

## **Superstar 411**

Chapter 411: A C-list Celebrity Ranking Obtained From Fighting!

Afternoon.

Caishikou.

"Teacher Zhang, we are here."

"There's no need to say thank you."

"There's no need to be so polite. Happy new year."

"All of you too. Here's me wishing you happy new year."

"Alright, then we will be dropping you off here. We'll be leaving."

Lu Yuhu and company drove off in their police car. Zhang Ye turned around and saw his bustling community, as well as debris of firecrackers on the ground. He walked over with mixed emotions!

Smash!

Smash!

They were still setting off firecrackers!

Big red lanterns were hanging from every unit's doors. Zhang Ye was in a better mood now and started humming "Woman Flower".

A middle-aged woman, who was with her child setting off some firecrackers, suddenly turned her head when she saw Zhang Ye. She immediately yelled, "Aiyo! Little Ye is back!"

Zhang Ye smiled and greeted, "Auntie Qu."

Another old man also shouted, "It really is Little Ye!"

Zhang Ye said, "Uncle Liu, I wish you a happy new year. Are you in good health?"

The old man said, "I'm in great health, but I have been worried about you, afraid that you would be in trouble. Quick, go back home! Your parents are still worrying!"

"Sure, thanks for your concern." Zhang Ye immediately went upstairs after he finished talking to his neighbors. He took his keys out and unlocked the door.

The door opened.

He immediately saw a woman in her fifties sitting in the living room.

Zhang Donghua was surprised, "Little Ye! Why are you are back?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Aunt."

A woman aged 25-26 also came running out into the living room. Her looks were average, similar in stature to Zhang Donghua with a height of around 1.68 meters tall.

Zhang Shuang was also surprised, "Little Ye! Everyone was just talking about you! Aiyo, you really had us worried bad!"

Zhang Ye greeted, "Sis."

Zhang Shuang turned around and went back to the room shouting, "Uncle, Aunt! Come and see who's back!"

Before they could come out, Zhang Ye had already gone into the room. He was all smiles when he saw his parents, "Dad, Mom, I'm back. I'm sorry I made the both of you worry."

His father said, "They released you?"

"Yes, I just got back from the station." Zhang Ye said.

His father said worriedly, "Will you be OK?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "Don't worry, it's all been settled. A friend helped to 'fish' me out. Hai, it wasn't a big deal to start with anyway!"

His father heaved a sigh of relief, "Then that's good! That's good!"

Zhang Donghua gently said, "Our Little Ye has lady luck shining down on him. I said that he would definitely be alright!"

"Mom." Zhang Ye looked towards his mother.

She ignored him, looking at the side as she discreetly wiped her tears away.

Zhang Ye quickly rushed over to kneel down beside her, "What's the matter Mom? I've settled it already. Look at you, look at you. What are you crying for?"

His mother slapped her son's head and said as she cried, "You damned child! Do you want to worry me to death!? What if you get put away for 3 or 5 years! Who can your Dad and I rely on!?"

Zhang Shuang laughed, "Quick, coax my aunt. Aunt has already cried a few times since morning. She kept talking about you, afraid that you would be sentenced to imprisonment."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "What sentencing would I get? I only beat a guy up and it wasn't even that bad. How big of an issue is this? Look at you!"

His mother hit him angrily once again, "You still dare to laugh! You still dare to laugh!! Your Dad and I could not even sleep all night long!"

Zhang Ye did not dodge and just endured her hits. It wasn't painful anyway. He said, "OK OK, I know I'm in the wrong, Mom. I'm really sorry, don't be so angry anymore. I won't do it again."

His mother wiped her tears and said, "You already said that when you were released from the police station last time too! In the end? You still did whatever you wanted to do! Only you can do it? Only you are so special? No one did a thing in that situation, but you still went over to kick him? Only you have a temper!?"

Zhang Ye did not argue back and said, "I'm wrong, I'm wrong."

"You just won't allow me to not worry!" His mother was still angry.

His father interrupted, "OK, OK, our child has just been released after a long night at the station."

His aunt asked, "Have you eaten?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "No, I'm really quite hungry right now."

"Hur Hur, I'll cook some noodles for you." His aunt went to the kitchen.

But his mother stood up and stopped her. She dried her tears and said, "Sis, let me do it instead. He only likes Zhajiang noodles, so I'll fry some of the sauce."

Zhang Ye put on a face of flattery and said, "My Mom really loves me."

His mother rolled her eyes and said, "I will take care of you after your aunt leaves!"

Ring, ring, ring. The telephone rang.

His father checked the caller ID and said to Zhang Ye, "It's from your maternal grandma's house."

"Let me answer it." Zhang Ye quickly picked up the phone, "Hello."

His maternal grandma said in surprise over the phone, "Eh? It's Little Ye?"

Zhang Ye laughed heartily, "Maternal grandma, I just got home and was about to give you and my uncles a call....right, I'm fine now..... Don't you worry too much, watch your health...."

He made a few calls in a row to his relatives to inform them that he had been released.

Suddenly, his cellphone rang too. A few of his friends were calling him as well.

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This was Wu Zeqing's call

"Hello, President Wu."

"You are back home?"

"Yes, thanks to you."

"I didn't help much."

"I heard from the police station and know you made some phone calls to give them pressure. Thank you. In a while, I'll definitely to visit you to give you my new year greetings."

"There's no need. Spend time with your family."

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It was Zhang Yuanqi.

"It's me."

"Sister Zhang, I know it's you."

"How was it?"

"I'm already out. A friend helped me do something. I'm alright now."

"Hanging up."

"Uh, alright. Oh yeah, happy new year."

"OK."

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It was Dong Shanshan.

"Old classmate, I heard you were released?"

"Yeah, I just got out. Shanshan, you went back home?"

"Yeah, I went back to spend the new year. You sure are awesome. There's news of you everyday over the new year. Even my small town's small newspaper has a report of you brawling."

"Eh, why am I so famous?"

"You are overthinking it. I guess they must not have much material for the publication, so they added it. Hur Hur."

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Finally, there were also calls from Yao Jiancai, Zhao Guozhou, Wang Xiaomei, Ci Xiufang, Wang Xiong, Tian Bin, etc, etc, etc. They were all friends who had called out of concern and Zhang Ye explained the situation and chatted for a while before thanking each and every one of them.

"Old Tian, your work pass is still with me. Allow me return it to you in a while." Zhang Ye said.

Tian Bin said, "That's fine. It's just a temporary pass anyway. The gala is already over so it's useless now. You can keep it as a memento."

Zhang Ye said, "OK, sure. Thanks. So it's goodbye for now then?"

Tian Bin said, "Quickly go and have your lunch. Oh right, remember to take a look at the Celebrity Rankings index."

"Hmm? What do you mean?" Zhang Ye asked curiously.

"Just take a look and you'll know what I mean. I was looking at it a short while ago." Tian Bin laughed and hung up.

His mother had already finished cooking the Zhajiang noodles. She came out of the kitchen and said, "Don't answer the phone anymore. Eat first, otherwise the noodles will clump together!"

"Thanks mom." Zhang Ye immediately picked up his chopsticks and had a few mouthfuls. He ate without caring for his image as he was so hungry. At the same time, he browsed the internet on his cellphone, looking at the Celebrity Rankings index. When he found his name, he was overjoyed!

C-list!

How long had it been? He had finally broken into the C-list!

Although he was in last place, this still meant that he was now a real celebrity!

Zhang Ye immediately showed his cellphone screen to his family.

When Zhang Shuang saw it, she excitedly said, "You did it, Little Ye! You've done our family proud! You are now a real and famous celebrity! That Chen Qiqi that I idolized back then was still a C-lister now! And that really famous author, Tree Leaf, whose books have sold a few hundred thousand copies and had directed a blockbuster movie? He's still only a D-lister!"

Zhang Ye shrugged, "Well, I did it the unorthodox way. I took part in everything, tried out everything, so my reputation is a little more than theirs." He knew himself well.

Zhang Shuang was tickled by his 'unorthodox' remark, but thinking about it, she knew it was true.

Zhang Donghua also smiled, "Bro and sis, congratulations."

His mother turned quite snobbish, "Only a C-lister, still far from others."

Zhang Donghua said, "He's far off from those A and B-listers, but Little Ye has only debuted for how long now? It's only been six months and he has climbed from the bottom to become a C-lister. Who else is capable of something like this?"

Zhang Ye hurriedly finished his Zhajiang noodles. He was in such a good mood!

In his previous world, celebrities and artistes were also ranked in different rankings, but the rankings were less detailed and there wasn't a central authority on such rankings. For example, there could be B-list directors, C-list hosts, A-list singers, S-list actors, and even A or B-list authors, etc., but it was different in this world. This ranking index calculated up all the reputation and fame attributed data sets to rank these celebrities with proper assessments, which made it more credible. A C-list celebrity in this world could be said to be already known by most people, either knowing this person's name or their works. In this world, where there was so much information available, being able to achieve a C-list ranking was already considerably difficult. Yet Zhang Ye had done it today and in only half a year's time!

C-list!

This was the great divide that was extremely difficult to cross!

If one couldn't get into the C-list, one would forever be considered as a wanderer in the entertainment circle. Only if they could get into the C-list rankings would they be considered a true celebrity!

Zhang Ye had originally calculated that he would have had a chance to get into the C-list after the full broadcasting of "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" had ended, but now his talk show had only been broadcasting for a few days and he had already achieved his target. He knew that this was because of the Spring Festival Gala's song, "Woman Flower". What was an even more contributing factor was his kick that sent Lee Anson flying. This incident had attracted all the attention from society. In just a night's time, Zhang Ye's fame had increased by leaps and bounds, propelling him from the D-list to the C-List. His ranking at

that time was still very far behind the leaders in the D-list. Zhang Ye did not imagine that his kick would have brought him such great popularity!

He had literally beaten his way into the C-list!

Some people got famous by singing, some by acting in movies, others by writing novels. They made their ways slowly up the popularity ladder, but no one had ever done it the way Zhang Ye did! By beating and scolding others to become popular! Zhang Ye's name seemed destined to enter the annals of entertainment!

The entertainment circle's wonder!

Such an evaluation was too appropriate for him!

This way of increasing his fame had f\*\*king no precedence to it!

Chapter 412: Zhang Ye is Injured!

Afternoon.

Home.

After having his meal, Zhang Ye said, "Dad, Mom, Aunt, Sis, I'll be leaving first. I have something important to do this afternoon, so I might not be back tonight."

Mom grumbled, "Where are you going?"

Aunt said, "It's the new year, spend time at home."

"You just came back, and you're leaving already?" Zhang Shuang also said.

Zhang Ye said, "For me to be able to come out of this fine, it was all due to a friend, who pulled quite a few strings. No matter what, I have to go thank that person. That person went through all the trouble, so if I don't thank that person face to face, that wouldn't be nice, right? It would be lacking in sincerity over the phone, so I'll just step out. I might be back in the afternoon or evening. I'm not very sure either."

Dad nodded and said, "That's true. Thank that person nicely. By the way, there's quite a lot of hampers at home, take some over. Don't buy them outside."

Upon hearing this, Mom did not say anything else. "Drive slowly."

"My car is still at Central TV. I'll get a friend to drive it back for me later. I'll take a taxi." Zhang Ye began choosing and took a few hampers downstairs.

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On the web.

There was leaked information everywhere.

"Haha, latest news, latest news. Teacher Zhang Ye has been released from the police station. It is said that he has returned home safely. He's fine!"

"Is that true?"

"It's true. The citizens who went to surrender themselves at the police station have dispersed too."

"Teacher Zhang has a strong network of people!"

"That's true. At Teacher Zhang's celebrity level, how can he not have connections? At least he has more social connections than Lee Anson. As the saying goes, a foreign monk might not be good at chanting!"

"It's great that he's been released. The entertainment industry definitely cannot lack a shit stick that's as hard and smelly as Teacher Zhang Ye! Or else, wouldn't everything be meaningless?"

"This matter was well done!"

"Zhang Ye should not have been arrested to begin with!"

"Lee Anson's face has probably turned green!"

"I also have new that half an hour ago, Teacher Zhang had broken through into the ranking of a C-list celebrity! He got his C-list ranking from scolding and fighting!"

"Haha! Awesome!"

"Zhang Ye the mighty!"

"The good will always be rewarded."

"Our whole family supports Zhang Ye! We like such celebrities with personality!"

"Well said. Some celebrities are too different off screen. They are too fake! Only Teacher Zhang Ye is so much fun! He suits my appetite too well!"

"Congratulations Teacher Zhang!"

"Patriots send their congratulations!"

"Zhang Ye really deserves to be promoted to C-list!"

"Who said only singers or movie actors can become stars? Other people can too. In my opinion, celebrities are a form of expression and also a form of communication. They are a medium to transmit one's beliefs. Look at Teacher Zhang Ye, he relied on feelings and beliefs to infect everyone. On this point, no one in the entertainment industry does it better than Zhang Ye!"

Suddenly, Lee Anson's Weibo posted a message. He did not know Chinese, so it was definitely translated or written by his manager. On Weibo, Lee Anson expressed his strong protest against Bayi Lake Police Station's release of Zhang Ye. He expressed that he would not let it go, and did not rule out the use of the law. He even ridiculed how there was something shady in this matter, appealing to his fans and supporters to denounce a deplorable artist!

Many people started cursing.

"You still have the face to say that?"

"It was you who didn't cherish your fans! You didn't help a girl up after you caused her to fall. You are so arrogant that even your mother can't recognize you. Now, you want your fans to denounce others for you?"

"I've seen shameless people, but I've never seen such a shameless person before!"

"A f\*\*king retard! Verification completed!"

"Actually, I have never liked Zhang Ye. His character doesn't suit me, but after seeing this grandson's, Lee Anson's, Weibo post, I suddenly realized how great Zhang Ye is! Humans are most afraid of being served as a foil to something! They are most afraid of being compared! On this matter, I give my unconditional support to Zhang Ye!"

Lee Anson was immediately cursed to shit.

However, there were others who supported Lee Anson.

"Anson-oppa! Are your injuries okay?"

"We will not let Zhang Ye off!"

"A person like Zhang Ye must be hacked to death!"

"Anson-oppa, ignore what they say. We all stand by your side! We will be with you! We will endure all sorts of storms together!"

"I found an address! I think it's Zhang Ye's house!"

"Let's go! Let's seek justice for Anson-oppa! We can't just let this go!"

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Jiaomen

Outside the small district.

Zhang Ye sat in a taxi that slowly and leisurely drove into the district. He realized that there were many people in the district today. Many underaged youths were here, but he did not pay attention to them. He wore his face mask and sunglasses, and after paying for the taxi, he alighted, planning to head to his rental apartment.

Suddenly, someone shouted loudly!

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"It's him!"

"He's here!"

"It's really his house!"

Zhang Ye was startled. Only then did he realize these kids were not from his district. As he glanced, he saw many reporters stream out from a small park nearby, or from hidden corners in the buildings. Some were holding cameras, while others were holding voice recording devices. They all surrounded him!



What was this about?

Was his address revealed?

Actually, Zhang Ye was not surprised. Many neighbors and residents here knew that he rented an apartment here, so the news would eventually spread out.

A female reporter raised her microphone and said, "Zhang Ye, some people said you pulled strings from under the table, and used your connections to illegally leave the police station. On this point, do you have anything to say about it? As for your actions in beating someone, what..."

The other reporters were also about to begin their interviews.

Suddenly, an accident happened!

It was unknown which youth did it, as a rock suddenly flew over. It was clearly aimed at Zhang Ye, but as the distance was quite large, the throw was slanted a bit, and headed towards the female reporter questioning Zhang Ye. It was heading straight towards her head!

The female reporter was stunned!

The cameraman and many reporters did not have time to react!

"Careful!"

"There's a rock!"

"Dodge!"

Only Zhang Ye was fast enough. After all, he knew some kung fu. He immediately stood in front of the female reporter and stretched out his hand to block. However, he was still lacking, and had not achieved mastery like Rao Aimin. Before he raised his arms, the rock had already struck him in his head!

Smash!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath as his body wobbled. Blood immediately flowed out of the gash on his forehead!

The female reporter, who had been saved, turned pale. "Teacher Zhang! Teacher Zhang, are you alright!?"

Zhang Ye could not stand steadily. He felt dizzy and his legs felt like they were floating!

When a cameraman and two male reporters saw this, they rushed forward without a word to help Zhang Ye. They did not care about the interview or recording, and immediately shouted, "What are you all doing!? Are you trying to murder someone!?"

The boys and girls that numbered about twenty did not appear apologetic. Instead, they appeared to feel discharged of their anger. They said without a care, "Who let him hit Anson-oppa! He deserves it!" These children's ages averaged about fifteen. The youngest was about 12 or 13, while the elder ones were about 17 or 18.

Drip. Drip.

Drip. Drip.

Half of Zhang Ye's face had turned red. Blood had drenched Zhang Ye's clothes red.

The female reporter immediately cried, "Teacher Zhang! Teacher Zhang!"

At the next moment, people threw things over again. Eggs, apples and all sorts of things came flying over!

Zhang Ye was surrounded by reporters. The job and mission of these reporters were to interview, so anything else had nothing to do with them. On the contrary, they wished for people to get in trouble, for only then would there be news. Only then would there be a topic of conversation, but at this very moment, many male reporters and cameraman looked at each other and rushed up to block Zhang Ye. The eggs, apples and tomatoes smashed into them!

They were reporters, but they were people too. They had feelings and a conscience. Zhang Ye had protected the female reporter at the split second without any consideration, enduring that rock. The key of the moment was that female reporter was asking very biting questions, and did not say anything nice to Zhang Ye. Yet, Zhang Ye saved her without a second thought. This was a natural kindness that was embodied in his reflexive actions. This scene had moved the reporters too much!

So they also stood in front of Zhang Ye!

"Stop!"

"Stop throwing!"

"Little bastards!"

The few reporters were infuriated!

However, the people on the other side began throwing with more vigor. "Get lost! It's none of your business!"

The things thrown out did not lack in some more dangerous items. For example, an apple. It was quite heavy, so it would still hurt when someone got hit by it!

At this moment, Zhang Ye had got a hold of himself and regained a bit of consciousness. He forcefully endured the fainting spell and pulled the two reporters away and walked forward himself.

The female reporter exclaimed, "What are you doing!?"

"Teacher Zhang, get behind me. This bunch of kids are crazy!" The female reporter's male colleague said.

However, Zhang Ye refused to heed their advice. He stopped the approaching reporters and exposed himself to the children. He then took step after step forward.

"Smash him!"

"Kill him!"

"Seek revenge for Anson-oppa!"

The children threw things at him crazily. Some of them finished throwing their items and went to the flowers to grab muddy stones and threw those at Zhang Ye too!

Zhang Ye was hit by an apple, while a stone grazed past his neck. Eggs also smashed into him, dirtying his clothes immediately!

The reporters were extremely anxious, afraid his life was at risk!

However, Zhang Ye did not blink once and walked step after step in front of them.

A few of the younger children finally became afraid. "Be careful! He's going to beat us!"

A girl shivered and said, "He's very powerful. Even Anson-oppa's bodyguards were no match for him!"

However, to everyone's surprise, Zhang Ye did not do a thing. He stood in front of them, with face full of blood, just looking at them.

One second...

Two seconds...

Three seconds...

The children felt their hair standing seeing this and even felt scared.

"Let, let us go."

"Yea!"

"He's very scary."

"So much blood. I, I..."

"Stop talking, hurry up and run!"

This children all ran away in a moment.

The female reporter rushed over, "Let me call the police, and get them to send an ambulance."

"There's no need." Zhang Ye forced a smile. "I'm fine. There's no need to call the police."

Many reporters were stunned, "Don't call the police? Why?"

Zhang Ye said lightly, "They are just children."

Chapter 413: Zhang Ye's "Personally Inscribed on a Small Picture"

Upstairs.

At his doorstep.

"Go slowly, Teacher Zhang." The female reporter helped him.

"I'm fine." Zhang Ye said as he wobbled with each step.

A male reporter said in horror, "What do you mean you're fine!? Look at your blood!"

A cameraman said loudly, "Why even go upstairs? I say he should go to the hospital immediately!"

"Teacher Zhang would rather die than go. He refuses to listen." The female reporter said anxiously. "I've really witnessed that legendary stubborn temper of yours!"

Zhang Ye forced a laugh. "I know myself. It's fine. Go back. Thanks, you even sent me up. Go back and busy yourselves."

The female reporter said with her heart aching, "Why do you even thank me? I should be the one thanking you. If not for you blocking it for me, the person quibbling would be me. You have really made me...The first sentence in my interview with you was so unfriendly, and was a bit biting, yet you...Hai, I really do not know how to thank you!" This was her first time interviewing Zhang Ye. She had also seen the reveal of his address on the internet and rushed here. She did not know Zhang Ye, and was here just to get some information for her news article. Just thinking about what happened, she felt indescribably bad. If not for her, Zhang Ye would definitely not have been severely injured!

Zhang Ye did not mind and said, "They were here for me. That stone was also thrown at me, and so it has nothing to do with you, so there's no need to stand on ceremony."

The female reporter said worriedly, "Are you fine alone?"

Zhang Ye was already much better. "I'll be fine."

"Then, then..." The female reporter did not feel assured.

Zhang Ye urged, "Hurry up and go back. Hur Hur, don't let this news story be stolen by other reporting agencies or television stations. You'll not even have a place to cry if that happens." He even joked.

In the end, the few reporters and cameramen walked away as they turned back with every step.

Zhang Ye entered his house and saw a clean room. Clearly, the landlady had cleaned his place again. He took off his shoes and closed the door behind him. As he endured the pain, he took two deep breaths while leaning on the door. It was painful. He barely made it to the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. The gash on his head was quite large, but as he had been training his body recently in Beijing and had kung fu. The blood had already stopped flowing and had clotted. Hence, he took a deep breath and did not look for help. He took off all his dirty clothes, and he did not have gauze at home. Hence, he could only make do with plasters. He stuck about five on his head and stuck one on his neck. He did not dare take a bath, so he only dampened a towel in warm water to wipe away the remnants of the smelly eggs. There were a few leaves on his shoulder that he removed too.

Why didn't he beat them?

Why didn't he make a move?

Zhang Ye could kick Lee Anson without any fear, but against underaged youths from China, for children who had not fully developed their values and thoughts, he could in no way fight back. Zhang Ye himself could not do such a thing. He was not angry either, just feeling pain in his heart or a form of sorrow. He suddenly felt for the first time that he should be a teacher, and teach lessons and educate children. He did not wish such situations to occur again. He only wished the children of today would have basic respect and awe of their motherland and ties amongst common people.

After a long while.

Zhang Ye finally walked out of the bathroom. Slowly, he walked over and lay down on his bed. He took out his cellphone and saw that the news was already on the web.

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"Zhang Ye Injured"!

"Lee Anson's Fans surrounds Zhang Ye's Residential District"!

"Zhang Ye protects female reporter, incurring head injuries, incessant blood flowing"!

A video clip was even published. It was a live video that lasted 1 minute 20 seconds. As the scene was messy, the video was not very clear and the camera kept shaking. They only filmed Zhang Ye's back and flying eggs and apples, as well as the children's cursing! From the video, it could be seen that Zhang Ye did not say a single word. He did not even lay a finger on them. Even when he stood in front of the children, he freely allowed them to attack him without blinking. No one knew what was on Zhang Ye's mind!

After seeing this video, many people turned silent!

"Why are children like this these days?"

"For a Korean star, is it worth it?"

"Is Zhang Ye alright? He looks pretty badly injured!"

"Why do I feel so much pain in my heart!? If I were Zhang Ye, I would definitely have beaten up that bunch of bastards! Zhang Ye can fight Lee Anson and two bodyguards alone! How can he not be able to finish these kids?"

"This is too infuriating!"

"That bunch of little assholes!"

"It was all instigated by that grandson Lee Anson!"

"That's right! It was Lee Anson who posted on Weibo to ask his fans to denounce Zhang Ye! This is too despicable! He's at home watching this bustle, and a simple Weibo post from him lets our Chinese people kill each other?"

"F\*\*k you Lee Anson!"

"My rage has hit the top! This is so f\*\*king infuriating!"

"That thing, Lee Anson! There are people who would fight for him? Are your brains stuffed with shit!? Open your eyes and see!"

"This bunch of braindead fans!"

"It's really chilling to the heart!"

"Why did Zhang Ye make a move against Lee Anson? Why did he block his path? Wasn't it all for you? Teacher Zhang was full of good intentions, but all of you? Was your conscience eaten up by dogs? You even hurt Teacher Zhang!? Aren't you afraid of being struck by lightning!?"

This video gave many people a great shock!

Not only did it result in societal rage, even the hardcore fans of Lee Anson felt a stir in their hearts!

On Weibo, a fan whose signature included "Lee Anson's Army" spoke.

Xiaoxiao: "Why did this happen? It's too frightening."

AnsonOppa'sLittleCottonPad: "Hai, no matter what, this should not have been done. Are these people from our 'Lee Anson Army'? Why do I suddenly find it...a bit terrifying."

LittleQQQBV: "Who told Zhang Ye to beat Anson-oppa! He deserves it!"

Xiaoxiao, "But we were a bit too much doing that."

IHaveALeatherBelt: "The Army has always refused to believe that Anson-oppa remained indifferent after pushing down a fan. Actually from a friend present at the scene, Anson-oppa was indeed like that. He didn't care about the fan who stood outside in the cold winter for three or four hours. His bodyguard knocked someone down, but he did not express a thing. He just turned around and left. Only for that reason did Zhang Ye block his path, causing the brawl. Although I can't fully believe this to be fact, ...I already plan on leaving the fandom. A few of my friends have already quit. They all say that Anson-oppa doesn't even think anything of us!"

LittleQQQBV: "Don't listen to their nonsense!"

LiZiLi: "Right, those must be rumors. It must be Zhang Ye trying to use this to get famous, and used Anson-oppa for hype! His means are too despicable! He deserves to be beaten to death!"

Xiaoxiao: "Our Army is really changing. I'm quitting too. Actually, after seeing all the societal discussion today, I am beginning to feel that Anson-oppa doesn't deserve us liking him so much. On the contrary, don't you think Zhang Ye is quite manly? To seek justice for us, he did not mind being locked up in a police station. When our Army's fans went to 'denounce' him, he did not fight back, scold, or say a word. I feel quite bad watching that video. I do not know what meaning to continue staying in this Army. I'll need to cool down for a period."

AnsonOppa'sLittleCottonPad: "Ha, a veteran like Xiaoxiao has quit, so I might as well quit. After watching the video, I suddenly feel like I have matured a lot. I now actually want to know if Zhang Ye is fine or if his injuries are severe. In the past, I scolded him too and cursed him, but if something really happens to him, I'll feel bad. I believe many people would find it difficult to bear it on their conscience."

In Lee Anson's internal fan club, there were finally differences and contradictions. Some were still firm supporters, but there were also many people who quit the fandom. The description of many people was actually a very large number. It was so large, that even Lee Anson's manager turned blue seeing this!

"That's right!"

"This sort of person is not worthy of being liked!"

"Our China has so many other stars, can't we like them?"

"Nothing is better than to correct one's mistakes!"

Many netizens who saw this scene felt gratified. They suddenly felt like they could understand these "braindead fans" they previously could not understand. These youths might have been mesmerized by things that matched their thoughts or fantasies from a certain period or stage in the lives, resulting in them unable to extricate themselves. It was not that they did not know right from wrong. They did not lack a conscience!

"So what's the situation with Zhang Ye?"

"Did he go to the hospital?"

"Teacher Zhang is really worrying me!"

"Who has the means of contacting Peking University or Weiwo WebTV station. Ask about Zhang Ye's injuries! I saw him being smashed quite badly!"

"Is Zhang Ye a real fool or not? Why did he walk forward at such a moment. Was he trying to be a live target?"

"If it were me, I would have bashed them no matter who they were!"

"Teacher Zhang, say something! Everyone is worried for you!"

"If I were Zhang Ye, I would have long run when I saw them throw things. Who would stand foolishly in front of them!? Isn't that dumb!?"

"They don't even know how nice you were being to them!"

"Why didn't you dodge, Teacher Zhang?"

Many people did not understand the reason!

But at this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly posted on Weibo!

It was a poem! After seeing the poem, it made them reflect deeply!

Zhang Ye endured a headache and typed word after word on his phone.

The poem was:

"My hallowed heart fails to escape the sacred arrow's aim."

"A rock-like storm is darkening my native land."

"A message via cool stars, the grass roots don't understand."

"I sacrifice my blood in the... Yellow Emperor's name."

This was a short poem from his world's Lu Xun, "Personally Inscribed on a Small Picture"\*.

Zhang Ye's response, Zhang Ye's feelings were all in the poem!

My mind has no wish to avoid the arrows of my motherland. I love the still unawakened home, can no one understand it even if this commitment is handed to the stars in the sky? What should I do? What should I have done? I do not know! I can only devote my warm blood to my motherland!

Why did Zhang Ye not dodge?

Why did Zhang Ye not fight back?

Why did Zhang Ye not retreat despite his bleeding head?

A single line, "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name", allowed everyone, who saw and understood this poem, to be shocked!

Chapter 414: I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!

This poem originally did not have a title. This poem's title was added by an old friend of Lu Xun, Xu Shoushang, in his "Nostalgia". The first line spoke of the intensity of the love he had for his country. In the next line, it described the reason why he loved it so much. The third line summarized the first two lines and did a transition, expressing the worry over how his "own compatriots had not yet awakened". The concluding line was an outpouring of his commitments; it was a motto he would set out to live up to throughout his entire life, to the point of giving his life for his country.

Zhang Ye also wanted to express the same thing. His country was being "violated", yet his compatriots had not awoken. He did not know what to do, and could only dedicate his life to the motherland!

The moment this poem was released, it infected numerous people!

This was Zhang Ye. You could question his talk show program, saying it wasn't funny. You could refute his analysis of "Dream of the Red Chamber", saying that it lacked logic. You could criticize him for his bad temper that made him unlikable. You could scold that he did not know literature or art, but you could never question the love for Zhang Ye towards his people and country. This was something no one was qualified to question. An "I love this land" and the "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name" were already enough to fully expressed what sort of person Zhang Ye was!

He was a citizen of the People's Republic of China.

A Chinese national who loved his motherland, his family, and his fellow Chinese!

"I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name?"

"A man!"

"This is what a f\*\*king true man is!"

"Who said Zhang Ye lacks the image of a teacher by beating people? Who said a teacher must hold a book in hand to teach lessons? No matter how others evaluate Zhang Ye, in my heart, Zhang Ye is a good teacher!"

"Those brainless fans, take a look! Those so-called foreign stars, they all say they like you on their lips, thanking you, saying they love you, but what do they eventually want? To be frank, they are just bewitching you! They need the popularity and attention you give them, so as to rise up in their status.



They don't think anything of you, and do not care if you are dead or alive! Look at Teacher Zhang Ye's poem. Who was the one who truly cares about you to the bone? I think there's no need to express it with words. As a teacher, Zhang Ye is really full of good intentions. Yet, you take weapons and stones to attack Teacher Zhang instead? I do not know what's wrong with you, but touch your own conscience and think, 'What am I doing this for!'"

"Wake up! Don't let Teacher Zhang's efforts be in vain! Don't let Teacher Zhang and everyone turn cold in the heart!"

"Teacher Zhang, you have already done enough. You have done your best. Ignore them. Let them think through it. You must ensure you get well soon. Without you in the entertainment industry, it won't be as interesting. We are still waiting for you to contribute more excellent works!"

"Wishing Teacher Zhang a speedy recovery!"

"This poem is too great! I've learned something!"

"Teacher Zhang is a true man of steel and blood!"

On Weibo, many, who did not understand Zhang Ye's actions, immediately stood on Zhang Ye's side, helping wave his flag!

What was worth mentioning that with "Personally Inscribed on a Small Picture" posted, many verified teachers from various schools and or teacher organizations stepped forward. They began reposting Zhang Ye's Weibo post!

Peking University's Vice President Wu Zeqing reposted it.

Peking University's Professor Zeng, Su Na and other colleagues all reposted it.

Other higher institutes of learning, primary, and secondary schools from various districts and provinces also reposted it!

Facing negative foreign cultural invasion, against adverse teaching from deplorable foreign artists, and against those under-aged children who were easily fascinated, China's teacher organizations reacted collectively under this poem with Zhang Ye leading the call!

Team Leader of Affiliated Senior High School of National Taiwan Normal University's Chinese Department: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Education Dean of No. 15 Middle School: I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Shanghai's No. 3 History teacher: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

Adjunct Math Lecturer of Nankai University: "I sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name!"

A certain substitute teacher in Beihe province: "I sacrifice my blood in the... Yellow Emperor's name!"

Zhang Ye's poem, Zhang Ye's words and Zhang Ye's actions might not seem much to people. Some citizens might have watched it out of amusement, but numerous teachers were touched. On this matter, they knew what was on Zhang Ye's mind the most. They also understood the anger and frustration Zhang Ye was feeling the most! Hence, they also issued out their cries! Numerous people responded on

Weibo! They wanted to tell everyone that it wasn't only Teacher Zhang Ye who was like that! All of us teachers, all of us educators, have also dedicated our lives for the motherland, for education, and for our children!

At this moment, a person spoke. He was a famous person in the world of education. Almost everyone in society knew who he was. He was a very ordinary teacher, and was a substitute teacher in a village town, but two years ago, during an earthquake, he risked his life, despite already being safe, to save 18 students from a classroom. He carried each and everyone of them out of the classroom. Finally, all the students were saved, but at the final moment when the classroom collapsed, he forever lost his legs. His name was Song Min.

Song Min said, "Some of you might not understand what Teacher Zhang Ye did, but I understand, and we can all understand. In other people's eyes, those children are just children, but in the eyes of a teacher, they are our future, and also our hope. Towards Teacher Zhang Ye, I have always liked him. However, I previously liked his poems and television programs. I did not understand him very well, but after seeing his poem today, I think I've finally understood him. Maybe people might say he likes scolding people and does not have the temperament of a teacher. Others might say he is always fighting, and lacks the bearing of a teacher, but no matter how everyone views him, I stubbornly insist that Zhang Ye is a good teacher. He is an excellent, outstanding, and perfect teacher of the people! I only have one thing to say here: Teacher Zhang Ye, you've worked hard."

Immediately, there was a lot of discussion replying to this post!

"Teacher Song has appeared too?"

"Teacher Song, how are you?"

"You are right. I also think Teacher Zhang Ye handled this matter with the perfect demeanor that a teacher should have. Teacher Zhang's blood will not flow in vain. There will be people who will wake up!"

"To foreign culture or foreign stars, it is not that we can't accept it. We also do not disagree with it. They have things we deserve to learn, which we will learn from them, but towards those foreign artists, who do not have the most basic morality or respect, I only have this to say to you: Get out of China!"

The crowd was in a frenzy!

When the teacher organization stood behind Zhang Ye, the sounds of the fans that continuously supported Lee Anson decreased!

Chapter 415: Recuperating!

Afternoon.

Past 2pm.

In the small 30 square meter studio, Zhang Ye had gone off the internet, but was immediately met with telephone calls. They came one after another. It was just like when he was released from the police station at noon. The friends he knew all called to ask about him with concern. Some sent text messages, while others gave him a call.

Su Na's short message: Are you severely injured?

Zhang Ye replied: I'm fine. Thanks.

Yao Jiancai's call. "Old bro, are you dead?"

"Still holding on. Hur Hur." Zhang Ye smiled and said.

Yao Jiancai praised him, "Nicely done. You are a true man of steel and blood. I am out of town filming a show and will be back in Beijing in a few days. I'll visit you then."

Zhang Ye said, "It's alright. Go ahead and busy yourself, Old Yao."

Yao Jiancai said, "Recover well. We must meet up when I'm back."

Many phone calls came while Zhang Ye explained to his friends one after another. He tried to assuage them, but his head was actually quite dizzy. He had lost quite a bit of blood, and would need some time to recuperate. Who wasn't made of flesh? However, Zhang Ye was the kind of person who never wanted people to worry about him. If there was anything he could solve himself, he would solve it himself. He would not worry others, for he would feel bad too. Hence, no matter what he encountered, he would say he was fine. Besides, even if told others that he was doing badly and that he was dizzy and feeling numb in the legs, others would still not be able to help him. People were always busy during the new year. Zhang'er was afraid of pain too. Don't look at how he usually appeared very daring, with him daring to say or do anything? In fact, if this fellow saw a doctor in a hospital, his legs would go limp. He would not go to a hospital for a transfusion or jab unless necessary. Hence, he had to endure it.

Suddenly, a knock came from outside his door.

No, to be accurate it was tapped on by someone once.

Zhang Ye hung up and looked out, "Who is it? The door isn't locked."

With a creak, a beautiful petite figure pushed open the door with all her might and appeared through the crack in the door. She looked with a deadpan expression at Zhang Ye, "Zhang Ye, you are home."

Zhang Ye seemed to see a beloved relative. "Aiyah, it's Chenchen. Why are you here?"

Chenchen said nonchalantly, "My Aunt saw the news and told me to see if you were home."

Zhang Ye immediately covered his head, "You came just in time! Hurry, hurry up and call the Landlady Auntie! This bro can't take it anymore! I'm dying! Get the Landlady Auntie to save me!"

Chenchen acknowledged and gave a condition. "Then you need to do my Winter homework for me."

Zhang Ye stared at her, "You wicked child. Hurry up and call her for Uncle Zhang!"

"Then you agreed." Chenchen turned and walked away.

Zhang Ye did not know if he should be annoyed or laugh. Suddenly, a call came. This time, it was different. It was a phone call from his parents' place. After hesitating for quite a while, he decided to pick it up.

"Son!" Mom said in an anxious voice. "You were injured? Were you really injured?"

Zhang Ye, who had been wailing a moment ago, immediately felt highly-spirited. "Hey, Mom. Who did you hear from that I was injured." Not far from him, the door opened. Rao Aimin's figure walked in, with Chenchen following behind her. She was carrying a first-aid kit. Zhang Ye did not speak to Rao Aimin and first tried to reassure his parents. He said, "I'm fine. I'm completely alright!"

Mom refused to believe. "But it's written on the news!"

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, "Aiyah, don't listen to those media or people on the internet speak nonsense. It's all fake!"

Maybe it was hands-free on that side, as his Aunt's voice also sounded. "This can be faked?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, it's all fake. At best, it's just exaggerated. It's the media. They all like to do that. If not, how do you attract everyone's attention and eyeballs? Hey, listen to me, do I sound injured? I'm now planning on going out for a run to train my body. Actually, it was just a few children throwing a few eggs and cabbage leaves. What harm can that cause. Your son isn't made of paper. Didn't you know my nickname is 'man of steel and blood'!? Don't worry, don't worry. I'm completely fine!"

After a while, Zhang Ye hung up while wiping his sweat. He had finally managed to hoodwink them.

Following that, Zhang Ye saw the landlady's figure and nearly had tears stream down his face, "My beloved relative! My beloved relative! You came! Quick save me! My head is aching! I'm dying!"

Chenchen: "....."

Rao Aimin looked at him with askance, "Aren't you a man of steel and blood?"

Zhang Ye cried out miserable, "What do you mean steel and blood!? This tiny body of mine will shatter at a touch! It's not like you don't know!"

Rao Aimin sat on the bed. "Then what did I just see on the internet? Weren't you righteously shouting that you would 'sacrifice your blood in the Yellow Emperor's name'?"

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "I was just acting awesome! What about seeing the Yellow Emperor? This bro nearly saw the King of Hell! Try letting a rock smash you in the head! I don't believe you will be fine!"

Chenchen interrupted, "My aunt's chin can crush bricks to smithereens, so what if she got smashed by a rock?"

Oh, right!

I forgot Rao Aimin was a "martial arts expert"!

F\*\*k! Then there's no f\*\*king way to converse!

Rao Aimin's nasty tongue never changed. "If you aren't that tough, then don't fake it. Just that body constitution of yours, and you want to smash your face to act like you are a big guy? You even dare to stand there and let them hit you? Are you trying to touch all of China!? What I will sacrifice my blood in the Yellow Emperor's name? It sounds pretty nice, but I just threw you down from the bed gently and you were already wailing like a slaughtered pig. What's the point of acting awesome?"

Zhang Ye whined without speaking, revealing a look as if he were dying soon. His face looked weak and if someone didn't know, they would think he was about to die that very second. Previously in the district, in front of the crowd, reporters, as well as on the internet and to his friends and family after returning home, Zhang Ye had been forcefully holding on. He looked pretty awesome. No matter who asked him, he said he was fine. Now, without any outsiders, and seeing that it was Rao Aimin, who knew traditional Chinese medicine, Zhang Ye immediately revealed his actual state. He could no longer act awesome anymore.

"Where does it hurt?"

"It hurts everywhere!"

"Hands off. Let me take a look."

"Lighter Landlady Auntie!"

"Cut your nonsense!"

"Ah! Lighter!"

"Don't move!"

"I can't take it, I can't take it! It's too painful!"

Rao Aimin had a nasty tongue but a soft heart. Her words were always very mean, but whenever Zhang Ye got into trouble, Rao Aimin never ignored him.

Checking his injuries, Rao Aimin had a general idea. "Let's go. To the hospital."

The moment Zhang Ye heard this, he immediately grabbed onto the bedpost, "No! I'll never go! Unless I'm dead!"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Go to the hospital and get the doctors to sterilize it and give you a tetanus jab. Then it will recover quickly. I don't have the tools suitable for the job."

Zhang Ye flatly said, "I'd rather die than go!"

Despite spending all day to persuade him, Zhang Ye refused to listen.

Out of desperation, Rao Aimin could only say, "Chenchen, medical kit."

Little Chenchen slowly opened the medical kit.

Rao Aimin took out a cotton swab and began applying medicine to Zhang Ye's forehead. "This medicine of mine can only sterilize it and do some simple treatment. It cannot guarantee that it will be very effective."

Zhang Ye said, "It's fine, as long as it's effective."

Rao Aimin seethed, "You don't let me rest well on the first day of the Chinese New Year. Let me tell you that this is the last time. Next time, if you get injured, don't come looking for me. I don't have the time for you!" Turning towards Rao Chenchen. "Chenchen, go take your afternoon nap. You still have to do your Winter homework at night."

Chenchen said, "I'm not tired."

Rao Aimin looked at her, "Then don't tell me you are tired and want to sleep like the past few nights. If you don't finish the first ten pages of your mathematics homework, you are not going to sleep!"

Chenchen seethed and acknowledged. The two women had nearly the same expression, as if they came from the same mould. "Got it." Then she turned to return home.

Zhang Ye was still grunting. "Painful!"

Rao Aimin said in a lukewarm manner, "Endure it!"

After his forehead was done, Rao Aimin helped dab the wound on his neck.

As such, Zhang Ye grit his teeth. The spirit and stance he previously had on the internet was gone. People were, after all, sometimes strong, but there were also times when they were weak.

"Big Sis Rao."

"What!?"

"I want to eat your Red Braised Pork tonight."

Rao Aimin fumed so much that it became amusement. "I worked so hard to apply medicine for you, and you even put out conditions? Cut the crap!? There's only a bit of leftovers. It's up to you to eat them!"

"What are the leftovers?"

"Only dumplings."

"What's the filling inside?"

"Chive eggs!"

"Why is it vegetarian? Is there no meat? This bro is a patient now, and a great hero who was injured for national causes. Can't I get a bit of meat to eat?"

"Kid, you are trying to be forceful, aren't you?"

"Alright then, I'll make do."

"Open your mouth. Drink the medicine."

"What medicine?"

"Anti-inflammatory medicine."

"I can't drink it if it's too bitter."

"If you keep up your nonsense, you will be left on the bed with nobody caring about you. Open your mouth, drink the medicine and water!"

Rao Aimin was already holding the water and medicine. She helped him sit up.

"...Orh." Zhang Ye obediently drank the medicine.

After the initial pain, Zhang Ye felt he was getting better. With someone taking care of him, he felt better. Towards the landlady's wicked mouth, Zhang Ye always kept it at arm's length. However, be it what Rao Aimin did or her taking care of him, Zhang Ye was especially assured with it. He knew she was a specially virtuous woman in everything. Now, he did not need to worry or consider about himself. He lay down and someone would wipe medicine on him, give him tea, as well as food. That feeling was indescribably good, and with that, weariness crept up to him.

Chapter 416

Skin to skin contact.

The warmth from his ears.

His face was feeling the softness.

That was how Zhang Ye was lying on Rao Aimin's lap. Disregarding Rao Aimin's nagging, he shamelessly refused to move.

Ah!

Such elasticity!

Her thighs were so full of flesh!

Rao Aimin's long legs were really not your everyday kind of legs. They were classy legs, full of purity, legs with morals, a pair of legs that was absent of vileness. They were a pair of legs that were beneficial to the people!

As a man, Zhang Ye was somewhat ashamed. Rao Aimin, a woman in her thirties, was in much better physical shape than he was. If she had flexed her muscles, she would definitely have a much leaner appearance than Zhang Ye. Maybe it was because of her training since she was young, while Zhang Ye had used the game ring to attain his martial arts. Furthermore, he had not eaten many skill books, so there was definitely no way for him to compare with her.

Humans were usually like this. When you had something, you don't treasure it as much. The things that you don't have, are especially desirable and wanted.

For example, the landlord auntie's pair of legs. He did not have those.

And his landlord auntie's breasts, he did not have those either.

Well, actually he did have breasts, but they were man breasts and weren't that large.

Zhang Ye laid down there and occasionally slightly opened his eyes to look up. He was greeted by the glorious view of two raised parts of the body at a close up. He took a deep breath and could even smell the fabric around her breasts. Rao Aimin was wearing a gray cotton sweater today coupled with a white pair of training pants. Her legs were exposed and she was wearing a pair of flats. It wasn't a very fashionable look, but matched well with the landlord auntie's traditional image. Zhang Ye had known her for so long, but had never seen her wear high heels before. It was always flats, possibly because that was a martial artist's stubbornness, but conversely, it could also be said that it was a presentation of confidence.

"Get lost."

"Let me lie down for a while."

"Do you really think I don't dare to finish you?"

"Then go ahead. I'm already so heavily injured that I'm already on death's door. It wouldn't matter if I get hurt more. This will not burden me further."

"..."

As he said so, Zhang Ye turned around sideways to face Rao Aimin's stomach. His nose was touching her belly and his forehead buried in it. There was really no hint of any excess fat, much flatter than Zhang Ye's own belly. Then he took a deep breath through his nose and mouth, taking in the smell of maturity, a smell of light fragrance. It was probably the smell of her clothes, but whether it was the smell of the outer clothes or the under clothes, Zhang Ye did not know. After all, Zhang Ye's nose and face were close to Rao Aimin's white training pants and the underwear inside.

How refreshing!

This kind of life, was too comfortable!

With this, Zhang Ye's hands became increasingly unbridled. He naturally reached over and wrapped his hand around Rao Aimin's hips.

Rao Aimin seemed like she was about to say something.

Zhang Ye's head was pulled away towards his back, but he did not care. He stuck his head forward again and pressed his nose into her belly once more. Rao Aimin really knew how to live. Although she had so many properties, like the dual-purpose houses in this building, she rarely bought anything too expensive. She would basically only buy things that were at market value or below for cheap. Like when it came to laundry detergent, the smell was not especially fragrant, but as it mixed with her own body fragrance, the smell had become much nicer. Zhang Ye had very sensitive olfactory senses. When he smelled something naturally good, his whole body would become very comfortable.

It was so fragrant!

Another deep breath!

Rao Aimin seemed like she was about to say something again.

Zhang Ye could no longer hear it as he fell soundly asleep.

.....

Evening.

Past 7PM.

Zhang Ye awoke and the first thing he saw was himself lying down on his own pillow. Rao Aimin was no longer around and he pouted with a sense of loss. Next, he felt the coldness, extreme coldness, running through his body deep inside his bones. He quickly pulled a blanket over himself, but did not feel much



better. At this moment, he finally felt that there was a wet towel covering his forehead. He did not know where it came from.

What's going on?

Was he having a fever?

Zhang Ye felt helpless. He was feeling dizzy and knew that the injury he had suffered was not light. It was probably because of that which led to him getting a fever.

"Where is everyone?"

"Big Sis Rao?"

"Chenchen?"

"I'm hungry!"

"Someone! I'm dying over here!"

He shouted continuously for a few times and wanted to get out his bed, but as he was feeling faint, he knew it would be better to stay in bed. He felt his body feeling shaky, as though the world was spinning around him, like in an earthquake. Zhang Ye had to grab onto his bed frame before he had could drop his worries!

The door opened.

Rao Aimin brought a bowl that was steaming hot into the room, "What are you hurrying me for, stop shouting."

Zhang Ye weakly said, "I'm hungry. What's that?"

"Gruel." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye said unhappily, "There's still no meat? I want to eat braised pork."

Rao Aimin sat on the bed, "You should be glad you have something to eat! Stop being picky! You can only have gruel in your current condition. And you still want braised pork? We'll see how it goes after your fever subsides!" As she said so, she showed a face of displeasure, "Sit up, eat!"

Zhang Ye hummed, "I'm not doing that. I want meat!"

Rao Aimin threatened, "Then I will bring you to the hospital!"

When he heard that, Zhang Ye immediately sat up, "Actually, something light would be better." He reached out to take the bowl of gruel, but felt his hands shaking. He could not possibly hold the bowl.

Rao Aimin's narrowed her eyebrows. "Fine! Open you mouth."

Zhang Ye eagerly opened his mouth.

Rao Aimin took a spoonful of gruel and blew on it for a while before putting it to the side of Zhang Ye's mouth. Her actions did not look too caring, but the gruel did not spill and the temperature was just right. Zhang Ye took a mouthful of the gruel that was given to him.

Zhang Ye swallowed it and sincerely expressed, "Big Sis Rao, thank you."

Rao Aimin ignored him and said stiffly, "Open your mouth."

"Ah." Zhang Ye opened his mouth and had another spoonful of gruel.

After he had finished eating, Rao Aimin said, "Do you still want some more?"

Zhang Ye still had a big appetite despite being sick, "Yes, another bowl please. Oh by the way, do you have spiced beef or something like that? Can you put some in there as well?"

Rao Aimin ignored him and went back to her house to get another bowl of gruel before feeding him again.

After 10 minute, Zhang Ye burped and then said, "Where's Chenchen? Has she eaten?"

"She's doing her homework. You should be concerned about yourself instead!" Rao Aimin put the bowl down and took a napkin to wipe Zhang Ye's mouth. She frowned as she threw the napkin away, "I've not done anything else the whole of today. After taking care of the young one, I have to take care of the not so young one. Do the both of you really take me for a nanny?"

Zhang Ye said weakly, "If you fall sick in the future, I will take care of you this way as well."

Rao Aimin smiled coldly, "I've not fallen sick in the past 10 years. Why would I need a rascal like you for? Quickly get better yourself. Once you are better, get lost."

Zhang Ye acknowledged her.

"Drink the medicine." Rao Aimin passed him some antipyretic and a glass of warm water.

Zhang Ye obediently sat up and took the medicine. It was something called Riling Granules, which Zhang Ye had never heard of before in his previous world. It should be the name of the medicine in this world and had a sweet taste. The effects were probably similar to that of aspirin.

After taking the medicine, Zhang Ye was feeling sleepy again perhaps due to the medication, "Landlady Auntie, I want to sleep again, can I lie on your lap?"

Rao Aimin stared at him, "Are you done?"

Zhang Ye said, "Otherwise, I would not be able to fall asleep."

Rao Aimin stared at him but still stretched her legs out for him.

"Thanks." Zhang Ye lay down quickly without another word. His hands naturally wrapped around her and hugged her by the waist.

Comfortable!

This position was too enjoyable!

He was now wishing that he would be sick for another 3 or 5 days. When you were sick, you were the boss!

He had this thought running through his mind for the next few hours. When Zhang Ye fell asleep and woke up again, it was already night time. There was a glow from the dark clock on the table and it was showing 12:05AM!

It was late at night.

Only starlight illuminated the room.

Zhang Ye's face was still lying on that classy pair of legs, full of purity, legs with morals, a pair of legs that was absent of vileness. Zhang Ye had expected Rao Aimin to have gone back to her house to sleep, but who'd have known!

Rao Aimin was leaning against the bed frame with her eyes closed. She was motionless.

At this moment, Zhang Ye suddenly felt that he had to get up immediately. He did not want the landlady to suffer with him and cause her anymore trouble.

"Big Sis Rao." Zhang Ye said softly.

"Yes?" Rao Aimin woke up, "What?"

Zhang Ye apologetically said, "You should go back to your house. Chenchen still needs to be taken care of."

Rao Aimin said, "I just checked your temperature at 11:30PM. You are running a fever of 39 degrees. I will go once it subsides, otherwise we might really have to bring you to the hospital!"

Zhang Ye shivered and said, "Don't. I don't want to go there. No two ways about it!"

Rao Aimin said impatiently, "Then you better cover up with the blanket and sweat it out. If your fever doesn't subside and I'm not here, who would take care of you?"

Zhang Ye said, "Big Sis Rao is still the best."

"Don't flatter me." Rao Aimin said, "When you get better, I still have lots of chores at home waiting for you. You can slowly pay me back."

Zhang Ye did not know whether to laugh or cry, "I feel that my temperature's rising again! I didn't hear anything that you just said. I feel so dizzy now, so then, I will continue sleeping."

Chapter 417: This world's missing Taiji Fist!

Late at night.

Unknown time.

Zhang Ye woke up once more. This time he woke up from his sweating. Sweat was dripping down from his forehead to his nose and it made him feel itchy. He slowly opened his eyes as he wiped off the beads of sweat. After sweating so much, Zhang Ye was feeling much better now. He did not feel as dizzy anymore and the cold in his body was gone. From his experience, the fever had almost subsided. At least it would no longer be a 39 degree fever anymore.

"Awake again?" Rao Aimin, who was leaning on the bed frame, said.

Zhang Ye was still lying on her lap. As he was sweating so much as he slept, the landlady auntie's training pants were drenched, especially at the crotch and thigh areas. It was a little strange to see that. He said, "Yea. I'm awake and feel better already."

"Raise your arms." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye asked, "What for?"

"I asked you to raise them, so just do it." Rao Aimin was holding a thermometer in her hands as she waited for Zhang Ye to raise his arms. Then she stuck it into his armpits when he did, "Look at you. You look so weak and frail. Don't fight with others in the future. Do you really think you have learnt martial arts?"

Zhang Ye snorted, "I really did learn some."

Rao Aimin contemptibly said, "With just those few taekwondo moves, you might be able to beat those useless bodyguards of Lee Anson, but if you really meet a proper martial artist, then you would be beaten hands down!"

Zhang Ye boastfully said, "Who says that I only know Taekwondo? You're not the only person who has learned martial arts before. If I only had those few moves of Taekwondo, I wouldn't be able to beat Lee Anson's bodyguards. It's just some martial arts, this bro has learned it before too!"

Rao Aimin was tickled, "And what did you learn?"

Zhang Ye answered as though he was telling the truth, "Taiji Fist!"

Rao Aimin was stunned for a little, "Yo? You know about Taiji Fist?"

"What's there not to know?" Zhang Ye was intrigued by the way Rao Aimin replied to him.

Rao Aimin looked at him and said, "Everyone knows that Taiji is an ancient school of thought. There are many ancient books that have records about it. In the system of Change, there is the Great Ultimate. It generates the Two Modes (Yin and Yang). The Two Modes generate the Four Forms (major and minor Yin and Yang). The Four Forms generate the Eight Trigrams. Its relationship runs deep with our Eight Trigrams learnings, but Taiji Fist is something that I have only heard of. This school of martial arts has very little relation to Taiji. The people who know about it could be said to be rarer than rare."

Zhang Ye said with a blank stare, "Landlady Auntie. I am not well learned, but don't try to fool a layman like me. Taiji Fist, what's there not to know about?"

Rao Aimin said, "Did your fever cause you to become befuddled?"

"What am I befuddled about?" Zhang Ye said as a matter of factly, "In this age and time, who doesn't know a few moves of Taiji Fist?"

Zhang Ye's mindset was still stuck in his previous world. In that world, what was Taiji Fist? Men and women, old and young, from a few years old to a hundred years old, it was known by all. Not only was it known, they could even practice a few moves of it. Look at all those gardens in the communities, which one of them did not have someone practicing Taiji? Even if you were to pick out anyone in the streets,

whether they really knew it or not, they could still make a few movements of Taiji Fist. A common martial arts like this, yet Rao Aimin was telling him that not many people knew about it?

Rao Aimin was also feeling rather speechless, "You know some moves?"

"Of course I do." Zhang Ye blurted.

Rao Aimin laughed, "Alright, you don't need to show it to me, but tell me what Taiji Fist is?"

Zhang Ye began saying, "Taiji Fist is a traditional school of thought in Taoism of the People's Republic of China with its core being Taiji. The theory of Yin and Yang can be used for health, longevity, mental freshness, and used to counter various skills as a whole. It combines the transformations of the five elements from Taiji philosophy, traditional Chinese medicine's meridian studies, and ancient circulatory and breathing techniques into one that is both gentle, slow, light both internally and externally. It's a traditional fist style that incorporates the concept of hard and soft."

After hearing that, Rao Aimin did not show any expressions and said, "Will you die if you don't bullshit? You make it sound as if it were real!"

Zhang Ye could not take that lying down and answered back, "What am I bullshitting about?"

Rao Aimin told him, "Taiji Fist has already been a lost art for a few hundred years ago. Where could you possibly have learned it from?"

With that, it was now Zhang Ye's turn to be stunned, "Ah? Lost? It can't be!"

Rao Aimin glanced at him, "I have been training with my elders since I was 6 years old. At 10, I officially began my training in the Eight Trigram Palms. When I was training, you weren't even born yet, so what do you know? Trying to fool me with your nonsense. If you want to listen, I will tell you instead. A few hundred years ago, there was a legend that Taiji Fist had created a stir in the martial arts world. This school of martial arts had appeared with no one knowing where it had originated from. A master in martial arts had used Taiji Fist to defeat the Eight Trigrams, XingYi and 18 other schools of martial arts, but after the wars, it disappeared without a trace. Taiji Fist was lost in such manner from the world. After those times, no disciple or master of Taiji Fist has appeared in our world since."

Zhang Ye finally understood the history of Taiji Fist in this world. It was totally different from what had happened in his world. The originator of this martial arts school might even be different.

Rao Aimin continued, "As for the reasons behind it, there are lots of diverse opinions. One says that the master behind it had followed the ancient teachings of Taiji to create the moves. After his death, he had no successor, and therefore Taiji Fist was lost. Another said that Taiji Fist was just a legend as there have been no records of it found in any writings. It only existed through word of mouth, therefore it was not proven to exist and could have been fabricated because of some historical reasons. Of course on the second opinion, I still have my reservations. I've only heard about it from my teacher and my teacher had heard it from his teacher, but they claimed that Taiji Fist did exist before and was a very legendary form of martial arts. The only problem is that those who have seen it with their own eyes have already been dead for hundreds of years. As for how strong Taiji Fist was and what kind of moves it consisted of, no one has an answer. What's left behind is only fragments of a legend. That is all that I know, but there might be others who know more about it."

Zhang Ye had some thoughts.

Taiji Fist was a lost martial arts? Then how did the old people of this world keep their bodies healthy!?

Thinking about it more, Zhang Ye realized that he was the only person who knew Taiji Fist in this world! No wonder. No wonder the previous few times that Zhang Ye had used it had always left others wondering what kind of martial arts it was. At the monastery, Zhang Ye used Taiji Fist to fight with those monks. Logically speaking, those monks were also martial arts practitioners. Whether they used their own martial arts or another schools martial arts, they should have a lot of knowledge about most kinds. Yet they were shocked by Zhang Ye's kungfu. None of them could identify the martial arts Zhang Ye used by name. Also during the hijacking incident, Zhang Ye had used Taiji Fist against the terrorist who was a Muay Thai expert. Neither the terrorist nor the other passengers had identified the kungfu that he used then either. At that time, Zhang Ye did not notice this. Thinking back, he realized the reason for all of that!

It wasn't because they were ignorant!

It was because no one had ever seen Taiji Fist in action before!

Even Rao Aimin, who was the eldest disciple of the Eight Trigram Palms, had only heard of the legend of Taiji Fist!

Rao Aimin told him, "So that's why if you want to bullshit in the future, you should just say that you know Wing Chun and I might believe you, but telling me you know Taiji Fist? Hur, why don't you claim that you know the Eighteen Devils Subduing Palms!"

That mouth of her was so vile!

Zhang Ye, "..."

Five minutes had passed.

His temperature had dropped to 38.3 degrees.

It was still in the range of a fever, but it was getting much better.

Rao Aimin was very caring and thoughtful. Although she always had a look of reluctance, occasionally criticizing Zhang Ye, her actions made him feel very well taken care of. She took a glass of warm water for him to drink.

After he finished drinking,

Rao Aimin would pour another glass for him.

Zhang Ye shook his head, "I'm not having anymore."

".....Drink it!" Rao Aimin ordered him.

Zhang Ye could only reluctantly drink it all up before giving a burp. His mind had already wandered off, thinking about the issue of Taiji Fist.

Me, bullshit?

But I'm really not bullshitting!

I've really f\*\*king seen Taiji Fist and I even know how to use it!

Zhang Ye could even speak incessantly about the various styles like Chen, Yang, Wǔ, Wú, Sun, He, etc, etc, etc. Each style of Taiji Fist had some differences, but all of it originated from "Taiji Yin Yang". He could even tell Rao Aimin about how Taiji Fist consisted of the basics: parry, retraction, press, side push, pluck, divide, elbow, shoulder, forward, backward, left, right, and balance, but he could not say all of that. Even if he did, no one would believe it, as no one in this world had even seen it before. So why would he be the one to know about it?

"Still thinking? Go to sleep quickly!" Rao Aimin was never polite with Zhang Ye. She always sounded as though she was commanding him around. Alright, actually she did this to everyone too. Zhang Ye was already used to it.

Zhang Ye tersely acknowledged.

Rao Aimin said, "If you really want to learn martial arts, tell me what you want to learn. Even though I do not have good relations with other martial arts practitioners, nor do I have many friends in there as most of them prefer not to see me, Hur Hur, but my reputation still carries some weight. If you wish to learn something, I can recommend you. There's no need to pay school fees. You can just follow them and practice together, but I still maintain my stance that at your age, you're past the age of learning martial arts. I started at just a few years old to learn the basics. Even if most people do not start as early as me, they also begin learning in their teens. You're already over 20 now. Even if you wanted to learn butchering, they might say that you're too old for it. You should just stick to physical strengthening, that's about all you can do. And you even wanted to learn it to fight with other people? Then you might as well just continue learning Taekwondo, Muay Thai, or Karate. Those are simpler and much easier to pick up."

Zhang Ye asked, "Then in martial arts, which school is the strongest?"

Rao Aimin looked at him a few times and said, "To even ask a question like that shows me how much of an amateur you are. How can martial arts be gauged as strong or weak? The only thing that can be gauged in this way are people. Even if a lot of people might look down on certain martial arts, if the person practicing it has a high standard and is well learnt, they can still be called masters."

Zhang Ye asked, "What about you? What's your level?"

Rao Aimin said dully, "Me? I don't have any level, what kind of times are we in now? In this age of modern weapons like missiles and machine guns, even if you are great in some martial art, if a bullet comes your way you'll be dead meat!" She didn't sound like she was willing to reveal anything further, "Stop talking rubbish and go to sleep!"

Chapter 418: The privileges of being sick!

Middle of the night.

Rao Aimin had just finished her conversation with Zhang Ye on the topic of martial arts. She covered him back up with a blanket, so that he could have a good rest. Suddenly, Chenchen entered the house through the unlocked door.

"Aunt."

"What?"

"I have to pee."

"Didn't I already teach you how to climb onto the toilet?"

"I couldn't reach it and I really have to pee."

Chenchen was in a half asleep state, and stood there in her pajamas.

Zhang Ye heard her and joined in saying, "I have to pee too."

With a look of unwillingness, Rao Aimin picked Chenchen up. She kicked open Zhang Ye's bathroom door and place Chenchen on the toilet. She nagged, "When the big one is done, the little one comes, when the little one is done, the big one comes back. Can't you both just let me take a break?"

Chenchen was done.

Rao Aimin held Chenchen's chin and said, "Go back and sleep."

"Orh." said Chenchen, who was still half-asleep. She was still whining as she walked back.

Zhang Ye urged, "Landlord auntie, help me get my coat. I need to use the bathroom too."

Rao Aimin opened his clothes cabinet with an annoyed look before randomly picking out a coat and throwing it onto the the bed. She was probably tired too, as she took off her slippers after sitting on the bed. Her legs went on the bed as well as she snuggled herself inside the warm blanket. She did not lie down, but just leaned against the bed's headboard. She basically sat there with her arms crossed and shut her eyes for a nap.

Zhang Ye, who was in his long johns, put on the coat and went to the toilet. Although he was still a little dizzy, he was already feeling much better than he had been before. When he came back to bed, he crawled into the blanket and leaned his back against the wall.

"I'll be sleeping for a while." Rao Aimin said.

Zhang Ye said, "Sure, you should rest a little."

"Call me if there's anything. Don't bother me if there's nothing." Rao Aimin said without opening her eyes.

Zhang Ye probably had already slept too much today and was not feeling too sleepy anymore. After tossing and turning for a while, he opened his eyes. Using the moonlight, he glanced at Rao Aimin beside him. Her resting face was very beautiful, both her side profile and her frontal profile. The side of her face looked very slim and cut. Her chin was also a bit sharp. Zhang Ye did not care if she was asleep or not. With a shift of his body, he moved over. He laid on Big Sis Rao's legs as if he was no outsider. Rao Aimin had tucked both her legs under the blanket, but she was still sitting in a leaning position, so there was an angle. It was also a perfect place for Zhang Ye to lay on. His head was just above the blanket, and the side of his head was on Rao Aimin's stomach.



In a weak state, people did not consider many things. Their thoughts also became simpler, as such, he also became bolder. Zhang Ye could not sit still after lying down honestly for five minutes. As he closed his eyes, his hands reached towards Rao Aimin's legs. With a tiny pinch, he immersed himself in the elastic fleshy thighs underneath her yoga pants. After adjusting his head's position, Zhang Ye freely touched Rao Aimin's stomach with his hands, pulling open her gray sweater, snuggling his hands in.

Oh, there were still long johns underneath.

As the lighting wasn't good, he could not tell what color it was.

Zhang Ye decided that he might as well pull the long johns away. With that, he stuck his palm on to Big Sis Rao's tummy. Her skin was thin, and as he stroked it, it was rather smooth.

Rao Aimin did not move.

Zhang Ye had not taken advantage of Bis Sis Rao in a while. He could not see her after going to Shanghai, and when he was back in Beijing, he could only engage in short conversation. There was so much to talk about, yet he didn't have the opportunity. Now, with an opportunity in hand, Zhang Ye's principles of the "need to succeed at every crime he did", he naturally had to get something. Zhang Ye had done such things before too, but all he got in the end was a quite terrible state. If it wasn't a shoulder flip from the landlady, it was twisting his arm till it nearly dislocated. However, he was now a patient, and a patient had patient privileges.

His hand sneaked in.

Bit by bit, his hand moved higher.

Belly, navel. Zhang Ye used the sensory signals from his palm to find various locations.

Suddenly, his fingernails and fingers touched a piece of fabric. It was very soft, and clearly it was her bra. There couldn't be anything else at this spot. Without any hesitation, Zhang Ye moved his fingers and slowly slid them in. Finally, he inserted his whole hand in, as it was enveloped by the bra. His palm immediately felt flesh. His fingertips were filled with the elastic fullness of flesh, so much so to the point of his fingers nearly being squeezed out. As for the back of his hand, it was tightly cupped by the bra. Thankfully Rao Aimin's bra today did not have a wire, or his hand would not have been able to squeeze in.

It felt great!

He had succeeded!

Zhang Ye was satisfied. With the advantage taken, he suddenly felt his entire being feel much better. His fever seemed to subside even more. It might not even be 38 degrees Celsius anymore. As his palm felt the warmth from Rao Aimin's flesh, which was cooler than him by just a bit, so it was not very obvious. It meant that their body temperatures were quite similar.

Fascinating.

Taking advantage of her could heal him?

"What are you doing?" A woman's voice came from above him.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Nothing, I'm just finding a position to sleep in."

In the darkness, the female voice said, "Kid, is this your sleeping position? Didn't I say not to bother me if there's nothing!? Are you not going to let me rest?"

Zhang Ye said with an embarrassed face, "Sure. Go ahead and sleep."

The female voice said, "Cut the crap. Take your hand out."

"No." Zhang Ye shamelessly said. "If I don't grab something, I can't sleep well."

The female voice sneered. "Do you want me to make a move?"

Zhang Ye lay there like a hooligan. "Make your move. I'm already at death's door anyways. I'm dizzy and everything in front of me is a blur. A touch would shatter me. If you aren't afraid I'll faint, then make your move." As he said, he cried out painfully, "Aiyah, my head is hurting again. I can't take it anymore, I'm dying!"

Pa.

Zhang Ye's head was struck by a person!

"Little bastard, you dare to play games with me!?" The female voice said.

Zhang Ye said speechlessly, "You really hit me?" Actually, it did not hurt one bit, but this fellow said with exaggeration, "I'm finished. My hand has lost its sense of touch. My consciousness is turning blur. My body..."

"Enough of that. Hurry up and go back to sleep." After the female voice said that, there was silence.

Zhang Ye peeped at Rao Aimin from the narrow slit in his eyes, and realized she had gone back to sleep with her eyes closed. She also did not fuss with the hand that was in her bra. Zhang Ye had a general idea and slowly took out his hand from her left bra cup, but did not fully remove it, but instead switched to the other side. He then squeezed it into the right bra cup. Immediately, his palm, fingers and even fingernails experienced softness!

It was as if he was lying on a cotton field.

It was as if he was in the ocean.

Zhang Ye felt extremely comfortable. With a move of his legs, he scissored Rao Aimin's legs in between his own. And at this moment, sleepiness crept up to him.

Chapter 419: Lucky draw, X-ray vision eye drops!

Morning.

At the break of dawn.

The familiar scent of gruel entered Zhang Ye's nose. Zhang Ye subconsciously sniffed a little and woke up under the blanket. He rubbed his belly in hunger and turned his head. In front of him in the open kitchen, a hot steaming pot of gruel was cooking. He did not know when Rao Aimin had woken up, but

he saw her standing there with her arms folded, looking at Chenchen. Meanwhile, Chenchen was forcefully made to sit at the table as she did her homework.

"Aunt, I'm hungry."

"You can eat after you've finished your homework."

"There's so much left to do, I'm hungry."

"You asked for it by not completing your homework last night. I already told you to finish it before sleeping, but you just didn't put my words to heart. Must you really need someone to supervise you?"

"But I'm really hungry."

"Will you still do this again in the future?"

"I won't dare to."

".....Eat then. After you have eaten, continue doing your homework!"

Rao Aimin glanced sharply at Chenchen before she went to get a bowl of gruel for her.

Zhang Ye also sat up and said, "I want a bowl too."

Rao Aimin looked at him in a bad mood, "Woke up already? There's a thermometer beside you, so check your own temperature." As she said that, she had already filled up three bowls of porridge.

Chenchen did not wait for Zhang Ye and picked up her spoon and began to eat.

Zhang Ye reluctantly checked his temperature and then announced, "37.3 degrees."

"Let me see." Rao Aimin said worriedly thinking that he was stupid enough to not know how to read a thermometer. She took a look at it and said, "Alright, your fever has subsided. Put on your clothes and come eat!"

When Zhang Ye had his feet on the ground, he felt his body was as light as a swallow and was no longer dizzy.

Rao Aimin went over, "Sit and don't move around." She slowly removed the bandage from his head and said, "Alright, the wound is not festering. Just rest for a few more days and you'll be fine." After saying that, she did not go over to eat, but instead applied another round of medicine to his forehead and neck. Only after cleaning the wounds and re-bandaging them did she join them to eat.

The steamed buns were probably hand made by Rao Aimin, since the stalls outside were not opened today. Everyone had gone home to celebrate the new year, and even if some of them were opened, their buns couldn't possibly be as good as Rao Aimin's. Although Old Rao's mouth was vicious, there really was nothing that could be picked on about her cooking!

Zhang Ye ate two big bowls of gruel and also eight steamed buns. He exclaimed, "Delicious!"

After saying that, he was about to take another, even though there was only one left on the plate.

Chenchen was ready to fight him for it, "It's mine."

Zhang Ye did not care that she was a child. He said, "Your uncle Zhang is a sick man. You ought to give in to me."

Chenchen said, "You've already had eight of them."

Zhang Ye said, "You had as much as me."

Chenchen said, "I helped my aunt steam those buns."

The two of them battled over it with their chopsticks for a long time while bickering.

Finally, Rao Aimin stepped in. She used her chopsticks to hit both of them on the head and said, "Be honest. Didn't you notice that I haven't even had one bun? What are you fighting over it for!" With that, she took it for herself in all fairness.

Zhang Ye tried to stop her.

Chenchen also extended her chopsticks to try to snatch it away, "Give it to me."

But Rao Aimin's chopsticks seemed like they were alive. With a push, a twist and a wave, those few beautiful strokes in the air, that was like a simple move from the Eight Trigrams, had caused Zhang Ye and Chenchen's chopsticks to be deflected away.

Rao Aimin picked up the bun and ate it herself.

Zhang Ye eyes darkened, "We're just eating buns, do you really have to resort to kungfu?"

Chenchen pouted. That small look of hers had fully emulated her aunt's expressions.

After eating, Rao Aimin ordered, "Chenchen, go back to our house and finish your homework. Hurry up. If you don't finish at least ten pages, don't think of getting lunch. Little Zhang, go and take a bath. Look at you, smelling of rotten eggs. Go bathe and take your medicine. After that, do what you need to do. That kind of light injury shouldn't affect you so badly." When she finished saying that, she stretched her waist and yawned, "I will take a bath and then take a nap. This night has tired me out."

Zhang Ye said, "I will be coming over for lunch later then."

Rao Aimin glanced sideways at him, "You're in full spirits whenever there's talk about food!"

Chenchen smirked, "....Hur Hur, glutton."

"You as well." Rao Aimin scolded Chenchen, "I don't usually see you eat so much at home, but when someone wants to snatch your food, your appetite becomes so great?!"

Zhang Ye also 'Hur Hur'-ed.

Soon enough, Rao Aimin brought Chenchen back to their house. She was still worried as she was leaving. She said, "Don't let your wounds get wet when you shower. You can use cling wrap if you can't keep them dry. Hear that?"

Zhang Ye said, "I got it."

Peng! The landlady slammed the door.

Zhang Ye also found himself smelly. Yesterday, he had only simply wiped himself clean and did not take a proper shower. After a night of sweating, he couldn't not take a shower anymore. He went into the bathroom, got naked and used the shower head to carefully wash himself clean without wetting his wounds.

Men shower very quickly, so he was done in a few minutes.

When he came out, Zhang Ye went back to his bed and sat down. He stretched himself and was in high spirits. He definitely felt much better than yesterday. He was feeling totally refreshed today. This was all thanks to the landlord auntie's overnight care for him. If he had been alone, who knew how long he would have been sick for?

He had recovered from his illness.

What should he do now?

Go home? That was out of question since his wounds had not heal. If his parents saw him like this, they would definitely be worried.

Work? That wasn't possible either. It was the first day of the new year, what work would there even be? The talk show had already finished recording. The school was on winter break. He was not needed in the marketing of Brain Platinum for the time being. Oh, right. There was still Zhang Yuanqi's "Woman Flower" single's copyright left to settle.

Ding Dong.

The doorbell rang.

Zhang Ye went to open the door and found a courier standing there.

"Hello. I'm from the courier company. Please acknowledge by signing here." Saying that, the youth was suddenly taken aback, "Aiyo, you....you're Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye signed off on the acknowledgment, "Please wait for a while, I'll take a look at it first."

The courier was very polite, "It's fine, please check it carefully. It's OK if you want to be thorough. I can wait."

Zhang Ye looked through the documents, which was the contract from Zhang Yuanqi's company. He browsed through it casually before signing on it. He fully trusted Zhang Yuanqi on such matters, knowing that she would not take advantage of him. He said to the courier, "I'd have to trouble you to bring this back to the sender."

"Sure, please fill up another form then." The courier said.

After the paperwork was completed, the courier asked Zhang Ye for an autograph before leaving.

All his work matters had been settled now. It looked like he could only rest for the first few days of the new year.

Oh, it would be so boring.

Having been so used to being busy, he couldn't really get used to being idle.

Zhang Ye wanted to have a smoke, but he couldn't find his cigarettes in any of his pockets. He looked around the house, but there were no cigarettes to be found either. He remembered that he had some in his pockets, but now even his lighter was missing. He thought about it for a moment and decided that it must have been Rao Aimin who 'confiscated' his cigarettes. During this time of sickness, smoking would not be good for his body. Well, Old Rao was really not sparing any effort in caring for him.

What should he do?

Oh, there's the lottery!

Zhang Ye had pondered for a full day before finding something he could do.

His reputation points gained so far, together with those from "Woman Flower", the poem, and the incident with Lee Anson had all been recorded by the game ring and had reached a total of 55 million now. This was the result of his recent hard work and was considered to be his 'hard earned money'. This was a figure that dazzled Zhang Ye's eyes, as it was such a large figure. His game ring inventory was almost empty by now, unless you counted those shitty Difficulty Adjustment Die as items. His inventory had almost run completely dry, it was in dire need of restocking! His goals for this year had already been reached, and he still needed to continuously increase his reputation points. He needed to keep climbing in the entertainment circle to the very top, so these inventory items would be very important to him. It was his trump card. A new year and a new beginning. He would definitely need to stock up on ammo to prepare for times of necessity.

He had just finished his shower. It would be a lucky time for lottery!

Draw!

Do a test draw to see how the luck would be!

Zhang Ye clicked on the game menu. As he had a lot of reputation points now, he behaved very generously. He did not feel his heart ache at all. He tapped on the draw freely, and without seeing where the needle would stop, he bought one Additional Stake.

Spin on!

Spin on!

The needle slowly came to a stop!

Treasure Chest (Small) was received. It was a Consumption Category item!

"X-Ray vision eye drops" x 2: Upon applying to the eyes, it will grant the user X-Ray vision. Lasts for 5 minutes.

This was a new item. Zhang Ye had never gotten this item in the past, but looking at it, he felt lucky that he did not buy too many additional stakes for that round, otherwise it would really have been a waste. This item did not seem to have too much of a practical use. What could X-Ray vision be used for? Could it grant him an increase in reputation? Could it help him to become more and more successful in the entertainment industry?

Eh? Wait a minute.

Didn't the Landlord auntie say she was going to take a shower!?

Was she done with her shower yet? She shouldn't be done yet, right?

Zhang Ye stopped his lottery draw to retrieve the X-Ray vision eye drops from the treasure chest. He put one of them into his inventory and, with the other, he opened and dripped it into his eyes.

The eye drops took effect!

Countdown of five minutes begins!

The next moment, all Zhang Ye saw was pitch black. He looked at the wall and seemingly saw some metal rods and concrete, but as the lighting wasn't good, it appeared rather blurry. He knew that the X-Ray vision had taken effect, but how did you adjust the zooming? When he had that thought, his eyes somehow obeyed and followed along by zooming in. His vision had now pierced past the wall at home and moved forward to quite a distance. Finally, it stopped at the landlord auntie's living room!

How high-tech!

This X-Ray vision was too amazing!

Zhang Ye was very excited. He walked over and pressed himself against the wall at his house, but his vision was now focused on another house. He saw Chenchen sitting in the living room, not doing her homework at all. As Zhang Ye was very familiar with the layout of Rao Aimin's house, he easily navigated his vision into the bathroom!

He could see through into it now!

His vision was zooming in!

But there was no one inside. It was completely empty!

Chapter 420: A great harvest of Items!

In the room.

An air of seduction seemingly floated around.

Zhang Ye poured himself a glass of water and drank a few mouthfuls. He went to the bathroom and splashed his face with cold water. Only in this way could he cool down a little. His mind was full of images of the landlord auntie's fair white skin. If he didn't do this, his mind would not have been able to settle down. Alright then, it's back to serious business, the lottery draw. Zhang Ye decided that he could no longer be distracted. If he used whatever he had drawn, it would affect his state too much.

Here it goes!

Time for the lottery!

This time, he was going to add 20 additional stakes!

Zhang Ye opened the lottery and started to spin again. He did not idle after that. With his two hands clasped together, his mouth continuously chanted some incomprehensible incantations. Then, in the middle of the spin, he ran to the toilet and quickly washed his hands with some soap. Those who did not know him, whether it be fans or colleagues, would think that Zhang Ye was a very upright and brave person, but in actual fact, those who were familiar with him would know that this was a person who did not even dare to go to the hospital if he was unwell. He was also a little superstitious, even if he neither believed in gods nor ghosts, but he believed in life.

Sometimes lucky?

Sometimes unlucky?

This stubbornness in believing this had some form of regularity and continuity. He had his own set of theories regarding this and that would be — washing his hands!

The needle stopped spinning!

It had stopped on the consumption category of items!

Twenty Treasure Chests (Small) had been drawn. Zhang Ye took a deep breath and opened the first one. Then he was stunned. Stunned because it was empty, there was nothing in the chest at all.

The second one was empty too.

The tenth was the same!

Zhang Ye cursed, knowing that he had been scammed!

In past lottery draws, whether the outcome was good or bad, there had at least have been items that could be used, but this time, it was empty. It was clear that empty chests were valid items as well and knowing that it was a lottery, it shouldn't be all that surprising. Zhang Ye was at a loss whether to laugh or cry. He hadn't experienced such a situation before in so many times of the lottery draw, that he felt that he was having wretched luck today. According to his experience and analysis, the chances of getting an empty chest was really small, yet today, he had met with such an unfavorable situation!

Twenty additional stakes all turned to dust!

That was 2 million worth of reputation points!

Zhang Ye could feel the pinch, but knowing that he had over 50 million made him feel better. After all, accidents did happen. The sun would continue to shine, producing rainbows after the rain! Well, let's analyze it a bit. Why did that happen? Didn't he already wash his hands? He even showered before that! Logically speaking, it should not have happened! Aiyoo, that must be it! He only washed his hands after he opened the lottery draw system! F\*\*king washed a little too late!

Zhang Ye felt that it made sense, so he ran straight to the bathroom again to wash his hands. He even washed it six times as 'Double six breaks the Jinx'! He was doing it for good luck!

Again!

This time, it would definitely be good!



Zhang Ye bought another chance at the draw, and was ready to bet a big one this round. Even though he had drawn the X-Ray vision eye drop earlier, it wasn't powerful enough and wasn't of much use either. Later on, he drew 20 empty chests too. It felt like a bad patch, but as things go, the new draw should bring a surprise! How much should he bet? The largest ever bet he had ever tried was 100 additional stakes. This round, maybe he should go for 200 additional stakes!

Twenty million reputation points were spent just like that!

Zhang Ye bore the pinch from the big spending and looked straight ahead!

Alright, here we go!

Open! Open! Open!

Zhang Ye continuously shouted three times, and the needle came to a stop!

This time, it landed on the Skills Category region!

Although the Treasure Chest (Small) was not big, 200 boxes of treasure chests sparkling in his inventory was still a rather amazing sight to behold. This one was definitely a success! There was no way it could be a failure!

Zhang Ye's hands trembled as they touched one of those treasure chests. He knew that once he opened it, the contents inside would decide if he lived or died. 200 stakes, that was 20 million reputation points. No matter what kind of experience books appeared, after he ate them, he would definitely gain something great. He would probably not be at full level for the skill, but at least it would propel him to a rather high level. Previously, with those 100 Skills Experience Book for Calligraphy, this was already proven. The 100 books had largely increased his skill and its effects were obvious. Now, he had 200 books!

Please don't let it be empty again!

Abracadabra Homalihom!

The Treasure Chest (Small) opened with a golden glow, and a book could be clearly seen sitting within it. It looked rather familiar.

[ Computer Programming Skills Experience Book ].

Zhang Ye nearly fainted. He had previously drawn this Experience Skill Book before. Back then, he remembered it was about 11 books that gave him the skills to get into the computer system of Li Tao, an employee of the Shanghai SARFT. He had activated Li Tao's camera and gotten the video evidence that he needed. This skill might be called programming, but practically speaking it was a skill used by mainly hackers, web specialists, or internet security experts. Most of the skillset came from computer programming and web technology!

200 books!

Was this game trying to make this bro a computer hacker?

Zhang Ye didn't think that this skill experience was bad. In fact he knew it was quite good, but to him, he didn't feel that he needed so much experience in this area. It was worth 20 million reputation points, it was just such a waste!

It wasn't ideal!

Today's lottery draws were all too unideal!

Zhang Ye was nearly tearing. Washing his hands?

I'll wash your sister instead! Comrades! We still need to fall back on science!

As he grumbled, Zhang Ye opened up the 200 Treasure Chests, and then the Experience Books as he absorbed each of them into his brain. Although he was cursing, he still had to learn it. After all, he had spent so much Reputation on it. He couldn't just throw them away. Zhang Ye had accepted the reality of the situation. This was also quite a huge workload, for he spent half an hour before he finished consuming all of them.

200 books of experience books had all been 'eaten'!

And then? Continue the lottery draw! I won't believe this!

Zhang Ye was feeling rather fearless today. He did not believe that his luck would be so poor. He decided not to put any additional stakes this time, and would just get a feel for what was to come. His Reputation points was increasing at a much faster rate now. Compared to the past, he could only draw once with 100,000 Reputation points, which would make him so happy like a darned grandchild, but now, even if he sat at home unmoving, he would gather hundreds of thousands of Reputation points every minute. Hence, he did not mind it too much. After all, he was famous now, and there were more and more people who paid attention to him or liked him. The sources of Reputation points was constantly expanding, and was not as limited as it had been in the past. Hence, if he wanted to think about it, the 20 million Reputation points was nothing much. Since he had spent it, so be it. He could not be lucky for his entire his life. Although the Reputation points were spent, he could still earn more in the future. There was a steady stream of revenue, so it was alright.

It started spinning!

The needle became slower and slower!

Zhang Ye didn't take his eyes off it and also did not wash his hands or pray. It was just 100,000 reputation anyway, he would treat this as a test.

The needle stopped!

It was the largest region yet again — Consumption Category.

Zhang Ye did not have any expression as he opened up the treasure chest, but when he saw the item in the chest, he spat out yet another curse word!

Holy sh\*t!

It can't be such a scam, can it?

An item came out from the Treasure Chest (Small) — [Lucky Bread]!

Zhang Ye had gotten this item before too, so he definitely knew its uses and power. It was an amazing item, limited to five minutes of use. It could increase Zhang Ye's luck. For example, he could use it before drawing from the lottery to help him gain better items, and in normal day to day life, it would help him to smoothly sail through any difficult situation. Frankly speaking, after so many times of playing the lottery draw, Zhang Ye had come across quite a number of items, but if he had to pick one that had the most practical use with the best results, he had no doubt that it would be the "Lucky Bread". Previously, he had used it to help him get past difficult situations countless of times. It did not have any side effects either. Compared to the "Difficulty Adjustment Die", it did not last as long, but it didn't carry a chance of putting him in a difficult situation! Back then, when the "Difficulty Adjustment Die" was used, it created an extremely difficult situation for him in the form of an aircraft hijacking! He had to literally fight for his life in that situation! That was playing with his life! Overall, the lucky bread was too good of an item!

This was the item that he wanted the most!

Now that he had drawn this item again, it was a good thing!

But because of the outcome of the earlier draws, Zhang Ye did not put any Additional Stakes on this bet. Thus, he only managed to draw one Lucky Bread. Wasn't this purposely blocking his path to success!?

Regrets!

This was too unsettling!

If he had used 100 additional stakes or even bet all of his reputation points on it, he would have a few hundred Lucky Breads. He would definitely be overjoyed if that had happened!

Zhang Ye was left wondering what went wrong today. Having just recovered from a sickness, everything else was also not smooth sailing?

F\*\*k!

I don't believe this shit!

Zhang Ye was provoked. He gave it some thought before gobbling the Lucky Bread and putting it into effect!

Lucky Bread in Effect!

Countdown begins, 5:00...

Zhang Ye had a dark expression. He was in a bad mood and did not say a word as he opened the lottery. This time, he did not put any additional stakes from the start. He decided that he would observe the situation before doing anything further.

The needle started moving.

It was spinning very quickly!

10 seconds...

30 seconds ....

One minute...

The needle started slowing down, passing the Consumption Category region to the Skills Category region before slowly edging past the Stats Category. Suddenly, Zhang Ye spotted something!

It was the Special Category that the needle was moving towards, a very small region!

Almost there! Just a little more!

Zhang Ye had luck on his side his side this time. He firmly believed the needle would stop at the Special Category region!

Just 3 millimeters more!

Another millimeter!

It went into the region! The needle had stopped!

Zhang Ye was very excited, but also very nervous, because he had used up his last and most important Lucky Bread. He had bet it all on this draw. The Skills Category treasure chest had items that could be bought from the merchant shop, which meant that he could buy whatever he gotten this time without limit, as long as he had enough Reputation Points. It would allow him to use it continuously without a need for a lottery draw, but the right to be able to buy such items was based on luck. If it were the rights to buy lock picking skills, then that was as good as useless. Zhang Ye's goal was to become a famous person, not some professional thief, who could open any lock with a packet of instant noodles!

What could it be?

What item's buying rights did he win this time?

Zhang Ye stared at the game interface without blinking, afraid he would miss something important.

Ding!

The system notification appeared!

[Special Category awarded: Adding the right to purchase item, "Lucky Halo"]

What?

Lucky Halo?

What was that? He had never seen such a thing!

Zhang Ye immediately tapped open another game option — Merchant Shop. There were already three items unlocked inside. The first was the 'Memory Search Capsule'. It was the earliest unlocked item that Zhang Ye had ever drawn from the lottery. The second item was 'Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book', and the third item was marked as an angelic halo icon. Zhang Ye tapped on it with his hand and the item description appeared.

[Lucky Halo]: Increases the luck of the player, usable without limit. Takes effect or gets canceled after clicking. 10,000 reputation points is deducted for every second of use!

When he saw this description, Zhang Ye nearly broke down and cried. He really had not been forsaken by the gods! The gods did not forsake me!

Did you see!?

Washing my hands was very critical!

It did not show in the beginning, but it showed up later on!

At the moment he won the right to purchase this item, Zhang Ye felt that all the efforts before was not in vain. So what if he had wasted 20 million Reputation points, or regretted not buying Additional Stakes for one Lucky Bread. F\*\*k it, I now have this divine item known as "Lucky Halo". Why would I ever need Lucky Bread again? Lucky Bread could only be used for five minutes at most and have to be lucky to draw it in the lottery. It can't be used anytime and there are so many restrictions, but what about "Lucky Halo"? As long as he had enough Reputation points, there was no restriction and no time limit. There was no upper limit. He could use it as long as he wished. He could augment his luck anytime he wanted. He could stop it anytime he wanted. He could enter and exit, could be soft and hard, could be offensive and...Alright, enough of the nonsense. Anyway, it was definitely very awesome!

This solved a big problem for Zhang Ye!

This Merchant Shop purchase rights were perfect!

With his luck augmented, he could get anything he wanted. What sort of concept was this!? What sort of feeling was this!?

Well, the only disadvantage was that "Lucky Halo" was a bit "expensive" to use. A Lucky Bread drawn from the lottery was only 100,000 Reputation points, but "Lucky Halo" spend 10,000 Reputation points a second. A minute would be 600,000 Reputation points. Ten minutes would be 6,000,000 Reputation points!

The more powerful it was, the more it would cost him.

Furthermore, drawing at the lottery and purchasing had their differences. This was something he could only helplessly accept.

For example, the Taiji Fist Skillbooks were only 100,000 if he played the lottery, but if he bought it from the Merchant Shop, it would cost a million per book. It was ten times more expensive, and he could do nothing about it. The lottery was all about luck. If he really could not draw something useful, then it would be useless forever, but the Merchant Shop? As long as you had the rights to buy the item, you could buy it any time, but correspondingly, the cost would be much more expensive.

Anyway, Zhang Ye had a great harvest today!

He made note of his Reputation points and items.

Total Reputation points: 33,000,000+.

Items: Difficulty Adjustment Die x 2. X-ray vision eye drops x1.

Skills: Trivial.

Merchant Shop Items: Memory Search Capsule. Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book. Lucky Halo.

Zhang Ye's confidence grew. This lottery had given him a good start to reach the goal he had for the year!