. Come to my company one day to work." It was not considered poaching in front of others as the Spring Festival Gala's directing team was only a temporary unit. They were all from different departments and companies, each from their own units.

When the staff member heard this, he was excited. "Thank you Sister Zhang. If you think so highly of me, I'll definitely work for you in the future."

The directing team had not been dissolved yet. What's the meaning of this? The Deputy Director was a bit speechless, but he did not speak a word. He did not want to offend Zhang Yuanqi either. Heavenly Queen Zhang had very good connections in the entertainment industry.

As the music played, everyone's feelings started to well up.

Zhang Yuanqi looked to Zhang Xia, "Auntie Zhang, let's just keep it simple?"

"There's no mic and no sound system. We have no choice but to keep it simple." Zhang Xia laughed. Then she pulled at Zhang Yuanqi and the both of them sat down gracefully.

The production team sat as they listened to the duo sing while sitting.

If it were any other celebrities, how would they dare to do it like this in front of Director Peng, but these two were Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi. Even if they were to lie down and sing, everyone would have to listen with respect.

"It's done." Zhang Yuanqi said.

That staff immediately played the accompaniment.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye also did not stand on ceremony. He found a place to sit himself down as well. Although he did not have a similar status to these two ladies, being unafraid to offend others was his special trait. Since Old Zhang had already sat down, then he would definitely sit down too. Who cared what the production team thought of him? Zhang Ye never felt the need to lower himself in front of others. And so, what Zhang Ye did also attracted the attention of a few of the assistant directors. They were all frowning.

Where did this person come from?

When everyone was distracted, Zhang Yuanqi suddenly began to sing.

At that moment, the production team members all had their attention pulled back to her voice. Slowly, everyone's eyes shone with amazement. They were all looking at each other in disbelief!

This...

This song.....

Peng Yiyu's eyes changed too!

Zhang Yuanqi had just finished her part, and Zhang Xia continued on!

Finally, the two ladies used their pitch perfect vocals to end the song!

At this moment, the assistant director wanted to curse. Sing it simply? How was this considered singing it simply? This was even without any sound processing and a lack of atmosphere, and they could sing it to this level? What if the effects and sound system were added? Then wouldn't it be heaven-defying? What's more, that song.....had stirred their souls despite having heard it for the first time! That sort of unhurrying pace, that confidence. It sounded like it was a fine rain, yet it also sounded like a sharp knife. It had left all sorts of marks on their hearts!

A female assistant almost went crazy from listening to it!

The others in the production team could not say another word either!

Zhang Xia said, "We are limited by the conditions here, so we couldn't perform our best. Please make do with it. Director Peng, is this song alright?"

Peng Yiyu immediately asked, "Was this composed by your team just now?"

Zhang Xia gave a smile and said, "My team is not that talented. This was done by Yuanqi's team. No, we can't even say it that way, because it was Yuanqi's friend who helped to compose this at the last minute." As she said this, she pointed to Zhang Ye, who was seated behind them, "I think you may have heard the name Zhang Ye before?"

Zhang Ye?

Zhang Ye composed it?

Some had heard of him before and some had not.

Peng Yiyu said, "No wonder, so it's by the composer and writer of 'Wishing We Last Forever'. I've also heard that the lyrics and melody for that song, which swept the country, was also composed on the spot."

Zhang Yuanqi asked, "What's the decision of this evaluation?"

Peng Yiyu stayed silent for a moment, then said, "The song is good, but I still feel the same way. I feel that it does not suit the mood of the Spring Festival Gala."

Zhang Xia looked at him, "Then according to Director Peng, what song do you feel suits this gala? Do you need us to compose a 'Spring Festival Gala', 'Song of Spring Festival Gala', 'Spring Festival Gala is Great', or maybe even 'The Spring Festival Gala of Director Peng Yiyu is the Greatest'? Maybe only a title like one of those would suit the mood?"

The elderly could really be quite sarcastic!

With that jab from her, Zhang Ye was overjoyed just hearing it!

Peng Yiyu smiled bitterly, "Auntie Zhang, I know that you are unhappy, but don't scold me like that, I do not mean it that way. I just wanted to confirm the program schedule. The last rehearsal is already over and it won't be easy to adjust anymore."

Zhang Yuanqi smiled, "Auntie Zhang and I have also taken part in two rehearsals before, so we do not need much preparation and can just go on stage directly. That is not a problem. If we may be a little boastful, the two of us together have been on so many Spring Festival Galas, more so than any of the participants tonight, so Director Peng should trust our experience and capabilities. At least when it comes to me and Auntie Zhang, we won't have any hiccups."

Zhang Xia said, "We only need two minutes."

The assistant director stood beside Peng Yiyu. He said, "The timing won't be OK. If we squeeze in another performance, the whole schedule would be a mess. The both of you are also top artistes and started since young. Surely you'd know how difficult it is when you're young and new. It is now the world of the youngsters. In the future, it will also be their time. I believe you would want to be an example to them? Pave a way for young people?"

Not even two minutes?

Go f**k yourself!

Zhang Ye got more and more irritated listening to this. They were not finished as he suddenly spoke out, "It's no problem to pave the way for young people. I believe it is to pave the way for our juniors, Grandma Zhang and Sister Zhang would not say a word, but may I ask what country's New Year it is? Why must we pave the way for a Korean? Just because of a foreigner, you have pushed our own country's people to the back of your minds? Does that make sense!? I've seen the program list. The

directing team has given Lee Anson three minutes for his song, but for our own people, to two veterans who have contributed so much to the Spring Festival Gala, not even two minutes can be given? I don't know what others think when they hear this, but I feel terrible. I speak very frankly and say whatever's on my mind. Youths are important, but what's the use if you are only young? Without the older generation's inheritance, without the beliefs and traditional heritage of the older generation, where would the youth go? How should youths proceed?"

The female assistant was the person who relatively understood Zhang Ye the most amongst the people present. She had heard Zhang Ye's speech, "Ode to Young China", but upon hearing what Zhang Ye said today, she nearly fainted! Your sister! What you said at Peking University was not like that! Didn't you say the old were like crashing celestial bodies? Didn't you say the old took opium? Go to hell! Why did you change what you said today!? The female assistant had long heard of Zhang Ye's foul temper and mood. And indeed after seeing him today, the rumors were indeed true!

Peng Yiyu was very unhappy. Did you have the right to speak here?

Zhang Xia asked, "Little Peng, so what is the outcome of your decision? Please tell us directly. We will accept whatever your decision is, so don't be too pressured. If everyone needs us, then we will sing. If they don't need us and the Spring Festival Gala doesn't need us either, then Yuanqi and I will leave. We won't say a word anymore."

Don't be pressured?

Peng Yiyu felt even more stressed now!

If it were Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's previous two songs, he could deal with it in his own way and there wouldn't be a problem, but right now, they had brought out an outstanding song that had left Peng Yiyu with a very difficult decision. He was already ready to go ahead without Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's participation, but had not expected things to turn out this way. What the f**k is up with this Zhang Ye? Coming up with such a good song in such a short time?

The assistant director said nervously, "Director Peng?"

The conference room was so quiet that even a cough would echo.

One of female assistant directors suddenly said, "If this song does not make it onto this year's Spring Festival Gala, I think it would be a great pity. I would really like to see two of them appear on stage for a duet!"

Peng Yiyu stared at the female assistant director.

She did not notice him, but looked at Zhang Yuanqi and smiled. The two of them definitely knew each other.

At this moment, another staff member from the production team spoke. He looked to be the oldest among them. The old man said, "The Spring Festival Gala is not watched only by youngsters, and we still have to consider the middle-aged and elderly's thoughts. For the Korean celebrity, Lee Anson, we could shorten his performance time by a bit to around 2 minutes and that would be enough. With the remaining 1 minute, we can manage the other programs and put them back to back to squeeze out the remaining time so that Old Zhang and Little Zhang can use it to perform."

There was an internal schism production team as well!

After all, this was not a team that would work together for long. Even if Peng Yiyu was the overall director, he could not convince everyone of his decisions. What's more, it was a decision regarding Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. They were very popular, had great social connections, and could sing. Their only shortcoming was that they did not have many new songs, which had already been made up for now. The new song was even very outstanding, so there was no reason to not let them sing. The excuses of the songs not being suitable, or that those were old songs already did not work. If they insisted on not letting them make an appearance, then it would surely offend many people. During this event, the two of them would have to listen to the production team's instructions, but the event would only be for today. When it was over, don't they still need to work? Unless they chose to leave the industry? They would definitely have to give face to the two of them!

After discussing for a long time.

Finally, Peng Yiyu could no longer not consider Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's influence as well as the internal differences his team had. He said, "Go back first, we will discuss the timing allocations and see if I can make some time for your program. Once it's confirmed, I will contact you again."

Since it was said in such a manner, it meant it was very likely a certainty.

.....

Outside.

Zhang Xia sighed, "Actually, Little Peng's not having it easy either." The old lady was still understanding of the situation.

Zhang Yuanqi commented, "He's just being too eager. What Uncle Chu said earlier was right. The Spring Festival Gala is not only a gala for young people. Older audiences and performers should not be forgotten. If that really happened, then it would definitely be a tragedy for the gala. It is precisely people our age who have the most feelings for the gala."

Zhang Xia laughed, "Let's see. If the people are not satisfied with my performance this year, I will admit that I'm too old for this and consider my retirement."

Chapter 393: The never waning "Woman Flower"!

Afternoon.

Lunch boxes were being given out.

Other than some people with special circumstances, even an A-list celebrity would not go back. They would have to collect their lunch box and make do with it.

Zhang Ye was also eating alone. Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi had gone off somewhere, likely to practice for tonight's song. After all, it was their first time hearing it today. If they wanted to sing it well, especially as a duet, it wouldn't be easy for them. They would need a lot of practice. When Zhang Ye gave this song to them, he had already heard it more than a hundred times, but as he was not a music professional, he could not possibly dare to give them guidance by his standards. They were professional

singers, so they definitely knew better than him. It was better for him to just sit around and have his lunch.

Ring, ring, ring.

His father was calling.

"Where are you?"

"Dad, I'm outside."

"Are you coming back for lunch?"

"Oh, maybe not. There are some matters over here. Are you at aunt's place? Please apologize to everyone on my behalf. I might not be able to go to maternal grandma's place either."

"Something important?"

"Yes, it's important."

"Alright then, I won't say anymore. Go and do what you need to."

In the afternoon, Zhang Ye received quite a few calls from Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's teams. They discussed with him regarding the musical composition. Earlier, they had only let the gala directing team listen to the draft version, which still had its flaws, so they had to discuss further with him. Zhang Ye found a quiet corner and spent the entire afternoon on the phone to help them sort out this matter. When Zhang Xia called him, he would go and listen to Zhang Yuanqi and her singing practice. He was no professional, but at least he had the standard of this song in mind from his previous world, which he used as the marker to point out the problems with their version. With that, he had corrected some of their problems which had arisen from their unfamiliarity with the song.

An hour.

Three hours.

Five hours.

It was already 7:40 PM in the evening.

After finally busying himself with them, Zhang Ye was exhausted. He did not have a good night's sleep last night, and had, at most, four hours of rest, so he really could no longer stay awake. The Spring Festival Gala was about to begin and everyone was busying themselves for the moment they appeared on stage. Zhang Ye spotted an opportunity, looked for an empty room and found the makeup room that Zhang Yuanqi had been in earlier that day. It was a mess inside as random makeup and accessories lay strewn on the floor as well as some unused costumes, but since there was no one around, Zhang Ye switched off the lights and went to a corner where there was a sofa. There were a few partitioned spaces, which were covered by curtains, probably a space for changing. He pulled a curtain to cover himself and sat on the sofa. Ah, it was rather comfortable. Zhang Ye did not care about anything anymore since he had already done all that he could. He just lay down and fell asleep, not even moving an inch.

.....

The sounds of firecrackers thundered!

There was jubilation everywhere!

The annual Spring Festival Gala had begun!

The first program was the opening dance, a performance that mainly junior and middle school students participated in. Although they were young, their movements suggested that they were very well trained. The dance was beautiful and the music was very vibrant. From this opening performance, it could be seen that this year's Spring Festival Gala was indeed putting its focus on the younger generation. Those old songs or old recital performances of yesteryear, which had been rejected by the younger generation, could possibly even be canceled and replaced with the ever enjoyable language performances or popular song and dance routines. It was going the way of popular demands, as traditional programs were becoming too old fashioned. Those programs did not make money and also could not attract viewers. Another way to call the lively and energetic Spring Festival Gala was to call it the business opportunities Spring Festival Gala!

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

Cao Mengmeng was anxiously sitting on the sofa saying, "It's starting, it's starting!"

Zhang Ye's mother was nagging and saying, "There's nothing good to watch on this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

Second Uncle said depressingly, "They'd already planned for Little Ye's song to be performed, but why did they have to go and cancel it!"

Third Auntie said, "That bunch of directing team people don't have any foresight. All they want is to attract viewers and find a chance to make money by suggesting a Spring Festival Gala for the young. They have already forgotten about us elderly!"

Maternal Grandma said, "Change the channel. If Little Ye's song isn't going to be performed, then I don't want to watch it! Zhang Xia and Sun Ying's not slated to perform this year too, so what's the point of watching it?"

Maternal Grandpa said, "I heard this year only has one Peking Opera performance lined up. It's even combined with other types of opera as a single performance. What's that called?"

Cao Tong said, "Hehe, those are called mashups."

"What sort of thing is that?!" Maternal Grandpa said, "A tradition passed down from our ancestors has been messed up by them!"

Cao Mengmeng clung onto the remote control saying, "You can't change channels. I still want to watch my Lee Anson perform."

The eldest, Cao Dan looked at her, "Didn't you say that you wouldn't chase after Korean stars anymore? Our brother is an ultra-nationalistic. It's not like you don't know that. If he knows that you are still chasing after them, he will definitely give you a beating."

Cao Mengmeng cheekily said, "I'm not chasing after him. I only have one idol and that's our brother. About Lee Anson, I'm just a casual listener, hehe."

Cao Dan prodded at her sister's head, "You!"

Maternal grandma said, "Is Little Ye really not coming back for the new year?"

Zhang Ye's mother said angrily, "I don't even know what he's busy with! Don't care about him!"

Zhang Ye was the most doted on by his maternal grandma. She said, "Little Zhang has his own career. He's famous, that's why he's busy. We need to understand that."

The Spring Festival Gala continued on.

The second program was a group singing event.

Followed by the third, a magic show. This was something that rarely occurred in previous galas. The magician was a 19 year old rookie who had come from Hong Kong. If it were based on seniority, he definitely could not compare to other 30 or 40 year old magicians. Yet he somehow managed to get invited to perform.

"The magic tricks are just normal."

"Yea, it's not interesting."

"It's alright, I think it's fine."

"It's far from the standard of the old timers. They really aren't letting the veterans perform this year? I do support their efforts in creating a lively and energetic gala promoting the young ones, but they still need to ensure the quality of the event! If they aren't good enough, why should they be allowed to perform on stage? They had to cut off the older people's programs, even if their skills are better? That's so unfair. Besides, a forty-year-old magician can't even be considered old."

"I wonder how they even think!"

"This is a decision for the future, to groom new talents."

"But they can't just abandon the older generation like that!"

"But they really are getting old and will only go downhill from where they are. The young ones, however, have a lot more chances, so they will definitely keep improving."

Discussions like the one happening in Zhang Ye's maternal family right now was also happening in other families all over the country. Some objected, some understood, and some supported. Everyone had their own views on the issue.

Finally, the language performances started.

First off was a cross-talk, followed by a skit.

Cao Mengmeng was falling asleep, "What is this rubbish! The cross-talk and skits in recent years are getting from bad to worse! It's not even as funny as our brother's talk show!"

Cao Tong however was enjoying the show. She said, "Your standard of humor is too high. I find it to be quite alright."

Cao Dan gave an objective point of view saying, "It's just because you are easy to humor. Language performances have really suffered a drop in quality. There aren't any good works, even though some are quite OK, but they are unable to stand out and are not as funny as those performances from 10 years ago. Didn't you read those negative comments online in recent years?"

First Aunt said, "It's really falling in standards, year after year."

First Uncle said, "Easy for you to say, but cross-talk and skits are the hardest to perform. They encompass art and humor, as well as needing the audience's affirmation. To produce a good skit or crosstalk is really difficult."

.....

At the scene of the gala.

The location was fully packed.

Officials, workers, white collars, students, family, etc. There were all sorts of people in attendance. If there was something in common about them, it was that they had 'connections'. Everyone who attended had depended on their connections to their company or friends to secure tickets. It was not so easy to get it. Even Zhang Ye needed Tian Bin's pass just to sneak in.

"Splendid!"

"It's so great!"

"It's not interesting this year."

Some people were giving their kudos, while others had no expression or were dozing off.

Master Zhou and Master Wei from the calligraphy world did not spend the new year at home with their families too, and instead came to the gala. Master Zhou brought his wife and daughter along. Master Wei brought his grandson and granddaughter. They were all seated in the 5th row at the left.

Mrs Zhou said, "Since Big Sis Zhang is not going to make an appearance, we have come in vain."

She had been a friend of Zhang Xia for more than a decade.

Master Zhou, who also knew Zhang Xia, said, "You know the health condition of Big Sis Zhang too. She recently had an operation for cerebral thrombosis last year. At her age, she should think of retiring and enjoying herself."

Mrs Zhou shook her head, "Singing and the stage is Big Sis Zhang's life, so she would never want to leave it, not in her life. If they really force her to retire, she would definitely be unhappy. When people are unhappy, their health will only end up suffering."

Master Wei said, "I heard that Zhang Xia has heart problems and high blood pressure? When people get old, their problems also increase. If I weren't concerned with my children and grandchildren's futures, I would have sealed my brush long ago. At our age, especially at Big Sis Zhang's age, which is probably a

few years older than me, we need to admit that age is catching up. Performing on stage all the time, that's something for the young ones to do. As we grow older, we need to wrap up at some point."

Master Wei's grandchildren were not listening to their conversation.

Suddenly, the MCs on stage announced something.

After the announcement, Master Wei's granddaughter screamed, "Lee Anson's coming up next! My idol!"

Master Wei asked, "I thought your idol was grandpa?"

"Of course you are." His granddaughter smiled and said, "But Lee Anson's my second idol. I like him so much, he's too handsome!" If she didn't know that Lee Anson was slated to appear in the gala, she would not have attended the gala. In fact, she had to beg her grandpa to bring her along today.

Master Wei's grandson was also paying full attention, "Don't talk anymore. Watch the performance, watch it!"

At this moment, the music started playing and Lee Anson appeared on stage singing. He was not singing in Korean, but Chinese! His hit song had been translated into a Chinese version!

Countless screams rang throughout!

"Ah!"

"It's in Chinese!"

"He's too good-looking!"

"I love you, Lee Anson!"

It was the same on scene and on TV!

Countless young fans were excitedly chanting Lee Anson's name. The atmosphere was so passionate compared to the earlier performances!

Lee Anson had a slight smirk as he sang on stage, "Love....is the only.....Love....can't avoid heartbreaks...." He probably did not know how to speak Chinese and maybe just had some basic lessons. Some of his pronunciation and articulation of words were too stiff, but it still won the cheers of those who were watching him!

The song had ended!

The applause from young people was thundering!

Lee Anson smiled as he bowed and left the stage.

Master Zhou looked to his left and right and saw the excitement of the young generation. He helplessly commented, "Old Wei, did you understand the song?"

Master Wei laughed, "Not at all."

Master Wei's granddaughter said, "It was such a good song!"

Mrs Zhou touched the child's head, "You youngsters feel that it's good, but we are old and unable to keep up with the times."

Master Zhou sighed, "Hai, we are really becoming old-fashioned. This world belongs to the young ones already. Hur Hur, we should just step aside."

At the gala, many other members of the older generation had similar thoughts.

Suddenly, the stage lighting and background changed. A light melody drifted throughout the place as it signaled the start of the next performance. It was supposed to be a simple transition, but when everyone saw who appeared on stage, those who were attending the live event, and those who were watching TV, were all stunned!

"Grandma Zhang?"

"Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi!"

"Holy sh*t! Didn't their performance get canceled?"

"What's going on? They have a performance? And it's the two of them together? Are they going to do a duet? A vocalist and a popular singer? There shouldn't be any common songs for them!"

"Why didn't the directing team inform anyone?"

"The program list was changed at the last minute?"

.....

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

"Ah!" Cao Mengmeng shouted.

"Little Meng, what are you shouting for?" Maternal grandma had a slight shock.

"Quick, take a look! Hurry!" Cao Mengmeng hurriedly shouted to Zhang Ye's parents.

Zhang Ye's mother said, "I'm making dumplings, I don't want to watch."

Cao Dan, who looked up to glance at the TV also shouted, "Zhang Yuanqi's on! And so is Grandma Zhang Xia!"

Zhang Ye's mother exclaimed, then threw the half made dumpling out of her hands and ran out of the kitchen, "That's impossible! Didn't their programs get cut by the directing team!?"

Everyone in the house was now staring at the TV.

.....

At another house.

"Mom! Don't prepare dinner first!"

"What do you want me to do if I don't prepare dinner? That damned Spring Festival Gala is not worth watching."

"Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi are appearing together to do a duet!"

"What? Let me take a look!"

.....

A certain phone call.

"Hello, Sis."

"Bro, why did you call me again? Didn't you just called to send me new year greetings?"

"Are you watching the Spring Festival Gala?"

"I'm not watching it this year, Zhang Yuanqi's not on it."

"Then go and watch it now, quick! Zhang Yuanqi has made an appearance! There's a new song!"

"Impossible!"

"It's true! She's appearing together with Zhang Xia! It's an unfamiliar tune. Definitely not 'Wishing We Last Forever' or any of Zhang Yuanqi's old songs!"

"There's a new song? What the heck! Then I'm gonna hang up now! I'm going to take a look!"

.....

Throughout the country, scenes like this kept playing out.

It was the opposite of what happened a little bit earlier. This time, many of the older generation's attention perked up.

As for the younger ones, all of them had an expression of disinterest, like nothing much was happening.

"Why is it Zhang Xia again!"

"It's always her every year!"

"Zhang Yuanqi too. She comes for this every year, isn't it annoying!?"

"Sister Zhang's movies are great and her old songs are nice as well, but in recent years, her songs are terrible. They are all out of date!"

"Looks like this will be boring."

"No need to watch this, it's definitely going to be a recycled performance!"

Mrs. Zhou's eyes shone brightly, "Big Sis Zhang's really appearing up there!"

Master Zhou smiled bitterly, "What for? This year's gala is focusing on energy and youth. If it were me, I would not have gone on stage. That's unnecessary."

Master Wei's granddaughter said, "Yes, Grandma Zhang Xia is already so old. Even Auntie Zhang Yuanqi is not young anymore. She can't be more popular than my Lee Anson, so why bother to come at all. I'm talking about it in terms of music, but for movies, Zhang Yuanqi's definitely still at the top."

Master Wei's grandson also said, "Sister Zhang shouldn't come here to sing. She should just concentrate on acting in movies. Her songs are no longer suitable for this era."

Master Wei frowned, "That Korean kid was introduced on stage by the MCs. but why aren't they announcing Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi? They are just going to move directly into the singing?"

His granddaughter pursed her lips and said, "It shows that the directing team does not place importance on them."

The older people looked at the two women onstage, listening to the lukewarm atmosphere from the audience. They had the sudden feeling that maybe it was true that the time for the younger generation had come. Zhang Xia was old, Zhang Yuanqi was getting old. The stage for music....probably did not need them anymore. Maybe they shouldn't have gone on stage this time and just retired at their peaks, so what if they kept working hard to stay on it?

The only thing that felt strange to them was the clothes that Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi wore. They were dressed in extremely bright colored evening gowns. There was red, green, yellow, purple, and blue. The colors were very glaring and they even had a red rose in their hair to go along with. This sort of getup was very gorgeous, a style that Zhang Yuanqi had never done before, nor had Zhang Xia!

What's going on?

What were the two of them going to do?

Peng Yiyu and the directing team were looking at the screen backstage!

Millions of people around the country were also staring in doubt at the two of them on their television screens!

At the next moment, Zhang Yuanqi raised her microphone and took a light breath and smiled.

"I have a flower."

"It grows within my heart."

"A bud waiting to bloom.....for the longest time."

Every moment, waiting for a sincere person to come to me in my sleep."

A song titled "Woman Flower" by Anita Mui was portrayed with vividness by Zhang Yuanqi. Her voice was not youthful, nor was it lively and there wasn't even a hint of clarity and lingering in her voice. Zhang Yuanqi's voice was the type that sounded a little husky, but it was exactly this type of voice that suited the song. Only a woman's voice at this age could transmit the feelings and mood of "Woman Flower"! This wasn't a song written for young women! This was a song that belonged to them!

When everyone heard that part of the song, they were all stunned!

Flower?

A bud waiting to bloom?

In the context of movies, TV, or literature, these lyrics were often used as a symbol of young women, but today, Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had gone to use these words to sing about flowers. They even came onto the stage dressed in a flowery theme. They had portrayed themselves as flowers!

Blooming?

That was the rights of the young people!

Only the young should bloom!

But at your age, how do you qualify? Why?

Zhang Yuanqi was holding onto Zhang Xia's hands, smiling at her as if the whole world was invisible:

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"Only hoping for a pair of gentle hands."

"To sooth the solitude in my heart."

A middle-aged woman seated in the front row suddenly held her daughter's hands, as tears rolled down her cheeks without her even knowing why!

"Mom, why are you crying?" The little girl asked.

The woman was smiling and crying at the same time, "You're still young, but when you grow up, you'd understand."

Mrs. Zhou stood up, her eyes had turned red, but she kept an unblinking stare at the two women on stage!

Zhang Yuanqi's voice seemed to have carved each and every word into the hearts of all the matured women. Her voice was a like a pair of hands, holding them by the shoulders!

Master Wei also had a look of being touched, "This song...."

The melody changed.

Zhang Yuanqi lowered her microphone as Zhang Xia raised hers.

Grandma Zhang Xia held Zhang Yuanqi's hand and smiled at the audience. Even though her hair was grayed and her skin was wrinkly, her smile was ageless!

It was like a flower!

Like it had suddenly bloomed!

"I have a flower."

"The flower scent from the branches."

"But who would devote himself to tracing the scent back?"

"A flower blooms not for long, treasure what you can have while you have it."

"Women are like flowers, flowers are like dreams."

When most of the women heard this, their faces were already covered with tears!

But Grandma Zhang Xia still smiled vibrantly:

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"Only hoping for a pair of gentle hands."

"To sooth the solitude in my heart."

Mrs. Zhou was also crying now. For this stage! For this Spring Festival Gala! For the audience! They had given so much of their time! They had given so much of their youth and time to the stage!

Who said that they were old!

Who dared to say they were old!?

They could still sing! They could still sing for the rest of their lives! !

Even if 10 years had passed! Even if 50 years had gone by! They would still be the most brilliant and bright woman flowers on stage!

They would never be old!

We would never be old! !

At this moment, even the men had faces of shock. Sometimes, men understood women more than women understood themselves. Everyone's heart seemed to have been struck by something at that moment!

A middle-aged man in the last row looked at his wife and reached out his hand to hold hers tightly. With a grip that felt like he did not want to ever let go, he said, "Yan'er, I'm sorry about last time. I called you old and haggard, I....." his voice choked, "You've done so much for the children, for me, and for our family!"

His wife smiled happily, "I'm willing to do all of that no matter what."

The middle-aged man's grip tightened, "To me, you're forever an ever blooming flower!"

"The duet!"

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia held their hands and walked forward. As they walked, the two did a little dance to the music. It couldn't be considered dancing per se, but were light movements that seemed to emanate from their mood. With some nifty hand movements their fingers sometimes touching the flower on their heads!

"Woman Flower, swaying in the red dust."

"Woman Flower, wavering softly in the wind."

"If you'd ever smelled the flowers."

"Don't ask me who this flower is blooming for."

"Having loved, you'd know what it's worth. Only when you are drunk, would you understand the strength of wine. Flowers bloom and wither all for naught."

Fate does not wait, it's like the spring breeze that comes and goes, women are like flowers, flowers are like dreams."

Their voices harmonized. This made many in the audience stand up. The feeling that jolted their souls was very difficult to describe. All they knew was this:

This is a woman!

This is what a woman is!

A woman is like a flower! It would never wither!

Chapter 394: Who could have written this song?

The music was fading out!

The song was ending!

It was as if the accompaniment was set to the lowest volume to allow the two women's voices to resonate even more clearly. It was an enchanting scene!

Zhang Xia smiled vibrantly, "I have a flower, it grows within my heart."

Zhang Yuanqi grasped Grandma Zhang's shoulders, "No one understands true love. The weeds of the land, are growing throughout the hills....."

Up until here, the two women, who were no longer considered young, looked straight into each other's eyes. They did not speak, but slowly revealed their smiles and sang the last bit of the song. It was very gentle and light, "A woman alone.....by herself.....has the most heartache."

On this stage meant for the young ones!

In this world of the younger generation!

The two women, who had been doubted by so many and had been labeled as things of the past by countless media outlets, at a time when their chances to appear in the gala seemed to be non-existent, had appeared on stage together. They had fought against all odds and sang with the youthfulness in their hearts. They showed their vibrancy in what might be their last time on this stage!

Narcissism?

No! They were not narcissists!

All the older people in the audience at this point in time were applauding with all their might for the two great women on stage!

"Great!"

"Who says that both of you are getting old!"

"Grandma Zhang, you are beautiful tonight!"

"No one wants to appreciate the both of you? We will appreciate you!!"

On stage were a middle-aged woman and an old lady, but to everyone right now, they were younger than the young! You've both given so much to the audience and lost so much! Even if time has crept up onto your faces! The both of you are still the most beautiful 'Women Flower' in the world!

Tears.....

Excitement.....

Sadness.....

Moving.....

The audience all had different expressions as they were touched by this "Woman Flower" song. They were also moved by these 2 women who had dedicated their entire lives to the stage!

Back in his previous world, "Woman Flower" was the most classic work of Anita Mui. A song composed by Chen Yaochuan and written by Li Anxiu, paired with the husky and deep voice of Anita Mui. It was arguably one of the most godly works to have existed, but today, Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's version had a different kind of effect. Though it lacked Anita's sense of resentment, it added a sense of confidence and calm. Those who did not know, might never be able to appreciate the depth of this song. "Woman Flower" had no parts that required soprano singing, no increase in pace of tempo, no fancy changing of pitches and just played out with a steady and flat melody. If judged by the young, this song would have been considered as a failure, but those who had truly aged with time and experience, especially women, were the only ones who could understand the message within this song!

It's speaks for the life of a woman!

It describes the loneliness beneath the beauty!

It was the desolation behind the bustle and the final bloom within that desolation!

"They....they really haven't had it easy all their lives." Master Zhou was full of emotion.

Mrs. Zhou said while wiping her tears, "Big Sis Zhang has sung for over 30 years and spent her life on stage. Zhang Yuanqi debuted since she was just a few years old and also spent over 30 years of her life performing. No one knows how hard they have worked and no one knows how much they have given. When the Spring Festival Gala needed them, they were here, dedicating their lives. Now that the Spring Festival Gala doesn't need them anymore, what would they do? Where can they go?"

Master Zhou held his wife's hands, "The Spring Festival Gala still needs them!"

Master Wei silently looked at the stage, "Yes, the singing world still needs them!"

To many of those in the audience, Lee Anson's "LOVE-ONE" was quite a good performance and entertaining as a popular act, but it wasn't art. Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's "Woman Flower" was what they would call real art!

.....

Backstage.

A 40 year old female technical staff had lost her composure. When she heard the song, it had reminded her of her life. When she was born, going to school, starting work, getting married, giving birth, going through her divorce, all sorts of emotions came rushing in. This song had overwhelmed her!

Why?

Why did they stop such good singers from appearing on stage?

The female staff from the production simply stared at the screen and said, "When I heard them sing it earlier, I thought it was quite good, but I never expected it to sound so amazing when they sang it live! It's really too amazing! I almost cried when I heard them sing! It isn't easy being a woman."

The oldest man in the production team smiled and said, "Zhang Xia is still as good as before! Who says that only the young singers are popular? 'Woman Flower'? These two women has shown us a lot today!"

They had all heard the song earlier and knew that it was a good song, but never did they expect this song to be able to move so many people. It seemed like it was true when Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi mentioned that they did not sing it well that afternoon. Only on stage during the live performance, did they sing it with all their heart and soul!

Perfect!

The interpretation of the song was too perfect!

What a great pairing of two music veterans!

Even Director Peng Yiyu, who had been insistent on the Spring Festival Gala not needing Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi anymore could not help but be moved by the song. He thought over it for a moment and then quietly took out his phone to send a message to his wife, "It's been hard on you all these years."

His wife replied very quickly, "Ah? What does this mean?"

Peng Yiyu said, "Nothing, I just wanted to thank you."

His wife replied, "Hur Hur, why are you being so mushy? Go work, you are still busy. I've wrapped dumplings. Let's eat them later when you are back from work."

Peng Yiyu replied, "Don't wait up for me, I don't know what time I will be back."

His wife said, "I will wait up no matter how late. There's no need to reply, focus on your work."

.....

At the studio.

"There have been songs about women that I felt were quite good before, but when compared to 'Woman Flower', why do those songs feel like they're not that good anymore?"

"That's right. Those songs that sing praises of women only cover the issue superficially and are too dignified in a sense, but this 'Woman Flower' really touches on what being a woman is really about! The song writer must understand women really well to their bones. It's really too understanding of us women! The song is so well written. Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi sang it so well too!"

"It's a perfect work of art!"

"Those two women are really as good as ever!"

The young people did not understand any of this.

"What song was that, it's terrible!"

"Yea, it's so lousy compared to Lee Anson's song!"

"Only the melody was not bad. Everything else was not so good."

But there were also other younger people who liked the song, "What do you know? If this song was not good, then there aren't any good songs anymore! Don't tell me you all didn't understand Grandma Zhang and Auntie Yuanqi's message from the song at all?"

A girl said, "Right, it's really so nice to listen to!"

A guy, whose eyes were full of admiration, said, "Grandma Zhang and Sister Zhang are too beautiful! That aura, that charm, they really didn't feel old at all! I will fight it out with whoever dares to say otherwise!"

Although this song was about women who were older, the message it sent was not necessarily only applicable to those with age. It also channeled a special kind of energy in the younger ones!

Then, whether it was the audience or people in front of their TVs, a lot of them suddenly had a question! Which master could have written such a good song that so accurately depicted women? Didn't they say that Zhang Xia and Zhang Yuanqi's songs were canceled? Why did they suddenly appear again to sing this song? If it was already composed beforehand, then it wouldn't be possible that their performances would have been canceled. Why wasn't this song brought out earlier to prevent that? The people who watched the gala included children, teens, and old people. There were men....and naturally women too. This was a fitting song singing about women, so why did they not bring it out earlier and instead only bring it out after the last rehearsal had ended?

Could it be that the song was composed spontaneously at the last minute?

It can't be? How could such an amazing song be so "casually" written and composed at a moment's notice?

The next program had started by now. It was a show of four songs being continuously performed one after the other. The performing artist was a more popular male singer in recent times, but at this moment, most of the audience had their minds on something else. There were limits to how much emotion a human mind could take. As "Woman Flower" was performed right before the current

segment, everyone was too emotionally invested into that and had not recovered from the greatness of it!

There was still a voting round to come!

Every year, during the Spring Festival Gala, there would be a vote!

According to previous years programs, a language based performance would usually be voted to be the top one. Whether it was cross-talking or skits, they were usually the most popular amongst the audience whether they were young or old. In the merry mood of the Spring Festival, everyone would enjoy light hearted and fun programs like these, which was why language based performances usually had an advantage over others!

But this year....

A lot of middle-aged people had gone online to cast their votes!

Every year, they would always cast their votes to language type performances, but this year, they wanted to vote for "Woman Flower" instead!

Everyone knew that the total votes at the end for a song performance would never outnumber votes for the language performances. Even if this year's language performances were not good, and no matter how good the performance of "Woman Flower" was, it would never happen, but they still chose to vote for "Woman Flower" simply because they had been touched by those two great women! Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia had gone against all odds and made it happen, telling the world of their persistence and dedication! And so, they, as the audience, also had a sudden urge to tell everyone else, to tell the whole nation, to tell the whole world, that they were not old at all! Everyone of them were blooming flowers! Even at the end of their lives, they could still contribute that power of theirs to the world!

30 years old, so what?

50 years old, so what?

70 years old, so what?

90 years old, so what?

Even if no one would understand, even if only we felt that we were still worthy of praise, even if everyone thinks that we are a thing of the past, so what?!

We will speak for ourselves!!

Chapter 395: Friend of Women!

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

The performance for "Woman Flower" came to an end.

There was no one left making dumplings in the kitchen. Everyone in the house was on the couch staring at the television in front of them. Especially all the women in the house were too moved by this song!

Second Aunt also cried. "It was sung so well!"

Third Aunt patted her on the back. "That's right. Who would have thought that even at that age, Zhang Xia can still dress so beautifully in that flower dress. It didn't look out of place either. It was very pretty. Zhang Yuanqi too. I think Zhang Yuanqi today was much more beautiful than any of her previous outfits!"

First Uncle interjected, "Is this song good?"

First Aunt leered at him. "This is a song for us women. What would you know!?"

Cao Mengmeng said, "Yes, this is a song for us women! It's really nice!"

Everyone laughed. "You are a little girl at best, what woman? Hur Hur Hur."

Cao Mengmeng did not like hearing that. "Hey, music knows no boundaries, nor does it discriminate against gender or age. Why can't I find it nice? All of you are discriminating!"

Suddenly, Cao Dan looked at her cellphone in shock. "Oh hey, hurry and take a look. News appeared on the internet. This "Woman Flower" was written by our bro!"

Cao Tong exclaimed, "What?"

Cao Mengmeng rushed over, "Give it to me!"

Cao Dan excitedly passed her cellphone to her. "Take a look!"

This was news revealed by Zhang Yuanqi's company.

"Woman Flower".

Lyrics: Zhang Ye.

Composer: Zhang Ye.

Arranger: Zhang Ye, Zhang Xia, Zhang Yuanqi, Wang Zhengyi, Sun Chengzhi.

Cao Mengmeng exclaimed, "Holy sh*t, even the arranger has my bro's name? And his name is placed in front of everyone else's? My bro is too awesome! This is really a song written by my bro!"

Zhang Ye's mom became excited. "Give it to me! Show it to me!"

Cao Mengmeng handed the cellphone to her. "Aunt, someone from our family has really gone on the Spring Festival Gala! It's so empowering! No, no! I must call my classmates! Hahahaha!" She immediately took her cellphone to the balcony and began bragging to her classmates and friends. She was showing off happily!

Zhang Ye's Mom's glance made her momentarily high-spirited. With a beaming smile, three shouts of "Great" sounded out, and then hurriedly went to a corner to make phone calls. It was all to her old neighbors or colleagues.

"Hey, Old Zhang!"

"Hey Old Cao."

"Wishing you a happy new year."

"Thank you, thank you. Here's me wishing you a happy new year too."

"Are you watching the Spring Festival Gala?"

"I'm watching. I just finished listening to the 'Woman Flower'."

"You heard it? What's your thoughts about it?"

"Of course it's good. Our entire family is talking about it. This song is absolutely wonderful!"

"Hahaha, let me tell you that this song's composer and arranger was all written by my son! Didn't I tell all of you that my son's work would be on the Spring Festival Gala this year? It was originally going to be 'Wishing We Last Forever', but they changed it with something even better. It's this 'Woman Flower'!"

"Ah? It's really written by Little Ye?"

"How could that be fake!? It's written by my son!"

"Hey! Old Cao, your house has produced a genius!"

It was immediately followed up by a second call.

"Hello, Big Sis Sun, here's wishing you a happy new year."

"Hey, Little Cao, thank you. You have happy new year as well."

"You heard the 'Woman Flower' on the Spring Festival Gala just now, right? It's written by my son! And it was specially written by my son for me! Wasn't it nice?"

.....

A few phone calls later.

Zhang Ye's Dad glanced at her. "Was there a need to brag so much?"

Mom rolled her eyes. "Who was bragging!? Isn't that song my son's work!?"

"It is written by Little Ye, but who said it was written for you." Dad was quite speechless.

Mom could not stand it and disliked what she had heard. "Hey, if that wasn't written for me, then who was it for?" She then looked at her other relatives and said, "Tell me, am I right!? Look at the lyrics, that melody. It can't be any clearer. This was a song my son created for me!"

Dad was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "Why can't I see that?"

Maternal grandma smiled and said, "Since she said it that way, then it has to be it."

"Mom." Mom stared. "What do you mean then it has to be it. It's true in the first place!"

Dad did not want to argue with her. "Alright, alright, alright. It is."

Mom was overjoyed. "I was wondering what our son was doing this new year's eve, so he was out composing a song. He has really given our family face!"

.....

On the web.

Elsewhere.

"Woman Flower" caused quite a buzz!

"It's really a nice song!"

"It does not have any high pitch or pitch changes, or colorful, eye-catching things in it, but every word was so moving! Isn't the highest art of singing this?"

"I'm not afraid to be ridiculed by all of you. I cried listening to the song just now."

"I didn't go so far as to cry, but I was also touched!"

"Me too. These two music veterans have really made a leap and reached a level of sublimation. I also liked their songs in the past, but just like how young people evaluated these songs, the songs are all too old. It's too outdated. It's fine listening to them once or twice, but it can be inevitably tiring hearing it too many times. There's nothing new, but today's 'Woman Flower' has really made a qualitative leap! I can't not be in admiration!"

"Who said it's the world of young people now? After listening to 'Woman Flower', I only have a feeling. That wine gets better with age!"

"This is a classic piece!"

"That's right! It will definitely be a golden oldie that will leave a good name forever!"

Following that, the songwriter's identity was revealed. When many people first saw his name, they were stunned, and then began to feel that it was very normal!

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Holy sh*t! It's really him!"

"I knew it. I was just asking who could write such lyrics! There aren't many you can find in the music circles. Zhang Ye is one of them, and it's really written by him!"

"This production of his sure is big!"

"Zhang Ye is too heaven-defying! He's truly talented!"

"But he's a young person and a man at that. How does he understand women so well?"

"Haha, sometimes men are able to understand a woman better than other women!"

"That's true. With Teacher Zhang Ye's talent, you can no longer look at him with common sense. Just like his talent in poetry. If it were anyone else, it's not something they can produce at that age. However, this is common sense when it comes to Zhang Ye. Don't put common sense over his neck!"

"Actually, after I heard 'Woman Flower', I chuckled. I had something in my mind saying what if this song was written by Zhang Ye? As the directing team had just rejected Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia from going on stage. The media and many members of the public also say that they are old and outdated.

Eventually, it was followed up immediately by that 'I have a flower, it grows within my heart', telling everyone that they were not old. This is face-smacking! Those who understand Zhang Ye's personality should know that these lyrics are too reminiscent of that fellow Zhang Ye! There's no one else other than him! I never expected it to be true! When my wife was watching TV, she was also amused. Her eyes were very sharp and immediately said that this song was not only sung for women. Not only was it sung for the audience, it was also sung to those who doubted them!"

"What literary skills!"

"Zhang Ye's ability to create music might not be weaker than his ability at writing poetry. The popularity of 'Wishing We Last Forever' now doesn't look like a coincidence. Zhang Ye has the ability. In the future, more and more people will ask for songs written by him. However, I heard that he doesn't easily write songs for people. It seems even when Zhang Yuanqi tried buying the rights to 'Shuidiao Getou' back then, they had gone through quite a lot of trouble. They only managed to get it after using both hard and soft tactics. Furthermore, it was Zhang Yuanqi who composed the melody!"

"I also heard of it. After that song, many people came asking for Zhang Ye to write their songs, however, they were all nicely rejected by Zhang Ye. Hai, only the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi and an old veteran like Zhang Xia have the standing to get one from him. As for others...nothing. After today's resounding outcome, Zhang Ye will be at the top of the musician circles. Just these two songs of his are no less than a top musician's work! In fact, it might even be slightly better in certain aspects!"

"Zhang Ye is too awesome!"

"I'm wondering. How can this Teacher Zhang Ye be so versatile? He can write novels and poems. He's good at making programs too. He is also good at speeches, proficient at literature, and the classics. Also, wasn't that Brain Gold advertisement in recent times also a work of his? Now, there's an additional trait of writing lyrics and composing melodies! How can one person be so talented? Which rock did this man jump out of!?"

"This is what 'however strong you are, there is always someone stronger' means!"

"Haha, I'm really anticipating his next piece of work!"

"'Ode of Mulan' was wonderful! 'Woman Flower' is a classic! I suddenly feel like I'm obsessed with Teacher Zhang Ye! He is a spokesman for us women! He knows us women too well!"

"That's right! He's a spokesman for women!"

Zhang Ye had experienced ups and down, and was quite legendary. Hence, he always had many nicknames and titles.

Jinx!

Literary hooligan!

Anti-hijacking hero!

Professional Korean Insulter!

Today, under everyone's discussion, Zhang Ye had gained another title of "Friend of Women"!

Chapter 396: A Stunning Scene in the Dressing Room!!

10,000 votes...

20,000 votes...

"Woman Flower"'s votes for best program rapidly increased!

Although it could not catch up to a skit, 'Are You Coming', nor could it compare to a cross-talk program ranked at the top, it was all a result of song-related programs being limited by the Spring Festival Gala. However, compared to other song-related programs, it was leading by a large margin. Just a few minutes ago, it had even caught up to "LOVE-ONE" sang by Lee Anson, who was extremely popular in the country. "Woman Flower" even momentarily surpassed it!

"It's been surpassed!"

"Haha! Nice!"

"The Korean's song has been taken down!"

"Can this song still continue rising?"

"No chance of that. It's all language-related programs on top!"

"It's already not bad reaching this spot. Hur Hur. 'Woman Flower' is now ranked number one for song-related programs at the Spring Festival Gala. Awesome! I heard that the Gala's live version will be released tomorrow. I also saw Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong's post on Weibo that Sister Zhang will be releasing a solo version of 'Woman Flower' the day after tomorrow. Grandma Zhang will probably do the same and release a solo version as well. I heard they are just talking to Zhang Ye about the copyright now!"

"If a single is out, I'll definitely buy it!"

"Forget about buying the CD. That's outdated, but I will spend money to buy a high quality version of 'Woman Flower'. It's really nice!"

The song was very well-liked!

Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia's performance was also very well-received!

Even Zhang Ye, the composer, got some visibility as a result of the massive audience watching the Spring Festival Gala and the massive popularity of Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. Of course, he was only a composer, so the amount of attention given to him could not compare to the performer as few people paid any attention to this, but then again, the viewership of the Spring Festival Gala was completely heaven-defying, with about 20% of the nation watching this channel in front of their televisions. These numbers were massive. Even if one out of a thousand people paid attention to the composer Zhang Ye after listening to the earth-shaking "Woman Flower", that was still a lot of popularity!

This was precisely the difference Zhang Ye had in his development compared to other mainstream celebrities. He was different from others. He did things here and there. Writing novels and poems. A song here, a program there. A lecture at times, and even did an advertisement. He used all of this to

accumulate his popularity bit by bit. Others could become immediately popular after filming a movie, but their popularity would decline after that for extended periods of time. Their popularity would rise again once they were filmed in another movie or television drama. Most people were like that, but Zhang Ye wasn't. Ever since he debuted, his popularity had never declined nor had it remained stagnant. His popularity did not increase as fast as them, but it was increasing on a daily basis! How did he do it? It was all based on this sort of accumulation! No matter how small a mosquito was, it was also flesh. Zhang Ye would never miss an opportunity that could increase his popularity!

.....

It was almost 11.

Central TV Broadcasting Studio 1.

In a particular dressing room, Zhang Ye was still sleeping soundly. He was sleeping ever since the Gala began until now. He was completely unaware of what was happening outside or the stirring buzz. He didn't even know about the commotions in the room. He had slept too late last night and had woken way to early this morning. It caused him to sleep like a dead pig.

Ga!

It was a ear-piercing screech of a chair being pulled out!

Zhang Ye's eyelids twitched as he leaned sideways in a half-awaken state. Other sounds entered his ear. Outside the curtain that hid the sofa he was on, there were people talking.

There were a lot of sounds.

There were a lot of women's voices.

There were all sorts of tinkling sounds with things being moved as well as some rustling.

"Grandma Zhang Xia, you look so beautiful today." The voice sounded very young, but he did not know her.

"Really? Thank you." It was Zhang Xia's voice..

"I can't call you Granny next time and should call you Big Sis. That big red flower on your head really suits you. It makes you look even younger than me!" It was still that person's voice.

Zhang Xia's laughter transmitted over. "Hur Hur, Yuanqi and I acted young today!"

Another woman's voice: "I once dreamed of being a singer. When I was young, my parents always listened to your songs, giving me that dream. However, you can't always get what you want, right? I actually did not have this talent. Finally, after graduating from Central Conservatory of Music, I switched careers and became a dancer."

A delicate voice said, "Eh, Xiaojing, you were from a music conservatory? I've only just realized now."

"Indeed I am. I am an authentic graduate from a music conservatory. Furthermore, I majored in singing. Sister Zhang, when I was schooling, I heard that you came to our school's auditorium as a guest to teach music. I'm not sure if you remember. After the class, all of us surrounded you asking for your autograph.

You spent about half an hour to give each and every one of us an autograph. You did not reject anyone and did not put on celebrity airs."

"I have some impression of that. Were you there?" It was Zhang Yuanqi's voice. It was magnetic and very characteristic.

"That's right. You gave me your autograph, and I still have it hanging in my closet."

Zhang Yuanqi: "I saw your dance performance just now. It was really very good, and was extremely high in artistic quality. Thankfully you switched careers, reducing the number of detours."

"Right, now that I think about it, I'm still good at dancing. I heard you learned dancing in the past too and are great at it. If there's a chance in the future, can I consult you?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "Hur Hur, you would put me to shame. You are a professional dancer, so how can I even compare to you? We can have some exchanges, and in this circle, I have quite some face. If you need to do any commercial performances or other performances, you can look for me. I'll help get you in touch with the right people."

The girl's voice sounded excited. "Really, Sister Zhang?"

Another woman's voice said, "Since Sister Zhang has agreed to help you, then it can't be fake. Sister Zhang, do you still remember me?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "Of course. I heard many people calling you Little Zhang Yuanqi. I don't like that title of yours. You'll definitely be better than me in the future. Your singing voice is very unique."

The woman said, "Don't, your assessment is too high! Although it was a five person choral, it was all down to luck for me to go up on stage. How can I compare with you? I haven't even thanked you for the other time. Back then, I didn't know you and encountered a management company that wanted to ban me, preventing me from releasing albums. I really was out of choices then. Later on, an industry friend suggested me to look for you. At that gathering, I mustered my courage to tell you about it. In the end, it was settled the second day. I later heard that you gave my management company's higher-ups a call after the meal, settling it for me."

Zhang Yuanqi: "It was nothing."

The woman said, "It might be nothing to you, but it was everything to me. I was not famous at all when I released albums in the past. I never expected you to really care so much as to help me."

The women chatted.

There were quite a few exchanges, and seemed like there were about eight or nine people.

Zhang Ye became more and more awake. He rubbed his eyes and yawned. He sat up from the sofa. What was the situation? The Spring Festival Gala was over? How was he to go back? Old Zhang had also gotten off stage? The performance was over? How was the performance? Was the response from the audience okay? Zhang Ye did not know a thing. He looked at his watch and oh boy, it was almost 11! In about an hour, the clock would strike midnight. He really could sleep, missing his own song's performance!

He had enough sleep already!

It was time to wake up!

He stretched his back and stood up.

The women outside were still laughing and chatting.

"The two of you singing 'Woman Flower' was really too impressive!"

"That's right, Xiaoyu. I also think it was the best singing program tonight!"

"In the future, no one will dare say that Sister Zhang or Grandma Zhang are old. That will just be them smacking themselves in the face! Did you see the reaction from the audience? I saw from backstage. Many elderly women were crying. Those young people were also staring wide-eyed. They were completely engrossed in it! This is the charm of a good song!"

Eh?

"Woman Flower" was very successful?

Zhang Ye nodded his head slightly. Although it was expected, he was also pleasantly surprised. Who said his efforts were for naught? He did not spend time with his family to pass the new year, but had been working hard here writing lyrics and melody, with all the accompaniments. His efforts had paid off. The approval of the audience was the best evaluation!

His popularity could increase once again!

"Sister Zhang, I also wish to do a cover of 'Woman Flower'. I'm not sure if I will have a chance in the future. Of course, it has to be next year, or the year after because Grandma Zhang and your performance have reached the peak of perfection. The both of you used different styles to perform 'Woman Flower' to its peak. I don't dare to cover it so soon after the two of you sung it. That would be embarrassing. I'll have to wait a year or two first. When that happens, you'll need to give me the authorization rights. I'll buy it."

Zhang Yuanqi said with a laughing tone, "I can't decide on that. The rights are with Zhang Ye. Auntie Zhang and my single release of 'Woman Flower' would also need brand new discussions with Zhang Ye regarding the contract."

"Zhang Ye?"

"I know him. I heard he's a particularly awesome person!"

"I've also heard of his name. In our circle, many people talk about him. I heard Zhang Ye is quite a character, but his temper isn't good."

Holy sh*t!

Whose temper wasn't good!?

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. Is this bro's reputation in the entertainment industry in such a state?

Behind the curtain, it was Zhang Xia who spoke up for him. "Then that must be hearsay. I've seen Little Zhang. He's a very mild-mannered person and was especially polite to everyone. He was also very particular in what he says or does. He's also very loyal. There's really nothing you can fault him with his dealings with friends. He's a very good lad. If not for him rushing here from afar, Yuanqi and I would have had no hope going on stage, whatmore future Spring Festival Galas."

A girl asked, "Oh, is Brother Zhang easy to talk to? I heard many people had asked for songs from him, but he ignored them. Only Sister Yuanqi has the standing enough to get two classics, 'Wishing We Last Forever' and 'Woman Flower'. We probably don't have any hope just to get one song."

It was Zhang Yuanqi's laughter. "It's not easy for me to get a song from Little Zhang either. Do you know that 'Wishing We Last Forever' was me imposing my seniority on him before I managed to grab it? If not, he would not have given it to me."

"Hur Hur, then there's no hope for us."

"If there's a chance, you can try and ask. Teacher Zhang Ye's songs are really great!"

Industry outsiders or the audience might not pay too much attention to the composer or lyric writer. They only cared who sang the song, but industry insiders, and people who really did music or sung acted differently. After listening to an excellent piece of work, their first reaction was obviously the audience's reaction. They would then want to know who wrote the song. Firstly, it was out of curiosity, and secondly, if they wished to work with the composer in the future, so they naturally had to know the other person's name. Or else, if they were to meet, and did not know anything about the composer or lyric writer, then who would write a song for you!? Hence, the moment "Woman Flower" was sung, Zhang Ye's visibility in the circle completely opened up!

Those who could create one good work might have been lucky.

However, to continuously produce two songs that reached the peak of perfection, it was definitely not as simple as luck. This fellow had true ability!

Well, that's more like it.

Keep chatting, I'll carry on listening.

Zhang Ye did not find it appropriate to come out at this moment. He sat down on the sofa with satisfaction, listening to them talk about him. They were still on the topic of him, so if he suddenly appeared out of the blue, it would be quite awkward, and so he had to wait a little. He would pretend that he had just woken up and not heard a thing.

Just as Zhang Ye was prepared to hear them praise him further, these people ended their chatter and the topic moved back to the Spring Festival Gala's programs.

"The skit wasn't nice."

"It was alright. It wasn't as good as I expected."

"That's right. Language-related programs are getting worse. There's a lack of creativity."

"That's right. They all follow the same pattern and is quite uninteresting. It's getting worse throughout the years.

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye felt helpless. All of you are so bad at chatting. Keep talking about how this bro is so awesome and mighty. Why was that all?

Time to go!

Let's go out!

Zhang Ye knew everyone was resting in the dressing room, and had come here because it was too chaotic backstage. They were probably waiting for the clock to strike midnight for the new year. Since he had nothing better to do, he might as well go out and chat with everyone. At least, he could get to know some new friends. Of course, that was the scene in his fantasy.

Get to know friends?

Chat with everyone?

None of that scene happened!

After he pulled open about half the curtain, there was a curtain in front that was opened. However, as it was along a corner, those women were all gathered in front of the makeup artist. Hence, from Zhang Ye's angle, he could not see anyone, and could only hear their voices. In Zhang Ye's imagination, Zhang Yuanqi and those nobodies or lesser-known celebrities were sitting on chairs, munching on melon seeds while chatting. Hence, Zhang Ye could walk out with a chuckle, but when this fellow walked towards the outer curtain, and saw the dressing room...

Zhang Ye was dumbfounded!

He was completely shocked that he nearly peed his pants!

Chapter 397: The Heavenly Queen Rescues the Situation!

In the dressing room.

Behind the curtain in a corner.

Zhang Ye's back was completely drenched in cold sweat. His sweat instantly seeped out of his pores. His autumn underclothing was a third drenched. Guess how frightened this fellow was! His hair nearly stood up. He was still hoping to chat with some of the women and get to meet some new friends. From their chat, he really thought they were just having idle chatter, as the topic was all about the Spring Festival Gala. No one mentioned anything about taking off or wearing their clothes!

He was doomed!

Why were all of them changing their clothes!

The performances were all over, and all the women were in a dressing room alone, changing into their own clothes before waiting for the clock to strike midnight and then go home? Why didn't all of you tell me earlier!? If I knew all of you were changing, no matter who retarded this bro was, I wouldn't have

come out. I would have pretended I was dead asleep, or even dead till all of you left. Now it's too late. Zhang Ye had been seen by Zhang Yuanqi!

Don't scream!

Old Zhang, don't you scream!

If you scream, this bro will be having his funeral wake tomorrow!

However, well, this scene was really quite "beautiful". Although he only took a quick glance that was less than two seconds, whatever could be seen had all be seen by Zhang Ye. Furthermore, it was everyone. It caused his nostrils to turn hot. Zhang Ye could not help but pinch his nose as he had a feast for his eyes! The women he saw were not just any ordinary women, but celebrities. Whether they were background dancers or back up vocalists, they were still celebrities despite not being famous. Most of their bodies and faces were excellent. It was a scene that could make him spurt blood!

"Sister Zhang."

"Eh?"

"Why aren't you taking off your clothes?"

"Hur Hur, I'm trying."

"Is it difficult? Let me help you."

"Xiaojing, right? There's no need to trouble you. If your Sister Zhang can't even take off her own clothes, then it means that I'm so old that I'm not too far off from saying goodbye to the stage."

"Hehe, don't you say the word 'old'. If you are old, then what are we? You look younger than any of us."

People spoke from outside again.

Old Zhang did not mention what had happened!

Zhang Ye heaved a big sigh of relief. He was so glad that Old Zhang was so loyal! You really are something! You really are something! Hence, he carefully lay back down on the sofa. Actually this sitting took him about ten seconds. As the sofa was made of leather, it would issue creaking noises. Zhang Ye naturally did not want people outside to discover his presence, so he sat down very slowly so as to minimize the sounds to prevent discovery.

Suddenly, something happened again!

The sounds of footsteps approached. "I remember there's a sofa over here?"

Another woman said, "I think so. Behind the curtains."

The woman laughed. "There aren't enough chairs here. If I don't sit, I can't take off these pants. Teachers, why don't you go first? I'll wait for a while?"

A woman's voice that sounded in her forties said, "Hur Hur. Go ahead, I'm almost done."

"Alright, then I'll be going ahead." The sound of footsteps sounded even closer to Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye's eyeballs stared widely. Holy shit, don't! What are you coming here for!? There's someone here! Zhang Ye was already at a loss what to do!

Shit!

He was about to be discovered!

Suddenly, Zhang Yuanqi's voice rang. "Xiaozhao, hold on for a moment."

"Hmm? Sister Zhang?" The woman said uncertainly.

And Zhang Yuanqi was heard saying, "You are so young and learn dancing, is there really a need for you to sit down to take off your pants?"

The woman said, "Hai, it's because I've practiced dancing all year round, so my waist is full of injuries. I usually have to take care and protect it."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "Then let me give you a hand."

The woman hurriedly said, "I shouldn't trouble you. There's no need. I remember there's a sofa over there. I was doing my make up here before I went on stage. I'll be fine alone."

One step!

Two steps!

Three steps!

The wind that accompanied the person's motions had blown the tiny curtain in front of Zhang Ye's eyes. Furthermore, the curtain was not fully drawn. There was a tiny portion exposed right in front. If the woman took another two steps, Zhang Ye's position would have been exposed. This bit of space was not enough for him to hide! What should he do? There was nowhere to hide! Zhang Ye was extremely anxious. This wasn't a big deal, but it wouldn't do his reputation any good. If he was charged with the crime of sneaking into a women's dressing room to peep at the Spring Festival Gala, Zhang Ye might as well find a piece of tofu to slam himself to death with. He could not lose his reputation! He was too much too. Why did he run into a dressing room to sleep. If he knew that this dressing room was also a place where everyone changed their clothes, Zhang Ye would never have rested here. It was over!

"Hey, Xiaozhao." It was Zhang Yuanqi stopped her again.

"Sister Zhang?" The person said.

Zhang Yuanqi: "Why don't you wait first?"

Woman: "Oh? Is something the matter with you?"

Zhang Yuanqi: "For me, I want to change my clothes. Hur Hur, but my gown seems to be stuck. It's not easy to get out of it. I want to try sitting down since I've already taken off half of it."

The woman said, "Sure, sure. You go ahead and change first. I'm in no hurry."

"Alright, thanks." Zhang Yuanqi said.

"You are too courteous. There's no need to thank me." The woman said.

Then, the sounds of high heels approached him. Tuk. Tuk. Tuk.

As Zhang Ye focused with shock, Zhang Yuanqi was already standing in front of the curtain. Her eyes met Zhang Ye's once again. Zhang Yuanqi was holding up her evening gown, with many things blocking her chest. However, her shoulders and white back were completely empty. The Heavenly Queen did not say a word or have any special expressions. She stepped into the dressing room and then pulled with her backhand.

Hua la.

The curtain was closed fully!

Zhang Ye knew he was finally saved. He looked at Zhang Yuanqi with gratitude. Then he revealed a wry smile, and made a gesture of him sleeping.

Zhang Yuanqi did not understand him. "Oh?"

Zhang Ye then leaned over silently and whispered with the quietest voice possible, "Sorry Sister Zhang, it wasn't on purpose. Just now, when all of you left, I was sleeping here. When I woke up, I heard all of you chatting and thought all of you were just chatting, so I foolishly went out!"

Zhang Yuanqi acknowledged indifferently.

Zhang Ye repeated again, "I really didn't mean to."

Zhang Yuanqi said in a deadpan manner, "That might not be the case."

"F**k!" Upon feeling like his volume was a bit too loud, Zhang Ye quickly locked his lips and said with a whisper. "What do you mean that might not be a case. It was really an accident. Don't you know what sort of character I have? I really have to thank you for rescuing me from this situation. Can you get them to hurry up and leave in a while? So that I can sneak out? If not, I'll not be able to get out, and will be exposed sooner or later!" Zhang Ye pleaded.

Zhang Yuanqi looked at him. "Let me consider it."

Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. "What do you mean you need to consider it? Don't pull my leg. Lives are at stake!"

Zhang Yuanqi threw a bag on the sofa nonchalantly. "Next time, write another song for me."

"Didn't I write one for you today?" Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner. "By helping me this time, you can consider it as paying me back for this song. Alright? We can talk about next time in the future."

"What about the rights to my single?"

"I'll give it to you. You have all the rights, but you must give me some money. As for how much, we can discuss later."

"...Alright."

"Then it's settled! Deal!"

"OK."

Zhang Ye was in a rush to leave now.

The woman outside suddenly said, "Sister Zhang, are you done changing? If you aren't able to do it, let me try? Evening gowns are always like that. They are too tight and at times hard to take off."

Zhang Yuanqi stretched her head sideways and said, "I'm fine."

The woman said, "Alright, then carry on changing. If you have troubles, give me a call."

"Thanks Xiaozhao." Zhang Yuanqi said.

This changing room was only about 2.5 meters wide. Although it was not considered small, there was a tiny sofa placed in here. Hence, the space was reduced by half, making it pretty confined. Zhang Ye sat on the sofa, while Zhang Yuanqi stood in front. The two of them were nearly stuck to each other. If they wanted to maintain a distance, Zhang Yuanqi would be squeezed out of the curtain. Old Zhang's perfume fragrance was also very prominent.

Take off her clothes?

Right, Old Zhang still hasn't taken off her clothes!

Upon thinking of this, Zhang Ye looked at her helplessly.

"What are you looking at me for?" Zhang Yuanqi said with a frown.

Zhang Ye knew she had a bad temper and hurriedly said, "Nothing." Then he diverted his eyes to one corner and looked at the wall to his left. Then he found it quite unnatural and a bit awkward. In the end, he took out his cellphone to play with it, pretending to surf the net and read the comments of "Woman Flower".

Outside, the women were still chatting.

"Today that Lee Anson was just lip-syncing right?"

"Really? I didn't listen to it carefully."

"It was lip-syncing. You could tell during the rehearsals."

"Oh, I saw it too. However, he did it quite well. He did not make his voice too clear, so many of the audience members couldn't tell. It's also very common to lip-sync at such a stage. It's to prevent any errors from affecting the stage effect. There are very few people like Sister Zhang or Grandma Zhang that dare to sing live."

In the changing room.

Zhang Yuanqi also laughed and responded. "It's not that there are a few people. There are quite a few. However, there are some people who rehearse so much to the point where they become so tired and sleep for three hours. Some got sick while some got tired out. Some of their voices might not be in top condition, and there will be others who lip-sync. It's understandable."

"That's right."

"It's actually not easy."

At this moment, Zhang Yuanqi turned towards the curtain and faced her back to Zhang Yuanqi. Then she slowly tried pulling off her evening gown again, bit by bit.

Zhang Ye was actually in no mood to use his cellphone. This fellow was known to be the kind of person who could not walk after seeing women. How much nerves did he have to be able to carry on surfing the internet with the Heavenly Queen's beauty and figure beside him? Impossible! Zhang Ye began to secretly look down and peeped at Zhang Yuanqi's back. She could not see him, so Zhang Ye did not pretend to look at Weibo any longer. With his head lowered his eyes maintained a focused look!

The back was extremely white.

As he had previously seen Zhang Yuanqi wearing nipple stickers, she definitely was not wearing a bra underneath. Hence, her back was completely empty. However, there was a bra mark left behind on the Heavenly Queen's skin.

Chapter 398: The Heavenly Queen's Clothes!

She was still taking them off!

The evening gown had gone down one centimeter!

The evening gown had gone down another centimeter!

The Heavenly Queen's fancy evening gown began to fall off as her entire back was revealed. That arc and waist was beyond words. Zhang Yuanqi did not have a figure as tight as Rao Aimin, nor did she have the long legs that Dong Shanshan had, nor did she have Wu Zeqing's full bosom. However, Zhang Yuanqi's figure was the most standard and perfect. It matched the beauty standards of the masses. She was taller than Rao Aimin and her breasts were bigger than Dong Shanshan. Her skin was tighter and more elastic than Wu Zeqing. From top to bottom, her figure's ratio was gold!

"What are you doing in a while?"

"Me? I need to go home. My kid is waiting for me."

"You are going back so early? There's still a celebration after this."

"I can't. My kid can't sleep without me. He's just three years old."

"Sis Yuanqi are you going to join in on the celebration?"

"If you are going, let's go together. Actually, they probably have already begun eating. They have set up a few tables, placed at the studio hall. There's food and wine."

There was some miscellaneous chatting outside, and whenever Zhang Yuanqi was mentioned, she would respond. She did not stop her hands from moving. Suddenly, a black article of clothing appeared on her waist!

Panties?

Black?

Zhang Ye's eyes began twitching seeing this. Suddenly, he felt that Zhang Yuanqi's neck was moving. It was unknown if she was turning back or it was just an ordinary movement. However, Zhang Ye did not dare risk it. He hurriedly lowered his head and looked to the side, pretending to look at Weibo on his phone.

He could not see a thing.

He could only hear the rustling of clothes being taken off.

After another ten seconds, Zhang Ye felt it was safe once again and lowered the cellphone in his hand. He made an angle and quickly used the reflection to see Zhang Yuanqi, who was less than half a meter away from him. Her head was still facing the opposite direction. Feeling emboldened, Zhang Ye looked up again to peep.

Just this peep made Zhang Ye's eyes stare immediately. This was because two beautiful buttocks were gently jiggling inches away from him. Clearly, it was a result of her evening gown scraping against her legs that caused this motion. Zhang Ye could see the fleshy ass tremble thrice, and what made him awestruck was that the two buttocks was not completely engulfed by her panties. They were both revealed without any hindrance!

It was a thong!

It was a black colored thong!

Zhang Ye did not expect to see such a stimulating scene. After some thought, he understood too. This evening gown was too tight-fitting and was a bit long and thin. If she wore ordinary panties, it would result in a visible panty line, hence Zhang Yuanqi wore such an underwear that could cause him to spurt blood. This scene really made Zhang Ye's eyes unable to move away!

Slowly, Old Zhang's bent down. The evening gown was now down to her legs. Pulling out her legs, she was completely undressed. And she threw it backwards.

"Ai!" Zhang Ye jumped in fright. The clothes happened to land on his head. It was still quite warm.

Zhang Yuanqi looked back and whispered. "Put it on the sofa."

Zhang Ye pretended to cover his eyes. "Alright, alright." He then hung the clothes on the sofa behind him.

Zhang Yuanqi did not ask if he had seen anything. After saying that sentence, she ignored him. Then she carried on rummaging through the bag that she had brought in. There were clothes inside.

Zhang Ye knew her face would look over, so he did not dare peep. He covered his eyes and lowered his head, appearing like a gentleman. However, the gap in his fingers was not completely tight. There were some gaps. It wasn't Zhang Ye doing it on purpose, but he happened to chance upon a white pair of hands taking out an item from the large purse on the left. There were stockings and a black dress. There was also a pair of stilettos. Finally, a bra was taken out. It was black in color and was made of very little material. Clearly it was part of a set with the black thong!

The beautiful bare legs turned around, which probably meant Old Zhang turning back.

Zhang Ye waited for a while and tried taking a peep. Zhang Yuanqi's back was facing him and putting on her bra. Bada. She had hooked it on. Then she raised her thigh adjusted a stocking with her hands. She was supporting herself on one foot. Then, she put on the stocking on her beautiful leg and put it on very quickly. However, pulling up the stocking was comparatively difficult and troublesome. After all, she did not have any place to sit, so it was quite inconvenient.

Zhang Ye covered his eyes and subconsciously whispered. "Sit over here and put them on."

"Why?" Zhang Yuanqi asked.

Zhang Ye said, "It will be more convenient wearing it here."

Zhang Yuanqi's voice's came from above him, "How do you know I'm wearing stockings?"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye was dumbfounded and immediately made up a story. "No, I just heard the sounds. I was thinking how it isn't easy for you to wear clothes while standing up. I'll stand up and you sit, alright?"

"Oh."

"Then I'll..."

"There's no need."

"Then, alright."

What a close shave!

He did not know if he had been caught or not!

With the clothes taken off, the fragrance from Zhang Yuanqi's body intensified. Wisp after wisp, it lingered around Zhang Ye's face. This time, it was not the perfume from her clothes since she had taken them off. Now, it was mostly her body's fragrance. It was very mild, but especially gripping.

She took a long while to wear the stockings.

The changing room was small to begin with. With Old Zhang bending her back and lifting her hips, Zhang Ye could discover it at a glance. Those two butt cheeks were about thirty centimeters away from him. If Zhang Ye lowered his head and moved forward just a bit, his head would touch them. He sat down while the Heavenly Queen was "hovering". Zhang Ye's head was almost level with her buttocks as Old Zhang was very tall.

It's killing me!

This is making this bro not be able to sleep!

However, after seeing such an alluring scene, Zhang Ye felt that it would be worth it even if he could not sleep for three days and nights. This kind of "special seat" treatment was not something just anyone received!

Suddenly, Zhang Yuanqi's legs twisted as she exclaimed. She did not stand firmly and just as she was wearing her second stocking, she lost her footing. As her leg was still partway into the stocking, so there

was no way for her to find her balance. She then fell towards the side, and not towards Zhang Ye. It was the wall and if she hit it, it would definitely be quite serious!

Zhang Ye was, after all, a person who eaten quite a few "Taiji Chinese martial arts" skillbooks, and was considered half a "martial arts pugilist". He was quite agile and responded quickly. He leaned forward immediately and pulled her over. Well, he did not manage to catch her, but managed to cover where she was falling towards!

Smash!

Zhang Yuanqi's back hit the wall!

As Zhang Ye's hands were protecting her, Old Zhang did not slam into it too heavily. However, Zhang Ye also ended up moving in one direction towards the sofa. Pong. There was a loud thud from the sofa.

The people outside heard it.

"Eh?"

"Sister Zhang?"

"What's wrong?"

The sounds of two people's footsteps could be heard coming over quickly!

Zhang Yuanqi immediately raised her head and said to the people outside the curtain. "It's alright. I didn't stand nicely and bumped it. Hur Hur, it's been awhile since I last practiced dancing. My skills seem to be deteriorating."

A girl said, "Did you fall and injure yourself?"

"I'm fine, Xiaozhao. Why don't you find a stool to change your pants. I might take quite a while here. Sorry about that." Zhang Yuanqi said.

The girl said, "Look at what you are saying. It's alright. I just used Grandma Zhang's chair and have already finished changing. We're all waiting for you. Aren't we going to join in the celebration supper?"

Zhang Ye's heart rate was probably at 150 by now. After all this twists and turns, Zhang Yuanqi was already leaning on the sofa's armrest. Zhang Ye had his hands around her back and his other hand was touching the bottom of Zhang Yuanqi's thigh. This was a movement and action he did without thinking while protecting her. Zhang Ye did not do it on purpose. He was also touching where Old Zhang had not covered with stockings. Let's put it this way, Zhang Ye's right hand's top few fingers had come into contact with the stocking's rustling feeling, while the middle of his palm was the other end of the stocking that was still scrunched up. Finally, the lower end of his palm was on Zhang Yuanqi's thigh flesh. It was extremely warm to the touch. Her skin's temperature instantly reached Zhang Ye's palm!

It was soft!

Zhang Ye did not dare to move, afraid people outside would discover him!

Zhang Yuanqi did not move and said, "Go ahead first. I'll come out there once I'm done."

The girl outside said, "That won't do. We aren't in a hurry either. We will wait for you."

"I'm not done changing, and I still need to remove my make up. It's quite troublesome. Auntie Zhang, go ahead and have the meal with everyone first. It's not right for all of you to have to wait for me." Zhang Yuanqi said.

Grandma Zhang from outside laughed in a kindly manner, "Alright, then take your time. We won't be waiting for you. Let's go and eat something first. All of us have been busy all night and are probably hungry. Are you all dressed?"

"I'm done."

"Me too."

"Alright then, Sister Zhang, we will wait for you over there."

Zhang Yuanqi lifted her head. "Alright, see you in a biit."

Sounds of footsteps walking out came out in droves.

Only then did Zhang Yuanqi supported herself on the sofa. She was wearing only a bra and a thong, as well as half a nude-colored stocking, before she slowly stood up.

Zhang Ye said with a pounding heart, "Are you alright?"

Zhang Yuanqi waved her hand while Zhang Ye looked at her. She then looked back at Zhang Ye and coldly said, "Why don't you keep looking at me?"

"No, no, no." Zhang Ye suddenly realized and quickly turned his head away. "I was afraid you were injured. Put on your clothes. I definitely won't look. I'm not that sort of person!" This fellow probably didn't even believe the words he said himself! He covered his eyes again and then suddenly smelled the fragrance intensify. He then recalled that his hands had caught Zhang Yuanqi. His hands were naturally filled with Old Zhang's feminine scent!

It was so fragrant!

The temperature of her legs seemed to still linger on!

This was the first time Zhang Ye had come into such close contact with Zhang Yuanqi. Actually that's not right, he had come into contact with her at the motel while escaping last time. Well, anyways, it felt good!

This time, he really did not look. Zhang Ye only heard the sounds from his ears.

She seemed to be done wearing her stockings.

Her black dress was probably also done.

Then he heard Zhang Yuanqi say, "I'm done."

Zhang Ye opened his eyes and lifted his head. He finally saw Zhang Yuanqi stepping into two brand new stilettos with her beautiful feet. With some adjustment, she put them on.

This outfit was not as bright as the colorful evening gown from before, but it was very eye-catching too. Old Zhang actually looked good in anything with her beauty and bearing!

Chapter 399: New Year's Goal!

Inside the changing room.

It was past 11 PM.

The two of them were still speaking in whispers. As no one knew if everyone outside had completely gone, or if someone else had come in.

"Hold on." Old Zhang said nonchalantly.

"OK." Zhang Ye responded.

Zhang Yuanqi pulled the curtain and went out to take a look. A few seconds later, she walked back in. "Alright, you can come out."

Being able to see the light of day again, Zhang Ye heaved a sigh of relief. "It's all thanks to you today. If not for you rescuing me, I would not have been able to come out and would have been scratched to death."

Zhang Yuanqi said, "About the single, I'll get someone to talk to you about it tomorrow."

Zhang Ye happily said, "There's no need to talk about it. Give me any price you think is right. Then send me the contract. I'll sign it and send it back to you. You can mail it to me once you sign it too." He still wanted to spend the rest of the new year's with his parents, so he did not want to go out to discuss matters as it was troublesome.

"Alright." After saying that, Zhang Yuanqi opened the door and looked out. "There's no one, so I'm leaving to you to your own devices."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Alright. Go for your celebration supper. Oh right, here's me wishing you a happy new year."

"Happy new year to you too." Zhang Yuanqi did not speak further as she walked away in her heels.

Zhang Ye watched her leave. Upon hearing some footsteps, Zhang Ye hurriedly pretended he was walking past and walked over.

"Ha, Zhang Ye?"

"It's really Teacher Zhang!"

Three Central TV staff came. One of them did not know Zhang Ye, but the other two recognized him at a glance!

Zhang Ye laughed, "Well-wishes for the new year."

"Have a good year too." A male employee said, "'Woman Flower' was too good!"

Another female employee also said excitedly. "That's right. This is the most touching song I heard this year! Teacher Zhang, I wish you good health. I hope you would continue bringing us even more excellent

works in the coming year. I'm already looking forward to it. You might not know, but many of our female colleagues cried backstage when listening to your song!"

Zhang Ye said humbly, "It was Sister Zhang and Grandma Zhang who sang it well."

A few people exchanged a few words with Zhang Ye before they left to busy themselves with their own matters.

Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

The number was from his maternal grandma's house.

Zhang Ye hurriedly picked it up. "Hello?"

"Son!" It was Mom's voice. "Are you still busy?"

Zhang Ye said, "I'm done, but I won't be able to make it in time, so I probably won't be able to pass the new year with the family. Tell my grandma and granddad."

"It's fine. Mom just wants to ask you something." Mom asked urgently. "The 'Woman Flower' you wrote, who is it for?"

Zhang Ye said oddly, "It's for Sister Zhang and Zhang Xia?"

Mom did not like hearing that. "I'm not asking who you gave it to sing."

Dad's voice came from the phone. "You Mom is asking you if the creative inspiration of this song was because of her. Did you write it for her."

Ah?

What?

Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry when he heard this, but he immediately said, "Yes, yes. Of course it's for Mom. All the creative inspiration came from Mom."

Mom laughed joyfully. "Haha, alright son. That's all."

Before the phone hung up, Zhang Ye heard his Mom say to his family on the other side, "Heard that!? What did I say? What did I say?"

Zhang Ye: "..."

Mom was such a person. She loved to brag and act awesome!

Hai, let her brag then. Anyway it did not matter who it was written for. Zhang Ye would not lose a piece of flesh as a result. It was the new year, so he had to make Mom happy.

.....

Outside.

In the lobby.

Many celebrities, who had finished their performances, were gathered here. They were watching a large screen which showed the live broadcast. It was very clear and was even better than watching television at home. There were not many big stars here. They probably had gone to the celebratory supper together with Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia. The ones left behind were mostly extras for the Spring Festival Gala or less famous people.

Zhang Ye naturally could not go for the celebratory supper. He had snuck into Central TV's Broadcasting Studio 1 after all. Hence, he found a spot to sit down to watch the Spring Festival Gala.

There was someone sitting beside him.

"Hello?" It was a middle-aged woman.

Zhang Ye looked over and found her familiar. "Hello."

The woman was in her forties or fifties and was a bit plump. She was not very good looking, but had quite an interesting look. She had very kindly looks. "If I'm not mistaken, you are Zhang Ye, right?"

Zhang Ye said, "That's me, you are...Oh I know! You are Teacher Ci Xiufang!"

Ci Xiufang.

A skit actress.

She was considered a "old play veteran" in the world of skits. She was not a regular on the Spring Festival Gala, but often appeared on large scale galas like the Mid Autumn Festival or Lantern Festival. She was mostly the sidekick in skits and played the main character from time to time. She was the type that was similar to Yao Jiancai. She had a familiar face that many people would recognize if they saw her, however their popularity was average, never too hot or cold.

This knowledge and information instantly appeared in Zhang Ye's head. Ever since he knew his weaknesses, he had already forcefully tried to become more familiar with this Earth's celebrities and culture. From the looks of it, he had done his homework pretty well. He had really managed to recognize her.

Ci Xiufang smiled and said, "It's so nice for you to be able to say my name."

Zhang Ye said, "It's not something hard to do. I've watched your skits often. They are played so well. Some details like expressions and actions might not be noticed by others, and look normal, but the skill included in that can't be something mastered in a year or two. It's at least skills that takes a decade or two!"

Ci Xiufang waved her hands, saying, "I'm not as good as you, to be so talented at such a young age. The 'Woman Flower' from just now, I was listening to it and was truly touched to the heart. Later on, I heard from a young person beside me that you had written the lyrics and composed the melody. What a coincidence for me that, just as I was hoping to meet you, you came sitting beside me. I've seen your talk show programs too. As it's more geared towards the young, there are certain things that I can't accept, but there are many things that are admirable. I was quite amused watching it too, and there was quite a lot worthy of learning. Talking about this, you do talk shows, while I do skits. We are both

comedians, so we are in the same line. This is our first time meeting, and you can say we have gotten to know each other."

She reached out her hand.

Zhang Ye also shook her hand. "To be honest, my talk show pretty much has entertainment as its core and are incomparable to your skits. Your acting is what's called true art." That was the truth.

After some mutual compliments, the two also had a good chat. Ignore the fact that Ci Xiufang was fat and did not look pretty. She had relied on herself from her thirties to create a path of comedy for herself through her struggles. She did not rely on her looks or other things. All she relied on was her own resilience and pursuit towards the arts. Zhang Ye was always very respectful towards this kind of "silent and unknown" artists. Besides, he knew very well the feeling of bringing laughter to the audience every year without them knowing her face or her name. This sort of feeling was something celebrities like Lee Anson would never understand or experience. Artists like them, who did not have good looks, usually had to walk a path much harder than others by tens or hundreds of times in the entertainment industry!

With this, slightly more than half an hour passed.

They were both comedians, so there was a lot in common.

Looking up, it was almost midnight.

Ci Xiufang pointed to the screen. "It's almost time to do the countdown."

Zhang Ye stood up. "I've benefited greatly from the chat I had with you. Some day, if I visit you and consult you, don't you not welcome me."

Ci Xiufang squeezed out a smile. "You are too polite. You also have your own routines and system. The entertainment of talk shows is something never seen before in the entire world. You were the founder. In this area, you are already a system's founding master. There's no need for you to consult me, nor do I have anything I could possibly teach you. Though our styles are different, who knows if there might be an opportunity for us to work together."

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "That would be nice. If I have the honor to work with a veteran artist like you, it will definitely help me out a lot." Of course, that was just perfunctory as they were not in the same field, so there wasn't a lot of chances for them to work together.

Ci Xiufang suddenly said, "In a few days, there is a National Crosstalk and Skit Competition. They have invited me to be a judge. I don't know if I have the time and have not agreed to it. Did they invite you?"

Zhang Ye waved his hands, "Crosstalk and Skit Competition? Hur Hur, I didn't hear of it. Inviting you as a judge is very normal. I'm just a host and lack the qualifications."

Ci Xiufang said, "The Crosstalk and Skit Competition these past few years have been quite successful. I watch it every year and also learned a lot of things from rookies or established crosstalk and skit actors. If you have the time, I suggest you to take a look. It's never a bad thing."

Zhang Ye said humbly, "Alright, I'll definitely watch it this year then." Zhang Ye's world also had similar crosstalk and skit competitions, however they were not as successful. Every year, it was met with a

lukewarm response. From what Ci Xiufang said, this world's national competition was a few levels higher, and the scale was completely different.

Suddenly, everyone began shouting.

"Six!"

"Five!"

"Four!"

"Three!"

"Two!"

"One!"

"Oh! It's the new year!"

"Happy new year!"

It was midnight, and fireworks could be heard outside. They exploded all at once!

The new year had just begun and Zhang Ye was infected by the mood and felt excited. He was lucky this year. Many positive things had happened. He had also become famous. Ignoring the vicissitudes in his career, it had developed quite smoothly. Besides a few hours before the new year, he had ended the year nicely and perfectly with "Woman Flower". He was very satisfied with his own results and how he was increasingly nearing his dreams.

The year had passed, let's wish that next year would be even better!

Goal? Let's set one up! This year, I'll try to increase my popularity and visibility to the level of a B-list! This world's B-list celebrity was practically a figure everyone knew!

Chapter 400: Something Has Happened Again!

Midnight passed.

Everyone was jubilant over the arrival of a new year!

On the screen, the Spring Festival Gala had also reached its climax. The programs after that were no longer something worth watching. Many people would leave and were preparing to disperse. Even a portion the audience in front of the televisions were likely go to sleep. There would be a portion of people eating dumplings and having idle chatter with family, so even though there were still programs later in the night for the Spring Festival Gala, the true Spring Festival Gala was only the first four hours before midnight!

Mission accomplished!

This bro could also leave now that everything was settled!

In the crowd, Zhang Ye found Ci Xiufang.

"Auntie Ci, I'll be leaving." Zhang Ye bade her farewell.

Ci Xiufang revealed a smile with her plump face. "Go ahead. Please send my new year regards to your parents too. I'm waiting for a friend and will be going home soon."

Zhang Ye said, "Alright then. Thank you."

Ci Xiufang said, "If there's a chance, let's have an exchange."

"Sure, I have your number anyway." Zhang Ye walked out the lobby.

.....

Outside.

The Broadcasting Studio's special tunnel.

When Zhang Ye reached the exit, there were many celebrities and staff members walking out from there. There were women he had seen previously seen in the dressing room. The person with red underwear was also in the crowd. All of them were walking very slowly. There was no other reason than because this was the exit. There were many fans gathered outside the door "blocking stars". Zhang Ye felt quite helpless over these people who did not spend time with their families at home and instead came here to join in on the buzz. In his case, no matter how much of a star-chaser he was, he would never have done that. Furthermore, there were many company cars and managers waiting to receive these celebrities. It caused this special green colored tunnel to be especially congested.

"Wow!"

"Mengmeng!"

"Sister Qi! Sister Qi!"

"Lord Twelfth has come out too! Ah! He's so handsome!"

The fans were shouting the names of their favorite celebrities. Zhang Ye had never heard of people like Lord Twelfth. It was probably some palatial-related character role's name in some movie or television drama.

The fans were squeezing inwards!

More than twenty security personnel pulled out a cordoning tape to block the crowd from advancing.

"Don't push!"

"Step back a bit!"

"This is a restricted area!"

The security personnel were turning hoarse from shouting.

Zhang Ye noticed he would not be able to exit any time soon, so he decided to light a cigarette on the side. He wanted to wait for the people to clear out first. After all, his family had already already celebrated the arrival of the new year, so he was no longer in a rush to go home.

As the celebrities walked out the passage that was beside a wall, they were met with fans shouting their names one after another. It was like walking down the red carpet.

These celebrities, who had finished their performances just a while ago, were also very responsive. They would wave to everyone and say some words in response. One female celebrity even threw a flying kiss to the crowd. A few men who were big fans became so excited that forgot who they were. To be able to go on the Spring Festival Gala gave them a boost in popularity. Furthermore, since it was the new year, one of the most traditional and bustling festivals in China, the celebrities present were all feeling very good. Some of the celebrities, who usually did not take interviews, would stop putting on airs and interact with their fans.

Heavenly King Sun was the first to get into his company's car under the shouts of his fans before leaving.

Then a very popular crosstalk actor also boarded his manager's car under everyone's laughter and jokes before slowly driving out of Central TV.

Suddenly, a cacophony of ear-piercing screams sounded without warning!

"Ah!"

"Wow!"

"Heavens!"

The sound was extremely loud, and were basically only women. The voices of women were so much sharper. It was not like the low pitches of men. This "cacophony" was simply astounding!

Many celebrities and staff looked backwards!

Zhang Ye was also given a shock. He did not hold the cigarette firmly and dropped it on his arm. He hurriedly flicked his hand and thankfully did not burn his clothes. It only left a trace of ash on it, which could be removed with a pat. Zhang Ye grumbled while stamping out the cigarette butt on the floor. He was very angry! What was all that commotion for!? All of you nearly scared this bro out of his wits! Can you at least give some warning before screaming so loudly? He also looked backwards curiously. He did not know who had so much charisma and popularity. Could it be Old Zhang coming out? If he did some calculations, Zhang Yuanqi's celebratory supper had probably ended.

But this glance of his made Zhang Ye's anger come from only one single source!

Lee Anson!

Lee Anson had actually come out!

And he was putting on quite a bit of airs. He had two bodyguards beside him who looked like Koreans. Bodyguards were not allowed into Broadcasting Studio 1. Didn't you see Zhang Yuanqi and company not even have her manager with her? Maybe Lee Anson's bodyguards, who were two large, black suit-dressed Koreans, were waiting outside, and received news in advance and came to receive him. The moment Lee Anson walked out the exit, they came to both his sides. They looked at everyone else with vigilant eyes. Hence, Lee Anson was escorted out!

Zhang Ye despised him, and it was greatly at that!

What sort of pretense was this!? You even brought bodyguards? I don't even have bodyguards. Without even needing to mention bodyguards, I don't even have a f**king manager! What type of act are you trying to pull off!?

Actually by now, Zhang Ye had a good understanding of Lee Anson. He knew he was recently very popular in China. He was the kind of person that became popular overnight. In terms of foundation, he was probably worse than Zhang Ye. And according to what he knew, Lee Anson was only popular in China. In Korea, Lee Anson was not even somebody in his country's entertainment circles. He wasn't even considered a B-list celebrity. The only reason was that he had a song and a Korean drama he acted in, which was received with lukewarm response in Korea, suited the girls in China better!

Lee Anson's shoulder brushed past Zhang Ye. And for some reason, he gave Zhang Ye a glance.

Zhang Ye noticed it, but ignored him and did not look at him again. He lit another cigarette stick. He knew why this person looked at him. One, it was just an accidental glance without any intent. Second, Lee Anson might know that he had composed a song for Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Xia at the last moment, allowing "Woman Flower" to go on the Spring Festival Gala, and shortening the time allocated for his song from three minutes to two minutes. It was just a minute and did not seem like much, but don't forget that this was a miraculous stage. This was the annual Spring Festival Gala's stage. One minute? One minute was as precious as gold! How many celebrities would fight it out just to get on that stage, yet they didn't even get the opportunity to appear on it for half a second. One minute was too precious! As such, it was unlikely Lee Anson did not have any feelings about this. However, how could Zhang Ye care about him?

He might not care, but the fans cared!

"Anson-oppa!"

"You sang too perfectly today!"

"The Spring Festival Gala directing teams are too idiotic! You should have had so much more time for your program today! Yet they cut off one minute for that bad song, 'Woman Flower'? What bullies!"

"Right, Lee Anson, ignore them. There's us supporting you!"

"In our hearts, you are better than any of the celebrities at this year's Spring Festival Gala!"

"I love you! Marry me! Give me a signature Anson-oppa!"

"I want one too, I want it too! I've already waited two hours for you!"

"I also sneaked out of my home to come see you! I've finally seen Lee Anson! He's so handsome!"

Mania!

Only this word could be used to describe the situation!

Zhang Ye was wondering how lip-syncing could be considered perfect? Have you seen the world before, or is the Spring Festival Gala's directing team idiots? Or was "Woman Flower" a bad song? All of you sure are funny! Forget it, everyone has their own standards. It was impossible for a person or a piece of work

to be liked by everybody. Zhang Ye did not say a word. It was their freedom to chase after stars. Everyone had the right to choose who they liked.

However, what made Zhang Ye and many people surprised was that Lee Anson seemed to transform into another person. He was so warm and approachable on stage, and the way he smiled at the audience was so kindly. Now that the program was over and he was leaving, Lee Anson's face was completely cold. That cold was not like the coldness from Zhang Yuanqi. Old Zhang was cold in private, but that was mostly a result of her personality. She was such a person and had such a temper. However, even though Zhang Yuanqi was cold, she never put on airs. As long as friends looked for her, or even those juniors from the entertainment circles, she did not even know, she would still not put on any airs. Zhang Yuanqi would still help them and was particularly loyal. Hence, Old Zhang's coldness was just a personality trait, and not her nature. However, Lee Anson's gaze was completely different. The way he looked at fans were as if he did not take them seriously.

"❖"

ㅏ ." Lee Anson said something in Korean.

The fans actually did not know what he said, but cried out in excitement.

"Lee Anson said something to me!"

"Go and die! He was speaking to me!"

Immediately, two girls around the age of seventeen rushed past the cordon tape towards Lee Anson. When the people behind saw someone take the lead, they also rushed forward!

Lee Anson frowned.

His two bodyguards immediately protected him from the front and rebuked the fans. They spoke Korean, but it was likely to get them to make way!

"Please give me an autograph!"

"We really waited very long!"

"Anson-oppa! Please!"

There was a fifteen-year-old girl whose lips had turned white because of the winter weather. Clearly, she had stood outside in the cold for more than two hours. Her body was clamped together with her head lowered. Yet, she stretched out her trembling hand, with a small beloved book over. She looked excitedly at Lee Anson.

"Make way!"

"Go away!"

"Do not cause disorder!"

The security personnel hired by Central TV rushed out to maintain order!

However the group of people that crowded around were all young girls. They could not be too rough either, so the situation reached a stalemate.

At this moment, everyone thought Lee Anson would give the fans some autographs for a photo op. It was impossible to sign fifty, but five would definitely not be a problem. That was also a way to account to his fans. However, no one expected that there was no response for a long time. Pushing carried on for quite a while!

Suddenly, a scream came from the crowd!

"Someone's pushing!"

"Someone has fallen!"

"The guards are beating people! Beating people!"

With a rush, the crowd moved back. A fifteen year old girl, who had nearly frozen, had fallen to the ground!